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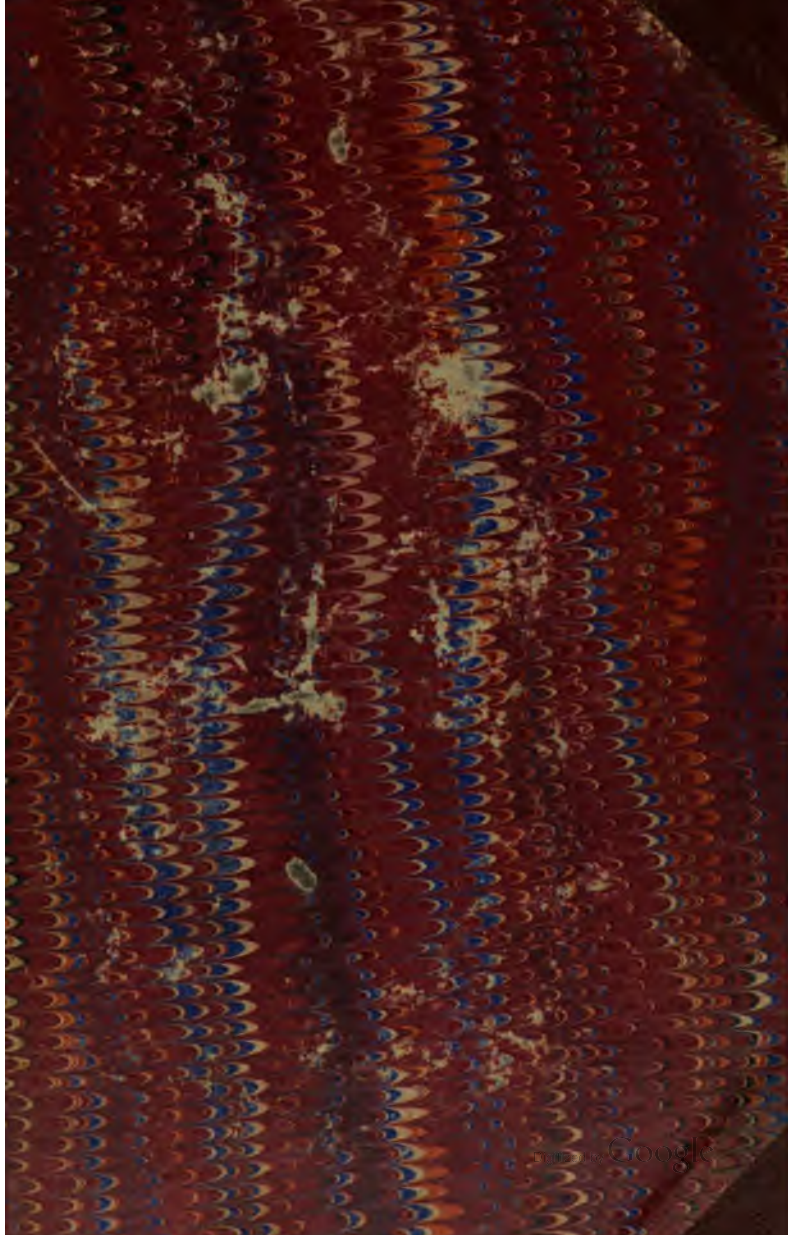
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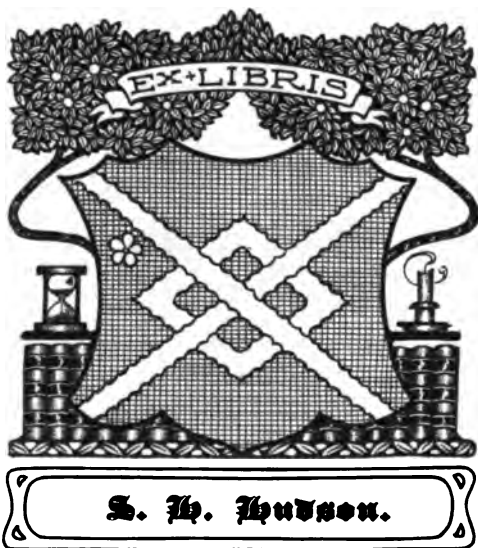
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CHAMBERS'S
CYCLOPÆDIA
OF
ENGLISH LITERATURE

A HISTORY, CRITICAL AND BIOGRAPHICAL, OF BRITISH
AND AMERICAN AUTHORS, WITH SPECIMENS
OF THEIR WRITINGS,

ORIGINALLY EDITED BY ROBERT CHAMBERS, LL.D.

THIRD EDITION,

REVISED BY ROBERT CARRUTHERS, LL.D.

IN EIGHT VOLUMES.

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1880.

GIFT OF

Irene Hudson

W. H. R. 1911
A. 1911

PREFACE.

THE present work, the first of its kind in Great Britain, was originally published in 1813. It was designed and commenced by the late DR. ROBERT CHAMBERS—always zealous and indefatigable, as he was successful, in the promotion of literature and public improvement. The work was undertaken for the purpose of supplying what was considered a deficiency in the literature addressed at that time to the great body of the people—namely, a chronological series of extracts from our national authors—a concentration of the best productions of English intellect, from Anglo-Saxon to recent times, set, as it were, in a popular biographical history of our literature. Great efforts had previously been made for the diffusion of useful knowledge, and for popularizing scientific information; but there was no work, at once cheap and comprehensive, which sought to bring the treasures of imaginative and historical literature within the reach of the busy mercantile and industrial classes of society. This CYCLOPÆDIA, which aimed at supplying the want, was received with great favour, both in this country and in America. Gratifying proofs of its usefulness have been received from various quarters and from numerous readers, who have acknowledged that their earliest love of literature, and their veneration for our great authors, from CHAUCER to WORDSWORTH, were first called forth by the successive monthly parts of this work.

After the lapse of fifteen years, during which literature and literary information had greatly increased, a Second Edition of the CYCLOPÆDIA was issued, bringing it down to the year 1838. This edition also was highly successful.

A further interval of eighteen years having taken place, a Third Edition is now offered to the public, carefully revised, continuing the extracts and biographical notices to the present time.

It remains to be added that, for the revision of the second and third editions of the work, we have been indebted to ROBERT CARRUTHERS, LL.D., of Inverness, whose excellent literary knowledge and taste are conspicuously observable in the present improved edition.

W. & R. C.

EDINBURGH, March, 1876.

M 7485

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FIRST PERIOD.

FROM THE EARLIEST TIMES TO 1400.

THE English language is essentially a branch of the Teutonic or Indo-Germanic language spoken by the inhabitants of Central Europe before the dawn of history. The earliest inhabitants of the British Islands were a Celtic race, one of the most important of the Aryan family of nations, and the Celtic language is still spoken, divided into two sections. One of these is the Gaelic of Ireland, the Scottish Highlands, and the Isle of Man. The other is the Cymric of Wales and of the French province of Brittany, the ancient Armorica. A Celtic dialect lingered in Cornwall until past the middle of the last century. It has been calculated that, if the English language were divided into a hundred parts, sixty would be Saxon. Mr. Sharon Turner, the historian of the Anglo-Saxons, and Archbishop Trench, concur in this estimate, and it is said to be verified by the vocabulary of our English Bible and by the dramas of Shakespeare. But on the other hand, a high linguistic authority, F. Max Müller, states that the Norman elements in English have a decided preponderance; and he cites M. Thommerel, who had counted every word in our dictionaries, and established the fact that the number of Teutonic or Saxon words in English amounts to 13,280, whereas there are 29,853 traceable to a Latin source. This disparity arises from the philologist looking at the words apart from the stem or grammar of the language. The great influx of Neo Latin and other vocabularies in the course of the nation's progress is undoubted, but, as F. Max Müller admits, 'languages, though mixed in their dictionary, can never be mixed in their grammar,' and in a scientific classification the English must be ranked as Saxon. The great bulk

of our laws and social institutions, the grammatical structure of our language, our most familiar and habitual expressions in common life, are derived from our rude northern invaders; and now, after fourteen centuries, their language, enriched from various and distant sources, has become the speech of fifty millions of people, to be found in all quarters of the globe. May we not assume that the national character, like the national language, has been moulded and enriched by this combination of races? The Celtic imagination and impulsive ardour, the Saxon solidity, the old Norse maritime spirit and love of adventure, the later Norman chivalry and keen sense of enjoyment; these have been the elements, slowly combined under northern skies, and interfused by a pure ennobling religion, that have gone forth in literature and in life, the moral pioneers and teachers of the world.

The Celts were not without a native literature. The Welsh had their Triads and their romantic fables of King Arthur and his Knights of the Round Table. The real Arthur of history appears to have been the ruler of the ancient Britons in the beginning of the sixth century, and was slain by Modred in 542. He makes no great figure in history, where he has only a twilight sort of existence. His true realm is romance, and there he sits enthroned in poetic splendour surrounded by his circle of invincible knights. He could not subdue the Anglo-Saxons, but the Welsh bards invested him with all kinds of supernatural perfections. He forms, with his court, the subject of a whole library of heroic lays and legends. Centuries after his death, Arthur reappeared in the tales of the Norman and French minstrels as the ideal of a perfect knight and the mirror of chivalry. The great chiefs of English song—Spenser, Milton, Dryden, and Gray—'prolonged the legendary tales,' as related by Sir Walter Scott, himself an enthusiastic devotee; and in our own day they have been revived by a poet not unworthy of being named along with that illustrious band. It was in the twelfth century, and up to the time of Elizabeth, that Welsh literature was in its 'most high and palmy state;' and the massacre of the bards attributed to Edward I., and commemorated in undying verse by Gray, seems to be wholly without foundation.

The Gael as well as the Cymry had regular bards, who chanted the praises of their monarchs and chiefs, and recounted the deeds of their ancestors. Ireland was early distinguished as a seat of learning, and from its colleges or monasteries learning and Christianity were diffused over the kingdom, even to the remote Hebrides. The Irish annals are among our most ancient records. Pelagius, Celestius, and St. Patrick are said to have been natives of the British Islands. The tradition is doubtful, but, if Scotland in the fifth century gave St. Patrick to Ireland she received in the sixth a more memorable return in Columba, the saint of Iona.

We know from Barbour and Gawin Douglas that in Scotland, at a

very early period, the names of Fingal and Gaul, the son of Morni, were popular among the people. A body of traditional poetry was long prevalent in the Highlands, some of which Macpherson collected and expanded into regular poems—nay, epics; and many Celtic fragments have since been published in Ireland, describing the Fenian wars and the lamentations of blind Ossian. They are curious as antiquarian relics and national memorials, but as to poetical merit, they cannot for a moment be put in comparison with the Macpherson manufacture. It is the coat of frieze beside the royal tartan.

The earliest Anglo-Saxon historians, Gildas, Nennius, and Columbanus, wrote in Latin in the sixth century. The most celebrated of these literary ecclesiastics, and the greatest scholar of his age, was BEDE, known in history as the 'Venerable Bede.' He was born about the year 672, entered the monastery of St. Peter at Wearmouth, county of Durham, at the age of seven, removed in his nineteenth year to the neighbouring monastery of Jarrow, where he took orders, and was ordained priest, and where he passed the remainder of his studious life till his death, May 26, 785. The works of Bede are numerous, including homilies, lives of saints, hymns, treatises on grammar and chronology, commentaries on the Bible and Apocrypha, a collection of epigrams, &c. In the spirit of Chaucer's 'Clerk of Oxenforde,' the good monk said: 'It was always sweet to me to learn, to teach, and to write.' His greatest work is the '*Historia Ecclesiastica Gentis Anglorum*,' an ecclesiastical history of England, which is also our chief authority for the civil history of the country down to nearly the middle of the eighth century.—Among the other Latin writers may be named EGBERT, archbishop of York (678-766), ST. BONIFACE (Wilfred, who lived about 680-755), and ALCUIN (about 735-804). For three or four centuries afterwards, Latin treatises, historical and theological, issued occasionally from the monkish retreats.

ANGLO-SAXON WRITERS.

From its first establishment in Britain, the Anglo-Saxon language experienced scarcely any change till after the irruption of the Danes. The accomplished Romans left few words behind them that were adopted by their successors. Some of the tales and legends of the Scandinavian *Scalds* were popular and served as models; and the Anglo-Saxon *gleemen* who sung, danced, and recited, were the precursors of the more lettered and refined minstrels of a later age. The oldest poem of an epic form in Europe is believed to be an Anglo-Saxon production, the '*Lay of Beowulf*,' which describes an expedition made by Beowulf to deliver a Danish king from a demon-or monster called Grendel. Beowulf vanquished the 'she-wolf of the abyss; she sank upon the floor, the sword was bloody the man rejoiced in his deed; the beam shone, light stood within, even as from

heaven mildly shines the lamp of the firmament.' A few words will give an idea of the language :

Thā com of mōre,
Under mist-hleodhun,
Grendel gongan;
Goddes yrrre bār.

Then came from the moor,
Under mist-hills,
Grendel to go;
God's ire he bare.

There are above six thousand of these short lines! Besides 'Beowulf' there are two other Anglo-Saxon remains, the 'Traveller's Song' and the 'Battle of Finnesburg'; also a fragment named 'Judith,' founded on the Apocrypha :

Judith slays Holofernes.

The maid of the Creator with the twisted locks took then a sharp sword, hard with scouring, and from the sheath drew it with her right limb. She took the heathen man fast by his hair; she drew him by his limbs towards her disgracefully, and the mischief-ful odious man at her pleasure laid, so as the wretch she might the easiest well commaud. She with the twisted locks struck the hateful enemy, meditating hate with the red sword, till she had half cut off his neck, so that he lay in a swoon, drunk and mortally wounded. He was not then dead, not entirely lifeless; she struck then earnest, the woman illustrious in strength, another time the heathen hound, till that his head rolled forth upon the floor! The foul one lay without a coffer; backward his spirit turned under the abyss, and there was plunged below, with sulphur fastened, for ever afterwards wounded by worms. Bound in torments, hard-imprisoned, in hell he burns. After his course he need not hope, with darkness overwhelmed, that he may escape from that mansion of worms; but there he shall remain ever and ever without end, henceforth in that cavern-home, void of the joys of hope.

CÆDMON, THE MONK OF WHITBY.

The next poet is CÆDMON, a monk of Whitby, who died about 680. Cædmon was a genius of the class headed by Burns, a poet of nature's making, sprung from the bosom of the common people, and little indebted to education. It appears that he at one time acted in the capacity of a cow-herd. The circumstances under which his talents were first developed, are narrated by Bede with a strong cast of the marvellous, under which it is possible, however, to trace a basis of natural truth. 'We are told that he was so much less instructed than most of his equals, that he had not even learned any poetry; so that he was frequently obliged to retire, in order to hide his shame, when the harp was moved towards him in the hall, where at supper it was customary for each person to sing in turn. On one of these occasions, it happened to be Cædmon's turn to keep guard at the stable during the night, and, overcome with vexation, he quitted the table and retired to his post of duty, where, laying himself down, he fell into a sound slumber. In the midst of his sleep, a stranger appeared to him, and, saluting him by his name, said: "Cædmon, sing me something." Cædmon answered: "I know nothing to sing; for my incapacity in this respect was the cause of my leaving the hall to come hither." "Nay," said the stranger, "but thou hast something to sing." "What must I sing?" said Cædmon. "Sing the Creation," was the reply; and thereupon Cædmon began

to sing verses "which he had never heard before," and which are said to have been as follows :

Nu we sceolan berian
heofon-rices weard,
metodes mihtra,
and his mod-go-thonc,
wera wuldor fæder !
swa he wundra go-hwæc,
ece dryhten
oord onstealde.
He særest ge-sceop
ylda bearnum
heofon to hröfe,
hailg scyppend !
Tha middan-geard
mon-cynnes weard,
ece dryhten,
æfter teode,
færum foldan,
frea ælmihtig,

Now we shall praise
the guardian of heaven,
the might of the creator
and his counsel,
the glory-father of men
how he of all wonders,
the eternal lord,
formed the beginning.
He first created
for the children of men
heaven as a roof,
the holy creator !
then the world
the guardian of mankind,
the eternal lord,
produced afterwards,
the earth for men,
the almighty master !

Cædmon then awoke, and he was not only able to repeat the lines which he had made in his sleep, but he continued them in a strain of admirable versification. In the morning he hastened to the town-reeve, or bailiff, of Whitby, who carried him before the Abbess Hilda; and there, in the presence of some of the learned men of the place, he told his story, and they were all of opinion that he had received the gift of song from Heaven. They then expounded to him in his mother-tongue a portion of Scripture, which he was required to repeat in verse. Cædmon went home, with his task, and the next morning he produced a poem which excelled in beauty all that they were accustomed to hear. Cædmon composed many poems on the Bible histories, and on miscellaneous religious subjects, some of which have been preserved. His account of the Fall of Man resembles that in 'Paradise Lost,' and one passage might almost be supposed to have suggested a corresponding one in Milton's sublime epic (Book II.), where Satan is described as reviving from the consternation of his overthrow. From Turner's 'Anglo-Saxons' and Thorpe's edition of Cædmon we make two short extracts:

Satan's Hostility.

The universal Ruler had of the angelic race, through his hand-power—the holy Lord!—a fortress established. To them he well trusted that they his service would follow, would do his will. For this he gave them understanding, and with his hands made them. The holy Lord had stationed them so happily. One he had so strongly made, so mighty in his mind's thought, he let him rule so much—the highest in Heaven's kingdom; he had made him so splendid, so beautiful was his fruit in Heaven, which to him came from the Lord of Hosts, that he was like the brilliant stars. Praise ought he to have made to his Lord; he should have valued dear his joys in Heaven; he should have thanked his Lord for the bounty which in that brightness he shared, when he was permitted so long to govern. But he departed from it to a worse thing. He began to upheave strife against the Governor of the highest heavens that sits on the holy seat. Dear was he to our Lord; from whom it could not be hid that his angel began to be over-proud. He raised himself against

his master; he sought inflaming speeches, he began vainglorious words; he would not serve God, he said he was his equal in light and shining, as white and as bright in hae. Nor could he find it in his mind to render obedience to his God, to his King. He thought in himself that he could have subjects of more might and skill than the Holy God. Spake many words this angel of pride. He thought through his own craft that he could make a more strong-like seat higher in the heavens.

Satan's Speech.

'What shall I for his favour serve, bend to him in such vassalage? I may be a God as he. Stand by me strong associates, who will not fall me in the strife. Heroes stern of mood, they have chosen me for chief, renowned warriors!' . . . Boiled within him his thought about his heart; hot was without him his dire punishment. Then spake he words: 'This narrow place is most unlike that other that we formerly knew, high in Heaven's kingdom, which my master bestowed on me, though we it, for the All-powerful, may not possess. We must cede our realm; yet hath he not done rightly, that he hath struck us down to the fiery abyss of the hot hell, bereft us of Heaven's kingdom, hath decreed to people it with mankind. That is to me of sorrows the greatest, that Adam, who was wrought of earth, shall possess my strong seat; that it shall be to him in delight, and we endure this torment—misery in this hell. Oh! had I the power of my hands, and might one season be without, be one winter's space, then with this host I — But around me lie iron bonds, presseth this cord of chain; I am powerless, we have so hard the clasps of hell so firmly grasped. Here is a vast fire above and underneath; never did I see a loathlier landscape; the flame abateth not, hot over hell. We hath the clasplings of these rings, this hard polished band, impeded in my course, debarred me from my way. . . . About me lie huge gratings of hard iron, forged with heat with which me God has fastened by the neck. Thus perceive I that he knoweth my mind.'

The Anglo-Saxon poetry is not in rhyming verse, but is alliterative. There are three alliterative words in the couplet, two in the first line, and one in the second:

Like was he [Satan] to the light stars;
The laud [praise] of the Ruler ought he to have wrought,
Dear should he hold his delights in heaven.

ALFRED THE GREAT.

That wise and energetic sovereign King ALFRED was the earliest of our royal authors. He was born at Wantage, in Berkshire, in 849, succeeded to the crown at the age of 23, was driven from his throne by the Danes, who overran the kingdom of the West Saxons; but after experiencing various reverses, completely routed the invaders in 879, and, having firmly established his sway, set himself to reform and instruct his people. He established many beneficial institutions and just laws, he translated the historical works of Orosius and Bede, Boethius on the Consolations of Philosophy, and selections from the Soliloquies of St. Augustine; and he wrote in the Anglo-Saxon language an account of the Laws of the West Saxons, and various chronicles, meditations, &c. Another invasion of the Northmen in 893 threatened to destroy all the patriotic and enlightened labours of Alfred, but he succeeded in defeating the barbarians, and restoring his country to peace and prosperity. He died October 28, 901. The character of this monarch, comprising so much gentleness, along with dignity and manly vigour, and displaying pure tastes cal-

culated to be beneficial to others as well as himself, would have graced the most civilised age nearly as much as it graced one of the rudest. A short specimen of the language of Alfred may be given from his translation of the Pastorals of St. Gregory. Referring to the decay of learning among the people, especially the religious orders, the king says:

Swa clæne heo was othfeallen on Anglecynne, thaet feawa wæron behæonan Humber the hira thenunge euthon understandan on Englise, oththe furthor an serend-ge-writ of Ledene on Englise areccan; and ic wene thaet naht monige bo-geondan Humber æron. Swa feawa heora wæron, thaet ic furthor aune ænleppa ne mæg-ge-thencan besuthan Thamise tha tha ic to rice feng. Gode ælmihtigum ay thaene, thaet we nu enigne an steal habbath larcown.

So clean it was ruined amongst the English people, that there were very few on this side the Humber who could understand their service in English, or declare forth an epistle out of Latin into English; and I think that there were not many beyond the Humber. So few such there were, that I cannot think of a single one to the south of the Thames when I began to reign. To God Almighty be thanks, that we now have any teacher in stall.

In Alfred's poetical translation of the poetry in Boethius, there is, as Turner remarks, an effort at description in passages like the following:

Then Wisdom again unlocked her word-treasure. She sang true, and thus herself said - 'When the sun clearest shines, serenest in heaven, speedily will be darkened all over the earth the other stars. For this, their brightness cannot be set aught against the sun's light. When mild blows the south and west wind under heaven, then quickly increase the blossoms of the fields, that they may rejoice. But the dark storm, when he cometh strong from north and east, he taketh away speedily the blossoms of the rose; and also the wide sea, the northern tempest drives with vehemence, that it be strong excited, and lashes the shores. All that is on earth, even the fast-built works in the world will not remain for ever.'

Two short comparisons by Alfred:

So oft the mild sea with south wind, as gray glass clear, becomes grimly troubled, then the great waves mingle, the sea-whales rear themselves; rough is then that which before was glad to look at.

So oft a spring bursts from the hoary cliffs, cold and clear, and diffusely flows on, it runneth along the earth; a great mountain-stone falleth, and in the midst of it lies trundled from the mountain; it then into two streams is divided; the pure lake becomes troubled and turbid, and the brook is changed from its right course.'

ARCHBISHOP ALFRIC—CANUTE—THE SAXON CHRONICLE.

After Alfred, the next important name is that of ALFRIC, archbishop of Canterbury, who died in 1006. This learned prelate was a voluminous writer, and, like Alfred, entertained a strong wish to enlighten the people; he wrote much in his native tongue, particularly a collection of homilies, a translation of the first seven books of the Bible, and some religious treatises. He was also the author of a grammar of the Latin tongue, which has given him the sub-name of 'the Grammarian.'

The Danish sovereign, CNUT or CANUTE (1017-1086), is said to have composed a song on hearing the music of Ely Cathedral, as he

* Alfred's Boethius, by Rawlinson.

was in a boat on the river Nen. One verse of this song has been preserved by the monk of Ely ('Historia Eliensis') who wrote about the year 1166, and it continued, after the lapse of a century and a half, to be very popular with the people. The language is still so intelligible that we may suspect the monk to have slightly modernised it in accordance with the English of the middle of the twelfth century:

Merie sungen the munechos binnan Ely	Merry [sweetly] sung the monks within
Tha Cnut Ching rew there by :	Ely
Roweth, cnihites, noer the lant,	That [when] Cnut King rowed thereby :
And here we thes munechos saeng.	Row, knights, near the land,
	And hear we these monks' song.

The SAXON CHRONICLE relates events from the earliest time to the year 891, compiled, as is believed, by Plegmund, archbishop of Canterbury, for the use of King Alfred. A continuation to the first year of Henry II., or the year 1154, was afterwards added. The united work forms but a dry record of facts or marvellous occurrences, but it is one of the authorities for the conquest of Britain, agreeing as it does with the previous narratives of Gildas and Bede. Much of our early history, previous to the introduction of Christianity in the year 597, is now considered mythical. Hengist and Horsa, the reputed popular leaders of the invasion in 450, are ranked by Macaulay with Romulus and Remus, and whole files of English and Scottish kings have been swept from history into the region of fable.

ODE ON THE BATTLE OF BRUNANBURH.

In 918 was fought the important battle of Brunanburh, which gave Athelstan the fame of being the founder of the English monarchy. A native bard celebrated the great victory in an ode of about 150 lines, beginning thus:

Æthelstan cyning,	Æthelstan king,
Eorla drihten,	Lord of earls,
Beorna beahgypa!	Bracelet-giver of barons!
And his brother eac,	And his brother eke,
Eadmund Ætheling.	Edmund Ætheling (or Prince).

A lasting glory won by slaughter in battle with the edges of swords at Brunanburh! The wall of shields they cleaved, they hewed the noble banners. . . . Pursuing, they destroyed the Scottish people and the ship-fleet. They fell dead! The field resounded, the warriors sweat! After that the sun rose in the morning hour—the greatest star! glad above the earth God's candle bright, the eternal Lord's! till the noble creature hastened to her setting! . . . Five lay in that battle-place, young kings, by swords quieted. So also seven, the Earls of Anlaf, and innumerable of the army of the fleet, and the Scots. So the brothers, both together, the king and the ætheling their country sought, the West-Saxon land. The screamers of war they left behind, the raven to enjoy, the dismal kite and the black raven with horned beak, and the hoarse toad; the eagle afterwards to feast on the white flesh, the greedy battle-hawk, and the gray beast, the wolf in the wood."

ANGLO-NORMAN OR SEMI-SAXON WRITERS.

The original Anglo-Saxon terminated with the middle of the eleventh century, or the conquest of England by the Normans in 1066. A great change was effected in the national speech. Norman-French became the language of education, of the law-courts, the clergy, and the upper classes generally, while Saxon shared in the degradation that the mass of the people experienced under their conquerors. But though depressed, the old speech could not be extinguished. It maintained its ground as the substance of the popular language, and being gradually blended with the Norman, formed the basis of our English tongue. The Saxon was changed from an inflectional into a non-inflectional and analytical language,* and the state of transition is considered to have occupied about two centuries, from the middle of the twelfth to the middle of the fourteenth century.

The first literary efforts after the Conquest were in the form of translations or imitations of the Norman poets. Rhyme and metre were introduced. The language named from its origin Roman (the *lingua Romana*, whence we derive our term *Romance*) was separated into two great divisions—that of the South, which is popularly represented by the Provençal, and that of the North, which formed the French and Anglo-Norman. The Provençal used to be distinguished by the name of the *Langue d'Oc*, and the northern French by that of the *Langue d'Oil*, both being derived from the words for *yes*, which were *œ* in the one and *oil* (afterwards *oui*) in the other. The poets of the south were denominated *trobadores* or *troubadours*, and those in the north *trouvères*. The troubadours included princes and nobles, who sung as well as composed their amatory lyrics and light satires. Richard I. (Cœur de Lion), it will be recollected, was one of the number; and during the twelfth and thirteenth centuries there were several hundreds of these troubadour versifiers in the Provençal language. The trouvères wrote graver strains, romances, legends, chronicles, and national ballads. A trouvère, Taillefer, at the battle of Hastings, rode in front of the invading army, chanting the songs which told of Charlemagne and Roland, and was the first of the Normans to rush on the enemy. As to the origin of the popular fables and chivalrous romances, Campbell has finely said: 'The elements of romantic fiction have been traced up to various sources; but neither the Scaldic, nor Saracenic, nor Armorican theory of its

* Hallam thus describes the process: The Anglo-Saxon was converted into English: 1. By contracting or otherwise modifying the pronunciation and orthography of words; 2. By omitting many inflections, especially of the noun, and consequently making more use of articles and auxiliaries; 3. By the introduction of French derivatives; and, 4. By using less inversion and ellipsis, especially in poetry. Of these, the second alone, I think, can be considered as sufficient to describe a new form of language; and this was brought about so gradually, that we are not relieved of much of our difficulty, whether some compositions shall pass for the latest offspring of the mother, or for the earliest fruits of the daughter's fertility. — *Literature of Europe*, Part I. 47.

origin can sufficiently account for all its materials. Many of them are classical, and others derived from the Scriptures. The migrations of science are difficult enough to be traced; but fiction travels on still lighter wings, and scatters the seeds of her wild-flowers imperceptibly over the world, till they surprise us by springing up with similarity in regions the most remotely divided.*

WACE, LAYAMON, AND THE ORMULUM.

The earliest Anglo-Norman translator is said to be Maister WACE, a native of Jersey, who, about 1160, rendered into verse the history by Geoffrey of Monmouth, in which the affairs of Britain were traced through a series of imaginary kings, beginning with Brutus of Troy, and ending with Cadwalader, who was said to have lived in the year 689 of the Christian era. Wace also composed a history of the Normans, under the title of the 'Roman de Rou,' that is, the Romance of Rollo, first Duke of Normandy; and from admiration of his works, Henry II. bestowed upon Wace a canonry in the cathedral of Bayeux. Among the other Anglo-Norman French works were: 'The Roman de la Rose,' imitated by Chaucer; the 'Romance of Troy, and Chronicle of the Duke of Normandy,' by BENOIT DE ST MAUR (1180); a 'Chronicle of the Anglo-Saxon Kings,' by GEORGE GAIMAR (1148), &c. Wace's poem, 'Le Brut d'Angleterre,' consists of no less than 15,300 lines! The original work, Geoffrey of Monmouth's history, is remarkable on account of its effect on subsequent literature. The Britons settled in Wales, Cornwall, and Bretagne, were distinguished for the store of fanciful and fabulous legends they possessed. For centuries previous, Europe had been supplied with tale and fable from the teeming fountain of Bretagne. Walter Calenius, archdean of Oxford, collected some of these tales, professedly historical, relating to England, and communicated them to Geoffrey, by whom they were put into the form of a regular historical work, and introduced for the first time to the learned world. As little else than a bundle of incredible stories, partly founded on fact, this production is of small value; but it supplied a ground for Wace's poem, and proved an unfailing resource for the writers of romantic narrative during the next two centuries. Even in a later age its influence was not exhausted; Spenser and Shakspeare adopted the story of Lear, and Sackville that of Ferrex and Porrex, while Drayton reproduced much of it in his 'Polyolbion,' and allusions to it are seen in the poetry of Milton and Gray. Pope, too, contemplated an epic on the story of Brutus.

As contributions to real history, though often doubtful or exaggerated, may be mentioned the works in Latin of INGULPH, abbot of Croyland (*circa* 1030-1109), who wrote a history of his abbey, and a Life of St. Guthlac; WILLIAM OF MALMESBURY (*circa* 1093-1143),

* *Essay on English Poetry.*

author of a valuable work, 'De Regibus Anglorum,' a general history of England from the period of the Saxon invasion to the 26th Henry I. in 1126, and a continuation to 1143, with a history of the church, and other works (this monk of Malmesbury is the most able and original of the early historians); HENRY OF HUNTINGDON (died after 1154) wrote a history of England to the period of Stephen; GIRALDUS CAMBRENSIS, or GERALD DE BARRI (*circa* 1146-1222), preached the crusade to the Welsh in 1188, and wrote 'Itinerarium Cambrie and Topographia Hibernia'; ROGER DE HOVEDEN (died after 1202) wrote 'Annales Rerum Anglicarum,' 782 to 1202; MATTHEW OF PARIS (died about 1259) wrote 'Historia Angliæ ad ultimum annum Henrici III. ;' and MATTHEW OF WESTMINSTER, a Benedictine monk who flourished in the fourteenth century, author of 'Flores Historiarum ab exordio Mundi usque ad 1307.'

Wace's legendary poem was expanded into 82,250 lines by a monk, LAYAMON, who describes himself as a priest of Ernley, near Redstone, on the Severn. His additions to the work of Wace were made partly from Bede, but chiefly from Welsh and other traditional sources, with passages by Layamon himself. The date of the poem, when completed, is about the year 1205. Sir Frederick Madden, who published an edition of it (1847), says, that in many passages of the poem the spirit and style of the Anglo-Saxon writers have been preserved. It embodied the current language of the time, and has very few Norman words. The versification combines the alliteration characteristic of Anglo-Saxon poetry with the rhyming couplets of the French. The structure of the verse, however, is by no means regular. Two manuscripts of the poem exist, one twenty or thirty years later than the other, and there is a considerable difference in the text. We subjoin a specimen, with Sir Frederick Madden's translation of the earlier text:

Early Text.

An preost wes on leoden,
Layamon was ihoten ;
he wes Leouenadhes sone ;
lidhe him beo drihten :
he wonede at Ernleye,
at ædhelen are chirechen,
uppen Seuarne stathe
sef thaer him thuhte :
on feot Radestone
ther he bock radde.
Hit coum him on mode,
and on his mern thouke,
thet he wolde of Engle
tha ædhelen tellen,
wat heo ihoten weoren.
and wonene heo comen,
tha Englene lond
ærest rihten
æfter than flode
the from drihtene com,
the al her e-gealde
quic that he funde.

Later Text.

A prest was in londe,
Laweman was (i) hote :
he was Leucals sone ;
lef him beo drihte :
he wonede at Ernleie,
wid than gode cnithte,
uppen Seuarne :
merie ther him thohte :
fæste bi Radestone
ther he bokes radde.
Hit com him on mode,
and on his thouke,
that he wolde of Englonde
the rihtness tell,
wat the men hi-hot weren,
and wanene hi comen,
the Englene lond
ærest afden
after than flode
that fram god com,
that al ere æwelde
cwic that hit funde.

There was a priest on earth (or in the land), who was named Layamon; he was son of Leovenath, may the Lord be gracious to him!—he dwelt at Bruley, at a noble church upon Severn's bank—good it there seemed to him—near Radestone, where he books read. It came to him in mind, and in his chief thought, that he would tell the noble deeds of the English, what they were named, and whence they came, who first possessed the English land, after the flood that came from the Lord, that destroyed here all that it found alive.

About the same time was produced a metrical work, the *ORMULUM*, so called after the name of its author, Orm or Ormin. This poem, or rather series of poems, for it consists of homilies and lessons from the New Testament—is also of great length, extending to nearly 10,000 lines, or couplets of fifteen syllables. It has one mark of progress in the language—the alliterative system is abandoned, though this did not become general, and Ormin's English has a more modern air than that of Layamon. He dedicates his work to his brother:

Nu, brotherr Wallterr, brotherr min
Aftter the fleshes kinde;
Andd brotherr min i Cristenddom
Thurh fulluht and thurh trowwthe;
Andd brotherr min i Godess hus.

Now, brother Walter, brother mine
After the flesh's kind (or nature);
And brother mine in Christendom
Through baptism and through truth:
And brother mine in God's house.

A treatise termed 'The Ancren Riwe,' or Female Anchorite's Rule, is referred to the same period—not later than 1205. It is in eight parts, written by an ecclesiastic, on the duties of a monastic life. The work was edited by the Rev. James Morton in 1858, and is attributed by him to a Bishop Poor, who died in 1287. One peculiarity of the work is the great number of the Norman-French words it contains. The writer tells the anchorite: 'Ye ne schulen eten vleschs ne seim, buten ine muchele secnesse; other hwoso is ever feble eteth potage blitheliche; and wunieth ou to lutel drunch.' (Ye shall not eat flesh nor lard, except in much sickness; but the feeble may eat pottage blithely, and accustom themselves to a little drink.)

An English version of 'Genesis and Exodus,' extending to above 4,000 lines, is about the same date; and an original poem, 'The Owl and the Nightingale' (1250–1260) is ascribed to NICHOLAS DE GUILDFORD. It opens thus:

Ich was in one sumere dale,
In one suthre dithele hale;
I herd ich holde grete tale
An hule and one nihtingale [strong,
That plait was stiff, and sterc, and
Sum wile soft and lude among.

I was in one summer dale,
In a very secret hollow;
I heard each hold great tale
An owl and one nightingale [strong,
That plain was stiff, and stark, and
Somewhile soft and loud among.

Of about the same antiquity is the following descriptive little song:

Sumer is i-cumen in,
Lhude sing cucuu;
Groweth sed and bloweth mede,
And springth the wde nu.
Sing cucuu, cucuu.

Summer is coming in,
Loud sing, cuckoo!
Groweth seed and bloweth mead,
And springeth the wood now.
Sing cuckoo, cuckoo.

Awe bleteth after lomb,
 Lhouth after calve cu ;
 Ballock sterteth, backe verteth,
 Murie sing, cuccu.
 Wel singes thu cuccu,
 Ne swik thou nauer nu.
 Sing cuccu, cuccu.

Ewe bleateth after lamb,
 Loweth after calf cow.
 Bullock starteth, buck verteth,*
 Merry sing, cuckoo !
 Well sing thou, cuckoo,
 Nor cease to sing now.
 Sing cuckoo, cuckoo.

Among the old 'romances of pris' (price or praise) referred to by Chaucer, is supposed to be the 'Squire of Low Degree.' The daughter of the King of Hungary had fallen into a state of melancholy from the supposed loss of the squire, her lover, and the king comforts his daughter by promising her many presents and luxuries :

To-morrow ye shall in hunting fare ; (1)
 And yede, (2) my daughter, in a chair ;
 It shall be covered with velvet red,
 And cloths of fine gold all about your head.

With damaak white and azure blue,
 Well diapered (3) with lilies new.
 Your pommels shall be ended with gold,
 Your chains enamelled many a fold,
 Your mantle of rich degree,
 Purple pall and ermine free.
 Jennets of Spain, that ben so wight,
 Trapped to the ground with velvet bright.
 Ye shall have harp, sautry, and song,
 And other mirths you among.
 Ye shall have Rumney and Malespine,
 Both Hippocras and Vernage wine ;
 Montrese and wine of Greek,
 Both Algrade and despice (4) eke,
 Antioch and Bastard,
 Pymment (5) also and garnard ;
 Wine of Greek and Muscadell,
 Both clare, piment, and Rochelle,
 The reed your stomach to defy,
 And pots of Ose set you by.
 You shall have venison y-bake,
 The best wild fowl that may be take ;
 A leish of harehound with you to streak, (6)

And hart, and hind, and other like.
 Ye shall be set at such a tryst,
 That hart and hind shall come to you first.

Your disease to drive you fro,
 To hear the bugles there y-blow.
 Homeward thus shall ye ride,
 On-hawking by the river's side,

With goshawk and with gentle falcón,
 With bugle-horn and merlón.
 When you come home your menie among, (7)

Ye shall have revel, dances, and song ;
 Little children, great and small,
 Shall sing as does the nightingale.
 Then shall ye go to your even song,
 With tenors and trebles among.
 Threescore of copes of damaak bright,
 Full of pearls they shall be pight. (8) . . .
 Your censers shall be of gold,
 Indent with azure many a fold.
 Your quire nor organ song shall want,
 With contre-note and descant.
 The other half on organs playing,
 With young children full fain singing.
 Then shall ye go to your supper,
 And sit in tents in green arber,
 With cloth of arras pight to the ground,
 With sapphires set of diamond. . . .
 A hundred knights, truly told,
 Shall play with bowls in alleys cold,
 Your disease to drive away ;
 To see the fishes in pools play,
 To a drawbridge then shall ye,
 Th' one half of stone, th' other of tree ;
 A barge shall meet you full right,
 With twenty-four oars full bright,
 With trumpets and with clarion,
 The fresh water to row up and down. . .
 Forty torches burning bright,
 At your bridges to bring you light.
 Into your chamber they shall you bring,
 With much mirth and more liking.
 Your blankets shall be of fustian,
 Your sheets shall be of cloth of Rennes.

EARLY ENGLISH WRITERS.

The century and a half from 1250 to 1400 has been designated the Early or Old English period of our language. A division into dia-

* Verteth, goes to harbour among the fern.—WARTON.

1 Go a-hunting.
 4 Spiced wine.
 7 Household.

2 Go.
 5 A drink of wine, honey, and spices.
 8 Set.

8 Figured.
 6 Course.

lects also became more marked. There were the Northern (including the Lowlands of Scotland), the Midland, and the Southern; or as they have been historically termed, the Northumbrian, Mercian, and West Saxon dialects.

THOMAS OF ERCILDOUN.

The military spirit then abroad, and the chivalrous enthusiasm of the Normans, were displayed in the literature of the day no less than in tournaments or in war and crusades. The mixed English language became a vehicle for romantic metrical tales, derived from the French. The name of one minstrel, THOMAS THE RHYMER, or THOMAS OF ERCILDOUN, is great in traditional story. He was a person of some consideration, owner of an estate, which he transmitted to his son, and he died shortly before 1299. Thomas, besides being a seer or prophet, is supposed to have been the author of our first metrical romance. An English rhyming chronicler, Robert de Brunne, refers to 'Sir Tristrem,' a 'sedging tale,' or story for recitation, by Thomas of Ercildoun, which was esteemed above all other tales, if recited as written by the author. Few of the minstrels, however, gave it as it was made, in quaint or difficult English, but corrupted and lowered it in the course of recitation. It was a matter of regret that this genuine version of 'Sir Tristrem' had been lost, and great satisfaction was expressed when Mr. (afterwards Sir) Walter Scott, in 1804, published what he conceived to be a faithful copy of it, though modified in language in passing orally through different generations. This copy is contained in an old collection in the Advocates' Library, Edinburgh, called, from the name of its donor, the Auchinleck Manuscript, being presented by Lord Auchinleck, father of James Boswell, the biographer of Johnson. The story of Sir Tristrem was familiar to poetical antiquaries. It was one of the ancient British legends taken up by the Norman minstrels. The style of the poem is elliptical and concise. It is divided into three 'fyttes' or cantos, and the following stanza will shew the style and orthography of the Auchinleck Manuscript:

Glad a man was he
The turnament dede crie,
That maidens might him see
And over the walles to lye;
Thai asked who was fre
To win the maistrie;

Thai seyð that best was he
The child of Ermonie
In Tour:
Forthi chosen was he
To maiden Blanche Flour.

Sir Walter's theory as to the originality and Scottish Origin of the poem has not been generally accepted. It is believed to be the production of some minstrel who had heard Thomas of Ercildoun recite his romance. Mr. Garnet, a high authority on early English dialects, concludes that the present 'Sir Tristrem' is a modernised copy of an old Northumbrian romance, which was probably written between 1260 and 1300, and derived from a Norman or Anglo-Norman source,

but the author may have availed himself of the previous labours of Ercildoun on the same theme.

An elaborate work of about 20,000 lines, 'The Romance of King Alexander,' appears to have been written previous to 1300. It has been ascribed, but erroneously, to ADAM DAVIE, marshal of Stratford-le-Bow, near London. Davie, however, was a voluminous versifier, and wrote 'Visions,' 'The Battle of Jerusalem,' &c. Two romances, 'Havelok the Dane,' and 'William and the Werwolf,' have been edited (1823 and 1832) by an able antiquary, Sir Frederick Madden. The story of Havelok relates the adventures of an orphan child, son of a Danish king; the author is unknown.

Extract from Havelok.

Hwan he was holed (1) and shriven,
His quiste maked and for him gyuen,
His knictes dede he alle site,
For throw them he wolde wife
How micle yem hise children yunge
Till that he couthen speken wit tunge;
Speken, and gangen, on horse riden,
Knictes and sweynes bi here siden.
He spoken there offe, and chosen sone
A riche man was, that, under mone
Was the trewest that he wende—
Godard, the kinges ounne frende;
And seyden, he mounthe hem best loke
Yif that he hem undertoke,
Till hise sone mounthe bere
Helm on heued, and leden ut here
(In his hand a spear stark),
And king ben maked of Denmark.

When he was housled and shriven,
His bequests made and for him given,
His knights he made all sit,
For from them he would wit.
Who should keep his children young
Till they knew how to speak with tongue;
To speak, and walk, and on horse ride,
Knights and servants by their side,
They spoke thereof, and chosen soon
Was a rich man, that, under moon,
Was the truest that they kenned—
Godard, the king's own friend;
And saying he might best o'erlook
If their charge he undertook,
Till his son might (himself) bear
Helm on head, and lead out there
(In his hand a spear stark),
And king be made of Denmark.

The 'Geste of King Horn,' the romantic history of 'Guy of Warwick' (supposed to have been written about 1292 by a Cornish friar, WALTER OF EXETER), 'Sir Bevis of Southampton,' 'Richard Cœur de Lion,' 'The King of Tara,' 'La Morte Arthur,' 'Sir Eglamour,' and a host of other metrical romances, belong to this period, and most of them were subsequently modernised when the art of printing was introduced. Chaucer, in his 'Rhime of Sire Thopas,' has parodied the style of these compositions, and made 'mine host' in the 'Canterbury Tales' abuse all such 'draffy rhyming' as destitute of mirth or doctrine.

The principal metrical chroniclers were two ecclesiastics—ROBERT OF GLOUCESTER and ROBERT DE BRUNNE. The former was a monk of Gloucester, who lived in the reigns of Henry III. and Edward I. His chief work is a rhymed chronicle of England from the legendary age of Brutus to the close of Henry III.'s reign, partly taken from the fabulous history of Geoffrey of Monmouth, and written in the long line (or couplet) of fourteen syllables. This monk also wrote poems on the 'Martyrdom of Thomas à Becket,' and the 'Life of

1 When he had the sacrament administered to him, and been shriven or confessed.

St. Brandan,' and other saints. His language is strongly Anglo-Saxon—ninety-six per cent., according to Mr. Marsh—but he speaks of the prevalence of the French tongue.

England and the Normans about 1300.

Thuse come, lo! Engeland into Normannes honde;
 And the Normans ne couthe speke tho bote her owe speche,
 And speke French as dude atom, and here chyldren dude al so teche;
 So that heyemen of thys lond, that of her blod come,
 Holdeth alle thulke speche that hyl of hem nome;
 Vor bote a man couthe French me toth of hym wel lute;
 Ac lowe men hofeth to Englyas and to her kunde speche yute.
 Ich wene ther ne be man in world contreyes none
 That ne holdeth to her kunde speche bot Engeland one.
 Ac wel me wot vor to conne both wel yt ys;
 Vor the more that a man con, the more worth he ys.
 Thus came, lo! Engeland into Normans' hand;
 And the Normans could speak then but their own speech,
 And spake French as [they] did at home, and their children did also teach;
 So that high men of this land, that of their blood come,
 Hold all the same speech that they of them took;
 For but [except] a man know French men tell of him well little;
 But low men hold to English and to their natural speech yet.
 I wene there not be man in world countries none
 That not holdeth to their natural speech but Engeland alone.
 But well I wot for to know both well it is;
 For the more that a man knows, the more worth he is.

Mr. Ellis, in his 'Specimens of the Early English Poets,' praises Robert of Gloucester's description of the first crusade, but the narrative is generally flat and prosaic. The following is a portion partly modernised:

The Muster for the First Crusade.

A good pope was thilk time at Rome, that hecht (1) Urban,
 That preached of the creyserie, and creysed mony man.
 Therefore he send preachers thorough all Christendom,
 And himself a-this-side the mounts (2) and to France come;
 And preached so fast and with so great wisdom,
 That about in each lond the cross fast me nome. (3)
 In the year of grace a thousand and sixteen,
 This great creyserie began, that long was i-seen.
 Of so much folk nyme (4) the cross, ne to the holy lond go,
 Me ne see no time before, ne suth nathemo. (5)
 For self women ne beleved, (6) that they ne wend thither fast,
 Ne young folk [that] feeble were, the while the voyage y-last.
 So that Robert Curthose thithward his heart cast,
 And, among other good knights, ne thought not be the last.
 He wends here to Englund for the creyserie,
 And laid Wilkam his brother to wed (7) Normandy,
 And borrowed of him thereon an hundred thousand mark,
 To wend with to the holy lond, and that was some-deal stark. . . .
 The Earl Robert of Flanders mid (8) him wend also,
 And Eustace Earl of Boulogne, and mony good knight thereto.
 There wend the Duke Geoffrey, and the Earl Baldwin there,
 And the other Baldwin also, that noble men were,

1 Was called.
 3 Was quickly taken up
 6 Even women did not remain.

2 Passed the mountains—namely, the Alps.
 4 Take. 5 Since never more.
 7 To woe, i. in pledge, in pawn. 8 With.

And kings syth all three of the holy lond.
 The Earl Stephen de Blois wend eke, that great power had on hond,
 And Robert's sister Curthose espoused had to wive.
 There wend yet other knights, the best that were alive;
 As the Earl of St. Gilles, the good Raymond,
 And Niel the king's brother of France, and the Earl Beaumont,
 And Tancred his nephew, and the bishop also
 Of Podys, and Sir Hugh the great earl thereto;
 And folk also without tale, (1) of all this west end
 Of Englonde and of France, thitherward gan wend,
 Of Normandy, of Denmark, of Norway, of Britain,
 Of Wales and of Ireland, of Gascony and of Spain,
 Of Provence and of Saxony, and of Alemain,
 Of Scotland and of Greece, of Rome and Aquitain.

The good knight Robert Curthose was the bastardi son of the Conqueror, and the monk thus describes him :

Thick man he was enow, but he nas well long,
 Quarry (2) he was and well i-made for to be strong.
 Therefore his father in a time i-see his sturdy deed, (3)
 The while he was young, and byhuld, (4) and these words said :
 ' By the uprising of God, Robelln, me shall i-see,
 Curthose my young son stalward knight shall be.'
 For he was some deal short, he cleped him Curthose.
 And he ne might never eft afterward thilk name lose.
 Other lack had he nought, but he was not well long;
 He was quaint of counsel and of speech, and of body strong.
 Never yet man ne might, in Christendom, ne in Paynlim,
 In battle him bring adown of his horse none time.

ROBERT DE BRUNNE, or more properly ROBERT MANNING, a native of Brunne or Bourn, in Lincolnshire, in the year 1303, translated, under the name of 'Handlyng Synne,' a French work by William de Waddington entitled 'Le Manuel des Pechiez.' He afterwards (between 1327 and 1338) translated a French chronicle of England, which had been written by Piers or Peter de Langtoft, a contemporary of his own, and an Augustine canon of Birdlington, in Yorkshire. This chronicle comes down to the death of Edward I. in 1307. The earlier part is translated from Wace's 'Brut.' Manning has been characterized as an industrious, and, for the time, an elegant writer, possessing, in particular, a great command of rhymes. The verse adopted in his chronicle is shorter than that of the Gloucester monk, making an approach to the octosyllabic stanza of modern times. The language is also nearer modern English :

Lordynges, that be now here,
 If ye wille listene & lere
 All the story of Inglande,
 Als Robert Mannyng wyrtyn it fand,
 & on Inglysch has it schewed,

Not for the leird bot for the lewed, (5)
 For tho that in this land wonn,
 That the Latyn no Frankys coun, (6)
 For to haf solace & gamen
 In felawship when thai sitt samen. (7)

Manning, or De Brunne, speaks of *disours* (Fr. *deseurs*, reciters) and *seppers*, or sayers, in his day, who recited metrical compositions, and

1 Beyond reckoning. 2 Square. 3 Seeing his sturdy deeds. 4 Beheld.
 5 Not for the learned, but for the laymen and unlearned.
 6 Know
 7 When they sit the same—sit together.

took unwarrantable liberties with the text of the poets. He did not write for them; he

Made nought for no discours,
Ne for no seggers, no harpours,
But for the love of simple men
That strange English cannot ken.

The following is slightly modernised :

Interview of Vortigern with Rowen, the beautiful daughter of Hengist.

Hengist that day did his might,
That all were glad, king and knight.
And as they were best in glading,
And well cup-shotten, (1) knight and king,
Of chamber Rowenen so gent,
Before the king in hall she went.
A cup with wine she had in hand,
And her attire was well farand. (2)
Before the king on knee set,
And in her language she him gret. (3)
'Loverd (4) king, wassail !' said she.
'The king asked, What should be.
On that language the king ne couth. (5)
A knight her language lerid in youth,
Breght hight that knight, born Breton,
That lerid the language of Saxon.
This Breght was the latimer, (6)
What she said told Vortigern.
'Sir,' Breght said, 'Rowen you greets,
And king calls and lord you leets. (7)
This is their custom and their gest,
When they are at the ale or feast,
Ilk man that loves where him think,
Shall say, 'Wassail !' and to him drink.
He that bids shall say, Wassail !
The tother shall say again, 'Drinkhall !'
That says Wassail drinks of the cup,
Kissing his fellow he gives it up.
Drinkhall he says, and drinks thereof,
Kissing him in bound and skof.'
The king said, as the knight gan ken,

'Drinkhall,' smiling on Rowenen.
Rowen drank as her list,
And gave the king, syne him kissed.
There was the first wassail in dede,
And that first of fame gned.
Of that wassail men told great tale,
And wassail when they were at ale,
And drinkhall to them that drank,
Thus was wassail ta'en to thank.
Fell sithes (8) that maiden ying.
Wassailed and kissed the king.
Of body she was right avenant, (9)
Of fair colour with sweet semblant.
Her attire full well it seemed,
Mervelik the king she queemed. (10)
Of our measure was he glad,
For of that maiden he wax all mad.
Drunkennes the fensd wrought,
Of that Paen (11) was all his thought.
A mischance that time him led,
He asked that Paen for to wed.
Hengist would not draw o life,
Bot granted him also tite. (12)
And Hors his brother consented soon.
Her friends said, it were to done.
They asked the king to give her Kent,
In dowery to take of rent.
Upon that maiden his heart was cast ;
That they asked the king made fast.
I ween the king took her that day,
And wedded her on Paen's lay. (13)

Praise of Good Women.—From the 'Handling of Sins.'

Nothing is to man so dear
As woman's love in good mannér.
A good woman is man's billes,
Where her love right and steadfast is.
There is no solace under heaven,

Of all that a man may neven, (14)
That should a man so much glew, (15)
As a good woman that loveth true ;
Ne dearer is none in God's hurd, (16)
Than a chaste woman with lovely wurd.

1 Well advanced in convivialities. 2 Of good appearance. This phrase is still used in Scotland. 3 Greeted. 4 Lord.
5 Had no knowledge. 6 Interpreter. 7 Esteems. 8 Many times. 9 Graceful, beautiful. 10 Pleased. 11 Pagan.
12 Would not draw off a little, but granted all quickly. 'Tite, soon, is connected with *it is time*.—*Morris*.
13 Answered to pagan law. 14 Name. 15 Delight (Ang.-Sax. *gleo, gluu, gles, musale*.)
16 Hurd, herde, erde, earth.

The death of Edward I.—‘the greatest of the Plantagenets’—July 7, 1307, called forth an elegy, preserved among the Harleian MSS. The following are two of the stanzas (spelling simplified):

All that beeth of heart true
A stound (1) hearkeneth to my song,
Of duel that Death has dight us new,
That maketh me sick and sorrow among,
Of a knight that was so strong,
Of whom God hath done his will,
Methinketh that Death has done us wrong
That he [the king] so soon shall liggé (2) still.

Jerusalem, thou hast i-love (3)
The flower of all chivalry,
Now King Edward liveth na more
Alas! that he yet should die!
He would ha’ reared up full high
Our banners that beeth (4) brought to ground;
Well long we may clepe (5) and cry,
Ere we such a king han y-found!

LAWRENCE MINOT—RICHARD ROLLE—WILLIAM LANGLAND.

LAWRENCE MINOT, about 1350, composed a series of ten poems on the victories of Edward III.—beginning with the battle of Halidon Hill, (1333), and ending with the siege of Guines Castle (1352). His works were in a great measure unknown until the beginning of the present century, when they were published by Ritson, who praised them for the ease, variety, and harmony of the versification. Professor Craik considered Minot to be the earliest writer of English subsequent to the contest, who deserved the name of a poet. His dialect is Northumbrian:

God that schope (6) both se and sand	For mani men to him er wroth.
Save Edward, King of Ingland,	In Fraunce and in Flandres both;
Both body, saul, and life,	For he defendes fast his right,
And grante him joy withowten strife!	And tharto Jhesu grante him might!

A few more stanzas from the same poem (spelling simplified) will shew the animated style of Minot's narrative:

How Edward the King came in Brabant.

Edward, oure comely king,	Thus in Brabant has he been,
In Brabant has his woning (7)	Where he before was seldom seen
With many comely knight;	For to prove their japes;(11)
And in that land, truly to tell,	Now no langer will he spare,
Ordains he still for to dwell	Bot unto France fast will he fare
To time (8) he think to fight.	To comfort him with grapes.
Now God, that is of mightés mast, (9)	Furth he fared into France;
Grant him Grace of the Holy Ghaſt	God save him fro mischance,
His heritage to win;	And all his company!
And Mary Moder, of mercy free,	The noble Duke of Brabant
Save our king and his menés (10)	With him went into that land,
Fro sorrow, shame, and sin.	Ready to live or die.

1 A little while, a moment. 2 Lie. 3 Lost. 4 Are. 5 Call.
6 Disposed, ordered (Ang.-Sax. *scapan*, to shape to form). 7 Abode, dwelling.
8 Till the time. 9 Most of might, 10 Company, host. 11 Jeers, devices.

Then the rich flower de lice (1)
 Wan there full little prize;
 Fast he fled for feared:
 The right heir of that countree
 Is comen, (2) with all his knyghtes free,
 To shake him by the beard.

Sir Phillip the Valays (3)
 With his men in tho days
 To battle had he thought: (4)
 He hade his men them purvey
 Withouten langer delay;
 But he ne held it nought.

He brought folk full great won, (5)
 Aye seven agains onc,
 That full well weaponed were,
 Bot soon when he heard ascry (6)
 That King Edward was near thereby,
 Then durst he nought come near.

In that morning fell a mist,
 And when our Englishmen it wist,
 It changed all their cheer;
 Our king unto God made his boon, (7)
 And God sent him good comfort soon:
 The weather wax full clear.

RICHARD ROLLE, a hermit of the order of St. Augustine, and doctor of divinity, lived a solitary life near the priory of Hampole, four miles from Doncaster. He died in 1349. Rolle wrote metrical paraphrases of certain parts of Scripture, and an original poem of a moral and religious nature, entitled '*The Pricke of Conscience*,' an elaborate work in seven books and nearly ten thousand lines. It was published for the Philological Society, edited by Mr. Morris, in 1863. This poem is also in the Northumbrian dialect, many words of which are still in use in Scotland—as *thole*, to bear; *greeting*, weeping; *time*, lose; *auld*, old; *fae*, foe; *frae*, from; &c.

What is in Heaven—From the 'Pricke of Conscience.'

Ther is lyf withoute any deth,
 And ther is yonthe without any elde;
 And ther is alle manner welthe to welde;
 And ther is rest without any travaille;
 And ther is pees without any strife,
 And ther is all manner lykinge of lyf:
 And ther is bright somer ever to se,
 And ther is nevere wynter in that countree:
 And ther is more worshipe and honour,
 Then evere hade kynge other emperour.
 And ther is grete melodie of aungeles songe,
 And ther is preysing hem amonge.
 And ther is alle manner frendshipe that may be,
 And ther is evere perfect love and charite;
 And ther is wisdom without foyle,
 And ther is honeste without vileneye.
 Al these a man may joyes of hevne call;
 Ac yutte the most soveryn joye of all
 Is the sighte of Goddes bright face,
 In wham resteth all manners grace.

WILLIAM LANGLAND, author of '*The Vision concerning Piers the Plowman*,' was the most vigorous, truly English, and popular of all the poets preceding Chaucer. He was born about 1332, supposed to be a native of Cleobury Mortimer, in Shropshire, and the son of a franklin or freeman. He wore the clerical tonsure, probably as having taken minor orders, and earned a precarious living by singing the

1 Fleur de lis.

2 To come.

3 Phillip VI. de Valois, king of France.

4 Resolved.

5 Number.

6 Alarm, outcry (Swedish *anskri*).

7 Petition, request (Ang.-Sax. *ben*, prayer).

placebo, dirige, and seven psalms for the good of men's souls. He says he was married, and this may perhaps explain why he never rose in the church. He has many allusions to his extreme poverty. Lastly, he describes himself as being in Bristol in the year 1390, when he wrote his last poem. This is the last trace of him, and he was then about sixty-seven years of age, so that he may not have long survived the accession of Henry IV. (September 1399.) In personal appearance he was so tall that he obtained the nickname of Long Will, as he tells us in the line :

I have lyved in londe, quod I, my name is Long Wille.*

Langland's poem is one of the most important works that appeared in England previous to the invention of printing. It is the popular representative of the doctrines which were silently bringing about the Reformation, and it is a peculiarly national poem, not only as being a much purer specimen of the English language than Chaucer, but as exhibiting the revival of the same system of alliteration which characterised the Anglo-Saxon poetry. It is, in fact, both in this peculiarity and in its political character, characteristic of a great literary and political revolution, in which the language as well as the independence of the Anglo-Saxons had at last gained the ascendancy over those of the Normans. Piers is represented as falling asleep on the Malvern Hills, and seeing in his sleep a series of visions ; in describing these, he exposes the corruptions of society, and particularly the dissolute lives of the religious orders with much bitterness. The first part of the work was written about 1362 ; it was enlarged in 1370, and still further enlarged after 1378. Its great popularity induced some unknown writer to give a supplement in the same alliterative verse, entitled '*Pierce the Ploughman's Crede*,' being a satire on the friars. Langland in his poem versifies the curious fable of the rats conspiring to bell the cat, which figures in Scottish history of the time of James III. The alliterative style of the work will be seen from the opening lines :

In a somer seoun whan soft was the sonne,
I shope me in shroudes as I a shepe were, (1)
In habite as an heremite, unholy of workes,
I went wyde in this world, wondres to here.
Ac (2) on a May mornynge, on Malverne hilles,
Me byfel a ferly (3) of /alry, me thouhte ;
I was very forwondered, and went me to reste
Vnder a brode bank by a lornes (4) side ;
And as I lay, and lened, and toked in the wateres,
I slombred in a slepyng, it aseyued so merye. (5)

Warton and Ellis quote the following as a remarkable prediction of the Reformation (spelling simplified) :

* Introduction to *Piers the Ploughman*, edited by the Rev. W. W. Skeat (Oxford, 1851)

1 *Shepe*, shepherd ; it oftener means sheep.

3 A wonder.

4 A brook or burn.

2 But.

5 Bounded so merry or pleasant. We may add that the late editors of '*Piers the Ploughman*' divide the lines in the middle, where a pause is naturally made.

Ac now is Religion a rider, a roamer about,
 A leader of lovedays, and a lound-buyer,
 A pricker on a palfrey from manor to manor.
 An heap of hounds [behind him] as he a lord were :
 And but if his kuave kneel that shall his cope bring,
 He loured on him, and asketh him who taught him courtesy ?
 Little had lords to done to give lound from her heirs
 To religious, that have no ruth though it rain on her altars.
 In many places there they be parsons by herself at ease ;
 Of the poor have they no pity : and that is her charity !
 And they letten hem as lords, her lands lie so broad.
Ac there shall come a King and confess you, Religious,
 And beat you, as the Bible telleth, for breaking of your rule,
 And amend monials (nuns), monks, and canons,
 And put hem to her penance— . . .
 And then shall the Abbot of Abingdon, and all his issues for ever
Have a knock of a King, and incurable the wound.

Of the allegorical personification of Langland, we subjoin some short specimens :

Envy and Avarice.

Envy, with heavy heart, asketh after shrift,
 And greatly his gustus (1) beginneth to shew,
 As pale as a pellet in a palsy he seemed ;
 I-clothed in a caramauri, (2) I could him not describe,
 As a leek that had i-lain long in the sun,
 So looked he with lean cheeks ; loured he foul.
 His body was bolled, (3) for wrath he bit his lips,
 V roth-like he wrung his fist ; he thought him to wreak
 With works or with words when he seeth his time. . . .
 And then came Covetise ; can I him nought describe,
 So hungrily and hollow Sir Hervy (4) him looked ;
 He was beetle-browed and babber-lipt also,
 With too bleared een as a blind hag,
 And as a leathern purse lolled his cheeks,
 Well syder (5) than his chin, they shrivelled for eld.
 And as a bondman of his bacon his beard was bedravelled. (6)
 With an hood on his head, a lousy hat above,
 And in a tawny tabard of twelve winter age,
 Al to-torn and bandy, and full of lice creeping ;
 But if that a louse could have loupenn the better,
 She should nought have walked on the welt, it was so threadbare.

Mercy and Truth.

Out of the west, as it were, a wench, as methought,
 Came walking in the way, to helle-ward she looked ;
 Mercy hight that maid, a mild thing withal,
 A full benign burd, (7) and buxom of speech.
 Her sister, as it seemed, came softly walking
 Even out of the east, and westward she lookid,
 A full comely creature, Truth she hight,
 For the virtue that her followed afeard was she never.
 When these maidens metten, Mercy and Truth,
 Either axed of other of this great wonder,
 Of the dñ and of the darkness.

1 *Gustus*, gastes, deeds.

2 A worm-eaten garment.

3 Swollen. 4 Mr. Skeat points out that Skelton has the same name for a covetous man :
 'And Hervy Hafler, that well could p ek a meal.' 5 Hanging lower.
 6 As the mouth of a bondman or rural labourer is with the bacon he eats, so was his
 beard bedaubed or smeared. 7 Maiden.

These are vivid pictures, and there are many such in Langland—strong repulsive delineations of vice, misery, and corruption. He was an earnest moral teacher, not an imaginative poet. He had none of the chivalrous sentiment or gay fancy of his great contemporary Chaucer.

Langland thus closes his vision of Piers the Plowman, Passus vii. (language modernised):

Now hath the Pope power pardon to grant the people,
 Withouten any penance, to passen into heaven?
 This is our belief, as lettered men us teacheth
 (*Quidcumque ligauit super terram, erit ligatum et in celis, &c.*) (1)
 And so I leave it verily (Lord forbid else!)
 That pardon and penance and prayers don save
 Soules that have sinned even sins deadly.
 But to trust to these triennales, (2) truly me thinketh
 Is nought so sicker (3) for the soul, certes, as Do-well.
 Forthwith I rede you, renkes, (4) that rich ben on this earth,
 Upon trust of your treasure triennales to have,
 Be ye never the balder to break the ten behests,
 And namely the masters, mayors, and judges
 That have the wealth of this world, and for wise men ben holden,
 To purchase you pardon and the Pope's bulls.
 At the dreadful doom when dead shal len rise,
 And comen all before Christ accounts to yield,
 How thou leddest thy life here and his laws kept'st,
 And how thou didest day by day, the doom will rehearse;
 A poke full of pardons there, ne provinciales letters,
 Though they be found in the fraternity of all the four orders, (5)
 And have indulgences double-fold; but if Do-well you help
 I set your patents and your pardons at one pie's heel! (6)
 Forthwith I counsel all Christians to cry God mercy,
 And Mary his mother be our mene (7) between,
 That God give us grace here ere we go hence,
 Such works to work while we ben here,
 That after our death-day, Do-well rehearse
 At the day of doom, we did as he hight. (8)

GEOFFREY CHAUCER.

Although our mixed language had now risen into importance, and a period of literary activity had commenced, it required a genius like that of Chaucer—who was familiar with continental as well as classic literature, and with various modes of life at home and abroad, besides enjoying the special favour of the court—to give consistency and permanence to the language and poetry of England. Henceforward, his native style, which Spenser terms 'the pure well of English undefiled,' formed a standard of composition.

GEOFFREY CHAUCER could not boast of any high lineage—his father

1 Matthew xvi. 19.

2 Masses said for three years. 3 Sure. 4 Men; Anglo-Saxon *rinca*, a warrior [SKEAT].

5 The four orders of Friars.

6 *He's heel*, magpie's heel, a curious expression. But the Cambridge manuscript has *peas hule*, that is, a pea's hull, a pea-shell, husk of a pea.—SKEAT. The Cambridge manuscript is surely the correct reading.

7 *Mene*, medium. Mediator.

8 *Hight*, commanded.

and grandfather were London vintners.* The date of his birth is uncertain. He died in 1400, and there is an old tradition that he was then seventy-two years of age; consequently, born in 1328. The poet's own testimony, however, seems at variance with this statement. In the famous controversy in 1386 between Richard, Lord Scrope, and Sir Robert Grosvenor, concerning their coat of arms, Chaucer was examined as a witness, and in the deposition he is stated to be 'of the age of forty years and upward, and to have borne arms twenty-seven years.' This would place his birth about 1345, instead of 1328. The earliest notice of the poet occurs in some fragments of the Household Book of the Lady Elizabeth, wife of Prince Lionel, son of Edward III., of the date of 1357. From these it appears that payments were made for articles of dress and 'necessaries' to Chaucer—a suit of clothes and shoes, 7s., with a donation of 3s. 6d. He was then probably a page to the Lady Elizabeth. In 1359 he accompanied the royal army to France, doubtless in the retinue of Prince Lionel. If we take the 'forty years and upwards' to signify forty-three or forty-four, he was then sixteen or seventeen—an age not too early for a youth in the royal household to enter military service. There is no evidence as to the education of the poet, though he is said to have studied both at Cambridge and Oxford. Having joined Edward III.'s army which invaded France in 1359, he was taken prisoner, but was soon set free, the king giving, in March, 1360, £16 towards his ransom. A blank of six years occurs, but when the name of Chaucer reappears in the public records, he is found attached to the court and engaged in diplomatic service. About 1366, he married Philippa, one of the ladies of the chamber to the queen, daughter of Sir Payne Roet, and sister of Katherine Swynford, the mistress, and ultimately the wife of John of Gaunt. In 1367 the king granted Chaucer an annuity of 20 marks by the title of *valetus noster*, our yeoman, so that he then stood in the intermediate rank between squire and groom. In 1369 he was on a second invasion of France. In 1372 he was appointed envoy, with two others, to Genoa, and he was then styled *scutifer*, or squire. It is supposed that on this occasion he made a tour of the northern states of Italy, and visited Petrarch, who was at Arquà, near Padua, in 1373. The poet's mission to Italy was to confer with the Duke and merchants of Genoa, for the purpose of choosing some port in England where the Genoese might form a commercial establishment; and he had discharged his duty satisfactorily, for next year, on the celebration of St. George's

* This point has been settled by the researches of Mr. F. J. Furnival, editor-in-chief of the *Chaucer Society*. Richard Chaucer, vintner of London, in April 1349, bequeathed his tenement and tavern to the Church of St. Mary, Aldermine. His son, John Chaucer, citizen and vintner, Thames Street, in July 1349, executed a deed relating to some lands. The poet, by deed, in 1384, released all right in his father's house in Thames Street to Henry Herbury, vintner. This pedigree confirms Fuller's joke, that some wits had made Chaucer's arms (*argent and gules*) the dashing of white and red wine, as 'kicking his father's profession.' (FULLER'S *Church History*, Book IV.)

day, 23d April, at Windsor, Chaucer received a grant of a pitcher of wine daily (commuted in 1378 for a yearly payment of 20 marks), and in June was appointed comptroller of the customs and subsidy of wool, skins, &c., in the port of London. The duties of his office he had to perform personally, writing the rolls with his own hand; and in his 'House of Fame' he refers to this period, stating that when his labour was all done, and his 'reckonings' all made, he used to go home to his house, and sit at his books till he appeared *dazed* or lost in study. The same year (1374) Chaucer received a pension of £10 from the Duke of Lancaster, and the city authorities of London granted him for life a lease of the dwelling-house above the gate of Aldgate. Next year he was appointed guardian of a certain Edmond Staplegate of Kent, and received for wardship and marriage fee a sum of £104. In 1377 we find him joint-envoy on a secret mission to Flanders, and afterwards sent to France to treat of peace with Charles V., and to negotiate a secret treaty for the marriage of Richard, Prince of Wales, with Mary, daughter of the king of France. Richard succeeded to the throne by the death of Edward III., June 21, 1377, and Chaucer was reappointed one of the king's esquires. In May 1378 he was sent with Sir Edward Berkeley to Lombardy on a mission 'touching the king's expedition of war.' The prosperous poet was now allowed to discharge his duties as comptroller of customs by deputy, and he thus had greater leisure to devote himself to the composition of his 'Canterbury Tales.' Shortly after his return from Italy, Chaucer appears in a questionable light. By a deed, dated 1st of May 1379, enrolled on the Close Roll of 3 Richard II., Cecilia Chaumpaigne, daughter of the then late William Chaumpaigne and Agnes his wife, released to Geoffrey Chaucer all her rights of action against him for his abduction of her, 'de raptu meo.' The poet may have carried off the young lady, as Mr. Furnival suggests, to marry her to one of his friends, or the charge may have been dismissed as unfounded. In 1386 Chaucer sat in parliament as one of the knights of the shire for Kent. But the Duke of Gloucester succeeding to the government in place of the Duke of Lancaster, then abroad, and with whom he was at enmity, the poet, as friend and protégé of the latter, may have shared in the ill-will of the duke. It is certain that on the 4th of December 1386, Chaucer was superseded in his office of comptroller of customs, and is found raising money on his two pensions of twenty marks each. His wife died in 1387 (after June of this year there is no mention of the pension of ten marks given yearly to Philippa Chaucer), but King Richard having dismissed his council, and restored the Lancastrian party to power, the old poet regained, for a brief space, a share of the royal favour. In July 1389 he was appointed clerk of the king's works at Westminster, the Tower of London, and Windsor.* His salary was two shillings a day, with power

*As clerk of the royal works, riding about with money to pay wages, &c., Chaucer was exposed to danger. On September 3, 1390, he was robbed at the 'Poul Oak' of £20.

to appoint a deputy. He held these appointments for little more than a year, and is believed to have been afterwards in straitened circumstances. He still, however, enjoyed his pension of £10, with his allowance of forty shillings yearly for robes as one of the king's esquires. In 1394 he obtained from the king a grant of £20 a year for life, on which, being apparently in want, he received advances from the exchequer. In his 'Complaint to his Purse,' Chaucer refers to this period:

To you, my purse, and to none other wight,
Complain I, for ye be my lady dear,
I am so sorry now that ye be light;
For certes, but if ye make me heavy cheer,
Me were as lief be laid upon my bier,
For which unto your mercy thus I cry,
Be heavy again, or else might I die!

In May 1398 Chaucer got letters of protection to secure him from arrest 'on any plea except it were connected with land,' for a term of two years. In October King Richard granted him a tun of wine yearly for life. The son of his friend John of Gaunt, the triumphant Henry Bolingbroke, now supplanted Richard on the throne; and, October 8, 1399, we find Henry IV. granting Chaucer 40 marks yearly in addition to his former £20 from Richard II. On 24th December the poet covenanted for the lease of a tenement in the garden of St. Mary's Chapel, Westminster (the site of Henry VII.'s chapel), for the long term of 53 years, but he lived only till the following autumn, dying October 25, 1400. He was buried in Westminster Abbey, the first of the illustrious file of poets whose ashes rest in that great national sanctuary.

Chaucer is said to have left two sons—Lewis, who died early, and Thomas, who rose to great wealth and position, was speaker of the House of Commons, and father of an only daughter, Alice Chaucer, who married John De la Pole, Earl of Lincoln, declared by Richard III. heir-apparent to the throne. There are doubts, however, in spite of the attestations of heralds, whether this rich and great Sir Thomas Chaucer was really the son of the author of the 'Canterbury Tales.'

The personal appearance of the poet is partly described by himself in the 'Prologue to Sir Thopas.' He was stout, but 'small and fair of face':

Thou lookest as thou wouldest find an hare,
For ever upon the ground I see thee stare. . . .
He seemeth elvish by his countenance,
For unto no wight doth he dalliance.

His character may be seen in his works. He was the counterpart of Shakspeare in cheerfulness and benignity of disposition—no enemy to mirth and joviality, yet delighting in his books, and studious in

his horse, and movables. The king forgave him the £20, and the robber, who had appealed by wager of battle against his accomplice, was hanged.

the midst of an active life. He was opposed to all superstition and priestly abuse, but played in his satire, with a keen sense of the ludicrous, and the richest vein of comic narrative and de-inaction of character. He retained through life a strong love of the country, and of its inspiring and invigorating influences. No poet has dwelt more fondly on the charms of a spring or summer morning:

The busy lark the messenger of day,	The silver drops, hanging on the leaves
Saluteth in her song the morrow gray,	And Arcite that is in the Court Royal,
And fiery Phœbus riseth up so bright	With Theseus his squire principal,
That all the orient laugheth of the sight!	Is risen, and looketh on the merry day,
And with his streams dryeth in the graves	And for to don his observance to May.

The Knight's Tale.

May-day, the great English rural festival and Robin Hood anniversary, seems always to have been a carnival in the poet's heart. It enticed him from his studies—'farewell, my book!'—and he is profuse in descriptions of the 'new green' of spring, the 'soft sweet grass,' and 'flowers white and red.' In his youth he paid homage to the luxuriant beauty of the rose, but at a later period joined the French poets in adopting the mythology of the daisy.

The daisy, or else *the eye of day*,
The Empress and flower of flowers all.

Perhaps alluding metaphorically, as Nicolas suggests, to some fair lady named Marguerite, as the word means either a daisy, a pearl, or a woman.

Chaucer's minor poems are numerous. A recent critic—Professor Bernard Ten Brink—divides them into three periods, though no such classification can be considered certain. (1) The 'A.B.C.,' the 'Romance of the Rose,' and 'Book of the Duchess,' all written before the poet set out on his Italian missions in 1372. (2) The 'House of Fame,' the 'Life of St. Cecil' (Second Nun's Tale), the 'Parliament of Birds,' 'Troilus and Cressida' and 'The Knight's Tale'—this period ending in 1384. (3) The 'Legend of Good Women,' the 'Canterbury Tales,' and other lesser poems. Some of the most admired minor poems are rejected by Ten Brink, Mr. Bradshaw, and Mr. Furnival. The 'Court of Love,' the 'Flower and the Leaf,' 'Chaucer's Dream,' and the 'Romance of the Rose,' are considered spurious, as contravening the laws of rhyme observed by the poet in his genuine works. For instance, if in Chaucer's undoubted works you find that mal-a-dy-e, or cur-tei-si-e, is four syllables, and rhymes only with other nouns in *y-e* or *i-e*, proved by derivation to be a two-syllable termination, and with infinitives in *y-e*, then if you find in the 'Romaunt,'

Sich jole anon thereof hadde I
That I forgat my maladie,

you get a rhyme that is not Chaucer's.* We cannot think this test

* Chaucer's Works, Aldine Edition, edited by Morris, vol. i. 267.

infallible. The poet may not have always been consistent in his rhymes, or copyists may have made alterations; and we know of no other poet of that day who was capable (none has claimed or been mentioned) of writing the rejected poems. Poetical readers will not readily surrender Chaucer's right to the 'Romaunt of the Rose,' the 'Court of Love,' or the 'Flower and the Leaf'—all fresh with the dew of youth and brilliant fancy.

The versification of Chaucer is various. He probably began with the octo-syllabic measure common with the French poets, as he translated the 'Roman de la Rose,' or rather adapted it, from the work of William de Loris and John de Meun: of the 22,000 verses, Chaucer translated 7,700. The 'House of Fame,' an allegorical version, is in the same measure, and contains some bold imagery and the romantic machinery of Gothic fable. A more important work, 'Troilus and Cressida,' is in seven-line stanzas. This poem, taken from the 'Filostrato' of Boccaccio, has, from its pathos and beauty, always been popular. Sir Philip Sidney admired it. Warton and every subsequent critic have quoted, with just admiration, the passage in which Cressida makes an avowal of her love:

And as the new abashed nightingale,
That stinteth first, when she beginneth sing
When that she heareth any herdis tale,
Or in the hedges any wight stirring;
And, after, siker (sure) doth her voice outting:
Right so Cressida, when her dread stent,
Opened her heart, and told him her intent.

The 'Canterbury Tales' are chiefly in the heroic couplet, containing five accents, and generally ten syllables, but in this respect Chaucer adopted the poetic license of lengthening or shortening the lines. The opening of the poem, with the accents marked, is as follows:

When that Aprillé, with showrés swoote, (1)
And drougt of Marche hath percéd to the roote,
And bathed every veyne in swich licour, (2)
Of which vertue engendred is the flour;
Whan Zephirus eek, with his sweté breeth
Enspired bath in every holte (3) and heeth
The tender croppes, (4) and the yongé sonne
Hath in the Ram his halfé cours l-ronne, (5)
And smale fowles maken melodye,
That slepen al the night with open yhe,
So priketh hem (6) nature in here corages;
Thanne longen folk to gon on pilgrimages,
And palmers for to seeken straunge strondes
To ferné halwes (7) kouthé (8) in sondry londes;

1 Sweet, sometimes written *sote* and *sicete*.

2 Such liquor or moisture.

3 *Holt*, a wooded hill.

4 *Croppes*, twigs, boughs, the tops of branches.

5 *L-ronne*, sometimes *pronue*, for the *l* and *n* were used indiscriminately to denote the participle. Thus Spenser has *uclad*, *yitral*, etc.

6 *Hem* and *her* were in Chaucer's time, and previously, the same as *them* and *their*.

7 *Ferné halwes*, distant saints or shrines (*ferne*, from *fer* or *far*; *halwes*, as in *hallo*, etc.).

8 *Kouthé* or *couthé*, known, renowned; we still have *uncouth*.

And specially, from every schirés ende
Of Engelond, to Canturbury they wende,
The holy blisful martir (1) for to seeke,
That hem hath holpen whan that they were seeke.

The 'Canterbury Tales' form the best and most durable monument of Chaucer's genius. Boccaccio, in his 'Decameron,' supposes ten persons to have retired from Florence during the plague of 1348, and there, in a sequestered villa, amused themselves by relating tales after dinner. Ten days formed the period of their sojourn; and we have thus a hundred stories, lively, humorous, or tender, and full of characteristic painting in choice Italian. Chaucer seems to have copied this design, as well as part of the Florentine's freedom and licentiousness of detail; but he greatly improved upon the plan. There is something repulsive and unnatural in a party of ladies and gentlemen meeting to tell tales, many of them of a loose kind, while the plague is desolating the country around them. The plays of Chaucer have a more pleasing origin. A company of pilgrims, consisting of twenty-nine 'sundry folk,' meet together in fellowship at the Tabard Inn, Southwark, all being bent on a pilgrimage to the shrine of Thomas à Becket at Canterbury. These pilgrimages were scenes of much enjoyment, and even mirth; for, satisfied with thwarting the Evil One by the object of their mission, the devotees did not consider it necessary to preserve any religious strictness or restraint by the way. The poet himself is one of the party at the Tabard. They all sup together in the large room of the hostelry; and after great cheer, the landlord proposes that they shall travel together to Canterbury; and, to shorten their way, that each shall tell two tales, both in going and returning, and whoever told the best, should have a supper at the expense of the rest. The company assent, and mine host, 'Harry Bailly'—who was both 'bold of his speech, and wise and well taught'—is appointed to be judge and reporter of the stories. The characters composing this social party are inimitably drawn and discriminated. First we have the chivalrous Knight:

A Knight there was, and that a worthy man,
That from the tyme thet he first bigan
To ryden out, he lovede chyalrye,
Trouthe and honour, fredom and courtesie.
Ful worthi was he in his lordes werre,
And thereto hadde he riden, noman ferre, (2)
As wel in Cristendom as in hethenesse,
And evere honoured for his worthinesse.
At Allsandre (3) he was whan it was wonne,
Ful ofte tyme he hadde the bord bygonne
Aboven alle nacions in Pruce.

1 The famous martyr, Thomas à Becket, slain in Canterbury Cathedral in 1170.

2 No man further.

3 Alexandria. Why Chaucer should have chosen to bring his knight from Alexandria and Lettow rather than from Cressy and Poliers, is a problem difficult to resolve, except in supposing that the slightest services against infidels were in those days more honourable than the most splendid victories over Christians.—*Tyrwhitt*.

In Lettowe hadde he reysed and in Ruce, (1)
 No cristen man so ofte of his degre.
 In Gernade atte siege hadde he be
 Of Algesir, and riden in Belmarie.
 At Lieys was he, and at Satalie, (2)
 When they were wonne; and in the Greete see
 At many a noble arive hadde he be.
 At mortal batailles hadde he ben fiftene,
 And foughten for oure feith at Tramassene (3)
 In lystes thries, and ay slayn his foo,
 This like worthi knight hadde ben also
 Sometime with the lord of Palatye,
 Ageyn another hethene in Turkye;
 And everemore he hadde a sovereyn prys. (4)
 And though that he was worthy, he was wys,
 And of his port as meke as is a mayde.
 He nevere yit no vilonye ne sayde
 In al his lyf, unto no maner wight.
 He was a verray perflit gentil knight.
 But for to telle you of his array,
 His hors was good, but here n' was nought gay.
 Of fustyan he werede a gepoun (5)
 Al bysmytered with his habergeoun.
 For he was late ycome frou his viage,
 And wente for to doon his pilgrynage.

The Knight was accompanied by his son, a gay young Squire with curled locks:

With him ther was his sone, a yong Squyer,
 A lover, and a lusty bacheler,
 With lokkes crulle as they were layde in presse.
 Of twenty year of age he was I gesse.
 Of his stature he was of evene lengthe.
 And wonderly delyver, and gret of strengthe.
 And he hadde ben somtyme in chivachie, (6)
 In Flaundres, in Artoys, and Picardie,
 And boru him wel, as in so litel space,
 In hope to stonden in his lady grace.
 Embrowdid was he, as it were a mede
 Al ful of freshe floures, white and reede.
 Syngynge he was, or floytynge, al the day;
 He was as freshe as is the moneth of May.
 Schort was his gowne, with sleeves longe and wyde.
 Wel cowde he sitte on hors, and faire ryde.
 He cowde songes wel make and endite,
 Juste (7) and eek daunce, and wel purtraye and writte.
 So hote he lovede, that by nightertale (8)
 He sleep nomore than doth a nightyngale.
 Curteys he was, lowly, and servysable,
 And carf byforn his fadur at the table.

A yeoman was also in attendance, with his bow and sheaf of ar-

1 *Pruce, Lettowe, Ruce.*—Prussia, Lithuania, Russia.
 2 *Gernade, Granada; Algesir.* Algeiras in Spain; *Belmarie*, one of the Moorish kingdoms in Africa; *Lieys*, in Armenia, *Satalie*, or Atalia, in Asia Minor. Both the latter were taken from the Turks by Pierre de Lusignan—Lieys about 1367, Atalia about 1368.
 3 A Moorish kingdom in Africa. 4 High praise.
 5 *Gepoun*, a short cassock; *bysmytered*, soiled or smutted (from the Anglo-Saxon *besmytan*, to defile).
 6 Military expeditions, riding. 7 Joust, tilt. 8 Night-time; *tale*, reckoning.

rows: 'a nut-head had he, with a brown visage.' And then we have a Nun or Prioress, beautifully drawn in her arch simplicity and coy reserve:

Ther was also a Nonne, a Prioress,
That of hire smylyng was ful symple and coy
Hire gretteste ooth ne was but by seynt Loy.⁽¹⁾
And sche was cleped madame Eglentyne,
Ful wel sche sang the servise divyne,
Entuned in hire nose ful semely;
And Frensch sche spak ful faire and fetysly,
After the scole of Stratford atte Bowe,⁽²⁾
For Frensch of Parys was to hire unknowe.
At mete wel l-taught was sche withalle;
Sche leet no morsel from hire lippes fall,
Ne wette hire fyngres in hire sauce deepe.
Wel cowde sche carle a morsel, and wel keepe,
That no drope ne fl uppon hire breeste.
In cartesle was set ful moche hire leste.⁽³⁾
Hire overlippe wypede sche so clene,
That in hire cuppe was no ferthing⁽⁴⁾ sene
Of greece, whan sche dronken hadde hire draughte.
Ful semely after hire mete sche raughte,⁽⁵⁾
And sikerly sche was of gret disport,
And ful plesant, and amyable of port.
And peynede hire to countrefete cheere
Of court, and ben estatlich of manere,
And to ben holden digne⁽⁶⁾ of reverence.
But for to speken of hire conscience,
Sche was so charitable and so pitous,
Sche wolde weepe if that sche sawe a mous
Caught in a trappe, if it were deed or bledde.
Of smale houndes hadde sche, that sche fedde
With rosted flessh, or mylk and wastel breed.⁽⁷⁾
But sore wept sche if oon of hem were deed,
Or if men smot it with a yerde smerte:
And al was conscience and tendre herte.

1 A Monk and a Friar are next described:

A Monk ther was, a fair for the maistrie,
An out-rydere, that lovede venerye;⁽⁸⁾
A manly man, to ben an abbot able,
Full many a deyné hors hadde he in stable;
And whan he rood, men mighte his bridel heere
Gynglen, in a whistlyng wynd, as cleere,
And eek as lowde as doth the chapel belle.
Ther as this lord was kepere of the selle,
The reule of seynt Maure or of seint Beneyt,
Bycause that it was old and somdel streyt,⁽⁹⁾
This ilke monk leet olde thinges pace,
And held after the newe world the space.
He gaf nat of that text a pulled hen,⁽¹⁰⁾

1 *Seynt Loy*, a corruption of St. Eligius, or perhaps another form of St. Louis.

2 *Stratford-le-Bowe*, in Middlesex. Chaucer is supposed. In this allusion to the French of the Prioress, to have sneered at the old Anglo-Norman French taught in England.

3 *Hire leste*, her pleasure or delight.

4 *Ferthing*, fourth part, and hence a small portion.

5 *Raughte*, pret. of *reche*, reached—stretched out her hand at table.

6 *Digne*, worthy. 7 Bread made of the finest flour. 8 Hunting. 9 Somewhat strict.

10 *Pulled hen*; he cared not a moulting or worthless hen for the text.

That seith, that hunters been noon holy men ;
 Ne that a monk, when he is ruccheles
 Is likned to a fiasch that is waterles ;
 This is to seyn, a monk out of his cloystre .
 But thilke text held he not worth an oystre.
 And I seide his opinioun was good.
 What schuld he studie, and make himselfen wood, (1)
 Uppon a book in cloystre alway a powre,
 Or swynke with his handes, and laboure,
 As Austyn byt ? (2) How schal the world be served ?
 Lat Austyn have his swynk to him reserved.
 Therefore he was a pricasour (3) aright ;
 Greyhoundes he hadde as swift as fowel in flight ;
 Of prikyng and of huntyng for the hare
 Was al his lust. for no cost wolde he spare.
 I saugh his sleeves purfled atte bonde
 With grys, (4) and that the fyneste of a londe.
 And for to festne his hood under his chynne
 He hadde of gold y-wrought a curious pynne :
 A love-knotte in the grettere ende ther was.
 His heed was balled, and schon as eny glas,
 And eek his face as he hadde ben anoynt.
 He was a lord ful fat and in good poynt ;
 His eyen steepe, and rollyng in his heede,
 That stemed as a forneys of a leede ; (5)
 His boots souple, his hors in gret estate.
 Now certainly he was a fair prelate.

The Friar was also a genial churchman :

A Frere ther was, a wantoun and a merye,
 A lymytour, (6) a ful solempne man.
 In alle the ordres foure (7) is noon that can
 So moche of dalliance and fair langage.
 He hadde i-mad ful many a mariage
 Of yonge wymmen, at his owne cost.
 Unto his ordre he was a noble post.
 Ful wel biloved and famuller was he
 With frankeleyns over-al his cuntre,
 And eek with worthi women of the town ;
 For he hadde power of confessioun,
 As seyde himself, more than a curat,
 For his ordre he was licentiat.
 Ful sweetely herde he confessioun,
 And pleasaunt was his absolucioun ;
 He was an esy man to geve penance
 Ther as he wiste han a good pitance ;
 For unto a poure ordre for to give
 Is signe that a man is wel i-schrive. (8)
 For if he gaf, he dorste make avaunt,
 He wiste that a man was repentaunt.
 For many a man so harde is of his herte,
 He may not wepe although him sore smerte.
 Therefore is stede of wepyng and preyeres,
 Men moot give silver to the poure freres.

1 Wood or wud, mad or foolish. 2 Swynke, work as St. Austin bid.
 3 Pricasour, a hard rider. 4 Purfled with gry-, worked at the edge with fur.
 5 Shone as a furnace under a caldron.
 6 A friar licensed to ask alms within a certain limit.—MORRIS.
 7 The four orders were the Franciscans or Gray Friars, the Augustin Friars, the Dominicans or Black Friars, and the Carmelites or White Friars.
 8 Well shriven or con-fessed.

His typet was ay farsed ful of knytes
 And pynnes, for to give faire wyfes.
 And certaynli he hadde a mery noote ;
 Wel couthe he synge and pleyen on a rote.
 Of yeddynges (1) he bar utterly the pry.
 His nekke whit was as the flour-de-lys.
 Therto he strong was as a champioun.
 He knew the tavernes wel in every toun,
 And everych hostiller and tappestere,
 Bet than a lazer, or a beggestere, (2)
 For unto such a worthi man as he
 Accorded not, as by his faculte,
 To han with ake lazars aqueyntaunce.
 It is not honest, it may not avaanue,
 For to delen with no such poraille, (3)
 But al with riche and sellers of vitallo.
 And overal, ther as profyt schulde arise,
 Courteys he was, and lowely of servyse.
 Ther nas no man nowher so vertuous.
 He was the beste beggere in his hous,
 For though a widewe hadde noght oo schoo, (4)
 So pleasant was his, *In principio*, (5)
 Yet wolde he have a ferthing or he wente.
 His purchas was wel better than his rente.
 And rage he couthe and pleyen as a whelpe,
 In love-dayes (6) couthe he mochel help.
 For ther he was not like a cloysterer,
 With a thredbare cope as is a poure scolere,
 But he was like a maister or a pope,
 Of double worstede was his semy-cope,
 That rounded as a belle out of the presse.
 Somewhat he lippede, for his wantounesse.
 To make his Englisch swete upon his tonge;
 And in his harpyng, whan that he hadde sunge,
 His eyghen twynkeld in his heed aright,
 As don the sterres in the frosty night.
 This worthi lymytour was cleped Huberd.

Then follows a merchant 'with a forked beard,' sitting high on his horse, and with a Flanders beaver hat on his head—a worthy man. In contrast to these favourites of fortune is a poor Clerk :

A Clerk ther was of Oxenford also,
 That unto logik hadde longe i-go.
 As leue was his hors as is a rake,
 And he was not right fat, I undertake;
 But lokede holwe, and therto soberly.
 Ful thredbare was his overeste courtsey (7)
 For he hadde geten him yit no benefice,
 Ne was so worldly for to have office.
 For him was lever have at his beddes heede
 Twenty bookes, clad in blak or reede,
 Of Aristotle and his philosophie,

1 Yeddynges, songs, the gleeman's songs.

2 Better than a leper or a beggar.

3 Poraille, poor people.

4 Nought but one shoe.

5 *In principio erat Verbum*, the beginning of St. John's Gospel, which the priest was enjoined to read.

6 Love-days were days fixed for settling differences by umpire, without having recourse to law or violence.—MORRIS.

7 Coarse upper coat.

Then robes riche, or fithel, (1) or gay sawtrie.
 But al be that he was a philosophre,
 Yet hadde he but litel gold in cofre;
 But al that he mighte of his freudes hente,
 On bookes and on lernyng he it spente,
 And busily gan for the soules praye
 Of hem that gaf him wherwith to scoleye, (2)
 Of studie took he most cure and most heede,
 Not oo word spak he more than was neede,
 And that was seid in forme and reverence,
 And schort, and quyk, and ful of high sentence.
 Sownynge in moral vertu was his speche,
 And gladly wolde he lerne, and gladly teche.

A Franklin, or freeholder was in the company, 'Epicurus' own son,'
 a great householder:

His breed, his ale, was alway after oon; (3)
 A bettre envyned (4) man was nowher noon.
 Withoute bake mete was nevere his hous,
 Of fleisch and flesch, and that so plentyvous,
 It snewe in his hous of mete and drynke,
 Of alle deyntees that men cowde thynke.
 After the sondry seasons of the yeer,
 So chaungede he his mete and his soper.
 Ful many a fat partrich hadde he in mewe,
 And many a brein and many a luce (5) in stews.
 Woo was his cook, (6) but if his sauce were
 Poynaunt and scharp, and redy all his gere.
 His table dormant in his halle alway
 Stood redy covered at the longe day.

This character is a fine picture of the wealthy rural Englishman, and it shews how much of enjoyment and hospitality was even then associated with this station of life. The Wife of Bath is another lively national portrait; she is shrewd and witty, has abundant means, and is always first with her offering at church.

A good Wif was ther of byside Bathe,
 But sche was somdel deaf, and that was skathe.
 Of cloth-makyng she hadde such an haunt,
 Sche passede hem of Ypres and of Gaunt. (7)
 In al the parisshe wyf ne was ther noon
 That to the offryng byforn hire schulde goon, (8)
 And if ther dide certeyn so wroth was sche,
 That sche was out of alle charité.
 Hire keverchefs ful fyne weren of grounde;
 I durste swere they weygheden ten pounds
 That on a Sonday were upon hire heed.
 Hire hosen weren of fyn scarlett reed,
 Ful streyte y-teyd, and schoos ful moyste and newe
 Bold was hire face, and fair, and reed of hewe.
 Sche was a worthy womman al hire lyfe,
 Husbondes at chirch dore sche hadde fyfe,

1 Fiddle. 2 To attend school. 3 Oon, one.

5 The luce is the pike.

6 Woo was his cook, sorrowful.
 7 The west of England was famous for cloth-making, and the good wife surpassed even the manufactures of Ypres and Ghent, the great continental marts.

8 The offering in church on relic Sunday, when the congregation went up to the altar to kiss the relics.—MORRIS.

Withouten other companye in yonthe;
 But therof needeth nought to speke as nouthe. (1)
 And thries hadde sche ben at Jerusalem;
 Sche hadde passed many a straunge stream;
 At Rome sche hadde ben, and at Bolyne,
 In Galice at seynt Jame, (2) and at Coloyne.
 Sche cowde moche of wandryng by the weye.
 Gattothed (3) was sche, sothly for to seye.
 Uppon an amblere easly sche sat,
 Ywymplid wel, and on hire heed an hat
 As brood as is a bocler or a targe;
 A foot-mantel aboute hire hipen large,
 And on hire feet a pair of spores echarpe.
 In felawshipe wel cowde sche lawghe and carpe.
 Of remedies of love (4) sche knew per-chaunce,
 For of that art sche couthe the olde daunce.

A Sergeant of Law, 'discreet and of great reverence,' is portrayed:

No where so busy a man as he ther nas, (5)
 And yit he seemed besier than he was.

Chaucer has many satires on the clergy, but he gives one redeeming sketch—that of a poor Parson:

A good man was ther of religioun,
 And was a poure Parsoun of a toun;
 But riche he was of holy thought and werk.
 He was also a lerned man, a clerk
 That Cristes gospel trewely wolde preche;
 His parischens devoutly wolde he teche.
 Benigne he was, and wonder diligent,
 And in adversite ful pacient;
 And such he was i-proved ofte sithes. (6)
 Ful loth were him to curse for his tythes,
 But rather wolde he geven out of dowte,
 Unto his poure parischens aboute,
 Of his offrynge, and eek of his substaunce.
 He cowde in litel thing han suffisaunce.
 Wyd was his parisch, and houses fer asonder,
 But he ne lafte not (7) for reyne ne thonder,
 In siknesse nor in meechief to visite
 The ferreste in his parische, moche and lite,
 Uppon his feet, and in his hond a staf,
 This noble ensample to his sheep he gaf,
 That first he wroughte, and after that he taughte,
 Out of the gospel he tho wordes caughte,
 And this figure he addede eek therto,
 That if gold ruste, what schal yren do?
 For if a preest be foul, on whom we truste,
 No wonder is a lewed (8) man to ruste;....
 He sette not his benefice to hyre,
 And leet his sheep encombred in the myre,
 And ran to Londone, unto seynte Poules,
 To seeken him a chaunterie for soules, (9)
 Or with a bretherhede to ben withholde;

1 To speak now, at present. 2 In Galicia, where the body of St. James was interred.

3 Gat-toothed, having teeth with gaps between, or goat-toothed, denoting lasciviousness.

4 An allusion to Ovid's *De Remedio Amoris*.

5 Nas, ne was, was not.

6 Ofttimes.

7 Left or ceased not.

8 Lewed was unlearned or ignorant.

9 St. Paul's had thirty-five chantries or endowments for priests to sing masses.

But dwelte at hoom, and kepte wel his folde,
 So that the wolf ne made it not mycarye.
 He was a schepherde and no mercenarie;
 And though he holy were, and vertuous,
 He was to sinful man nought dispitous,
 Ne of his speche dangerous ne digne, (1)
 But in his teching discret and benigne.
 To drawe folk to heven by fairnesse,
 By good ensample, this was his busynesse:
 But it were eny person obstinat,
 What so he were, of high or lowe estat,
 Him wolde he snybbe sharply for the nones. (2)
 A better preest I trowe ther nowher non is.
 He waytede after no pompe and reverence,
 Ne makede him a spiced conscience,
 But Cristes lore, and his apostles twelve,
 He taughte, and first he folwede it himselve.

We have a pardoner from Rome, with some sacred relics—as part of the Virgin Mary's veil, and part of the sail of St. Peter's ship—and who is also 'brimful of pardons come from Rome all hot.' Among the humbler characters are, a 'stout carl' of a miller, a reve or bailiff, and a sompnour or church apparitor, who summoned offenders before the archdeacon's court, but whose fire-red face and licentious habits contrast curiously with the nature of his duties. A shipman, cook, haberdasher, &c., make up the goodly company—the whole forming such a genuine Hogarthian picture, that we may exclaim, in the eloquent language of Campbell: 'What an intimate scene of English life in the fourteenth century do we enjoy in these tales, beyond what history displays by glimpses through the stormy atmosphere of her scenes, or the antiquary can discover by the cold light of his researches!' Chaucer's contemporaries and their successors were justly proud of this national work. Many copies existed in manuscript (a six-text edition is now in progress);* and when the art of printing came to England, one of the primary duties of Caxton's press was to issue an impression of these inimitable creations.

All the pilgrims in the 'Canterbury Tales' do not relate stories. Chaucer had not, like Boccaccio, finished his design; for he intended, as we have said, to have given a second series on the return of the company from Canterbury, as well as an account of the transactions in the city when they reached the sacred shrine. The concluding supper at the Tabard, when the successful competitor was to be declared, would have afforded a rich display for the poet's peculiar humour. The parties who do not relate tales—as the poem has reached us—are the yeoman, the ploughman, and the five city mechanics. Like Shakspeare, Chaucer was content to borrow most of the outlines of his plots or stories. The Knight's Tale—the most chivalrous and romantic of the series—is founded on the Theseida of

1 Not high or haughty.

2 Snub sharply for the occasion.

*Much has been done to elucidate the works of the Father of English Poetry by Mr. E. Morris, the Rev. Mr. Skeat, Mr. Ellis, Mr. Furnival, and the Chaucer Society. They may be said to have given quite a revival to the old poet.

Boccaccio. The Clerk's Tale, so touching in its simplicity and pathos, has also an Italian origin. The Clerk says :

Lerned at Padowe of a worthy clerk,
 Frauncis Petrark, the laureat poete,
 Highte this clerk, whose rethorique swete
 Enlumined all Itaille of poetrie.

The tale thus learned is the pathetic story of Patient Griselde, which was written by Boccaccio, and only translated into Latin by Petrarch. It appears that Petrarch did not translate this tale from Boccaccio's 'Decameron' until the end of September 1373, and Chaucer was in England on the 22d of November following, as is proved by his having that day received his pension in person. But whether or not the two poets ever met, the Italian journey of Chaucer, and the fame and works of Petrarch, must have fired the ambition of the accomplished Englishman, and greatly refined and elevated his literary taste. As a model or example of wifely obedience and implicit faith, this story of Griselde long kept up its celebrity, both in prose and verse. The husband of Griselde certainly carried his trial of his wife's submission to the last extremity—worse even than the trial of the Nut-Brown Maid—when he ordered her to quit his house to make room for a new wife! But even this Griselde could endure :

'And of your new wife God of his grace
 So grant you weal and prosperité;
 For I will gledly yelden her my place,
 In which that I was blisful wout to be.
 For sith it liketh you, my lord,' quod she,
 'That whilom were all mine herte's rest,
 That I shall gon, I will go whan you list.

'But theeras ye profre me such dowayre
 As I first brought, it is well in my mind
 It were my wretched clothes, no thing fair,
 The which to me were hard now for to find.
 O good God! how gentle and how kind
 Ye seemed by your speech and your visage
 The day that makéd was our marriage!'

Griselde, the 'flower of wifely patience,' goes to her father's house. But at length the marquis, her husband, sends for her, declares that he has been merely playing an assumed part, that he will have no other wife, nor ever had, and she is introduced to her two children whom she believed dead :

When she this heard, aswoone down she falletn
 For piteous joy; and after her swooning
 She both her young children to her calleth,
 And in her armes piteously weeping,
 Embraceth them, and tenderly kissing
 Full like a mother, with her salte tears,
 She bathed both her visage and her hairs.

O, such a piteous thing it was to see
 Her swooning, and her humble voice to hear!
 'Grand mercy, lord! God thank it you,' quoth she,

'That ye have saved me my children dear;
Now reck I never to be dead right here
Since I stand in your love and in your grace,
No force of death, nor when my spirit paca.

'O, tender, dear, young children mine!
Your woful mother weened steadfastly,
That cruel houndes or some foul vermin
Had eaten you; but God of his mercy,
And your benign father tenderly
Hath done you keep;' and in that same stound
All suddenly she swapp'd down to ground.

And in her swoon so sadly holdeth she
Her children two, when she gan them embrace.
That with great sleight and great difficulty
The children from her arm they gan arrace. (1)
O many a tear or many a piteous face
Down ran of them that stooden her beside
Unnethe (2) abouten her might they abde.

The happy ending of the story and the husband's declaration :

I have done this deed
For no mallice, ne for no cruelty,
But for t' assay thee in thy womanhood—

will not reconcile the reader to his marital experiment; but such tales appear to have been more suited to the ideas of 'the spinsters and knitters in the sun' in the 'old age.' The Squire's Tale, 'the story of Cambuscan bold,' by which Milton characterises Chaucer, has not been traced to any other source. For two of his stories—the 'Man of Law's Tale,' and the 'Wife of Bath's Tale,' Chaucer was indebted to the 'Confessio Amantis' of his contemporary Gower. Boccaccio was laid under contribution for other outlines, but the influence of French literature was perhaps more predominant with the poet than that of Italy. The Prioress's Tale, the scene of which is laid in Asia, is supposed to be taken from some legend of the miracles of the Virgin, 'one of the oldest of the many stories, which have been propagated at different times, to excite or justify several merciless persecutions of the Jews upon the charge of murdering Christian children.' The Nun's Priest's Tale (containing the fable of the cock and the fox) and the Merchant's Tale (modernised by Pope) have some minute painting of natural objects and scenery in Chaucer's clear and simple style. The tales of the Miller and Reve are coarse, but richly humorous.

The following extracts are slightly modernised :

The Poor Country Widow.—From the Nun's Priest's Tale.

A poor widow, somedeal stoop'n in age,
Was whilom dwelling in a narwe cottage
Beside a grove standing in a dale.
This widow, which I tell you of my tale,
Since thilke day that she was last a wife,
In patience led a full simple life,

1 To tear away by force.

2 Scarcely.

For little was her cattle and her rent ;
 By husbandry of such as God her sent,
 She found herself and eke her daughters two.
 Three large sowes had she, and no mo,
 Three kine, and eke a sheep that hight Mall :
 Full sooty was her bower and eke her hall ;
 In which she ate full many a slender meal ;
 Of poignant sauce her needed never a deal ;
 No dainty morsel passed through her throat ;
 Her diet was accordant to her coat :
 Repletion ne made her never sick ;
 Attemper diet was all her physik,
 And exercise, and heartes suffisance ;
 The goute let (1) her nothing for to dance,
 Ne apoplexy shente (2) not her head ;
 No wine ne drank she neither white nor red ;
 Her board was served most with white and black,
 Milk and brown bread, in which she found no lack,
 Seinde (3) bacon, and sometime an egg or tway,
 For she was as it were a manner dey. (4)
 A yard she had, enclosed all about
 With sticks, and a dry ditch without,
 In which she had a cock hight Chanticleer,
 In all the land, of crowing u/as his peer.
 His voice was merrier than the merry organ,
 On masse-days that in the churché gon ;
 Well sickerer (5) was his crowing in his lodge,
 Than is a clock, or an abbey horologe.
 By nature knew he each ascension
 Of equinoctial in that town :
 For when degrees fifteen were ascended,
 Then crew he that it might not be amended.
 His comb was redder than the fine coral,
 And 'battled as it were a castle wall ;
 His bill was black, and as the jet it shone ;
 Like azure were his legs and his ton ; (6)
 His nails whiter than the lily flower,
 And like the burnished gold was his colour.

The King of Inde.—From the Knight's Tale.

The great Emetrius, the king of Inde,
 Upon a steed bay, trapped in steel
 Covered with cloth of gold, diapered well,
 Came riding like the god of arms, Mars.
 His coat-armour was of cloth of Tars,
 Couched with pearls white, and round, and great ;
 His saddle was of brent gold new i-beat ;
 A mantelet upon his shoulders hanging
 Bret-ful of rubies red, as fire sparkling
 His crisp hair like rings was i-run
 And that was yellow and glittered in the sun.
 His nose was high, his eyen bright citron,
 His lippes round, his colour was sanguine.
 A few freckles in his face i-sprent.
 Betwixt yellow and somedel black i-ment.

1 Hindered. 2 Hurt. 3 Singed or broiled.

4 Mr. Tyrwhitt supposed the word 'dey' to refer to the management of a dairy. Mr. Morris states that, in the statute 37 Edward III. (1363), the *deys* is mentioned among others of a certain rank, not having goods or chattels of forty shillings value.

5 Surer.

6 Tongue.

And as a lion he his looking cast.
 Of five and twenty year his age I cast.
 His beard was well begunnen for to spring;
 His voice was as a trump thundering.
 Upon his heed he weared of laurel green
 A garland fresh and lusty for to sene,
 Upon his hand he bare for his delight,
 An eagle tame, as any lily white.
 An hundred lords had he with him there,
 All armed safe, their heads in their gear,
 Full richly in all manner things
 For trusteth well that dukes, earls, kings
 Were gathered in this noble company,
 For love, and for increase of chivalry.
 About this king there ran on every part
 Full many a tame lion and leopart.

Emily.—From the Knight's Tale.

Thus paseth year by year, and day by day,
 Till it fell once on a morrow of May,
 That Emily, that fairer was to seen
 Than is the lily upon her stalk green,
 And fresher than the May with floures new—
 For with the rose colour strove her hue,
 I n'ot which was the fairer of them two—
 Ere it was day, as it was her wont to do,
 She was arisen, and all ready dight—
 For May will have no sluggardie a-night.
 The season pricketh every gentle heart,
 And maketh him out of his slepe start,
 And saith: 'Arise, and do thine observance!'
 This maketh Emily have remembrance
 To do honour to May, and for to rise,
 Yclothed was she fresh for to devise.
 Her yellow hair was braided in a tress,
 Behind her back, a yardé long, I guess;
 And in her garden, as the sun uprist,
 She walked up and down, and as her list,
 She gathereth floures, party white and red,
 To make a sotil (1) garland for her head;
 And as an angel heavenly she sung!

The Death of Arcite.—From the same.

Swelleth the breast of Arcite, and the sore
 Encreaseth at his hearte more and more. . . .
 All is to-bursten thilke region;
 Nature hath now no domination;
 And certainly where nature will not werche, (2)
 Farewell physic; go bear the man to church.
 This is all and some, that Arcite muste die;
 For which he sendeth after Emily,
 And Palamon, that was his cousin dear;
 Then said he thus, as ye shall after hear:
 'Nought may the woful spirit in mine heart
 Declare one point of all my sorrows' smart
 'To you my lady, that I love most.
 But I bequeath the service of my ghost
 To you aboven every creature,
 Since that my life ne may no longer dure.

1 Subtle, artfully contrived.

2 Work.

' Alas the woe! alas the paines strong,
 That I for you have suffered, and so long!
 Alas the death! alas mine Emily!
 Alas departing of our company!
 Alas mine hearte's queen! alas my wife!
 Mine hearte's lady, ender of my life!
 What is this world?—what asken men to have?
 Now with his love, now in his colde grave—
 Alone—withouten any company.
 Farewell my sweet—farewell mine Emily!
 And softe take me in your armes tway
 For love of God, and hearkeneth what I say.
 ' I have here with my cousin Palamon
 Had strife and rancour many a day agone,
 For love of you, and for my jealousy;
 And Jupiter so wis (1) my soule gie, (2)
 To speaken of a servant properly,
 With alle circumstances truely;
 That is to say, truth, honour, and knighthed,
 Wisdom, humbleas, estate, and high kindred,
 Freedom, and all that longeth to that art,
 So Jupiter have of my soule part,
 As in this world right now ne know I none
 So worthy to be loved as Palamon,
 That serveth you, and will do all his life;
 And if that ever ye shall be a wife,
 Forget not Palamon, the gentle man.'
 And with that word his speeche fail began;
 For from his feet up to his breast was come
 The cold of death that had him overnome; (3)
 And yet, moreover, in his armes two,
 The vital strength is lost and all ago; (4)
 Only the intell^{ct}, withouten more,
 That dwelled in his hearte sick and sore,
 'Gan failen when the hearte felte death;
 Dusked his eyen two, and falked his breath
 But on his lady yet cast he his eye;
 His laste word was: ' Mercy, Emily!'

Departure of Custance.—From the Man of Law's Tale.

Custance is vanished from her husband, Alla, king of Northumberland, in consequence of the treachery of the king's mother. Her behaviour in embarking at sea, in a rudderless ship, is thus described:

Weepen both young and old in all that place
 When that the king this cursed letter sent:
 And Custance with a deadly pale face
 The fourthe day toward the ship she went;
 But natheless (5) she tak'th in good intent
 The will of Christ, and kneeling on the strond,
 She saide: ' Lord, aye welcome be thy sond. (6)
 ' He that me kepte fro, the false blame,
 While I was in the land amonges you,
 He can me keep from harm and eke from shame
 In the salt sea, although I see not how:
 As strong as ever he was, he is yet now:
 In him trust I, and in his mother dear,
 That is to me my sail and eke my steer.' (7)
 Her little child lay weeping in her arm;

1 Surely. 2 Guide. 3 Overtaken. 4 Agone. 5 Nevertheless. 6 Message.
 7 Guide, helm.

And kneeling piteously, to him she said :
 'Peace, little son ; I will do thee no harm :'
 With that her kerchief off her head she braid, (1)
 And over his little eyes she it laid,
 And in her arm she lulled it full fast,
 And into th' heaven her eyes up she cast.
 'Mother,' quod she, 'and maiden bright, Mary !
 Soth is, that through womannes eggement, (2)
 Mankind was lorn, (3) and damned eye to die,
 For which thy child was on a croce yrent : (4)
 Thy blisful eyes saw all his torment ;
 Then is there no comparison between
 Thy woe and any woe man may sustain.

Thou saw'st thy child yalain before thine eyes,
 And yet now liveth my little child, parlay : (5)
 Now, lady bright ! to whom all woful crie,
 Thou glory of womanhood, thou faire May !
 Thou haven of refute, (6) bright star of day !
 Rue (7) on my child, that of thy gentleness
 Ruest on every rueful in distress.

'O little child, alas ! what is thy guilt,
 That never wroughtest sin as yet, pardie ?
 Why will thine harde father have thee spilt ? (8)
 O mercy, deare Constable !' quod she,
 'As let my little child dwell here with thee ;
 And if thou dar'st not saven him from blame,
 So kisse him ones in his father's name.'

Therewith she looketh backward to the land,
 And saide : 'Farewell, husband ruthless !'
 And up she rose, and walketh down the strand
 Toward the ship ; her followeth all the press :
 And ever she prayeth her child to hold his peace,
 And tak'th her leave, and with a holy intent
 She blesseth her, and into the ship she went.

Victallid was the ship, it is no drede, (9)
 Abundantly for her a full long space ;
 And other necessaries that should need
 She had enow, heried (10) be Goddes grace,
 For wind and weather, Almighty God purchase (11)
 And bring her home, I can no better say,
 But in the sea she driveth forth her way.

Love.—From the Franklin's Tale

For one thing, sirs, safely dare I say,
 That friends ever each other must obey
 If they will longe holden company :
 Love will not be constrained by mastery.
 When mastery cometh, the god of Love anon
 Beateth his wings and, farewell ! he is gone.*
 Love is a thing as any spirit free.
 Women of kind desiren liberty,
 And not to be constrained as a thrall ;
 And so do men if soothly I say shall.
 Look who that is most patient in love

1 Took. 2 Incitement. 3 Undone. 4 Torn.
 5 By my faith. 6 Refuge. 7 Have pity. 8 Destroyed. 9 Doubt. 10 Praised.
 11 Procure, provide.

* Pope imitated this in his *Eloisa to Abelard* :
 Love free as air, at sight of human ties
 Spreads his light wings and in a moment flies.

He is at his advantage all above ;
 Patience is a high virtue certain,
 For it vanquisheth, as these clerks say'n,
 Things that rigour never should attain ;
 For every word men should not chide or plain
 Learneth to suffren or else, so might I gon
 Ye shall it learn whether ye will or non.

The Fairies driven out by the Friars—From the Wife of Bath's Tale.

In oldé dayes of the King Arthur
 Of which that Britons spoken great honour,
 All was this land fulfilled of Faery ;
 The elf-queen with her jolly company
 Danced full oft in many a green mead :
 This was the old opinion as I read ;
 I speak of many hundred years ago,
 But now can no man see none elves mo ;
 For now the great charity and prayers
 Of limiters and other holy friars,
 That searchen every land and every stream,
 As thick as motes in the sun-beam,
 Blessing halls, chambers, kitchens and bowers,
 Cities and boroughs, castles high, and towers,
 Thorpe, barns, sheepens, and dairies,
 That maketh that there be no faeries :
 For there as wont was to walken an elf,
 There walketh now the limiter himself,
 In undermeales and in morrowings. (1)
 And saith his matins and his holy things
 As he goeth in his limitation.
 Women may now go safely up and down ;
 In every bush or under every tree,
 There is none other incubus but he.

*Good Counsel of Chaucer.**

Flee from the press and dwell with soothfastness,
 Suffice thee thy good though it be small,
 For hoard hath hate, and climbing tickleness ;
 Fress hath envy, and weal is blent o'er all.
 Savour no more than thee behoven shall ;
 Do dwell thyself that other folk caust read,
 And truth thee shall deliver, 'tis no dread.

Pain thee not each crooked to redress
 In trust of her that turneth as a ball,
 Great rest standeth in little business,
 Beware also to spurn an nalle.
 Strive not as doth a crock with a wall,
 Daunt thyself that daunttest others deed,
 And truth thee shall deliver, 'tis no dread.

That thee is sent receive in buxomness,
 The wrestling of this world asketh a fall ;

1 After the meal of dinner and in the mornings. The allusion to the meal of the friars is evidently ironical.

*In one of the Cottonian MSS. (among those destroyed by fire), this poem was described as made by Chaucer 'upon his death-bed in his great anguish.' Tyrwhitt says, the verses are found without that statement in two other manuscripts. The copies differ considerably.

Here is no home, here is but wilderness.
 Forth, pilgrim, forth! beat out of thy stall.
 Look up on high, and thank God of all;
 Waive thy lust, and let thy ghost thee lead,
 And truth shall thee deliver, 'tis no dread.

Two of the 'Canterbury Tales' are in prose—the 'Tale of Melibeus' and the 'Person's (Parson's) Tale.' A long allegorical and meditative work, the 'Testament of Love,' an imitation of Boethius' 'De Consolatione Philosophie,' has been ascribed to Chaucer, but its genuineness is doubted, if not disproved. The poet, however, wrote in prose a translation of Boethius, and a work 'On the Astrolabe,' addressed to his son Lewis.

On Gathering and Using Riches—From the 'Tale of Melibeus.'

When Prudence had heard her husband avow himself of his riches and of his money, dispreising the power of his adversaries, she spake and said in this wise: Certes, dear sir, I grant you that ye ben rich and mighty, and that riches ben good to 'em that han well ygetten 'em, and that well can usen 'em; for, right as the body of a man may not live withouten soul, no more may it live withouten temporal goods, and by riches may a man get him great friends; and therefore saith Pamphilus: If a neather's daughter be rich, she may chese of a thousand men which she wol take to her husband; for of a thousand men one wol not forsaken her ne refusen her. And this Pamphilus saith also: If thou be right happy, that is to sayn, if thou be right rich, thou shalt find a great number of fellows and friends; and if thy fortune change, that thou wax poor, farewell friendship and fellowship, for thou shalt be all alone withouten any company, but if (1) it be the company of poor folk. And yet saith this Pamphilus, moreover, that they that ben bond and thrall of linage shuln be made worthy and noble by riches. And right so as by riches there comen many goods, right so by poverty come there many harms and evils; and therefore clepeth Casiodore, poverty the mother of ruin, that is to sayn, the mother of overthrowing or falling down; and therefore saith Piers Alphonse: One of the greatest adversities of the world is when a free man by kind, or of birth, is constrained by poverty to eaten the alms of his enemy. And the same saith Innocent in one of his books; he saith that sorrowful and mishappy is the condition of a poor beggar, for if he ax not his meat he dieth of hunger, and if he ax he dieth for shame; and algates necessity constraineth him to ax; and therefore saith Solomon: That better it is to die than for to have such poverty; and, as the same Solomon saith: Better it is to die of bitter death, than for to live in such wise. By these reasons that I have said unto you, and by many other reasons that I could say, I grant you that riches ben good to 'em that well geten 'em, and to him that well usen tho' riches; and therefore wol I shew you how ye shulen behave you in gathering of your riches, and in what manner ye shulen usen 'em. First, ye shuln geten 'em withouten great desire, by good leisure, sokingly, and not over hastily, for a man that is too desiring to get riches abandoneth him first to theft and to all other evils; and therefore saith Solomon: He that hasteth him too busily to wax rich, he shall be non innocent: he saith also, that the riches that hastily cometh to a man soon and lightly goeth and passeth from a man, but that riches that cometh little and little waxeth alway and multiplieth. And, sir, ye shuln get riches by your wit and by your travail, unto your profit, and that withouten wrong or harm doing to any other person: for the law saith: There maketh no man himself rich, if he do harm to another wight; that is to say, that Nature defendeth and forbiddeth by right, that no man make himself rich unto the harm of another person. And Tullius saith: That no sorrow, ne no dread of death, ne nothing that may fall unto a man, is so muckle agains nature as a man to increase his own profit to harm of another man. And though the great men and the mighty men getten riches more lightly than thou, yet shalt thou not ben idle ne slow to do thy profit, for thou shalt in all wise flee idleness; for Solomon saith: That idleness teacheth a man to do many evils; and the same Solomon saith: That he that travellith

and busieth himself to tillen his lond, shall eat bread, but he that is idle, and casteth him to no business ne occupation, shall fall into poverty, and die for hunger. And he that is idle and slow can never find convenient time for to do his profit; for there is a versifier saith, that the idle man excuseth him in winter because of the great cold, and in summer then by encheson of the heat. For these causes, saith Caton, waketh and inclineth you not over muckle to sleep, for over muckle rest nourisheth and causeth many vices: and therefore saith St. Jerome: Doeth some good deeds, that the devil, which is our enemy, ne find you not unoccupied, for the devil he taketh not lightly unto his working such as he findeth occupied in good werks.

Then thus in getting riches ye musten flee idleness; and afterward ye shuln usen the riches which ye han geten by your wit and by your travall, in such manner, then men hold you not too scarce, ne too sparing, ne fool-large, that is to say, over large a spender; for right as men blamen an avaricious man because of his scarcity and chinchery, in the same wise he is to blame that spendeth over largely; and therefore saith Caton: Use (saith he) the riches that thou hast ygeten in such manner, that men have no matter ne cause to call thee nother wretch ne chinch, for it is a great shame to a man to have a poor heart and a rich purse; he saith also: The goods that thou hast ygeten, use 'em by measure, that is to sayn, spend measurably, for they that folly wasten and despenden the goods that they han, when they han no more proper of 'eir own, that they shapen 'em to take the goods of another man. Isay, then, that ye shuln flee avarice, using your riches in such manner, that men sayen not that your riches ben yburied, but that ye have 'em in your might and in your welding; for a wise man reprovethe the avaricious man, and saith thus in two verses: Whereto and why burieth a man his goods by his great avarice, and knoweth well that needs must he die, for death is the end of every man as in this present life? And for what cause or encheson joineth he him, or knitteth he him so fast unto his goods, that all his wits mowen not disceveren him or departen him from his goods, and knoweth well, or ought to know, that when he is dead he shall nothing bear with him out of this world? And therefore saith St. Augustine, that the avaricious man is likened unto hell, that the more it swalloweth the more desire it hath to swallow and devour. And as well as ye wold eschew to be called an avaricious man or an chinch, as well should ye keep you and govern you in such wise, that man call you not fool-large; therefore, saith Tullius: The goods of thine house ne should not ben hid ne kept so close, but that they might ben opened by pity and debonnairety, that is to sayen, to give 'em part that han great need; ne they goods shouliden not ben so open to be every man's goods.

Afterward, in getting of your riches, and in using of 'em, ye shuln always have three things in your heart, that is to say, our Lord God, conscience, and good name. First ye shuln have God in your heart, and for no riches ye shuln do nothing which may in any manner displease God that is your creater and maker; for, after the word of Solomon, it is better to have a little good, with love of God, than to have muckle good and lese the love of his Lord God; and the prophet saith, that better it is to be a good man and have little good and treasure, than to be holden a shrew and have great riches. And yet I say furthermore, that ye shulden always do your business to get your riches, so that ye get 'em with a good conscience. And the apostle saith, that there n'is thing in this world, of which we shulden have so great joy, as when our conscience beareth us good witness; and the wise man saith: The substance of a man is full good when sin is not in a man's conscience. Afterward, in getting of your riches and in using of 'em, ye must have great business and great diligence that your good name be always kept and conserved; for Solomon saith, that better it is and more it avalleth a man to have a good name than for to have great riches; and therefore he saith in another place: Do great diligence (saith he) in keeping of thy friends and of thy good name, for it shall longer abide with thee than any treasure, be it never so preclous; and certainly he should not be called a gentleman that, after God and good conscience all things left, ne doth his diligence and business to keepen his good name; and Cassiodore saith, that it is a sign of a gentle heart, when a man loveth and desireth to have a good name.

JOHN GOWER.

JOHN GOWER is supposed to have been born about the year 1336.

He was consequently a few years older than Chaucer, whom he survived eight years. Gower was a member of a knightly family, an esquire of Kent, and possessed of estates in several counties. In 1368 the daughter and co-heiress of Sir Robert Gower of Multon, in Suffolk, conveyed to the poet the manor of Kentwell. In 1399 Gower had, as he himself states, become old and blind. He made his will in August 1408, and must have died shortly afterwards, as his widow administered to his effects in October of that year. From his will it appears that the poet possessed the manors of Southwell in Nottinghamshire, and Multon in Suffolk. He also left his widow a sum of £100, and made various bequests to churches and hospitals. He was interred in the church of St. Mary Overies—now St. Saviour's—in Southwark, where he had founded a chantry. His monument, containing a full-length figure of the poet, is still preserved, and was repaired in 1832 by the Duke of Sutherland, head of the ancient family of Gower, settled in Yorkshire so early as the twelfth century.* The principal works of Gower were the '*Speculum Meditantis*,' the '*Vox Clamantis*,' and the '*Confessio Amantis*,' 1393. The first of these was in French, but is now lost; the second is in Latin, and the third in English. This English poem was printed by Caxton in 1483, and was again printed in 1532 and 1554. It was chiefly taken from a metrical version in the '*Pantheon*,' or '*Universal Chronicle of Godfrey of Viterbo*,' as admitted by Gower. In this work is the story of Appolinus, the Prince of Tyre, from which Shakspeare took part of the story of his '*Pericles*,' if we assume that Shakspeare was the original or sole author of that drama. The '*Confessio Amantis*' is a dialogue between a lover and his confessor—a grave discussion of the morals and metaphysics of love. Dr. Pauli, the able editor of the poem (1837), describes it as 'a mixture of classical notions, principally borrowed from Ovid, and of the purely medieval idea, that, as a good Catholic, the unfortunate lover must state his distress to a father confessor.' In the poem Venus is enjoined to 'greet well' Chaucer,

As my disciple and my poete;

and the greater poet inscribed his '*Troilus and Cressida*' to his friend as 'moral Gower,' a designation which has ever since been applied to him. The general style of the '*Confessio Amantis*' is grave and sententious, and its enormous length (above thirty thousand lines) renders it tedious; but it is occasionally relieved by stories and episodes drawn from medieval history and romance, and from the collection of novels known as the '*Gesta Romanorum*.' He says:

* It was supposed that there was some relationship between the poet and this noble family, and stress was laid upon the possession of a MS. of the '*Confessio Amantis*,' which was believed to have been presented to an ancestor of the Yorkshire Gowers by the poet. The genealogists, however, find no branch to which this alleged alliance can be traced, and the MS. turns out to be the very copy of the work which the author presented to Henry IV. while Duke of Lancaster—a rare and precious volume.

Full oft time it falleth so
My ear with a good pittance
Is fed, with reading of romances
Of Iacodyne and Amadas,
That whilom were in my case;
And eke of other many a score,
That loved long ere I was bore:

For when I of their loves read,
Mine ear with the tale I feed;
And with the lust of their histoire,
Sometimes I draw into memoire
How sorrow may not ever last,
And so hope cometh in at last.

Story of the Caskets.—From 'Confessio Amantis,' Book V.

In a cronique this I rede:
About a king, as moste nede
Ther was of knyghtes and esquiers
Great route, and eke of officers:
Some of long time him had hadden served,
And thoughten that they have deserved
Avancement, and gon withoute:
And some also ben of the route,
That comen but awhile ago
And they advanced were anon.
These old men, upon this thing,
So as they durst, agē the king,
Among himself (1) con-pleignen ofte:
But there is nothing as d so softe,
That it ne comith out at laste:
The king it wiste, and als so faste,
As he which was of high prudence:
He hope therefore an evidence
Of hem (2) that pleignen in the cas,
To knowe in whose defalte it was;
And all within his owne entent,
That non ma wiste what it ment.
Anon he let two cofres make
Of one semblance, and of one make,
So lich, (3) that no lif thilke throwe,
That one may fro that other knowe:
Ther were into his chamber brought,
But no man wot why they be wrought,
And natheles the king hath bede
That they be set in privy stede,
As he that was of wisdom sih;
Whan he therto his time sih, (4)
All prively, that none it wiste,
His owne bondes that one chiste
Of fin gold, and of fin perle, (5)
The which out of his tresorie
Was take, anon he fild full;
That other cofre of straw and mull (6)
With stones meynd (7) he fild also:
Thus be they full bothe two.

So that erliche (8) upon a day
He had within, where he lay,
Ther should be tofore his bed
A bord up set and fairē spred:
And than he let the cofres fette (9)
Upon the bord, and did hem sette.
He knewe the names well of tho, (10)

The whiche agē him grutched so,
Both of his chambre and of his halle,
Anon and sent for hem alle;
And seide to him in this wise:
There shall no man his hap despise:
I wot well ye have longe served,
And God wot what ye have deserved;
But if it is along on me
Of that ye unadvanced be,
Or elles if it belong on yow,
The sothe shall be provid now:
To stoppe with your evil word,
Lo! here two cofres on the board;
Cheese (11) which you list of bothe two;
And witeth well that one of tho
Is with tresor so full begon,
That if ye happē therupon
Ye shall be richē men for ever:
Now cheese, and take which you is lever,
But be well ware ere that ye take,
For of that one I undertake
Ther is no maner good therein,
Wherof ye mighten profit winne.
Now goth (12) together of one assent,
And taketh your avise ment;
For, but I you this day avance,
It stant upon your owne chance,
Al only in defalte of grace;
So shall be shewed in this place
Upon you all well afyn, (13)
That no defalte shall be myn.

They knelen all, and with one vois
The king they thonken of this choise:
And after that they up arise,
And gon aside, and hem avise,
And at laste they accorde
(Wherof her (14) talē to recorde
To what issue they be falle)
A knyght shall speke for hem alle:
He kneleth down unto the king,
And seith that they upon this thing,
Or for to winne, or for to leese, (15)
Ben all avied for to cheese.

Tho (16) toke this knyght a yerd (17) on
honde,
And goth there as the cofres stonde,
And with assent of everychone (18)

1 Themselves. 2 Them. 3 Like. 4 Saw. 5 Jewels, or precious stones. 6 Rubbish.
7 Mingled. 8 Early. 9 Fetched. 10 Those. 11 Cheese.
12 Go. 13 At last. 14 Their. 15 Loos.
16 Then. 17 A rod. 18 Every one.

He leith his yerde upon one,
 And seith (1) the king how thilke same
 They cheese in reguerdon (2) by name,
 And preith him that they might it have.
 The king, which wolde his honor save,
 When he had heard the common vois,
 Hath granted hem her owne chols,
 And toke hem therupon the kele;
 But for he woldé it were sele (8)
 What good they have as they suppose,
 He bade anon the cofre unclose,
 Which was fulfid with straw and stones:
 Thus be they served all at ones.

This king than, in the same stedé,
 Anon that other cofre undede,
 Wher as they aihen gret richesse,
 Wel more than they conthen gesee.
 Lo! seith the king, now may ye se
 That ther is no defalte in me;
 Forthi (4) my self I wol aquite,
 And bereth ye your owne write (5)
 Of that (6) fortune hath you refused.
 Thus was this wise king excused:
 And they lefte off her evil speche,
 And mercy of her king besoeche.

SCOTTISH POETS.

The language of the Lowland districts of Scotland was based, like that of England, on the Teutonic, and it had, like the contemporary English, a Norman admixture. The names of places, however, and the permanent features of the country—the mountains, lakes, and rivers—are mostly Celtic. Some were modified; Strathclyde became Clydesdale, and Strathnith and Strathannan became Nithsdale and Annandale. In some instances, the Celtic *kil*, a cell or chapel, was supplanted by the Saxon *kirk*, as Kirkpatrick for Kilpatrick; but *kil* is still the most common prefix—as Kilmarnock, signifying the chapel of Marnoch, a famous Scottish saint. The oldest Scotch writing extant is a charter by Duncan II. in 1095. A few years before this, a new era began with Malcom Canmore. What is called the Saxon period of Scottish history commences. New races appear; Northumbrian nobles and their vassals, Norman knights and Flemish artisans, enter Scotland; not rapidly at first, but by a continued steady migration. The Saxon policy of Malcolm Canmore was carried out by his sons; and after half a century or more of continued colonisation, we find the Norman nobles—the Bruces, Baliols, & stewarts, Cummings, Douglasses, Murrays, and Dunbars—seated in Scotland, and the Saxon language, laws, and ecclesiastical government naturalised, as it were, in the North. As the English or Teutonic portion of the language did not fall out of court favour in Scotland as in England, it long continued in the north with little change. The oldest fragment of Scottish poetry has been preserved by Wyntoun, and is of a plaintive cast:

Quhen Alysander oure kyng was dede
 That Scotland led in luwe and le. (7)
 Away wees sons (8) of ale and brede,
 Of wyne and wax, of gaymn and gle;

Oure golde was changyd into lede
 Cryst borne into virgynyte,
 Succor Scotland and仁nede,
 That stad (9) is in perplexyte.

After the battle of Bannockburn (June 24, 1314), the Scots, 'inflamed with pride and derision of the English,' as Fabian the chronicler states, made this rhyme, which was 'after many days sung in the dances and carols of the maidens and minstrels of Scotland:'

1 Sayeth to the king. 2 As their reward

3 Seen.

4 Therefore.

5 Blame.

6 That is, that which.

7 Love and law.

8 Plenty.

9 Standing. King Alexander died March 18, 1286.

Maydens of Englande, sore may ye morne
 For your lemans ye have loste at Bannockyborne
 With heave alow!
 What, weneth the kynge of Englande
 So soone to have Scotlande?
 With rumbylow!

JOHN BARBOUR.

Contemporary with Chaucer and Gower was the northern minstrel, JOHN BARBOUR. The date of his birth is unknown, but he is found exercising the duties of archdeacon of Aberdeen in 1357. That he was a man of talent and learning may be assumed from his having been chosen by the bishop of Aberdeen to act as his commissioner at Edinburgh when the ransom of David II. was debated; and also from the circumstance that he twice visited England with scholars, for the purpose of studying at Oxford (1357 and 1364); that in 1365 he obtained a passport to 'travel through England with six companions on horseback towards St. Denis and other sacred places;' and that in 1368 he again received permission to travel through England with two servants. At home, Barbour enjoyed royal favour. In 1373, he was clerk of audit of the household of King Robert II., and one of the auditors of exchequer. In 1375, his epic poem, 'The Bruce,' was in progress. In 1377, a sum of ten pounds was paid to Barbour by the king's command, as the first reward, it would seem, for the composition of the poem. This gift was followed, at the interval of a few months, by a grant to Barbour from the king of a perpetual annuity of twenty shillings. Barbour wrote another poem, now lost, called 'The Brut,' relating the descent and history of the Stuarts from the fabulous King Brut, or Brutus. His reward for this second work seems to have been a pension for life of ten pounds a year. The pension was payable in two moieties—one at Whitsunday, the other at Martinmas. The last payment which Barbour received was at Martinmas 1394—so that he must have died between that date and Whitsunday 1395. The precise day of his death was probably the 13th of March, on which day Barbour's anniversary continued to be celebrated in the cathedral church of St. Machar, at Aberdeen, until the Reformation—the expenses of the service being defrayed from the perpetual annuity granted to the father of Scottish poetry by the first of the Stuart kings, in 1378, 'pro compilacione Libri de Gestis illustrissimi principis quondam Domini Regis Roberti de Brus.' Barbour's poem of 'The Bruce' is valuable as a monument of our early language, and as a storehouse of historical incidents. But though he set himself to write a 'soothfast story,' the poet begins by departing widely from history. He confounds Bruce the grandfather with Bruce the grandson, and makes him reject the crown said to have been offered to him by Edward I. Of course, he also conceals the fact, that the grandson had sworn fealty to Edward, and done homage to Baliol. He desired to present in Bruce

a true hero and patriot trampling down oppression and vindicating the sacred rights of his country, and all that could militate against this design was excluded. Almost all the personal traits and adventures of Bruce—whatever gives individuality, life, and color to his history—will be found in the pages of Barbour. The old poet's narrative of the wanderings, trials, sufferings, and fortitude of the monarch; the homely touches of tenderness and domestic feeling interspersed, as well as the knightly courtesy and royal intrepid bearing, which he paints in lively colors, have tended greatly to endear and perpetuate the name of the Scottish sovereign. The characters and exploits of Bruce's brave associates, Randolph and Douglas, are also finely drawn; and the poem contains many vividly descriptive passages, and abounds in dignified and pathetic sentiment. Humour it has none. The language is fully as intelligible as that of Chaucer. It does not appear that the Scottish poet had seen the works of his southern contemporary. One would have wished that the bards had met, each the representative of his country's literature, and each enjoying the favour and bounty of his sovereign. Barbour's poem, we may add, is in the octo-syllabic verse, and consists of about 14,000 lines. It has been well edited by Dr. Jamieson (1820) and by Professor Cosmo Innes (1856).

Apostrophe to Freedom.

A! fredome is a nobill thing!
 Fredome maye man to half liking!
 Fredome all solace to man gifis;
 He levys at ease that frely livys!
 A noble hart may half nane ese,
 Na ellys nocht that may him please,
 Gyff fredome fallythe: for fre liking
 Is yearnyt our all othir thing

Na he, that ay hase levyt fre,
 May nocht knaw weill the propreyte, (1)
 The angry, na the wreycht donee,
 That is cowplyt to foule thyridome. (2)
 Bot gyff he had assayt it,
 Than all perquer (3) he suld it wyt;
 And suld think fredome mar to pryse
 And all the gold in warld that is.

Barbour makes no mention of Wallace. So ardent a worshipper of freedom might have been expected to strike a note in honour of one who sacrificed life itself in pure devotion to that cause. But to recall Wallace would have jarred with his unqualified eulogy of Bruce, and was not necessary towards the unity of his design. His poem begins with the story of the Bruce, and ends with the burial of his heart at Melrose.

In the subsequent extracts from Barbour and Wyntoun, the cumbersome spelling is reduced, without interference with the rhythm or obsolete words.

Bruce's Address to his Army at Bannockburn.

On Sunday then, in the morning,
 Well soon after the sun rising,
 They heard their mass commonly;
 And mony them shruve (4) full devoutly,
 That thocht to die in that mêlée,

Or then to make their country free!
 To God for their right prayed they:
 Their dined name of them that day;
 But, for the vigil of Sanct Jhane,
 They fasted, water and bread ilk ane.

1 Quality or nature.
 \ 2 Exactly (Fr. *par cœur*, by heart.)

3 Thraldom.
 4 Made confession

The king, when that the mass was done,
Went forth to see the potis (1) soon,
And at his liking saw them made,
On either side right weill braid.
It was pitied, as I have tauld,
If that their faes on horse would hald
Forth in that way, I trow they sal
Nocht weill escape for-ouen a fall.
Throughout the host then gart (2) he cry
That all should arm them hastily,
And busk them on their best manner;
And when they assembled were,
He gart array them for the fight:
And syne gart cry oure all on heicht,
That wha soever he were that fand

His heart nocht sicker (3) for to stand
To win all or die with honour,
For to maintain that stalwart stour,
That he betim should hald his way;
And nane should dwell with them but
they
That would stand with him to the end,
And tak the ure (4) that God would send.
Then all answered with a cry,
And with a voice said generally
That nane for doubt of deid (5) should
fall
Qubhill (6) discomfit were the great bat-
talle.

Death of Sir Henry de Bohun.

And when Gloster and Hereford were
With their battle approach and near,
Before them all there came ridand,
With helm on heid and spear in hand,
Sir Henry the Boune, the worthy,
That was a wicht knight, and a hardy,
And to the Earl of Hereford couain;
Armed in arms gude and flue;
Came on a steed a bowshot near,
Before all other that there were:
And knew the king, for that he saw
Him see range his men on raw,
And by the crown that was set
Also upon his basinet.
And toward him he went in hy. (7)
And the king sae apertly (8)
Saw him come, forouth all his fears,
In hy till him the horse he steers.
And when Sir Henry saw the king
Come on, forouthin abasin,
Till him he rode in great hy.
He thought that he should weel richtly
Win him, and have him at his will,
Sin' he him boreit saw see ill.

Sprent they samen intill a lyng; (9)
Sir Henry misad the noble king;
And he that in his sturrupe stude,
With the ax, that was hard and gude,
With sae great main, raucht him a dint,
That nouthur hat nor helm nicht stint
The heavy dush, that he him gave,
That near the head till the harns clawe.
The hand-ax shaft frushit in tway;
And he down to the yird gau gae
All flatlugs, for him fallit nicht.
This was the first stralk of the ficht. . . .
When that the king repairt was,
That gart his men all leave the chase,
The lordis of his company
Blamed him, as they durst, greatly,
That he him put in aventure.
To meet sae stith a knight, and stour, (10)
In sic point as he then was seen.
For they said weel, it might have been
Cause of their tynsal (11) everlik ane.
The king answer has made them nane,
But mainit (12) his hand-ax shaft sae
Was with the stralk broken in tway.

The Battle.

The Scottisamen commonally
Kneelit all down, to God to pray.
And a short prayer there made they
To God, to help them in that ficht.
And when the English king had sicht
Of them kneeland, he said, in hy:
'Ye folk kneel to ask mercy.'
Sir Ingram (13) said: 'Ye say sooth now—
They ask mercy, but not of you;
For their trespass to God they cry:
I tell you a thing sicklerly.
That you men will all win or di; ;

For doubt of deid (14) they sall not flee.'
'Now be it sae then I' said the king.
And then, but langer delaying,
The gart trump till the assembly.
On either side men nicht then see
Mony a wicht man and worthy,
Ready to do chivalry.
Thus were they bound on either side;
And Englishmen, with mickle pride,
That were intill their awaward, (15)
To the battle that Sir Edward (16)
Govrnt and let heli stralk their way.

1 The holes which had been dug in the field.

2 Secure.

4 Chance (Fr. *eur*, hazard).

2 Caused ordered.

6 None for fear of death.

6 Till.

7 Haste.

8 Openly.

9 Sprang forward in a line.

10 Steady a knight, and battle.

11 Loss.

12 Moaned, lamented.

13 Sir Ingram d'Empuraville

11 Fear of death.

15 The van of the English army.

16 Edward Bruce.

The horse with spurs hastened they,
And prickett upon them sturdily;
And they met them richt hardily.
Sae that, at their assembly there,
Sic a frushing of spears were,
That far away men might it hear,
That at that meeting foron were.
Were steeds stickit mony an;
And mony gude man borne down and
slain; . . .

They dang on other with wappins sair,
Some of the horse, that stickit were,
Rushit and reelit richt rudely. . . .

The gude earl (1) thither took the way,
With his battle, in gude array,
And assemblit sae hardily.

That men might hear had they been by,
A great frush of the spears that brast.
There might men see a hard battle,
And some defend and some assail; . . .

Sae that it seemit weel that they
Were tint, amang sae great menyie, (2)
As they were plungit in the sea.

And when the Englishman has seen,
The earl and all his men, beden,
Faucht sae stoutly, but effraying,
Richt as they had nae abasing;

Them pressit they with all their might,
And they, with spears and swords bricht,
And axes, that richt sharply share
I'mide the visage, met them there.

There men might see a stalwart stour,
And mony men of great valour,
With spears, maces, and knives,

And other wappins, wiselit (3) their lives;
Sae that mony fell down all deit.
The grass waxed with the blude all red

There might men hear mony a dint,
And wappins upon armours stint,
And see tumble knights and steeds,

And mony rich and royal weeds
Defoullit foully under feet.

The appearance of a mock host, composed of the servants of the Scottish camp, completes the panic of the English army; 'the king flees, and Sir Gilles d'Arrantiu', rather than 'live shamefully and flee,' bids the king farewell, and rushing again into the fight, is slain. The narrative adds:

They were, to say sooth, sae aghast,
And fled sae fast, richt effrayitly,
That of them a full great party
Fled to the water of Forth, and there
The maist part of them drownit were.

Some held on loft; some tint the seat.
A lang time thus fechtung they were;
That men nae noises might hear there;
Men heard noucht but grains and dints,
The flew fire, as men flays on flints.

They foucht lik aye sae cagery,
That they made nae noise nor cry,
But dang on other at their might,
With wappins that were burnist bricht
All four their battles with that were
Fechting in a front hally.

Almighty God! how doughtily
Sir Edward the Bruce and his men
Amang their faces conteilt them than!

Fechting in sae gude covine, (4)
Sae hardy, worthy, and sae fine,
That their vaward frushit was

Almighty God! wha then might see
That Stewart Walter, and his route,
And the gude Douglas, that was sae stout,

Fechting into that stalwart stour;
He could say that till all honour
They were worthy that in that fight

Sae fast pressed their foes' might.
There might men see mony a steed
Flying astray, that lord had nane.

There might men hear ensenzies cry;
And Scottismen cry hardily;
'On them! On them! On them! They
fall!'

With that sae hard they gan assail,
And slew all that they might o'erta'.
And the Scots archers alsua (5)
Shot amang them sae deliverly.

Engriewing them sae greatly,
That what for them, that with them
faucht,

That sae great routis to them raucht,
And pressit them full eagerly;
And what for arrowis, that fellly

Mony great wounds gan them ma',
And slew fast off their horses alsua.

And Bannockburn, betwixt the bras,
Of men, of horse, sae steekit (6) was,
That, upon drownit horse and men,
Men might pass dry out-ower it then.

ANDREW WYNTOUN.

About the year 1420, ANDREW WYNTOUN, or, as he describes himself, Andrew of Wyntoune, a canon of St. Andrews, and prior of St. Serf's Monastery in Lochleven, completed, in eight-syllabled metre,

1 the Earl of 'Murreff' or Murray

2 Lost among so great a company.

3 Exchanged.

4 Company.

5 Also.

6 Shut up.

an 'Orygynale Cronykil of Scotland,' including much universal history, and extending down to his own time: it may be considered as a Scottish member of the class of rhymed chronicles, and belongs in style to the authors in this section, though produced in part at a later period than Barbour's history. The prior undertook his chronicle at the suggestion of Sir John Weymss. He divides it into nine books, 'in henowre of the ordrys nyue.' It contains a considerable number of fabulous legends, such as we may suppose to have been told beside the evening-fire of a monastery of those days, and which convey a curious idea of the credulity of the age. The chronicle has little poetical merit, and is greatly inferior to Barbour's 'Bruce,' but is interesting for the view it affords of the language, attainments, and manners of the author's time and country. A fine edition of the work, edited by David Macpherson, was published in 1795. The time of Wyntoun's death has not been stated, but he is supposed to have died shortly after completing his chronicle.

Macbeth and the Weird Sisters.

A nycht he thowcht in hys dreamyng,
That syttand he was besyd the kyng
At a sete in hwytung; swa
Intil his leisch had grewhundys twa:
He thowcht, quhile he was swa syttand,
He sawe thre women by gangand;
And thal wemen than thowcht he
Thre werd systers mast lyk to be.
The first he hard say, gang-ng by,
'Lo, yhondry the Thane of Crumbawch-
ty' (1)

The tothir woman sayd agane,
'Of Morave yhondrye I se the thane!'
The thryd than sayd, 'I se the kyng!'
All this he herd in his dreamyng. . . .
Sone eftyre that, in his yhowthad, (2)
Of thyr thanydoms he thane was made;
Syne neyst he thowcht to be king,
Fra Dunkanyis dayis had tane endyng.
The fantasy thus of his dreame
Movyd hym mast to sia his eme; (3)
As he dyd all furth in-dede,
As before yhe herd one rede,

And Dame Gwrok, (4) his emys wyf,
Tuk, and led wyth hyr hys lyf,
And held hyr bathe hys wyf and queyne,
As befor than scho had beyne
Till hys eme quene, lyvand
Quhen he was kyng with crowne rygnand
For lytil in honowre than had he
The greys (5) of affynyte.
All thus quhen his eme was dede,
He succeedyt in his stede;
And sevyntene wyntyr full rygnand
As kyng-he was than in-til Scotland.
All hys tyme was gret plenté
Abowndand, bath on land and se.
He was in justice rycht lawchful,
And till hys dayis all awful.
Quhen Leo the hund was Pape of Rome, (6)
As pylgryne to the court he come;
And in his almshous he sow (7) sylver
Till all pure folk that had myster; (8)
And all tyme oysyd (9) he to wyrk
Profitably for haly kyrke.

*St. Serf and Sitan.**

While St. Serf, intile a stead,
Lay after matins in his bed,
The devil came, in foul intent
For til found him with argument,
And said: 'St. Serf, by thy werk
I ken thou art a cunning clerk.'
St. Serf said: 'Gif I sae be,
Foul wretch, what is that for thee?'

The devil said: 'This question
I ask in our collation—
Say where was God, wit ye oucht,'
Before that heaven and erd was
wroucht?'
St. Serf said: 'In himself steadfast
His Godhead hampered never was.'
The devil then askt: 'What cause he had

* St. Serf lived in the sixth century, and was the founder of the monastery of which the author was prior. The spelling of the above extract is modernised.

1 Cromarty. 2 Youthhood. 3 Uncle (Ang.-Sax. *cann*). 4 Gruech. 5 Degrees (Fr. *grés*).
6 A chronological error of nearly five hundred years, for Macbeth visited Rome during the Pontificate of Leo the Ninth. — *Irring*.

7 Scattered, distributed.

8 From the Danish *mister*, to want.

9 Used.

To make the creatures that he made ?'
 To that St. Serf answered there :
 'Of creatures made he wos makér.
 A maker micht he never be,
 But gif creatures made had he.'
 The devil askit him : 'Why God of
 noucht
 His werkis all full gude had wrought ?'
 St. Serf answered : 'That Goddis will
 Was never to make his werkis ill,
 And as envious he had been seen,
 Gif nought but he full gude has been.'
 St. Serf the devil askit than :
 'Where God made Adam, the first man ?'
 'In Ebron Adam formit was,'
 St. Serf said. And till him Sathanas :
 'Where was he, eft that, for his vice,
 He was put out of Paradise ?'
 St. Serf said : 'Where he was made.'
 The devil askit : 'How lang he bade

In Paradise, after his sin ?'
 'Seven hours,' Serf said, 'bade he there-
 in.'
 'When was Eve made ?' saith Sathanas.
 'In Paradise,' Serf said, 'she was.' . . .
 The devil askit : 'Why that ye
 Men are quite delivered free,
 Through Christ's passion precious bought,
 And we devils ase are noucht ?'
 St. Serf said : 'For that ye
 Fell through your awn iniquity ;
 And through ourselves we never fell,
 But through your fallon false counsel.'
 Then saw the devil that he could noucht,
 With all the wiles that he wrought,
 Overcome St. Serf. He said then
 He kenned him for a wise man.
 Forthi there he gave him quit,
 For he wan at him na profit.

While Wyntoun was inditing his legendary chronicle in the priory at Lochleven, a secular priest, JOHN FORDUN, canon of Aberdeen cathedral, was gathering and recording the annals of Scotland in Latin. Fordun brought his history, 'Scotichronicon,' down to the death of David I. in 1153, but had collected materials extending to the year 1385, about which time he is supposed to have died. His history was then taken up and continued to the death of James I. (1437) by WALTER BOWER or BOWMAKER, abbot of the monastery of St. Colm, in the Firth of Forth.

PROSE LITERATURE.

SIR JOHN MANDEVILLE.

The translation of King Alfred, the Saxon Chronicle, Saxon laws, charters, and ecclesiastical histories, more or less tinged with the Norman-French, are our earliest prose compositions. The first English book was SIR JOHN MANDEVILLE'S 'Travels,' written in 1356. Mandeville was born at St. Albans in the year 1300, and received the liberal education requisite for the profession of medicine. During the thirty-four years previous to 1356, he travelled in Eastern countries (where he appears to have been received with great kindness); and on his return to England, wrote an account of all he had seen, mixed with innumerable fables, derived from preceding historians and romancers, as well as from hearsay. His book was originally written in Latin, then translated into French, and finally into English, 'that every man of my nacioun may undirstonde it.' The following extract, in the original spelling, is from the edition of 1839, edited by J. O. Halliwell :

The Beginning of Mohammed.

And yes schull understonde, that Machamote was born in Arabye, that was first a yow knave, that kepte camels, that wenten with marchantes for marchandise; and so befelle that he wente with the marchantes in to Egypt: and thel wereu thanne cristene, in the partyes. And at the deserts of Arabye he wente into a chapelle, where a crenyte dwelte. And whan he entered into the chapelle, that was but a lytill and a low thing, and had but a lytill dore and a low, than the entree began to waxe so gret, and so large, and so high, as though it hadde ben of a gret mynstre or the gate of a paleys. And this was the first myracle, the Sarazins seyn. that Machomete dide in his youthe. Aftere began he for to waxe wyse and ryche, and he was a grette astronomer.

In the following the spelling is simplified :

A Mohammedan's Lecture on Christian Vices.

And therefore I shall tell you what the Soudan told me upon a day, in his chamber. He let vouden out of his chamber all manner of men, lords and other; for he would speak with me in counsell. And there he asked me how the Christian men governed 'em in our country. An I said [to] him: 'Right well, thanked be God.' And he said [to] me: 'Truly nay; for ye Christian men ne reckon right not how untruly to serve God. Ye should given ensample to the lewed people for to do well, and ye given 'em ensample to don evil. For the commons, upon festival days, when they shoulde go to church to serve God, then gon they to taverns, and ben there in gluttony all the day and all night, and eaten and drinke, as beasts that have no reason, and wit not when they have enow. And therewithal they ben so proud, that they knowen not how to ben clothed; now long, now short, now strait, now large, now sworded, now daggered, and in all manner guises. They shoulde ben simple, meek, and true, and full of alms-deed, as Jesu was, in whom they trow; but they ben all the contrary, and ever inclined to the evil, and to don evil. And they ben so covetous, that for a litle silver they sellen 'eir daughters, 'eir sisters, and 'eir own wives, to putten 'em to lechery. And one withdraweth the wife of another; and none of 'em holdeth faith to another, but they defouken 'eir law, that Jesu Christ betook 'em keep for 'eir salvation. And thus for 'eir sins, han [have] they lost all this lond that we holden. For 'eir sins here, hath God taken 'em in our bonds, not only by strength of ourself, but for 'eir sins. For we knowen well in very sooth, that when ye serve God, God will help you; and when he is with you, no man may be against you. And that know we well by our prophecies, that Christian men shall winnen this lond again out of our bonds, when they serven God more devoutly. But as long as they ben of foul and unclean living (as they ben now), we have no dread of 'em in no kind; for here God will not helpen em in no wise.'

And then I asked him how he knew the state of Christian men. And he answered me, that he knew all the state of the commons also by his messengers; that he sent to all londs, in manner as they were merchants of precious stones, of cloths of gold, and of other things, for to knowen the manner of every country amongs Christian men. And then he let clepe in all the lords that he made vouden first out of his chamber; and there he shewed me four that were great lords in the country, that tolden me of my country, and of many other Christian countries, as well as if they had been of the same country; and they spak French right well, and the Soudan also, whereof I had great marvel. Alas, that it is great alander to our faith and to our laws, when folk that ben withouten law shall reprove us, and undernemen us of our sins. And they that shoulde ben converted to Christ and to the law of Jesu, by our good example and by our acceptable life to God, ben through our wickedness and evil living, far fro us; and strangers fro the holy and very belief shall thus appellen us and holden us for wicked levirs and cursed. And truly they say sooth. For the Saracens ben good and faithful. For they keepen entirely the commandment of the holy book Alcoran, that God sent 'em by his messenger, Mohammed; to the which as they sayen, St. Gabriel, the angel, oftentimes told the will of God.

JOHN DE TREVISA.

In the year 1397, JOHN TREVISA, a native of Cornwall, but vicar of Berkeley, Gloucestershire, translated Higden's 'Polychronicon.' He translated various other Latin works; and, it is said, finished a translation of the Bible (now lost), at the command of his patron, Lord Berkely. The translation of Higden's 'Polychronicon,' 'conteyning the berynges and dedes of many tymes,' was printed by Caxton in 1482. In this work, Trevisa (or Higden) says the Scots 'draw somewhat' after the speech of the Picts. Men of the east of England, he says, accorded more in speech with those of the west than the men of the south did with the north. 'Al the longage of the Northumbres, specialych at Yorke, ys so scharp, slyttinge, frotynge, unschape, that we Southeron men may that longage unnethe understand.'

JOHN WYCLIFFE.

JOHN DE WYCLIFFE, the distinguished ecclesiastical reformer and translator of the Bible, was a native of the parish of Wycliffe, near Richmond, in Yorkshire. He was born in 1324; studied at Oxford; and in 1361 obtained the living of Fylingham, in the diocese of Lincoln, and the mastership and wardenship of Baliol College. In 1365, he was transferred to the wardenship of Canterbury Hall—his predecessor, named Wodehall, being deposed; but the next archbishop, Langham, restored Wodehall, and Wycliffe appealing to the pope, the cause was decided against him. This personal matter may have sharpened his zeal against the papal supremacy and doctrines, which he had previously dissented from and begun to attack. His first writings were directed against the mendicant friars and the papal tribute; but having opened a course of theological lectures in Oxford—there being then no formal professor of divinity—he gave more steady and effectual expression to what were termed his heresies. The substance of his lectures he embodied in a Latin treatise, the 'Trialogus,' which is directly opposed to the leading tenets of the Roman Catholic Church. Wycliffe, however, did not lose favour by this bold course. He was selected, in 1374, as one of a commission that met at Avignon with the papal envoys, to remonstrate against the power claimed by the pope over English benefices. Some concessions were made by the pope, and Wycliffe was rewarded by the crown with a prebend in Worcestershire, and the rectory of Lutterworth in Leicestershire—the latter being afterwards his chief residence. The heads of the church, however, soon got alarmed at the teaching and opinions of Wycliffe. He was several times cited for heresy, and though strenuously defended by the Duke of Lancaster, he was obliged to shut his theological class in the year 1381. Shortly previous to this, he had put forth decided views against the doctrine of transubstantiation. Thus cut off from public employment, Wycliffe retired to his rectory at Lutterworth, and there, besides

writing a number of short treatises, he commenced the translation of the whole of the Scriptures. He was assisted by some disciples and learned friends in translating the Bible from the Latin Vulgate, and the completion of this great work is referred to the year 1383. Wycliffe died in 1384. The religious movement which he originated proceeded with accelerated force. Twenty years afterwards, the statute for burning heretics was passed; and in 1484, the bones of Wycliffe were dug up from the chancel of the church at Lutterworth, burned to ashes, and the ashes thrown into the river Swift. 'This brook,' says Fuller, the church historian, in a passage which brings quaintness to the borders of sublimity, 'hath conveyed his ashes into Avon, Avon into Severn, Severn into the narrow seas, they into the main ocean: and thus the ashes of Wycliffe are the emblem of his doctrine, which is now dispersed all the world over.'

The writings of Wycliffe were voluminous and widely circulated, though unaided by the printing-press. His style is vigorous and searching, more homely than scholastic. He was what we would now call a thorough church-reformer. The best specimens of his English are to be found in his translation of the Bible, which materially aided in the development of the resources of the English language. A splendid edition of Wycliffe's Bible was printed at the Clarendon Press, Oxford, in 1850, edited by the Rev. J. Forshall and Sir Frederick Madden.

*Gospel of St. Mark, Chapter I.**

- 1 The bigynnyng of the gospel of Jhesu Crist, the sone of God.
- 2 As it is writen by Ysaie, the prophete, Lo! I send myn angel bifore thi face, that schal make thi weye redy before thee.
- 3 The voyce of oon cryinge in desert, Make ye redy the weye of the Lord, make ye his pathis rihtful.
- 4 Jhon was in desert baptisyng, and preching the baptym of penance, into remissioun of synnes.
- 5 And alle men of Jerusalem wenten out to him, and al the cuntree of Judee; and weren baptisid of him in the flood of Jordan, knowlechinge her synnes.
- 6 And John was clothid with heeris of camels, and a girdel of skyn abowte his belendis; and he eet locusts, and hony of the wode, and prechide, seyinge:
- 7 A strengere than I schal come aftir me, of whom I knellinge am not worthi for to vndo, or unbynde, the thwong of his schoon.
- 8 I have baptisid you in water; forsothe he schal baptise you in the Holy Goost.
- 9 And it is don in thoo dayes, Jhesus came fro Nazareth of Galilee, and was baptisid of Joon in Jordan.
- 10 And anon he styng vp of the water, sayth heuenes openyd, and the Holy Goost cummyng down as a culvere, and dwellyng in hym.
- 11 And a voys is maad fro heuenes, thou art my sone loued, in thee I haue plesid.
- 12 And anon the Sp'rit puttide hym in to desert.
- 13 And he was in desert fourty dayes and fourty nightis, and was temptid of Sathanas, and was with beestis and angells mynstriden to hym.
- 14 Forsothe aftir that Joon was taken, Jhesus came in to Galilee, preching the gospel of the kyngdam of God.

*The orthography is very irregular, the same word being often spelled two or three different ways in the same page.

15 And seynge, For tyme is fullfild, and the kyngdam of God shal come ny; forthynke yee, or do yee penance, and bilene yee to the gospel.

16 And he passynge biadis the see of Galilee, say Symont, and Andrew, his brother, sendynge nettis into the see; sothely thei weren fishers.

17 And Jhesus seide to hem, Come yee after me; I shal make you to be maad fishers of men.

18 And anon the nettis forsaken, thei sueden hym.

19 And he gon forth t. uncs a l.t.l, say James of Zebede, and Joon, his brother, and hem in the boot makynge nettis.

20 And anon he clepide him; and Zebede, her fadir, left in the boot with hirid seruantis, their sueden hym.

21 And thei wenten forth in to Cafarnaum, and anon in the sabotis he gon yn into the synagoge, taughte them.

22 And thei wouled on his techynge; sothely he was techynge hem, as haunye power, and not as scribis.

23 And in the synagoge of hem was a man in an vnclene spirit, and he cried,

24 Seyinge, What to vs and to thee, thou Jhe. u of Nazareth? haste thou cummen before the tyme for to destroie vs? Y woot that thou art the holy of God.

25 And Jhesus thretenyde to hym, seyinge, Wexa downe, and go out of the man.

26 And the vnclene goost debreyng him, and cryinge with grete voles, wente away fro hym.

27 And alle men wonderid, so that thei 'soughten togidre among hem, seyinge, What is this thinge? what is this newe techynge? for in power he commaundith to vnclene spirits, and thei obeyen to hym.

28 And the tale, or *tything*, of hym wente forth anon in to al the cuntree of Galilee.

The Magnificat.

And Marye seyde: My soul magnifieth the Lord.

And my spyrith hath gladid in God myn helthe.

For he hath bebulden the mekenesse of his handmayden: for lo for this all generacions schulen seye that I am blessid.

For he that is mighti hath don to me grete thingis, and his name is holy.

And his mercy is fro kyndrede into kyndredis to men that dreden him.

He hath made myght in his arm, he scatteride proude men with the thoughts of his herte.

He sette down myghty men fro seete, and enhaunsid make men. He hath fullfild hungry men with goodis, and he has left riche men voides.

He heynge mynde of his mercy took up I-mel his child.

As he hath spokun to oure fadris, to Abraham, and to his seed into worldis.

Of Wycliffe's earlier controversial works, the following on the mendicant friars is characteristic, the orthography being modernised:

The Mendicant Friars.

Friars been most perious enemies to Holy Church and all our land, for they letten curates of their office, and spenden comunoun and needles sixty thousand mark by year that they robben falsely of the poor people. For, if curates didden their office in good life and true preaching as they been holden upon pain of damning in hell, there were clerks enough of bishops, parsons and other priests; and, in ease, over money to the people. And yet two hundred year ago, there was no friar; and then was our land more plenteous of cittle and man, and they were then stronger of complexion to labour than now; and then were clerks enough. And now been many thousand of friars in England, and the old curates standen still unamended, and among all sin is mere increased, and the people charged by sixty thousand mark by year, and therefore it must needs fail; and so friars suffer carates to live in sin, so that they may rob the people and live in their lusts. For, if curates done well

their office, friars weren superflue, and our land should be discharged of many thousand mark ; and then the people should better pay their rents to lords, and dimes and offerings to curates, and much flattering and nourishing of sin should be destroyed. and good life and peace and charity shoulde[n] reign among Christian men. And so when all the ground is sought, friars saien thus, indeed : ' Let old curates wax rotten in sin, and let them not do their office by God's law, and we will live in lusts so long, and waste vainly and needles[s] sixty thousand mark by year of the poor commons of the land, and so at the last make dissension between them and their childer for dimes and offerings that we will get privily to us by hypocrisy, and make dissension between lords and their commons. For we will maintain lords to live in their lusts, extortions, and other sins, and the commons in covetise, lechery, and other deceits, with false swearing, and many gilles ; and also the curates in their damnation for leaving of their ghostly office, and to be the procurators of the Fiend for to draw all men to hell.' Thus they done, indeed, howe[er] they feignen in hypocrisy of pleasing words.

SECOND PERIOD.

—(1400—1558.)—

HENRY THE FOURTH TO QUEEN ELIZABETH.

THE age of Chaucer was succeeded by a period destitute of original genius, and it was not until a century and a half afterwards that the Earl of Surrey revived the national interest in poetry. One cause of this literary stagnation was undoubtedly the disturbed state of the country, in consequence of the sanguinary Wars of the Roses, and the absorbing influence of religious controversy inspired by the doctrines of Wycliffe and the dawn of the Reformation. In the latter part of the fifteenth century, the introduction of the art of printing offered unprecedented and invaluable facilities for the progress of literature; yet in original or powerful composition, we have only three distinguished names—those of James I. of Scotland, Dunbar, and Sir Thomas More.

OCCLEVE AND LYDGATE.

THOMAS OCCLEVE (*circa* 1370–1454) was a disciple of Chaucer, whom he styles his master and poetic father, and whose death he lamented in verse:

O master dear and father reverent,
My master Chaucer, flower of eloquence,
Mirror of fructuous intendment,
O universal father in science!

Alas, that thou thine excellent prudence!
In thy bed mortal mightest not bequeath,
What ailed Death, alas! why would he
slay thee?

Occleve's principal work is a version, with additions, of a Latin treatise, '*De Regimine Principum*,' written by Ægidius, a native of Rome, about 1280. On Occleve's manuscript, preserved in the British Museum, is a drawing by him, a portrait of Chaucer, the only likeness of the old poet, from which all the subsequent engraved portraits have been taken. Occleve's poem is entitled '*The Governail of Princes*,' and it was printed entire in 1860, edited by Mr. T. Wright for the Roxburghe Club. The poet, it appears, held the appointment of Clerk of the Privy Seal; and, as in the case of Chaucer and other poetical officials, his salary or pension seems to have been irregularly paid. He addresses the king (Henry V.) on the subject:

My yearly guerdon, my annuity,
That was me granted for my long labour,
Is all behind; I may not payed be;
Which causeth me to live in languor.

O liberal prince, ensample of honour,
Unto your grace like it to promote
My poor estate, and to my woe beth
boot. (1)

Contemporary with Occleve was JOHN LYDGATE (circa 1373-1460), a monk of Bury, born at Lydgate, near Newmarket. His poetical compositions range over a great variety of styles. 'His muse,' says Warton, 'was of universal access; and he was not only the poet of the monastery, but of the world in general. If a disguising was intended by the company of goldsmiths, a mask before his majesty at Eltham, a May-game for the sheriffs and aldermen of London, a mumming before the lord mayor, a procession of pageants from the creation for the festival of *Corpus Christi*, or a carol for the coronation, Lydgate was consulted, and gave the poetry.' The principal works of this versatile writer are entitled, 'The Story of Thebes,' 'The Falls of Princes,' and 'The Destruction of Troy.' He had travelled in France and Italy, and studied the poetry of those countries.

In the words of Warton, 'there is great softness and facility' in the following passage (spelling modernised) of Lydgate's 'Destruction of Troy':

Description of a Sylvan Retreat.

Till at the last, among the bowes glade,
Of adventure, I caught a pleasant shade;
Full smooth, and plain, and lusty for to
seen,

And soft as velvet was the yonge green:
Where from my horse I did alight as fast,
And on the bow aloft his reins cast.
So faint and mate of weariness I was,

That I me laid adown upon the grass,
Upon a brink, shorter for to tell,
Beside the river of a crystal well;

And the water, as I reherse can,
Like quicke silver in his streams y-ran,
Of which the gravel and the brighte
stone,
As any gold, against the sun y-shone.

We add a few lines in the original orthography of the poet—a passage in the 'Story of Thebes,' shewing that truth hath ever in the end victory over falsehood:

Ageyn trouth falsched hath no myght;
Fy on querillis nat grounded upon right!
With-oute which may be no victorye,
Therefor ech man has this in memoyre.
That gret power, shortly to conclude,
Plenty of good, nor moch multitude,

Scleight or engyne, fors or felonye,
Arn to feble to holden chanpartye (2)
Ageyns trouth, who that list take heed;
For at the end falschede may not spede
Tendure long; ye shal fynde it thus.

A fugitive poem of Lydgate, called 'The London Lyckpenny,' is curious for the particulars it gives respecting the city of London in the early part of the fifteenth century. The poet has come to town in search of legal redress for some wrong, and visits, in succession, the King's Bench, the Court of Common Pleas, the Court of Chancery, and Westminster Hall.

1 Give remedy.

2 Too feeble to hold equal power in the field. Champartye, Fr. *champ part*.

The London Lyckpenny.

Within this hall, neither rich nor yet poor
 Would do for me ought, although I should die:
 Which seeing, I gat me out of the door,
 Where Flemings began on me for to cry:
 'Master, what will you copen (1) or buy?
 Fine felt hats? or spectacles to read?
 Lay down your siver, and here you may speed.'

Then to Westminster gate I presently went,
 When the sun was at high prime;
 Cooks to me they took good intent, (2)
 And proffered me bread, with ale and wine,
 Ribs of beef, both fat and full fine;
 A fair cloth they gan for to spread,
 But, wanting money, I might not then speed.

Then unto London I did me hie,
 Of all the land it beareth the prize;
 'Hot peascods!' one began to cry;
 'Strawberry ripe, and cherries in the rise!' (3)
 One bade me come near and buy some spice:
 Pepper and saffron they gan me beed; (4)
 But, for lack of money, I might not speed.

Then to the Cheap I gan me drawn,
 Where much people I saw for to stand;
 One offered me velvet, silk, and lawn;
 Another he taketh me by the hand,
 'Here is Paris thread, the finest in the land!'
 I never was used to such things, indeed;
 And, wanting money, I might not speed.

Then went I forth by London Stone, (5)
 Throughout all Canwick Street:
 Drapers much cloth me offered anon;
 Then comes me one cried 'Hot sheep's feet';
 One cried mackerel, rushes green, another gan greet; (6)
 One bade me buy a hood to cover my head;
 But, for want of money, I might not be sped.

Then I hied me unto East-Cheap,
 One cries ribs of beef, and many a pie;
 Pewter pots they clattered on a heap;
 There was harp, pipe, and minstrelsy;
 Yea by cock! nay by cock! some began to cry;
 Some sung of Jenkins and Julian for their meed;
 But, for lack of money, I might not speed.

Then into Cornhill anon I yode,
 Where was much stolen gear among;
 I saw where hung mine owne hood,
 That I had lost among the throng;
 To buy my own hood I thought it wrong;
 I knew it well, as I did my creed;
 But, for lack of money, I could not speed.

The taverner took me by the sleeve,
 'Sir,' sith he, 'will you our wine assay?'

1 *Kopen* (Flem.) is to buy. 2 Took notice; paid attention. 3 On the twig. 4 Offer.
 5 A fragment of London Stone is still preserved in Cannon Street, formerly called Can-
 wick or Candlewick Street. It is built into the street-wall of the church of St. Swithin.
 6 Cry.

I answered: 'That can not much me grieve;
 A penny can do no more than it may;
 I drank a pint, and for it did pay;
 Yet, sore a-hungred from hence I yede,
 And, wanting money, I could not speed; &c.

ALEXANDER BARCLAY AND STEPHEN HAWES.

The 'Ship of Fools' and the 'Pastime of Pleasure' are the only poetical works of any importance in the Reign of Henry VII. ALEXANDER BARCLAY (who was in orders, and survived till 1532) wrote several allegorical pieces and some eclogues—the latter supposed to be the first compositions of the kind attempted in the English language. But his greatest work is his 'Ship of Fools,' printed in 1509. It is a translation from the German of Brandt, with additions from various quarters, including satirical portraits and sketches by Barclay of his own countrymen. His ship is freighted with fools of all kinds, but their folly is somewhat dull and tedious. Barclay, however, was an improver of the English language.

The Book-collector, or Bibliomaniac.—From Barclay's 'Ship of Fools.'

That in this sh'p the chief place I govern,
 By this wide sea with fools wandering,
 The cause is plain and easy to discern—
 Still am I busy book assembling;
 For to have plenty is a pleasant thing
 In my conceit, and to have them aye in hand,
 But what they mean, do I not understand.

But yet I have them in great reverence
 And honour, saving them from filth and ordure,
 By often brushing and much diligence;
 Full goodly bound in pleasant coverture
 Of damask, satin, or else of velvet pure;
 I keep them sure, fearing lest they should be lost,
 For in them is the cunning wherein I me boast.

STEPHEN HAWES was an allegorical poet of much more power. His 'Pastime of Pleasure, or the Historie of Grande Amour and La Bel Pucel,' was written in 1506, dedicated to King Henry—in whose court the poet held the office of groom of the privy-chamber—and printed in 1517 by Wynkyn de Worde. Two more editions were called for during the same century, in 1554 and 1555, and from this time it was known only to black-letter readers until, in 1846, it was reprinted by Mr. Wright for the Percy Society; but even the convenience of easy access and modern type has not made Hawes much better known. His poem is long, and little interest is felt in his personified virtues. The 'Pastime of Pleasure,' however, is a work of no ordinary poetical talent. It is full of thought, of ingenious analogy, and occasionally of striking allegory. A few stanzas, stripped of the disguised spelling, will shew the state of the language after Lydgate, of whom Hawes was a great admirer.

The Temple of Mars.

Beside this tower of old foundation,
 There was a temple strongly edified,
 To the high honour and reputation
 Of the mighty Mars it was so fortified;
 And for to know what it signified
 I entered in, and saw of gold so pure
 Of worthy Mars, the marvellous picture.

There was depainted all about the wall
 The great destruction of the siege of Troy,
 And the noble acts to reign memorial
 Of the worthy Hector that was all their joy,
 His dolorous death was hard to occoye;
 And so when Hector was cast all down,
 The hardy Troilus was most high of renown

And as I cast my sight so aside,
 Beholding Mars how wonderfully he stood
 On a wheel top, with a lady of pride,
 Haunced about, I thought nothing but good
 But that she had two faces in one hood;
 Yct I knelt down and made my orison
 To doughty Mars with great devotion,

Saying: 'O Mars! O god of the war!
 The gentle load-star of an hardy heart,
 Distill adown thy grace from so far,
 To cause all fear from me to start,
 That in the field I may right well subvert
 The hideous monsters, and win the victory
 Of the sturdy giants with famous chivalry.

'O prince of honour and of worthy fame!
 O noble knights of old antiquity!
 O redoubted courage, the cause of their name,
 Whose worthy acts Fame caused to be
 In books written, as ye well may see—
 So give me grace right well to recure
 The power of fame that shall so long endure.'

JOHN SKELTON.

Barclay, in his 'Ship of Fools,' alludes to JOHN SKELTON, who was decked as poet-laureate at Oxford:

If they have smelled the arts trivial,
 They count them poets high and heroidal.

Skelton is certainly more of a trivial than a heroical poet. He was a satirist of great volubility, fearlessness, and scurrility. In attacking Cardinal Wolsey, for example, he alludes to his 'greasy genealogy.' The clergy were the special objects of his abuse, as with most of the old satirists. So early as 1488, Skelton appeared as a satirist; he was laureated in Oxford in 1489; and to escape from the vengeance of Wolsey, he took shelter in the sanctuary of Westminster Abbey, where he resided till his death in 1529. Skelton is a sort of rhyming Rabelais—as indelicate and gross, which with both was to some extent necessary as a cover to their satire. The copiousness of Skel-

ton's language, and his command of rhyme in short rattling verses, prove the advance of the language. The works of Skelton were edited by the Rev. A. Dyce, and printed in 1843. The most poetical of his productions is entitled 'Philip Sparrow,' an elegy on the death of a pet bird. A few lines from his 'Colin Clout' will shew the torrent-like flow of his doggerel rhymes:

A Satire on the Clergy.

Thus I, Colin Clout,
As I go about,
And wandering as I walk,
I hear the people talk:
Men say for silver and gold
Mitres are bought and sold.
There shall no clergy oppose
A mitre nor a croze,
But a full purse—
A straw for God's curse!
What are they the worse?
For a simoniac
Is but a hermoniac,
And no more ye may make
Of simony, men say,
But a child's play;
Over this the foresaid lay
Report how the pope may
A holy anchorite call
Out of the stony wall,
And him a bishop make,
If he on him dare take
To keep so hard a rule
To ride upon a mule,

With gold all be-trapped,
In purple and pall be-lapped,
Some hatted and some capped,
Richly be-wrapped
(God wot to their great pains)
In robes of fine reims,
White as morrow's milk
Their taberts of fine silk,
Their stirrups of mixed gold begared,
There may no cost be spared.
Their mouths gold doth eat,
Their neighbours die for meat—
What care they though Gill sweat,
Or Jack of the Noke?
The poor people they yoke
With summons and citations
And excommunications.
About churches and market:
The bishop on his carpet
Full soft doth sit—
This is a fearful fit
To hear the people jangle
How warily they wrangle!

Cardinal Wolsey.

Our barons are so bold,
Into a mouse-hole they would
Run away and creep,
Like as many sheep,
Dare not look out a door,
For dread of the mastiff cur,
For dread of the butcher's dog
Would worry them like a hog. . .
For all their noble blood,
He plucks them by the hood,

And shakes them by the ear,
And brings them in such fear,
He balteth them like a bear. . .
And beneath him they're so stout
That no man of them dare rout,
Duke, earl, baron, nor lord,
But to his sentence must accord;
Whether he be knight or squire,
All must follow his desire.

Skelton's serious poetry is greatly inferior to his ludicrous and satirical; but the following effusion of gallantry is not unworthy the pen of a laureate:

To Mrs. Margaret Hussey.

Merry Margaret,
As midsummer flower,
Gentle as falcon,
Or hawk of the tower;
With solace and gladness,
Much mirth and no madness,
All good and no badness;
So joyously,

So maidenly,
So womanly,
Her demeaning,
In everything,
Far, far passing
That I can indite,
Or suffice to write,
Of Merry Margaret,

As midsummer flower,
Gentle as falcon,
Or hawk of the tower;
As patient and as still,
And as full of good will,
As fair Isiphil,
Collander,
Sweet Pomander,
Good Cassander;

Steadfast of thought,
Well made, well wrought.
Far may be sought,
Ere you can find
So courteous, so kind,
As Merry Margaret,
This midsummer flower,
Gentle as falcon,
Or hawk of the tower.

EARL OF SURREY.

HENRY HOWARD, EARL OF SURREY, was the grandson of the Duke of Norfolk who, for his services in the battle of Flodden, regained the title of Duke, lost by his father at Bosworth, where 'Dickon, his master, was bought and sold.' Great obscurity hangs over the personal history of the accomplished Surrey, and the few known facts have been blended with a mass of fable. He was born about the year 1517; in 1526 was made cup-bearer to the king; in 1532 accompanied Henry on his famous visit to Boulogne; and the same year was contracted in marriage to Lady Francis Vere, daughter of the Earl of Oxford. On account of the youth of Surrey, the marriage, however, did not take place till 1535. In March 1536 his son Thomas was born. In 1512 he accompanied his father, commander of the English forces, to Scotland, and assisted in the campaign which devastated the Scottish Borders. Surrey was present at the burning of Kelso. In the subsequent war with France, Surrey was again distinguished; but the army he commanded was overpowered by numbers near St. Etienne in January 1545-6, and shortly afterwards he was virtually recalled. The enmity of Lord Hertford is supposed to have aggravated the royal displeasure towards Surrey. In December 1546 he was committed to the Tower; he was tried on 13th January 1545-6, and executed on the 21st. Henry VIII. died a week afterwards, on the 28th. The charge against Surrey was that he had assumed the royal arms—the arms of Edward the Confessor. When he did so Henry was on his deathbed, and the assumption was part of a scheme to claim the regency for the Howards instead of the Seymours. The poems of this chivalrous and unfortunate nobleman were not printed until ten years after his death. They were published in a volume entitled 'Tottel's Miscellany,' 1557, the first collection of English poetry by different writers, and which ran through six editions in seven years. The love-strains of Surrey, addressed to some unknown Geraldine, were adopted by Nash, the well-known dramatic poet and miscellaneous writer, as the basis of a series of romantic fictions, in which the noble poet was represented as travelling in Italy, proclaiming the beauty of his Geraldine, and defending her matchless charms in tilt and tournament. At the court of the emperor, Surrey was said to have met with the famous magician, Cornelius Agrippa, who shewed him, in a necromantic mirror, his GERALDINE.

dine languishing on a couch reading one of his sonnets! The whole of this knightly legend was a fabrication by Nash, but it long held possession of the popular mind. All that is known of the poet's Geraldine is contained in this sonnet:

From Tuscane came my lady's worthy race;
Fair Florence was sometime their ancient seat;
The western isle whose pleasant shore doth face
Wild Camber's cliffs, did give her lively heat:
Fostered she was with milk of Irish breast;
Her sire, an earl; her dame of princes' blood:
From tender years, in Britain doth she rest
With king's child, where she tasteth costly food.
Hunsdon did first present her to my eye;
Bright is her hue, and Geraldine she hight:
Hampton me taught to wish her first for mine;
And Windsor, alas! doth chase me from her sight.
Her beauty of kind, her virtue from above—
Happy is he that can obtain her love!

The description is here so minute and specific, that, if actually real, the lady must have been known to many of the readers of Surrey's manuscript verses. Horace Walpole endeavoured to prove that the Geraldine of the poet was Lady Elizabeth Fitzgerald; but Lady Elizabeth was only twelve or thirteen years old when Surrey is supposed to have fallen in love with her. Mr. Hallam has said that Surrey did much for his own country and his native language, but that his taste is more striking than his genius. His poetry is certainly remarkable for correctness of style and purity of expression. He was among the first, if not the very first, to introduce blank verse into our poetry, and to reject the pedantry which overflows in the pages of his predecessors.

Prisoner in Windsor, he recounteth his Pleasure there passed.

So cruel prison how could betide, alas!
As proud Windsor? where I, in lust and joy,
With a king's son, my childish years did pass,
In greater feast than Priam's son of Troy:
Where each sweet place returns a taste full sour!
The large green courts where we were wont to hove, (1)
With eyes cast up into the Maiden Tower,
And easy sighs such as folk draw in love.
The stately seats, the ladies bright of hue;
The dances short, long tales of great delight,
With words and looks that tigers could but rue,
Where each of us did plead the other's right.
The palm-play, where, despoiled for the game,
With dazed eyes off we by gleams of love,
Have missed the ball and got sight of our dame,
To bait her eyes, which kept the leads above.
The gravel ground, with sleeves tied on the helm
Of foaming horse, (2) with swords and friendly hearts;
With cheer, as though one should another whelm,
Where we have fought, and chased oft with darts;

1 Never, latter.

2 A lover tied the sleeve of his mistress on the head of his horse.

With silver drops the mead yet epread for ruth,
 In active games of nimbleness and strength,
 Where we did strain, trained with swarms of youth,
 Our tender limbs that yet shot up in length :

The secret groves which oft we made resound,
 Of pleasant plaint, and of our ladies' praise,
 Recording oft what grace each one had found,
 What hope of speed, what dread of long delays :

The wild forest, the clothed holts with green,
 With reins availed (1) and swift ybreated horse ;
 With cry of hounds, and merry blasts between,
 Where we did chase the fearful hart of force.

The wide vales, eke, that harboured us each night,
 Wherewith, alas, reviveth in my breast,
 The sweet accord such sleeps as yet delight,
 The pleasant dreams, the quiet bed of rest ;

The secret thoughts imparted with such trust,
 The wanton talk, the divers change of play,
 The friendship sworn, each promise kept so just ;
 Wherewith we passed the winter nights away.

And with this thought, the blood forsakes the face.
 The tears berain my cheeks of deadly hue,
 The which, as soon as sobbing sighs, alas,
 Upsupped have, thus I my plaint renew :

O place of bliss ! renewer of my woes,
 Give me accounts, where is my noble fere ; (2)
 Whom in thy walls, thou dost each night inclose ;
 To other leaf, (3) but unto me most dear :

Echo, alas ! that doth my sorrow rue,
 Return thereto a hollow sound of plaint.
 Thus I alone, where all my freedom grew,
 In prison plus with bondage and restraint,

And with remembrance of the greater grief
 To banish the less, I find my chief relief.

How no Age is content with his Own Estate, and how the Age of Children is the happiest, if they had skill to understand it.

Laid in my quiet bed,
 In study as it were,
 I saw within my troubled head
 A heap of thoughts appear.

And every thought did shew
 So lively in mine eyes,
 That now I sighed, and then I smiled,
 As cause of thoughts did rise.

I saw the little boy,
 In thought how oft that he
 Did wish of God, to scape the rod,
 A tall young man to be.

The young man eke that feels
 His bones with pains oppress,
 How he would be a rich old man,
 To live and lie at rest :

The rich old man that sees
 His end draw on so sore,
 How he would be a boy again,
 To live so much the more !

Whereat full oft I smiled,
 To see how all these three,
 From boy to man, from man to boy,
 Would chop and change degree :

1 Reins dropped.

2 Companion.

3 Agreeable.

And musing thus I think,
The case is very strange.
That man from wealth, to live in woe,
Doth ever seek to change.

Thus thoughtful as I lay,
I saw my withered skin,
How it doth shew my denoted thews,
The flesh was worn so thin;

And eke my toothless chaps,
The gates of my right way,
That open and shut as I do speak,
Do thus unto me say :

'The white and hoarish hairs,
The messenger of age,
That shew . . . lines of true belief,
That this life doth assuage ;

'Bids thee lay hand, and feel
Them hanging on my chin.
The which do write two ages past,
The third now coming in.

'Hang up, therefore, the bit
Of thy young wanton time;
And thou that therein beaten art,
The happiest life dost find.'

Whereat I sighed, and said :
'Farewell, my wonted joy,
Toss up thy pack, and trudge from me,
To every little boy ;

'And tell them thus for me,
Their time is not happy is,
If to their time they reason had,
To know the truth of this.'

The Means to Attain a Happy Life.

Martial, the things that do attain
The happy life, be these, I find,
The riches left, not got with pain;
The fruitful ground, the quiet mind,

The equal friend, no grudge, no strife;
No charge of rule, nor governance;
Without disease, the healthful life;
The household of continuance :

The mean diet, no delicate fare;
True wisdom joined with simplicity;
The night discharged of all care,
Where wine the wit may not oppress.

The faithful wife, without debate;
Such sleeps as may beguile the night;
Contented with thine own estate,
No wish for Death, no fear his might.

We add a few lines of Surrey's blank verse, from his translation of
the Second Book of the 'Æneid' :

It was the time when, granted from the gods,
The first sleep creeps moest sweet in weary folk,
Lo, in my dream, before mine eyes methought
With rueful cheer I saw where Hector stood
(Out of whose eyes there gushed streams of tears),
Drawn at a car as he of late had been,
Distained with bloody dust, whose feet were bow'd (1)
With the strait cords wherewith they hal'd him.
Ah me, what one! That Hector how unlike
Which erst returned clad with Achilles' spoils,
Or when he threw in o' the Greekish ships
The Trojan flame!—So was his beard defiled,
His crisp locks all clustered with his blood,
With all such wounds as may he received
About the walls of that his native town.

SIR THOMAS WYATT.

In 'Tottel's Miscellany' were also first printed the poems of Sir
THOMAS WYATT (1503-1542), a distinguished courtier and man of war,
who was fortunate enough to escape the capricious tyranny of Henry
VIII., and who may be said to have died in the king's service. While
travelling on a mission to France, and riding fast in the heat of sum-
mer, he was attacked with a fever that proved mortal. Wyatt enter-

1 The participle of the Saxon verb to *bolge*, which gives the derivation of *bulge*.—*Tyrwhitt's Chaucer*.

tained a secret passion for Anne Bo|eyn, whom he has commemorated in his verse. His satires are more spirited than Surrey's, and one of his lighter pieces, his 'Ode to a Lute,' is a fine amatory effusion. He was, however, inferior to his noble friend in general poetical power.

The Lover's Lute cannot be blamed, though it sing of his Lady's Unkindness.

Blame not my Lute ! for he must sound
Of this or that as liketh me ;
For lack of wit the Lute is bound
To give such tunes as pleaseth me ;
Though my songs be somewhat strange,
And speak such words as touch my change,
Blame not my Lute !

My Lute, alas ! does not offend,
Though that perforce he must agree
To sound such tunes as I intend
To sing to them that heareth me ;
Then though my songs be somewhat plain,
And toucheth some that use to feign,
Blame not my Lute !

My Lute and strings may not deny,
But as I strike they must obey ;
Break not them so wrongfully,
But wreak thyself some other way ;
But though the songs which I indite
Do quit thy change with rightful spite,
Blame not my lute !

Spite asketh spite, and changing change,
And falsed faith must needs be known ;
And faults so great, the case so strange ;
Of right it must abroad be blown ;
Then since that by thine own desert
My songs do tell how true thou art,
Blame not my Lute !

Blame but thyself that hast misdone,
And well deserved to have blame ;
Change thou thy way, so evil begone,
And then my Lute shall sound that same ;
But if till then my fingers play,
By thy desert their wonted way
Blame not my Lute !

Farewell ! unknown ; for though thou break
My strings in spite with great disdain,
Yet have I found out, for thy sake,
Strings for to string my Lute again :
And if perchance this silly rhyme
Do make thee blush at any time,
Blame not my Lute !

The Re-sured Lover exulteth in his Fre dom, and voweth to remain Free until Death.

I am as I am, and so will I be,
But how that I am none knoweth truly
Be it ill, be it well, be I bond, be I free,
I am as I am, and so will I be.

I lead my life indifferently;
I mean nothing but honesty;
And though folks judge full diversely.
I am as I am, and so will I die.

I do not rejoice, nor yet complain,
Both mirth and sadness I do refrain.
And use the means since folks will feign;
Yet I am as I am, be it pleasant or pain.

Divers do judge as they do trow,
Some of pleasure and some of woe,
Yet for all that nothing they know;
But I am as I am, wheresoever I go.

But since judges do thus decay,
Let every man his judgment say;
I will it take in sport and play,
For I am as I am, whosoever say nay.

Who judgeth well, well God them rend;
Who judgeth evil, God them amend;
To judge the best therefore intend.
For I am as I am, and so will I end.

Yet some there be that take delight,
To judge folk's thought for envy and
spite;
But whether they judge me wrong or
right,
I am as I am, and so do I write.

Praying you all that this do read,
To trust it as you do your creed;
And not to think I change my weed,
For I am as I am, however I speed.

But how that is I leave to you;
Judge as ye list, false or true,
Ye know no more than afore ye knew;
Yet I am as I am, whatever ensue.

And from this mind I will not flee,
But to you all that misjudge me.
I do protest, as ye may see,
That I am as I am, and so will be.

That Pleasure is mixed with every Pain.

Venomous thorns that are so sharp and keen
Bear flowers, we see, full fresh and fair of hue,
Poison is also put in medicine,
And unto man his health doth oft renew.
The fire that all things eke consumeth clean,
May hurt and heal; then if that this be true,
I trust some time my harm may be my health,
Since every woe is joined with some wealth.

The Courtier's Life.

In court to serve decked with fresh array,
Of sugared meats feeling the sweet repast,
The life in banquets and sundry kinds of play;
Amid the press the worldly looks to waste;
Hath with it joined oft-time such bitter taste,
That whose joys such kind of life to hold,
In prison joys, fettered with chains of gold.

Of the Mean and Sure Estate.

Stand whose lists upon the slippery wheel
Of high estate, and let me here rejoice,
And use my life in quietness each deal,
Unknown in court that hath the wanton joys.
In hidden place my time shall slowly pass,
And when my years be passed without annoy
Let me die old after the common trace,
For grips of death do he too hardly pass
That known is to all, but to himself, alas!
He dieth unknown, dased with dreadful face.

LORD VAUX—NICHOLAS GRIMOALD—RICHARD EDWARDS—WILLIAM HUNNIS—SIR F. BRYAN—VISCOUNT ROCHFORD.

THOMAS, LORD VAUX, was born about 1510, and died in the reign of Queen Mary. He was captain of the isle of Jersey under Henry VII. Poems by Vaux are in 'Tottel's Miscellany,' and no less than thirteen short pieces of his composition are in a second miscellany, (prompted, no doubt, by the unexampled success of Tottel's collection), entitled 'The Paradise of Dainty Devices, 1576.'—NICHOLAS GRIMOALD (*circa* 1520–1563), a rhetorical lecturer in Oxford University, has two translations from the Latin of Philip Gaultier and Beza in 'Tottel's Miscellany,' both of which are in blank verse. He wrote also several small poems.*—RICHARD EDWARDS (*circa* 1523–1566) was the most valuable contributor to the 'Dainty Devices.' He was master of the singing-boys of the royal chapel, and is known as a writer of court interludes and masks. His verses, entitled 'Aman-tium Iræ,' are among the best of the miscellaneous poems of that age.—WILLIAM HUNNIS, who died in 1568, was also attached to Edward VI.'s chapel, and afterwards master of the boys of Queen Elizabeth's chapel. He translated the Psalms, and wrote some religious treatises and scriptural interludes. Mr. Hallam considers that Hunnis should be placed as high as Vaux or Edwards, were his productions all equal to one little piece (a song which we subjoin); 'but too often,' adds the critic, 'he falls into trivial morality and a ridiculous excess of alliteration.' These defects characterise most of the minor poets of this period—Drayton, in one of his poetical epistles, mentions SIR FRANCIS BRYAN, nephew to Lord Berners, the translator of Frois-sart, as a contributor to 'Tottel's Miscellany,' and GEORGE BOLEYN, VISCOUNT ROCHFORD (brother of Anne Boleyn), has been named as another contributor. The contemporary impression of their talents was great, and both were almost adored at court, though Boleyn was sacrificed by Henry VIII. on a revolting and groundless charge. We may mention, as illustrating the popularity of the first English 'Miscellany' (that of Tottel), that it appears to have caught the attention of Shakspeare, who has transplanted some lines from it into his 'Hamlet,' and that it soothed the confinement of Mary Queen of Scots, who is said to have written two lines from one of the poems with a diamond on a window in Fotheringay Castle. The lines are:

And from the top of all my trust,
Mishap hath thrown me in the dust.

* In a sonnet by Sir Egerton Brydges on the death of Sir Walter Scott, is a fine line often quoted:

The glory dies not, and the grief is past.

The same sentiment had been thus expressed by Grimoald:

In working well if travel you sustain,
Into the wind shall lightly pass the pain,
But of the deed the glory shall remain.

*On a Contented Mind.—By Lord Vaux.—From the Paradise of
Dainty Devices, 1576.*

When all is done and said,
In the end thus shall you find,
He most of all doth bathe in bliss
That hath a quiet mind :
And, clear from worldly cares,
To deem can be content
The sweetest time in all his life
In thinking to be spent.

The body subject is
To fickle Fortune's power,
And to a million of mishaps
Is casual every hour :
And death in time doth change
It to a clod of clay ;
When, as the mind, which is divine,
Runs never to decay.

Companion none is like
Unto the mind alone ;
For many have been harmed by speech ;
Through thinking, few or none.
Fear oftentimes restraineth words,
But makes not thought to cease ;
And he speaks best that hath the skill
When for to hold his peace.

Our wealth leaves us at death ;
Our kinsmen at the grave ;
But virtues of the mind unto
The heavens with us we have.
Wherefore, for virtue's sake.
I can be well content,
The sweetest time of all my life
To deem in thinking spent.

*Amantium Ira Amoris Redintegratio Est.—By Richard Edwards.—
From the same.*

In going to my naked bed, as one that would have slept,
I heard a wife sing to her child, that long before had wept.
She sighed sore, and sang full sweet, to bring the babe to rest,
That would not cease, but cried still, in sucking at her breast.
She was full weary of her watch, and grieved with her child ;
She rocked it, and rated it, untill on her it smiled ;
Then did she say : ' Now have I found the proverb true to prove,
The falling out of faithful friends renewing is of love.'

Then took I paper, pen, and ink, this proverb for to write,
In register for to remain of such a worthy wight.
As she proceeded thus in song unto her little brat,
Much matter uttered she of weight in place whereas she sat ;
And proved plain, there was no beast, nor creature bearing life,
Could well be known to live in love without discórd and strife ;
Then kissed she her little babe, and sware by God above,
' The falling out of faithful friends renewing is of love.'

' I marvel much, pardie,' quoth she, ' for to behold the rout,
To see man, woman, boy and beast, to toss the world about ;
Some kneel, some crouch, some beck, some check, and some can smoothly [smile,
And some embrace others in arms, and there think many a wile.
Some stand aloof at cap and knee, some humble, and some stout,
Yet are they never friends indeed until they once fall out.
Thus ended she her song, and said, before she did remove :
' The falling out of faithful friends renewing is of love.'

Song.—By William Hunnis.—From the Same.

When first mine eyes did view and mark
Thy beauty fair for to behold,
And when mine ears 'gan first to hark
The pleasant words that thou me told,
I would as then I had been free
From ears to hear and eyes to see.

And when in mind I did consent
 To follow thus my fancy's will,
 And when my heart did first relent
 To taste such bait myself to spill,
 I would my heart had been as thine,
 Or else thy heart as soft as mine.

O flatterer false ! thou traitor born—
 What mischief more might thou devise
 Than thy dear friend to have in scorn,
 And him to wound in sundry wise,
 Which still a friend pretends to be,
 But art not so by proof, I see—
 Fie, fie upon such treachery !

A Praise of his Lady.—Said to be by George Boleyn, beheaded in 1536.

Also claimed for John Heywood.—From Tottel's Miscellany.

Give place, you ladies, and be gone ;
 Boast not yourselves at all,
 For here at hand approacheth one
 Whose face will stain you all.

The virtue of her lively looks
 Excels the precious stone ;
 I wish to have none other books
 To read or look upon.

In each of her two crystal eyes
 Smileth a naked boy ;
 It would you all in heart suffice
 To see that lamp of joy.

I think Nature hath lost the mould
 Where she her shape did take ;
 Or else I doubt if Nature could
 So fair a creature make.

She may be well compared
 Unto the Phoenix kind,
 Whose like was never seen or heard,
 That any man can find.

In life she is Diana chaste ;
 In truth Penelope ;
 In word and eke in deed steadfast ;
 What will you more we say ?

If all the world were sought so far,
 Who could find such a wight ?
 Her beauty twinkleth like a star
 Within the frosty night.

Her roseal colour comes and goes
 With such a comely grace,
 More ruddier too than doth the rose,
 Within her lively face

At Bacchus' feast none shall her meet,
 Ne at no wanton play,
 Nor gazing in an open street,
 Nor gadding as astray.

The modest mirth that she doth use,
 Is mixed with shamefastness ;
 All vice she wholly doth refuse,
 And hateth idleness.

O Lord, it is a world to see
 How virtue can repair,
 And deck her in such modesty,
 Whom nature made so fair !

Truly she doth as far excel
 Our women now-a-days,
 As doth the gilly-flower a weed,
 And more a thousand ways.

How might I do to get a graft
 Of this unspotted tree ?
 For all the rest are plain but chaff
 Which seem good corn to be.

This gift alone I shall her give :
 When Death doth what he can,
 Her honest fame shall ever live
 Within the mouth of man.

THOMAS TUSSEK.

THOMAS TUSSEK, author of the first didactic poem in the language, was born about 1515, of an ancient family, had a good education, and commenced life at court, under the patronage of Lord Paget. Afterwards he practised farming successively at Ratwood in Sussex, Ipswich, Fairstead in Essex, Norwich, and other places ; but not succeeding in that walk, he betook himself to other occupations, amongst

which were those of a chorister and, it is said, a fiddler. As might be expected of one so inconstant, he did not prosper in the world, but died poor in London, in 1580.

Tusser's poem, entitled a 'Hondreth Good Points of Husbandrie,' which was first published in 1557, is a series of practical directions for farming, expressed in simple and inelegant, but not always dull verse. It was afterwards expanded by other writers, and published under the title of 'Five Hundreth Points of Good Husbandrie:' the last of a considerable number of editions appeared in 1710.

Directions for Cultivating a Hop-garden.

Whom fancy persuadeth, among other crops,
To have for his spending sufficient of hops,
Must willingly follow, of choices to choose,
Such lessons approved, as skilful do use.

Ground gravelly, sandy, and mixed with clay,
Is naughty for hops, any manner of way,
Or if it be mingled with rubbish and stoue,
For dryness and barrunness let it alone.

Choose soil for the hop of the rottenest mould,
Well dunged and wrought, as a garden-plot should;
Not far from the water, but not overflown,
This lesson, well noted, is meet to be known.

The sun in the south, or else southly and west,
Is joy to the hop, as a welcome guest;
But wind in the north, or else northerly east,
To the hop is as ill as a fay in a feast.

Meet plot for a hop-yard once found as is told,
Make thereof account, as of jewel of gold;
Now dig it, and leave it, the sun for to burn,
And afterwards fence it, to serve for that turn.

The hop for his profit I thus do exalt,
It strengtheneth drink, and it favoureth malt;
And being well brewed, long kept it will last,
And drawing abide—if ye draw not too fast.

Housewifely Physic.

Good huswife provides, ere a sickness do come,
Of sundry good things in her house to have some.
Good *Aqua composita*, and vinegar tart,
Rose water, and treacle, to comfort thine heart.
Cold herbe in her garden, for agues that burn,
That overstrong heat to good temper may turn.
White endive, and succory, with spinach enow;
All such with good pot-herbe, should follow the plough.
Get water of fumitory, liver to cool,
And others the like, or else lie like a fool.
Conserves of barbery, quincea, and such,
With syrups that easeth the sickly so much.
Ask *Medicus* counsel, ere medicine ye take,
And honour that man for necessity's sake.
Though thousands hate physick, because of the cost,
Yet thousand it helpeth, that else should be lost,

Good broth and good keeping do much now and then :
 Good diet, with wisdom, best comforteth man.
 In health, to be stirring shall profit thee best ;
 In sickness, hate trouble ; seek quiet and rest.
 Remember thy soul ; let no fancy prevail ;
 Make ready to God-ward , let faith never quail ;
 The sooner thyself thou submittest to God,
 The sooner he ceaseth to scourge with his rod.

Moral Reflection on the Wind.

Though winds do rage, as winds were wood, (1)
 And cause spring-tides to raise great flood ;
 And lofty ships leave anchor in mud,
 Bereaving many of life and of blood ;
 Yet, true it is, as cow chews cud,
 And trees, at spring, doth yield forth bud,
 Except wind stands as it never stood,
 It is an ill wind turns none to good.

SCOTTISH POETS.

The difference between the English and Scottish languages has now become decided. In Barbour and Wyntoun, the variation is very slight ; but before another century had elapsed, the northern dialect was a separate and independent speech. This distinction had probably existed long before in the spoken language of the people ; but it was only developed in poetry in the writings of Henryson, Dunbar, and Lyndsay. The Anglo-Saxon element predominated in the north, and it was proved to be not unfitted for the higher purposes of poetry. Dunbar is a vigorous imaginative poet, greater than any that had appeared since the days of Chaucer, and only wanting a little more chivalrous feeling and a finer tone of humanity to rival the father of English verse.

JAMES I OF SCOTLAND.

This chivalrous Scottish prince was born in 1394. In order to save him from the unscrupulous hands of his uncle, the Duke of Albany, James was privately despatched to the court of Charles VI. of France, but the vessel in which he embarked was seized off the coast of Norfolk, and the young prince, then in his eleventh year, was forcibly detained by Henry IV. of England. This act of gross injustice completed the calamities of the infirm and imbecile King Robert III. of Scotland, who sank under the blow, and it led to the captivity of James for more than eighteen years. Henry, however, furnished the captive prince with liberal means of instruction. In all the learning and polite accomplishments of the English court he became a proficient, excelling not only in knightly and athletic exercises, but in the science of music and in acquaintance of the classic and romantic poets. Chaucer and Gower he studied closely. Original composition followed ; and there are few finer strains than those with which

1 Mad.

James soothed his hours of solitary restraint within Windsor Tower. His description of the small garden which lay before his chamber window—once the moat of the Tower—and the first glimpse he there obtained of his future queen, the Lady Joan Beaufort, form a beautiful and touching episode in our literary annals. James obtained his release, married the Lady Joan in February, 1424, and in May of the same year was crowned King of Scotland—the most accomplished prince of his age, to rule over a turbulent and distracted country. He set himself vigorously to reduce the power of the profligate nobles, and to insure the faithful administration of justice, resolving, as he said, that the key should keep the castle, and the bush secure the cow. The sentiment was worthy a prince; but James pursued his measures in some instances, too far, and clouded the aspect of justice with ineffaceable stains of cruelty and vengeance. A conspiracy was formed against him (the chief actor in which was his uncle, Walter Stuart, Earl of Athole), and he was assassinated at Perth, on the 20th of February, 1437.

The principal poem of James I. is entitled 'The King's Quhair,' meaning the King's Quire, or Book. Only one MS. of the poem (which extends to nearly 1100 lines) is extant, preserved in the Bodleian Library, Oxford, and was printed in 1788, edited by William Tytler, Lord Woodhouselee. The subject is the royal poet's love for Lady Joan Beaufort, described in the allegorical style of the age, in the manner of Chaucer, and with much fine description, sentiment, and poetical fancy. It places James high in the rank of romantic poets. Two humorous Scottish poems are also ascribed to him—'Christis Kirk on the Grene,' and 'I leblis to the Play,' both descriptive of rustic sports and pastimes, and the former ridiculing the Scottish want of skill in archery. They are excellent though coarse, humorous poems. The claim of James to the authorship of either has, however, been disputed, though it seems supported—at least in the case of 'Christis Kirk on the Grene'—by good testimony. The style has certainly a more modern cast than would be looked for, but no claimant more probable than James I. has yet been named; and Sir Walter Scott—as well as Tytler and others—unhesitatingly ascribes 'Christis Kirk on the Grene' to the royal poet. In the following quotation, and subsequent extracts, the spelling is modernised:

James I. a Prisoner in Windsor, first sees Lady Joan Beaufort, who afterwards was his Queen.

Bewalling in my chamber, thus alone,
Despaired of all joy and remedy.
For-tired of my thought, and woo-begone,
And to the window gan I walk in hy (1)
To see the world and folk that went torbye, (2)
As, for the time, though I of mirthis food
Might have no more, to look it did me good.

Now was there made, fast by the Towris wall,
A garden fair; and in the corners set
Ane arbour green, with wandis long and small
Rallied about, and so with trees set
Was all the place, and hawthorn hedges knet,
That lyf was none walking there forbye,
That might withlin scarce any wight espy.

So thick the boughis and the leavis green
Beshaded all the alleys that there were,
And mids of every arbour might be seen
The sharpe greene sweete juniper,
Growing so fair with branches here and there,
That as it seemed to a lyf without,
The boughis spread the arbour all about.

And on the smalle greene twistis (1) sat,
The little sweete nightingale, and sung
So loud and clear, the hymnis consecrat
Of lovis use, now soft, now loud among,
That all the gardens and the wallis rung
Right of their song.

... Cast I down mine eyes again,
Where as I saw, walking under the Tower,
Full secretly, new comen here to plain,
The fairest or the freshest young flower
That ever I sa x, methought, before that hour,
For which sudden abate, anon astart, (2)
The blood of all my body to my heart.

And though I stood abasit tho a lite, (3)
No wonder was; for why? my wittis all
Were so o'ercome with pleasance and delight,
Only through letting of my eyen fall,
That suddenly my heart became her thrall,
For ever of free will—for of menace
There was no token in her sweete face.

And in my head I drew right hastily,
And eftesoons I leant it out again,
And saw her walk that very womanly,
With no wight mo', but only women twain.
Then gan I study in myself, and sayn: (4)
'Ah, sweet! are ye a worldly creature,
Or heavenly thing in likeness of nature?

'Or are ye god Cupidis own princess,
And comin are to loose me out of band?
Or are ye very Nature the goddess,
That have depainted with your heavenly hand,
This garden full of flowers as they stand?
What shall I think, alas! what reverence
Shall I mlistre (5) unto your excellence?

'If ye a goddess be, and that ye like
To do me pain, I may it not astart: (6)
If ye be wardly wight, that doth me sike, (7)
Why list (8) God make you so, my dearest heart,
To do a seely (9) prisoner this smart,

1 Twiga.
4 Say.

2 Went and came.
5 Minister.

6 Fly.

3 Confounded for a little while.
7 Makes me sigh.

8 Pleased.

9 Wretched.

That loves you all, and wot of nought but woe?
And therefore mercy, sweet! 'tis so.'

Of her array the form if I shall write,
Towards her golden hair and rich attire,
In fretwise couchit (1) with pearls white
And great balas (2) leaming (3) as the fire.
With mony ane emeraut and fair sapphire;
And on her head a chaplet fresh of hue,
Of plumis parted red, and white, and blue.

Full of quaking spangis bright as gold,
Forged of shape like to the amorette,
So new, so fresh, so pleasant to behold,
The plumis eke like to the flower jonets, (4)
And other of shape, like to the flower jonets,
And above all this, there was, well I wot,
Beauty enough to make a world to dote.

About her neck, white as the fire amall, (5)
A goodly chain of small orfevery, (6)
Whereby there hung a ruby without fail.
Like to ane heart shapen verily,
That as a spark of low, (7) so wantonly
Seemed burning upon her white throat,
Now if there was good party, (8) God it wot.

And for to walk that fresh May's morrow,
Ane hook she had upon her tissue white,
That goodlier had not been seen to-forow, (9)
As I suppose; and girt she was alite, (10)
Thus halfings loose for haste, to such delight
It was to see her youth in goodlihed,
That for rudeness to speak thereof I dread.

In her was youth, beauty, with humble apert,
Bounty, riches, and womanly feature,
God better wot than my pen can report:
Wisdom, largess, estate, and cunning (11) sure,
In every point so guidid her measure,
In word, in deed, in shape, in countenance,
That Nature might no more her child avance! . . .

And when she walked had a little thraw
Under the sweete greene boughis bent,
Her fair fresh face, as white any snaw,
She turned has, and furth her wayis went;
But tho began mine aches and torment,
To see her part and follow I na might;
Methought the day was turned into night.

Of the lighter poems of King James, we subjoin a specimen. The following are the opening stanzas of 'Christ's Kirk of the Green':

1 Inlaid like fret-work. 2 A kind of precious stone. 3 Glittering.
4 A kind of lily. It is conjectured that the royal poet may here allude covertly to
the name of his mistress, which, in the diminutive, was Janet or Jonet. — *Thomson's*
Ballads of King Quhair (Ayr. 1644). 5 Enamel. 6 Gold-work. 7 Flame.
8 Match. 9 Before. 10 Slightly. 11 Knowledge.

Was never in Scotland heard nor seen
 Sic dancing nor deray, (1)
 Nouthar at Falkland on the Green,
 Nor Peeblies at the Play, (2)
 As was of woocern, as I ween,
 At Christ's Kirk on ane day;
 There came our Kittys, washen clean,
 In their new kirtles of gray,
 Full gay,
 At Christ's Kirk of the Green that day.

To dance thir damsellis them dight,
 Their lasses light of laits, (3)
 Their gloves were of the raffel right, (4)
 Their shoon were of the Straits, (5)
 Their kirtles were of Lincoln light,
 Wool preat with many plaits.

They were so nice when men them
 nicht, (6)
 They squealit like ony gait (7)
 Sa loud
 At Christ's Kirk of the Green that day.
 Of all their maidens mild as mead,
 Was nane so jimp as *Gillie*,
 As ony rose her rood (8) was red,
 Her lyre (9) was like the lily.
 Fu' yellow, yellow was her head,
 But she of love was silly;
 Though all her kin had sworn her dead,
 She would have but sweet *Willie*
 Alane
 At Christ's Kirk of the Green that day.

BLIND HARRY.

The 'Adventures of Sir William Wallace,' written about 1460, by a wandering poet usually called BLIND HARRY, enjoyed great popularity up to our own time. Of the author, nothing is known but that he was blind from his infancy; that he wrote this poem, and made a living by reciting it, or parts of it, before company. It is said by himself to be founded on a narrative of the life of Wallace, written in Latin by Arnold Blair, chaplain to the Scottish hero, and which, if it ever existed, is now lost. The chief materials, however, have evidently been the traditionary stories told respecting Wallace in the minstrel's own time, which was a century and a half subsequent to that of the hero. In this respect, 'The Wallace' resembles 'The Bruce,' but the longer time which had elapsed, the unlettered character of the author, and the comparative humility of the class from whom he would chiefly derive his facts, made it inevitable that the work should be much less of a historical document than that of the learned archdeacon of Aberdeen. It is, in reality, such an account of Wallace as might be expected of Montrose or Dundee from some unlettered but ingenious poet of the present day, who should consult only Highland tradition for his authority. Harry's Wallace is a merciless champion, for ever hewing down the English with his strong arm and terrible sword, and delighting in the suffering of his enemies. In the following passage, we have this relentless spirit blazing forth:

Storming of Dunnottar Castle.

Wallace on fire gart set all hastily,
 Brunt up the kirk, and all that was therein.

1 Merriment, disorder (from the French *derayer*).

2 t Falkland and Peebles, archery and other games took place.

3 Light of manners. 4 Supposed to be from *ru* or *rac*, a roe-deer, and *fell*, a skin.

5 Shoes of morocco leather from the Straits. 6 Came nigh them. 7 Goats.

8 Those parts of the face which in youth and health have a ruddy colour.—*Jamieson*.

9 Fleah, skin (Ang.-Sax. *lra*).

Attour the rock the lave (1) ran with great din.
 Some hang on crags right dolefully to dee,
 Some lap, some fell, some flattered on the sea.
 Na Southeron in life was leaved in that hauld,
 And them within they brunt in powder cauld.
 When this was done fell (2) fell on kneels down,
 At the bishop asked absolution.
 Then Wallace leuch, said : ' I forgive you all ;
 Are ye war men repentis for sas small ?
 They rued nocht us into the town of Ayr ;
 Our true barons when that they hangit there.'

Some of the incidents in Harry's narrative are so palpably absurd (such as the siege of York, the visit of the queen of England to Wallace's camp with her offer of £1,000 in gold, and the combats of Wallace with the French champions and the lion), that they could never have been intended to be received as matters of real history. That Wallace was in France, however, has been confirmed by the discovery of authentic evidence. All the editors conclude that as Harry could not himself, from his blindness, have written out the work, it may have suffered greatly from amanuenses or transcribers ; but they have not attended to dates. The only manuscript of the work which exists is dated 1489, and was written by that careful but obscure scribe, John Ramsay, who also transcribed Barbour's 'Bruce'. The blind minstrel was in existence four years after the date of Ramsay's manuscript, as we know from the treasurer's books of the reign of James IV ; and Ramsay had most likely the benefit of the author's revision—perhaps took it down from his recitation. Few copies would be made of a poem extending to 11,858 lines, and this fact shews how enthusiastic and gifted must have been the blind bard who could compose and retain in his memory a poem of such length, and so various in its incidents and descriptions. The poem is in ten-syllable lines, the epic verse of a later age, and it is not deficient in poetical effect or elevated sentiment. A vulgar paraphrase of it into modern Scotch, by William Hamilton of Githerfield, has long been a favourite volume amongst the Scottish peasantry : it was the study of this book which had so great an effect in kindling the patriotic ardour and genius of Burns.

As a specimen of the original orthography, we subjoin a few of the opening lines of the poem :

Our antecessoris, that we suld of reide,
 And hald in mynde thar nobille worthi deide,
 We lat ourside throw werris cleithfulnes ;
 And castis we euir till vthir beeynes.
 Till honour ennymys is our haille entent,
 It has beyne seyne in thir tymys bywent ;
 Our ald ennymys, cummyn of Saxonys blind,
 That neny yelt to Scotland wald do gud,
 Bot euir on foris, and contrar halle thair will
 Quhow gret kyndnes thar has beyne kyth thaim till.

1 The rest, the remainder.

2 Many (Ang.-Sax. *seala*).

Adventure of Wallace while Fishing in Irvine Water.

Wallace, near the commencement of his career, is living in hiding with his uncle Sir Ranald Wallace of Riccarton, near Kilmarnock. To amuse himself, he goes to fish in the river Irvine, when the following adventure takes place:

So on a time he desired to play.
 In Aperil the three-and-twenty day,
 Till Irvine water fish to tak he went;
 Sic fantasy fell into his intent.
 To lead his net a child furth with him yede; (1)
 But he, or (3) noon, was in a felon dread.
 His sward he left, so did he never again;
 It did him gude, suppose he suffered pain.
 Of that labour as than he was not alie:
 Happy he was, took fish abundantly.
 Or of the day ten hours o'er couth pass.
 Ridand there came, near by where Wallace was,
 The Lord Percy, was captain then of Ayr;
 Frae then' he turned, and couth to Glasgow fare. (2)
 Part of the court had Wallace' labour seen,
 Till him rade five, clad into ganand green,
 And said soon: 'Scot, Martin's fish we wald have!'
 Wallace meekly again answer him gave.
 'It were reason, I think, ye should have part,
 Waith (4) should be deal' in all place, with free heart.'
 He bade his child, 'Give them of our waithing.'
 The Southron said: 'As now of thy dealing
 We will not tak; thou wald give us o'er small.'
 He lighted down and frae the child took all.
 Wallace said then: 'Gentlemen of ye be,
 Leave us some part, we pray for charity.
 Ane aged knight serves our lady to-day:
 Gude friend, leave part, and tak not all away.'
 'Thou shall have leave to fish, and tak thee mae,
 All this forsooth shall in our ditting gae.
 We serve a lord, thi fish shall till him gang.'
 Wallace answered, said: 'Thou art in the wrang.'
 'Wham thoust thou, Scot? in faith thou serves a blaw.'
 Till him he ran, and out a sward can draw.
 William was wae he had nae wappins there
 But the pontstaff, the whilk in hand he bare.
 Wallace with it fast on the cheek him took,
 With sae gude will, while of his feet he shook.
 The sward flew frae him a fur-breid on the land.
 Wallace was glad, and dunt it soon in hand;
 And with the sward awkward he lilt gave
 Under the hat, his creig (5) in under drave.
 By that the lave (6) lighted about Wallace,
 He had no help, only but God's grace.
 On either side full fast on him they dang,
 Great peril was gif they had lasted lang.
 Upon the head in great ire he stra' ane;
 The shearand sweid glade to the collar bane.
 Ane other on the arm he hit so hardily,
 While hand and sward balth in the field can lie.
 The tother twa fled to their horse again;
 He stickit him was last upon the plain.

1 Went-
 6 Week.

2 Ere.

3 He was on his way from Ayr to Glasgow.

4 Spoil taken in sport.
 6 Rest.

Three slew he there, twa fled with all their might
 After their lord; but he was out of sight,
 Takand the mair, or he and they couth twine.
 Till him they rade anon, or they wald blin, (1)
 And cryt: 'Lord, abide; your men are martyred down
 Right cruelly, here in this false region.
 Five of our court here at the water bade, (2)
 Fish for to bring, though it nae profit made.
 We are scaped, but in field slain are three.'
 The lord speirit: (3) 'How mony might they be?'
 'We saw but ane that has discomfist us all.'
 Then leugh (4) he loud, and said: 'Foul mot you fall!
 Sin' aye you all has put to confusion.
 Wha meins it maist the devil of hell him drown.
 This day for me, in faith, he bees not sought.'
 When Wallace thus this worthy wark had wrought,
 Their horse he took, and gear that left was there,
 Gave ower that craft, he yede to fish nae mair.
 Went till his eme, and tald him of this deed,
 And he for woe well near worthit to weid, (5)
 And said: 'Son, thir tidings sate me sore,
 And, be it known, thou may tak scaith therefore.'
 'Uncle,' he said, 'I will no langer bide,
 Thir southland horse let see gif I can ride.'
 Then but a chile, him service for to mak,
 His eme sons he wald not with him tak.
 This gude knight said: 'Dear consin, pray I thee,
 When thou wants gude, come fetch enouch frae me.'
 Silver and gold he gart on him give,
 Wallace inclines, and gudely took his leave.

The Ghost of Fawdoun.

One of Wallace's followers, Fawdoun, was of broken reputation, and held in suspicion; and while the Scots were pursued by a formidable party of English, led by a blood-bond, Wallace slew Fawdoun, and retreated to Gask Hall with a small party of thirteen men.

In the Gask Hall their lodging have they ta'en;
 Fire gat they soon, but meat then had they nane.
 Twa sheep they took beside them aff a fauld,
 Ordained to sup into that seemly hauld,
 Graithed (6) in haste some food for them to dight.
 So heard they blaw rude hornis upon heicht.
 Twa sent he forth to look what it might be;
 They bade richt lang, and no tidings heard he,
 But bousteous noise so brimly blew and fast
 So other twa into the wood furth passed.
 Nane came again, but boustiously gan blaw;
 Into great ire he sent them furth on raw. (7)
 When he alane Wallace was leaved there,
 The awful blast abounded meikle mair.
 Then trowed he weel they had his lodging seen;
 His sword he drew, of noble metal keen;
 Syne furth he went wherast he heard the horn;
 Without the door Fawdoun was him befor,
 As till his sight, his awn head in his hand;
 A cross he made, when he saw him so stand.

1 Ere they would stop.
 2 Nearly went mad.

3 Tarried.
 6 Equipped, made ready

3 Inquired.
 7 In row or rank.

At Wallace in the head he awaket there ; (1)
 And he in haste soon hint (2) (it) by the hair,
 Syne out again at him he could it cast ;
 Intill his heart he was greatly aghast.
 Right weel he trowed that was no sprite of man !
 It was some devil, at sic malice began.
 He wist no weel there langer for to bide,
 Up through the hall thus wight Wallace gan glide
 Till a close stair ; the boardis rave in twyne, (3)
 Fifteen feet large he lap out of that in ; (4)
 Up the water suddenly he could fare,
 Again he bih. (5) what 'pearance he saw there ;
 Him thoct he saw Fawdoun that ugly squire ; (6)
 That hall Hall he had sent in a fire ;
 A great rafter he had intill his hand.
 Wallace as then no longer would he stand,
 Of his gude men full great marvel had he,
 How they were through his fell (7) fantasy !
 'Traists richt weel all this was sooth indeed,
 Suppose that it no point be of the creed,
 Power they had with Lucifer that fell,
 The time when he parted frae heaven to hell.
 By sic mischief gif his men might be lost,
 Drownit or slain among the English host ;
 Or what it was in likeness of Fawdoun,
 Whilk brocht his men to sudden confusion ;
 Or if the man ended in evil intent,
 Some wicked spreit again for him present,
 I can not speak of sic divinity ;
 To clerks I will let all sic matters be.

HOLLAND—HENRYSON.

Among the minor yet popular poets about the middle of the fifteenth century, was HOLLAND, author of 'The Buke of the Howlat' (owl), an allegorical poem, containing an exhibition of the feathered tribes under a great variety of civil and ecclesiastical characters, to which is added a digression on the arms and exploits of the Douglasses. Nothing is known of the author—not even his Christian name; but Mr. David Laing, editor of the 'Howlat,' supposes the poet to have been Sir Richard Holland, a priest, one of the followers of the exiled family of Douglas. The poem appears to have been written about 1453 at Ternoway (now Darnaway), on the banks of the Findhorn, the seat of the Earls of Moray; and it was composed to please the Countess of Moray, *dowit*, or wedded, to a Douglas. The story is taken from the fable of the jackdaw with borrowed feathers. It is but a very mediocre alliterative production.

There are other alliterative Scottish poems of the beginning and middle of the fifteenth century—as the 'Tale of Rauf Coilze,' alluded to by Dunbar and Gavin Douglas; the 'Awntrys of Arthure, Orfeo and Heurodis,' &c. A selection of these early pieces, twenty-

1 Cast forcibly there. 2 Hint, hunt, or hent, laid hold of. 3 In twain, asunder.
 4 In, or innit, a dwelling (Ang.-Sax.) Barbour has *in* signifying the tents of an army on the field. 5 Glanced. 6 In the original, 'hugly, six.'
 7 Very, denoting degree.

five in number, all from sources anterior to the close of the sixteenth century, was published by Mr. Laing in 1822, with the title of 'Select Remains of Ancient Popular Poetry of Scotland.'

But far surpassing these early and obscure worshippers of the native Muse, was Master ROBERT HENRYSON, a moral poet, in character not unlike the English poet Daniel—gentle, meditative, and observant. Of Henryson there are no personal memorials, except that he was chief schoolmaster at Dunfermline—perhaps, as Lord Hailes suggests, preceptor in the Benedictine convent there—and that he was admitted a member of the university of Glasgow in 1462, being described as the 'Venerable Master Robert Henrysone, licentiate in arts, and bachelor in decrees.' Mr. Laing, who has edited the works of Henryson (Edinburgh, 1865), places the time of his decease towards the close of the century, when he was probably about seventy years of age. The principal works of Henryson are: 'Moral Fables of Æsop,' thirteen in number, with two prologues; 'Robene and Makyne,' a pastoral; 'Orpheus and Eurydice,' and 'The Testament of Cresseide,' being a sequel to Chaucer's 'Troilus and Cressida.' The last of these poems is the most important, but the pastoral of 'Robene and Makyne' is believed to be the earliest production of the kind in our national poetry. It is a simple love dialogue between a shepherd and shepherdess. The old stock properties of the pastoral—the pipe and crook, the hanging grapes, spreading beech, and celestial purity of the golden age—find no place in the northern pastoral. Henryson's Robin sits on a good green hill keeping his flock, and is most ungallantly insensible to the advances of Makyne:

Robin sat on gude green hill,
Keepand a flock of fe: (1)
Merry Makyne said him till
'Robin, thou rue on me;
I have thee lovit loud and still
Thir years two or three;
My dule in dern but gif thou dill, (2)
Doubtless but drcid I de.'

Robin answered: 'By the Rood,
Na thing of love I knaw,
But keepis my sheep under yon wude,
Lo! where they rake on raw: (3)
What has marred thee in thy mood,
Makyne to me thou shaw?
Or what is love, or to be lo'ed,
Fain wad I lear that law.'

Makyne explained and pleaded, but her advocacy was out of tune:

Robin on his wayis went,
As licht as leaf of tree;
Makyne mourned in her intent,
And trowed him never to see.
Robin brayed attour the bent,
'Then Makyne cryed on hie:
'Now thou may sing, for I am shent,
What alleth love with me?'

The tables, however, are soon turned. Robin grew sick as Makyne grew well, and then she had the malicious satisfaction of rejecting

¹ Sheep.

² My grief in secret unless thou share. Chaucer has *derne love* (Ang.-Sax. *dyrn*, secret).

³ Range in a row.

him. This is the old story with the old moral, which, though pastoral poetry has long been dead, will never become obsolete. We subjoin part of the fable of the Town and Country Mouse, called by the poet 'The Uplandis Mous and the Burges Mous':

Extract from the Town and Country Mouse.

With treaty fair at last she gars her rise;
To board they went, and down together sat,
But scantily had they drunken anes or twice,
When in cam Gib Hunter, our jolly cat,
And bade God speed. The burges up then gat,
And till her hole she fled like fire frae flint;
Bawdrons the other by the back has hent.

Frae foot to foot he cast her to and frae,
While up, while down, as cant as ony k'd;
While wald he let her run beneath the strae,
While wuld he wink and play with her bulk-hid;
Thus to the silly mouse great harm he did:
While at the last, through fair fortune and hap,
Betwixt the cresser and the wall she crap.

Syne up in haste behind the panneling,
Sae hie sho she ga, that Gibby might not get her,
And 'y the clinkis craftily can hing,
Till he was gane, her cheer was all the better:
Syne down sho lap, when there was nane to let (1) her;
Then on the burges mous and mooth sho cry:
'Fareweel, sister, here I thy first defy.

'Thy mangery is minget (2) with care;
Thy guise is gude, thy game is good as gall;
The fashion of thy ferri is but fair,
So shall thou find her yitward may fall.
I thank yon curtain, and yon varp, the wall,
Of my defence now frae you cruel beast;
Almighty God, keep me frae sic a feast!

'Were I into the place that I cam frae,
For weel nor wae I should ne'er come again.'
With that sho took her leave, and forth can gae,
Whiles through the corn, whiles through the plain.
When she was furth and free she was right fain,
And merrily sho linkit o'er the muir;
I cannot tell how afterward sho fure.

But I have heard syne she passit to her den,
As warm as woo, suppose it was not grit,
Full beinly stufft was baith but and ben,
With peas, and nuts, and beans, and rye, and wheat;
Whene'er she liked she had enough of meat,
In quiet and ease, withouten (ony) dread,
But till her sister's feast nae mair she gaed.

MORAL.

Blessed be simple life, withouten dread;
Blessed be sober feast in quieté;
Wha has enough of no more has he need,
Though it be little into quantity,

1 To hinder her; hence the phrase, 'without let or hinderance.'
2 Companionship, or friendship.

2 Mingled.

Grit abundance and blind prosperity.
 Oft time makes an evil conclusion;
 The sweetest life, therefore, in this country
 Is of sickness with small possession.

A Summer Morning.

In the midst of June, that jolly sweet season,
 When that fair Phœbus with his beams bright
 Had dried up the dew from dale and down,
 And all the land made with his lemis (1) light.
 In a morning, between mid-day and night,
 I rose, and put all sloth and sleep aside,
 Until a wood I went alone, but (2) guide.

Sweet was the smell of flowers white and red,
 The noise of birds right delicious;
 The boughs broad bloomed above my head,
 The ground growing with grasses gracious:
 Of all pleasure that place was plenteous.
 With sweet odors and birds harmony
 That morning mild, my mirth was more for they.

The roses red arrayed in rorne and ryea, (3)
 The primrose and the purple viola;
 To hear it was a point of Paradise.
 Such mirth the mavis and the merle couth ma, (4)
 The blossoms blithe broke up on bank and brae,
 The smell of herbs, and of fowls the cry,
 Contending who should have the victory.

WILLIAM DUNBAR.

WILLIAM DUNBAR, 'a poet,' says Sir Walter Scott, 'unrivalled by any that Scotland has ever produced,' flourished at the court of James IV. at the end of the fifteenth and the beginning of the sixteenth century. Having received his education at the university of St. Andrews, where, in 1479, he took the degree of Master of Arts, Dunbar became a friar of the Franciscan order (Gray Friars), in which capacity he travelled for some years, not only in Scotland, but also in England and France, preaching, as was the custom of the order, and living by the alms of the pious—a mode of life which he himself acknowledges to have involved a constant exercise of falsehood, deceit, and flattery. In time, he had the grace, or was enabled by circumstances, to renounce this sordid profession. It is supposed, from various allusions in his writings, that, from about the year 1491 to 1500, he was occasionally employed by the king (James IV.) in some subordinate, but not unimportant, capacity in connection with various foreign embassies, and that he thus visited Germany, Italy, Spain, and France, besides England and Ireland. He could not, in such a life, fail to acquire much of that knowledge of mankind which forms so important a part of the education of the poet. In 1500 he received from the king a pension of ten pounds, afterwards increased to twenty, and finally to eighty. He is supposed to have been employed

1 Radiance.

2 Without.

3 Bush and twig.

4 Could make.

R. L. v. 1—4

by James in some of the negotiations preparatory to his marriage with the Princess Margaret (daughter of Henry VII.), which took place in 1503. For some years ensuing, he seems to have lived at court, regaling his royal master with his poetical compositions, and probably also with his conversation, the charms of which, judging from his writings, must have been very great. He represents himself as a court poet, and occasionally dancing in the queen's chamber, having a *penchant* for one of the court ladies:

Then cam in Dunbar, the maker,
On all the floor there was nane frecker,
And there he danced a dirry-duntoun,
He hopped like a piller wantoun;
For love of Musgrave men fules me;
He trippit while he tore his pantoun, (1)
A merrier dance nicht na man see.

Then cam in Mistress Musgrave;
She might have learned all the lave;
When I saw her sae trimly dance,
Her gude convey and countenance,
Then for her sake I wished to be
The greatest earl or duke in France—
A merrier dance nicht na man see.

It is sad to relate of one who possessed so buoyant and mirthful a spirit, that his life was not, so far as we can judge, a happy one. He appears to have repined greatly at the servile court-life which he was condemned to lead, and to have longed anxiously for some independent source of income. Among his poems are many containing nothing but expressions of solicitude on this subject. He survived the year 1517, and is supposed to have died about 1520, at the age of sixty; but whether he ultimately succeeded in obtaining preferment, is not known. His writings, with scarcely any exception, remained in the obscurity of manuscript till the beginning of the last century; but his fame had been gradually rising, and it was at length, in 1834, considered sufficient to justify a complete edition of his works, by Mr. David Laing.

The poems of Dunbar may be said to be of three classes—the allegorical, the moral, and the comic; besides which there is a vast number of productions composed on occasions affecting himself, and which may therefore be called personal effusions. His allegorical poem, 'The Thistle and the Rose' (a triumphal nuptial-song for the union of James and the Princess Margaret), was furnished, as he himself states, on the 9th of May, 1503. Langhorne, the English poet, finely says:

In nervous strains Dunbar's bold music flows,
And Time yet spares the Thistle and the Rose.

But another of Dunbar's allegorical poems, 'The Golden Terge,' was more popular in his own day, and is cited by Sir David Lyndsay as proving that its author 'had language at large.' It is more richly descriptive and rhetorical, but has not more true poetry. The satirical and humorous poems of Dunbar are extremely gross. Perhaps the most remarkable of all his poems is 'The Dance.' It describes a procession of the seven deadly sins in the infernal regions, and for strength and vividness of painting, would stand a comparison with any poem in the language. The most solemn and impressive of the more exclusively moral poems of Dunbar, is one in which he represents a thrush and nightingale taking opposite sides in a debate on earthly and spiritual affections, the thrush ending every speech or stanza with a recommendation of 'a lusty life in Love's service,' and the nightingale with the more melodious declaration: 'All love is lost but upon God alone.' There is, however, something more touching in the less laboured verses in which he moralises on the brevity of existence, the shortness and uncertainty of all ordinary enjoyments, and the wickedness and woes of mankind.

This wavering world's wretchedness,
The falling and fruitless business,
The misspent time, the service vain,
For to consider is ane pain.

The sliding joy, the gladness short,
The feigned love, the false comfort,
The sweir abade, (1) the slightful train, (2)
For to consider is ane pain.

The sugared months, with minds therefra,
The figured speech, with faces tway;
The pleasing tongues, with hearts unplain
For to consider is ane pain.

Or, in another poem :

Evermair unto this world's joy,
As nearest heir, succeeds annoy;
Therefore when joy may not remain,
His very heir succeeds Pain.

He is, at the same time, by no means disposed habitually to take gloomy or desponding views of life. He has one poem, of which each stanza ends with 'For to be blyth methink it best.' In another, he advises, since life is so uncertain, that the good things of this world should be rationally enjoyed while it is yet possible. 'Thine awn gude spend,' says he, 'while thou has space.' There is yet another, in which these Horatian maxims are still more pointedly enforced; and from this we shall select a few stanzas.

Be merry, man, and tak not sair in mind
 The wavering of this wretched world of sorrow;
 To God be humble, to thy friend be kind,
 And with thy neighbours gladly lend and borrow;
 His chance to-night, it may be thine to-morrow;
 Be blythe in hearte for my aventure,
 For oft with wise men it has been said afow
 Without Gladness avales no Treasure.

Make thee gude cheer of it that God thee sends,
 For world's wrak but welfare (1) nought avails;
 Nae gude is thine save only that thou spends,
 Remanant all thou bruikis but with baills; (2)
 Seek to solace when sadness thee assails;
In dolour lang thy life may not endure,
 Wherefore of comfort set up all thy saills;
 Without Gladness avales no Treasure.

Follow on pity, flee trouble and debate,
 With famous folkis hald thy company;
 Be charitable and hum'le in thine estate,
 For warldly honour lastes but a cry.
 For trouble in earth tak no melancholy;
 Be rich in patience, if thou in gudes be poor,
 Who lives merrily he lives mightily;
 Without Gladness avales no Treasure.

The philosophy of these lines is excellent.

Dunbar was as great in the comic as in the solemn strain, but not so pure. His 'Twa Married Women and the Widow' is a conversational piece, in which three gay ladies discuss, in no very delicate terms, the merits of their husbands, and the means by which wives may best advance their own interests. There is one piece of peculiar humour, descriptive of an imaginary tournament between a tailor and a shoemaker, in the same region where he places the dance of the seven deadly sins. It is in a style of the broadest farce, and full of very offensive language, yet as droll as anything in Scarron or Rabelais. One of the marvels brought by the king's ships was a black lady, and a great tournament was got up in honor of the sable beauty. Dunbar humorously says:

When she is clad in rich apparel,
 She blinks as bright as ane tar-barrel;
 When she was born the sun tholed eclipse:
 The Night wad sure fight in her quarrel—
 The lady wi' the meikle lips.

Another novelty at court was a French quack-doctor, Master John Damian, who appears to have got considerable sums of money from the king for experiments made in the vain hope of extracting gold out of other metals. Damian must have been a simpleton as well as knave, for he made a public attempt to fly with wings which he had constructed. The wings being fastened upon him, he flew off the castle wall of Sterling, but shortly fell to the ground and broke his thigh-bone. He accounted for his failure by the circumstance of there hav-

1 World's trash without health.

2 Injuries

ing been some feathers in the wings, 'which yearned and coveted the midcoen and not the skies!' The king, with culpable recklessness, presented this quack to the vacant abbacy of Tungland and Galloway. Dunbar happily satirised the quack, representing him as flying in the air, though he never got upon wing, and as assailed by all the indignant birds:

And ever the cunshats at him tuggit,
The rooks him rent, the ravens him druggit,
The hooded-crows his hair forth rugged,
The heaven he might not bruik.

Pinkerton ascribes to Dunbar a comic tale apparently of about the same date as the poet's acknowledged works, entitled 'The Freirs of Berwick.' The 'argument' of this piece is the 'merry adventure' of two White Friars of Berwick detecting Friar John, superior of the Gray Friars of the same place, in an intrigue with a farmer's wife. The tale is told with great humour and spirit, and the *denouement*, the detection and punishment of Friar John, is brought about by a series of highly-amusing incidents. There is no authority for assigning this piece to Dunbar, but it is worthy of him or of Chaucer.

The Merle and Nightingale.

In May, as that Aurora did upspring,
With crystal een chasing the cluddes sable,
I heard a Merle with merry notis sing
A sang of love, with voice right comfortable,
Again' the orient beamis, amiable,
Upon a blisful branch of laurel green;
This was her sentence, sweet and delectable,
A lusty life in Lovis service been.

Under this branch ran down a river bright,
Of balmy liquor, crystalline of hue,
Again' the heavenly azure skya light,
Where did upon the tother side pursue
A nightingale, with sugared notis new,
Whose angel feathers as the peacock shone;
This was her song, and of a sentence true—
All love is lost but upon God alone.

With notis glad, and glorious harmony,
This joyful Merle, so salust she the day,
While rung the woodis of her melody.
Saying, Awake, ye lovers of this May;
Lo, fresh Flora has flourished every spray,
As nature has her taught, the noble queen
The field been clothit in a new array;
A lusty life in Lovis service been.

Ne'er sweeter noise was heard with living man,
Na made this merry gentle Nightingale;
Her sound went with the river as it ran,
Out through the fresh and flourished lusty vale;
O Merle! quoth she, O fool! stint of thy tale,
For in thy song good sentence is there none,
For both is tint, the time and the travail
Of every love but upon God alone.

Cessa, quoth the Merle, thy preaching, Nightingale :
 Shall folk their youth spend into holiness ?
 Of young sauctis grows auld feindis, but fable ;
 Fye, hypocrite, in yeiris tenderness,
 Again' the law of kind thou goest express,
 That crookit age makes one with youth serene,
 Whom nature of conditions made diverse ;
 A lusty life in Lovis service been.

The Nightingale said : Fool, remember thee.
 That both in youth and eild, (1) and every hour,
 The love of God most dear to man suld be ;
 That him, of nought, wrought like his ain figour,
 And died himself, fro' dead him to succour ;
 O, whether was kythit (2) there true love or none ?
 He is most true and steadfast paramour,
 And love is lost but upon him alone.

The Merle said : Why put God so great beauty
 In ladies, with sic won'anly having,
 But gif he would that they suld lovit be ?
 To love eke nature gave them inclining,
 And He of nature that worker was and king,
 Would nothing frustrit put, nor let be seen,
 Into his creature of his own making ;
 A lusty life of Lovis service been.

The Nightingale said : Not to that behoof
 Put God sic beauty in a lady's face,
 That she suld have the thank therefor or love,
 But He, the worker, that put in her sic grace ;
 Of beauty, bounty, riches, time, or space,
 And every gudeness that been to come or gone,
 The thank redounds to Him in every place :
 All love is lost but upon God alone.

O Nightingale ! it were a story nice,
 That love suld not depend on charity ;
 And gif that virtue contrar be to vice,
 Then love maun be a virtue, as thinks me ;
 For, aye, to love envy maun contrar' be :
 God bade eke love thy neighbour fro the spleen ; (3)
 And who than ladies sweeter neighbours be ?
 A lusty life in Lovis service been.

The Nightingale said : Bird, why does thou rave ?
 Man may take in his lady sic delight,
 Him to forget that her sic virtue gave,
 And for his heaven receive her colour white :
 Her golden tressit hairis redomite, (4)
 Like to Apollo's beamis tho' they shone,
 Suld not him blind fro' love that is perfite ;
 All love is lost but upon God alone.

The Merle said : Love is cause of honour aye,
 Love makis cowards manhood to purchase,
 Love makis knightis hardy at essay,
 Love makis wretches full of largeness,

1 Age.

2 Equivalent to the modern phrase, *from the heart*.

2 Shewn.

4 Bound, encircled.

Love makis sweir (1) folks fall of business,
 Love makis sluggards fresh and well be seen,
 Love changes vice in virtuous nobleness;
 A lusty life in Lovis service been.

The Nightingale said : True is the contrary ;
 Sic frustrit love it blindis men so far,
 Into their minds it makis them to vary ;
 In false vain-glory they so drunken are,
 Their wit is went, of woe they are not 'ware,
 While that all worship away be fro' them gone,
 Fame, goods, and strength ; wherefore well say I dare
 All love is lost but upon God alone.

Then said the Merle ; Mine error I confess :
 This frustrit love is all but vanity :
 Blind ignorance me gave sic hardiness,
 To argue so again' the verity ;
 Wherefore I counsel every man that he
 With love not in the feindis net be tone, (2)
 But love the love that did for his love die :
 All love is lost but upon God alone.

Then sang they both with voices loud and clear ;
 The Merle sang : Man, love God that has thee wrought,
 The Nightingale sang : Man love the Lord most dear,
 That thee and all this world made of nought.
 The Merle said : Love him that thy love has sought
 Fro' heaven to earth, and here took flesh and bone.
 The Nightingale sang : And with his dead thee bought ;
 All love is lost but upon Him alone.

Then flew thir birdis o'er the boughis sheen,
 Singing of love among the leavis small
 Whose eidant plead yet made my thoughts grain, (3)
 Both sleeping, waking, in rest and in travall ;
 Me to recomfort most it does avail,
 Again for love, when love I can find none,
 To think how sung this Merle and Nightingale :
 All love is lost but upon God alone.

The Dance of the Seven Deadly Sins.

I.

Of Februar the fiftene nicht,
 Full lang before the dayis licht,
 I lay intill a trance ;
 And then I saw baith Heaven and Hell :
 Me thocht, amang the fiendis fell,
 Mahoun gart cry ane Dance
 Of shrews that were never shriven, (4)
 Agains the feast of Fastern's even, (5)
 To mak their observance.
 He bad gallants gae graith a gyle,
 And cast up gamountis (6) in the skies,
 As varlets do in France.

II.

Helle harlots on hawtane w'ae, (7)
 Come in with mony sundry guile,
 But yet leuch never Mahoun,
 While priests come in with bare shaven
 becks ;
 Then all the fiendis leuch, and made gecks,
 Black-Belly and Bawsy-Brown. (8)

III.

Let see, quoth he, now wha begins :
 With that the foul Seven Deadly Sins
 Begond to leap at anis.
 And first of all in Dance was Pride,

1 Slothful, or reluctant.

3 Whose diligent pleading made my thoughts *grane* or long for love.

4 Mahoun, or the devil, proclaimed a dance of sinners that had not received absolution.

5 The evening before Lent, which was usually a festival at the Scottish court.

6 Gamblis.

7 Holy harlots (hypocrites), in a haughty manner. The term harlot was applied indiscriminately to both sexes.

8 Names of spirits, like Robin Goodfellow in England, and Brownie in Scotland.

With hair wyld back, and bonnet on side,
Like to make valstie wanis : (1)
And round about him, as a wheel,
Hang all in rumple to the heel
His kethat for the nanis : (2)

Mony proud trumpour (3) with him trip-
pit
Through scalding fire, aye as they skippit
The gurned with hideous granis. (4)

IV.
Then Ire came in with sturt and strife ;
His hand was aye upon his knife,
He brandished like a beir : (5)
Boasters, braggars, and bargainers, (6)
After him passit in to pairs,
All boden in feir of weir ; (7)
In jacks, and scrypple, and bonnets of
steel,

Their legs were chainit to the heel, (8)
Frawart was their affeir : (9)
Some upon other with brands beft, (10)
Some jaggit others to the heft,
With knives that sharp could shear.

V.
Next in the Dance followit Envy,
Filled full of fend and felony,
Hid malice and despite :
For privy hatred that traitor tremilt ;
Him followit mony freik dissemlit, (11)
With fenyelt wordis quhyte : (12)
And flatterers into men's faces ;
And backbiters in secret places,
To lie that had delight ;
And rownaris of false leelings, (13)
Alace ! that courts of noble kings
Of them can never be quit.

VI.
Next him in Dance came Coveytyce,
Root of all evil, and ground of vice,
That never could be content :
Catives, wretches, and ockeraris, (14)
Hudpikes, (15) hoarders, gatheraris,
All with that warlock went :
Out of their throats they shot on other
Het, molten gold, me thocht, a futher (16)

As fire-flaucht maist fervent ;
Aye as they toomit them of shot,
Fiends filled them new up to the throat
With gold of all kind prout. (17)

VII.
Syne Sweirness, at the second bidding,
Came lik a sow out of a midding.
Full sleepy was his grunye : (18)
Monyswear bumbard belly huddroun, (19)
Mony slut, daw, and sleepy duddroun,
Him servit aye with sonnyie ; (20)
He drew them furth intill a chair,
And Belial with a bridle rein
Ever lashed them on the lunyie : (21)
In Daunce they were so slaw of feet,
They gave them in the fire a heat,
And made them quicker of cunye. (22)

VIII.
Then Lechery, that laithly corpse,
Came herand like ane baggit horse, (23)
And Idleness did him lead ;
There was with him ane ugly sort,
And mony stinking foul tramort, (24)
That had in sin been dead :
When they were enterit in the Dance,
They were full strange of countenance,
Like torches burning red.

IX.
Then the foul monst r. Gluttony,
Of wame insatiable and greedy,
To Dance he did him dress :
Him followit mony foul drunkart,
With can and collop, cup and quart,
In surfit and excess ;
Full mony a waistless wally-drag,
With wames unwieldable, did furth wag,
In creesh that did incress :
Drink ! aye they cried, with mony a galp,
The fiends gave them het lead to laip,
Their leveray was na less. (25)

X.
Nae minstrels played to them but doubt,
(26)
For gleemen there were halden out.

1 Pride, with hair artfully put back, and bonnet on side: 'valstie wanis' is now unintelligible; some interpret the phrase as meaning 'wasteful wants,' but this seems improbable, considering the locality or scene of the poem.

2 His cassock for the nonce or occasion. 3 A cheat or impostor (Fr. *trompeur*).

4 Groans. 5 Baw. 6 Boasters, braggarts, and bullies.

7 Arrayed in the accoutrements of war.

8 In coats of armour and covered with iron network to the heel.

9 Wild was their aspect. 10 Brands beaten.

11 Many strong dissemblers.

12 With feigned words fair or white. 13 Spreaders of false report.

14 Usurers. 15 Misers. 16 A great quantity. 17 Gold of every coinage. 18 He crunt.

19 Many a lassy glutton. 20 Served with care (Fr. *soigner*, to care to be diligent).

21 Loins.

22 Quicker of apprehension. 23 Neighing like an entire horse.

24 Corpse (*mort*, dead). 25 Their reward, or their desire undiminished.

26 No minstrels without doubt—a compliment to the poetical profession: there were no gleemen or minstrels in the infernal regions.

Be day, and eke by nicht ;
 Except a minstrel that slew a man,
 So to his heritage he wan,
 And enterit by brievie of richt. (1)

Then cried Mahoun for a Hieiland Pad-
 yane : (2)
 Syne ran a fiend to fetch Makfadyane,
 Far northwaist in a nenck ;
 Be he the coronach (3) had done about,

Erache men so gatherit him about,
 In hell great room they took :
 Thae tarmigants, with tag and tatter,
 Full loud in Erache begoud to clatter,
 And roup like raven and rook. (4)
 The Devil sae deaved (5) was with their
 yell,
 That in the deep-est pot of hell
 He smorit (6) them with smoke !

Tidings fra the Session.

A conversation between two rustics, designed to satirise the proceedings in the supreme civil law-court of Scotland.

Ane muirland man, of upland mak,
 At hame thus to his neighbour spak :
 What tidings, gossip, peace or weir ?
 The tother rounit (7) in his ear :
 I tell you under this confession,
 But lately lichtit off my meare,
 I come of Edinburgh fra the Session.

What tidings heard you there, I pray you ?
 The tother answerit : I sall say you :
 Keep well this secret, gentle brother ;
 Is na man there that trusts another :
 Ane common doer of transgression,
 Of innocent folk preveens a futher : (8)
 Sic tidings heard I at the Session.

Some with his fallow rouns him to please,
 That wald for envy bite aff his nose ; (9)
 His fa' some by the oxter (10) leads ;
 Some patters with his mouth on beads,
 That has his mind all on oppression ;
 Some becks full law and shaws bare heads,
 Wad look full heigh were not the Session.

Some, bydand the law, lays land in wed ; (11)
 Some, super-expended, goes to bed ;
 Some speeds, for he in court has means ;
 Some of partiality compleens,
 How feid (12) and favour flemis (13) discretion ;
 Some speaks full fair, and falsely feigns :
 Sic tidings heard I at the Session.

Some castis summons, and some excepts ;
 Some stand beside and skaild law keppe ;
 Some is continued ; some wins ; some tynes ;
 Some maks him merry at the wines ;
 Some is put out of his possession ;
 Some herried, and on credence dines :
 Sic tiding heard I at the Session.

Some swearis and forsakis God ;
 Some in ane lamb-skin is ane tod ; (14)
 Some in his tongue his kindness turses ; (15)

1 Letters of right.

2 Pageant.

3 By the time he had done shouting the coronach or cry of help, the Highlanders speaking Erse or Gaelic gathered about him.

4 Croaked like ravens and rooks.

5 Deafened.

6 Smothered.

7 Whispered.

8 Is advanced before a great number.

9 Nose.

10 Armpit.

11 Pledge.

12 Hostility.

13 Banishes.

14 Fox.

15 Carries.

Some cuts throats, and some pykes purses;
 Some goes to gallows with procession;
 Some sains the seat, and some them curses:
 Sic tiding heard I at the Session.

GAVIN DOUGLAS.

GAVIN DOUGLAS, bishop of Dunkeld, was one of the most distinguished and accomplished men of that era. He was born about the year 1474, younger son of Archibald, fifth earl of Angus, and was educated for the church. He lived, however, in stormy times, and was mixed up with the turbulent scenes of the Douglas faction. When that faction was driven from power, he fled to England, to the court of Henry VIII. He was proscribed as a traitor, and the revenues of his bishopric of Dunkeld sequestered, but he did not live long to feel his loss: he was stricken with the plague, and died in London in 1522. Douglas wrote two original poetical works, one entitled 'The Palace of Honour,' an apologue for the conduct of a king, addressed to James IV. The poet represents himself as seeing in a vision a large company travelling towards the Palace of Honour. He joins them, and relates the particulars of the pilgrimage. His second work, 'King Hart,' presents a metaphorical view of human life. The human heart is personified as a king in his castle, with the five senses around him; he is attacked by Dame Pleasance, who has conquered many a king, from Solomon downwards, but at length Age and Experience come to the rescue, and King Hart is set free. Douglas gave an entire translation of the 'Æneid' in the Scottish language, being the first version of a Latin classic into any British tongue. Douglas's translation is in what is called the heroic couplet, ten syllables to the line, the measure which Byron considered to be the best adapted to our language, though his own greatest triumphs were not achieved in it. Thus, in the famous passage of the descent of Æneas to the infernal regions, we read in Douglas:

It is right facile and eith [easy] gait, I thee tell,
 For to descend and pass on down to hell,
 The black yetts of Pluto and that dirk way
 Stand ever open and patent night and day;
 But therefra to return again on heicht,
 And here above recover this air's light,
 That is difficle wark—there labour lies.

Though later in point of time than Henryson and Dunbar, Douglas is much less easily read. He was, like Spenser, fond of archaisms, and he resolved, he said, to write wholly in the Scottish language:

And yet, forsooth, I set my busy pain,
 As that I couth to mak it braid and plain;
 Keeping na Suthron, but our awn language,
 And speak as I learned when I was ane page.

His language, however, is far from being pure Scotch, being, according to Mr. Skeat, 'much affected by Anglicisms.' The original poems styled 'Prologues,' which the translator affixes to each book, are es-

teemed among his happiest efforts. The following is in the original spelling :

Apostrophe to Honour.

O hie honour, sweit heuinlie flour digest !
 Gem verteous, maist precious, goddiest,
 For his honour thou art guerdon couding, (1)
 Of worchip kend the glorious end and rest,
 But whome in richt na worthie wicht may lest,
 Thy greit puissance may maist auance all thing,
 And houeral to meikall anail sone bring
 I the require sen thow but pair (2) art best,
 That eftir this in thy his bliss we ring.

*From a Description of Morning in May, from the Prologue to the
 Twelfth Book of the Æneid.*

As fresh Aurore, to mighty Tithon spouse,
 Lashed of (3) her saffron bed and ivor house,
 In cran'ey clad and grained violate,
 With sanguine cape, and æ'vags purpurate,
 Unshet (4) the windows of her large hall,
 Spread all with roses, and full of balm royal,
 And eke the heavenly portis chrystalline
 Upwarps braid, the world till illumine;
 The twinkling streamers of the orient
 Shed purpour sprains, with gold and asure ment. . . .
 Under the bowls beue in lovely vales,
 Within fermane and parkis close of pales,
 The basteous buckis rakis furth on raw,
 Herdis of hertis through the thick wood-shaw.
 The young fawns followand the dun daes,
 Kids, skipband through, runnis after rae.
 In lyseurs and on leyis, li the lambe
 Full tait and trig socht bl' and to their dama.
 On salt streams walk Dorida and Thetis,
 By Hannand strandis, Nymphis and Naiadis,
 Sic as we clepe wenches and da. ysels,
 In gersy groves (5) wanderand by spring wells;
 Of bloomed branches and flowers white and red,
 Plettand their lusty chaplets for their head.
 Some sang ring-sang, dances, leids, (6) and rounds,
 With voices shrill, while all e dale resounds.
 Whereso they walk into thair carolling,
 For amorous lays does all the rockis ring.
 Ane sang: 'The ship sails oure the salt saem,
 Will bring the merchants and my leman hame.'
 Some other sings: 'I will be blithe and licht,
 My heart is lent upon so goodly wicht.' (7)
 And thoughtful lovers rounis (8) to and fro,
 To leis (9) their pain, and plein their jolly woe.
 After their guise, now singand, ow in sorrow,
 With heartis pensive the lang summer's morrow.
 Some ballads list indite of his lady;
 Some livis in hope; and some all utterly
 Despairit is, and sae quite out of grace,
 His purgatory he finds in every place. . . .

1 Worthy reward.

2 Grassy groves. 6 Lays.

3 Without peer or equal.

7 Songs then popular

8 Issued from.

9 Whispey.

4 Opened.

5 Relieve.

Dame Nature's monetrals, on that other part,
 Their blisful bay intoning every art,
 And all small fowls singis on the spray,
 Welcome the lord of licht, and lampe of day,
 Welcome fosterer of tender herbis green,
 Welcome quickener of flouriest flouirs sheen.
 Welcome support of every root and vein,
 Welcome comfort of all kind fruit and grain,
 Welcome the birdis bield (1) upon the brier,
 Welcome master and ruler of the year,
 Welcome weelfare of husbands at the plows,
 Welcome repairer of woods, trees, and bows,
 Welcome depainter of the bloomit meads,
 Welcome the life of every thing that spreads,
 Welcome storer of all kind bestial,
 Welcome be thy bricht beamis, gladdnan all !

SIR DAVID LYNDSAY.

The celebrated Lyon King of Arms, SIR DAVID LYNDSAY of the Mount, was born, about the year 1490, at the paternal seat in the parish of Monimail, Fifeshire. He was educated at the university of St. Andrews, was early employed at the court of James IV. ; and in 1511-12 had a salary of forty pounds. He was in attendance on the king at the church of St. Michael, Linlithgow, when a supposed apparition warned the monarch against passing to England on his fatal project of invasion—an incident graphically delineated in Scott's 'Marmion.' Lyndsay became the usher and companion of the young prince, afterwards James V.

As ane chapman bears his pack,
 I bore thy Grace upon my back;
 And sometimes stridlings on my neck,
 Dancing with mony bend and beck.
 The first syllables that thou did mute
 Was PA, DA, LYX.

About the year 1529, the king knighted Lyndsay, and appointed him Chief Herald, or Lyon King of Arms. Some years previously, the poet had married a lady, Janet Douglas, who held the office of sempstress to the king, with an annual fee or pension of ten pounds. He seems to have possessed talents for public business, as he was employed on commercial missions to Flanders and Denmark, and on various royal messages and embassies, besides representing the burgh of Cupar in parliament in 1544-46. In his latter days, he retired to his seat, the Mount, where he died some time previous to the 18th of April 1555, when his brother succeeded to the entailed estate. The antiquated dialect, prolix narrative, and frequent indelicacy of Lyndsay's writings, have thrown them into the shade ; but they abound in racy pictures of the times, in humorous and burlesque descriptions, and in keen and cutting satire. There are also passages evincing po-

etical fancy and elevation of feeling. He lashed the vices of the clergy even with greater boldness than Skelton, and from his public position and the openness of his satire and invective, he must materially have advanced the Reformed doctrines. He appears to have been sincerely and strongly attached to this cause, and was one of the influential Reformers who urged Knox to become a preacher. That he escaped the vengeance of the church in the early part of his career, must be attributed to the partiality entertained for him by the king, and to the broad humour and indelicacy mixed up with his satire, which could not fail to be relished by that voluptuous monarch. James also shewed some magnanimity in overlooking the satirical shafts of Lyndsay directed against his own 'pleasant vices' and defects. With the bulk of his countrymen, Sir David was singularly popular. His sarcastic lines and shrewd sayings passed into proverbs, and are not yet wholly banished from the firesides of the peasantry.

The works of Sir David Lyndsay were edited by Mr. George Chalmers, and published in three volumes (London, 1806). A new edition, revised by Mr. David Laing, and somewhat curtailed, appeared in two volumes (Edinburgh, 1871). The poet's first production, 'The Dreme,' was written about the year 1528. This was followed by 'The Complaynt to the King,' evidently written in 1529; and 'The Testament and Complaynt of our Soverane Lordis Papyngo, Kyng James the Fyft,' 1530. (The *papyngo* or popinjay is the old English name of the parrot.) These three works consist chiefly of observations on the state and government of the kingdom during two of its dismal minorities. The other principal works of Lyndsay are: 'Answer to the King's Flyting,' 1536; 'The Deplo ration of the Death of Queen Magdalene,' 1537; 'Ane Supplication directit to the Kingis Grace, in contemptioun of Syde Taillis,' 1538; 'Kitties Confessioun' (a satire on auricular confession), 1541; 'The Tragedie of the Cardinall' (Beaton), 1546; 'The Historie and Testament of Squyer William Meldrum,' about 1550; 'Ane Dialog betuix Experience and ane Courteour, of the miserabyll estait of the World,' 1553; and 'Ane Pleasant Satyre of the Thrie Estaitis.' The last work is a rude dramatic composition, a satire upon the whole of the three political orders—monarch, barons, and clergy—full of humour and grossness, and curiously illustrative of the taste of the times. Notwithstanding its pungency, and what is apt to be now more surprising, notwithstanding the introduction of indecencies not fit to be described, the satire of the 'Three Estates' was acted in the presence of the court at Cupar, Linlithgow, and Edinburgh, the stage being in the open air. The performance at Linlithgow took place at the feast of the Epiphany, January 6, 1539–40, in the presence of the king, queen, the ladies of the court, the bishops, and a great concourse of people of all ranks. It is probable that some of the coarser passages were written,

as Chalmers supposes, for the amusement of the lower classes during the intervals, when the chief auditory had retired for refreshments. The 'History of Squyer Meldrum' is perhaps the most pleasing of all Lyndsay's works. It is founded on the adventures of a well-known person in Fifeshire, William Meldrum, the laird of Cleish and Binna, who served in France during the war of 1513, and on his return to Scotland was noted for his spirit and gallantry. It is considered the last poem that in any degree partakes of the character of the old metrical romance. The Dialogue betwixt Experience and a Courtier is otherwise described as 'The Monarchie,' and is an elaborate compendium of events in sacred and profane history, in the course of which the poet inveighs against the corruptions of the church of Rome.

Of the dexterity with which Lyndsay could point a satirical remark on an error of state-policy, we may judge from the following very brief passage of his early work, the 'Complaynt,' which refers to the revolution in the Scottish government during the year 1534, when the king was twelve years of age, and the Douglasses gained the ascendancy. We give the lines in the original orthography, from the text of Chalmers:

Imprudentlie, lyk wythes fullis,
They tuke that young prince frome the
scullis,

Quhare he, under obedience,
Was lernand vertew and science,
And halstelle platt in his hand
The governance of all Scotland;
As quho wald, in ane stormye blast,
Quhen marinaris bene all agast
Throw danger of the seis rage,
Wad tak ane chylde of tender aige,
Quhilk never had bene on the sey,
And to his biddyn all obey,

Gevyng hym haill (1) the governall
Of schip, marchand and marinall, (2)
For dreid of rockis and foreland,
To put the ruther in his hand;
Without Goddis grace, is no refuge:
Geve thare be dainger, ye may juge.
I gyf thame to the devyll of hell,
Quhilk first devyait that counsell,
I wyll nocht say that it was treasoun,
Bot I dar sweir, it was no reassoun,
I pray God, lat me never se ryng, (3)
In to this realme, so young ane kyng.

Satire on the Syde Tails, or Long Dresses, of the Ladies.—Directed to the King's Grace, 1588.

Sir, though your Grace has put great
order

Baith in the Hieland and the Border,

Yet mak I supplication

Till have some reformation

Of ane small fault, whilk is nocht trea-
son,

Though it be contrary to reason,

Because the matter been so vile,

It may nocht have ane ornate style;

Wherefore I pray your Excellence

To hear me with great patience:

Of stinking weeds maculate

No man may mak ane rose-chaplet.

Soverelen, I mean of thir syde tails,

Whilk through the dust and dubs trails

Three quarters lang behind their heels,
Express agin' all commonweals.

Though bishops, in their pontificals,

Have men for to bear up their tails,

For dignity of their office;

Richt so ane queen or ane empress;

Howbeit they use sic gravity,

Conformand to their majesty,

Though their robe-royals be upborne.

I think it is ane very scorn,

That every lady of the land

Should have her tail so syde tralland;

Howbeit they been of high estate.

The queen they should nocht counterfeit.

Wherever they go it may be seen

1 Whole, entire.

2 Merchandise or freight, and mariners.

3 Belga.

How kirk and cansay they soop (1) clean.
The images into the kirk
May think of their syde taillie irk; (2)
For when the weather been maist fair,
And dust flies highest in the air,
And all their faces does begarie.
Gif them could speak, they wald them
warie. (3)

But I have maist into despite
Poor claggocks (4) clad in raploch white,
Whilk has scant twa merks for their fees,
Will have twa ells beneath their knees.
Kittock that cleckit (5) was yestreen,
The morn, will counterfeit the queen:
And Moorland Meg, that milked the
yowes,

Claggit with clay aboon the bows, (6)
In barn nor byre she will not bide,
Without her kirtle tail be syde.
In burghs, wanton burges wives
Wha may have sydest tails strives,
Weel bordered with velvet fine,
But follow and them it is ane pyne:
In summer, when the streets dries,
They raise the dust aboon the skies;
Nane may gae near them at their ease,
Without they cover mouth and neese.
I think maist pane after ane rain,
To see them tuckit it up again;
Then when they step iurte through the
street,

Their fauldings flaps about their feet;
They waste nair cloth, within few years,

We subjoin a few passages from the 'Satire of the Three Estates,'
partly modernising the spelling:

Abuses of the Clergy.

Pauper. Gude man, will ye give me of your charity,
And I shall declare you the black verity.
My father was ane old man and ane hoar,
And was of age fourscore of years and more.
And Maikl, my mother, was fourscore and fifteen,
And with my labour I did them baith sustein.
We had ane mare that carried salt and coal,
And every ilk (13) year she brocht us hame ane foal.
We had three kye, that was baith fat and fair,
Nane tidler into the toun of Air.
My father was so weak of blude and bane,
That he died, wherefore my mother made great mane;
Then she died, within ane day or two;
And there began my poverty and woe.
Our gude gray mare was battened on the field,
And our land's laird took her for his hyreld. (14)
The vicar took the best cow by the head,
Incontinent, when my father was dead.

Nor wald cield fifty score of freirs. . .
Of tails I will no more indite,
For dread some duddron (7) me deaifde;
Notwithstanding, I will conclude.
That of syde tails can come nae gude,
Sider nor may their ankles hide,
The remanant proceeds of pride,
And pride proceeds of the devil,
Thus always they proceed of evil.

Ane other fault, sir, may be seen—
They hide their face all but the een;
When gentlemen bid them gude-day,
Without reverence they slide away.
Without their faults be soon amended,
My flyting, (8) sir, shall never be ended;
But wald your Grace my counsel tak,
Ane proclamation ye should mak,
Baith through the land and burrow-
stouns. (9)

To shaw their face and cut their gowns
Women will say, this is nae bourds, (10)
To write sic vile and filthy words;
But wald they clenge (11) their filthy tails,
Whilk over the mires and middens trails,
Then should my writing clengit be,
None other mends they get of me.

Quoth Lyndsay, in contempt of the syde
tails,
That duddrons and duntibours (12) through
the dubs trails.

1 Swoop. 2 Be annoyed. 3 Curse or cry out. 4 Draggie-tails. 5 Hatched.
6 Houghs. 7 Slut. 8 Scolding, brawling. 9 Burgh towns. 10 Scoffs, jests.
11 Cleanse. 12 Harlots. 13 Each.
14 Ane extorted by a superior on the death of his tenant.

And when the vicar heard tell how that my mother
Was dead, frae hard, he took to him ane other :
Then Mag, my wife, did mourn baith even and morrow,
Till at the last she died for very sorrow :
And when the vicar heard tell my wife was dead,
The third cow he cleekit (1) by the head.
Their umest (2) claithee, that was of raploch gray, (3)
The vicar gart his clerk bear them away.
When all was gane, I might mak na debate,
But with my balrus passed for till beg my meat.
Now, have I tauld you the black verity,
How I am brocht into this misery.

Diligence. How did the parson ? was he not thy friend ?

Pauper. The devil stick him ! he cursed me for my tiend, (4)
And halds me yet under that same proces
That gart me want the sacrament at Pasche. (5)
In gude faith, sir, though he would cut my throat,
I have na gear, except ane English groat,
Whilk I purpose to give ane man of law.

Diligence. Thou art the daftest (6) full that ever I saw ;
Trow'st thou, man, by the law, to get remead
Of men of kirk ? Na, nocht till thou be dead.

Pauper. Sir, by what law, tell me, wherefore or why
That ane vicar should take frae me three kye ?

Diligence. They have na law except consuetude,
Whilk law, to them, is sufficient and gude.

Pauper. Ane consuetude against the common weal,
Should be na law, I think, by sweet Sanct Gell. (7)

Speech of the Pardoner.

My patent pardons ye may see,
Come frae the Khan of Tartarie,
Weel sealed with oyster-shells ;
Though ye have no contrition,
Ye shall have full remission,
With help of bulks and bells.

Here is ane relic, lang and braid,
Of Pin-mac-Coul the right chaff blade, (8)
With teeth and all togidder ;
Of Collin's cow here is ane horn,
For eating of Makconnal's corn,
Was slain into Balquhiddier.

Here is ane cord, baith great and lang,
Whilk hangit John the Armistrang :
Of gude hemp soft and sound ;
Gude haly people, I stand for'd
Whaever be's hangit with this cord,
Needs never to be drown'd !

The culum (9) of Sanct Bride's cow,
The gruntie (10) of Sanct Antone's sow,
Whilk bore his haly bell !
Whaever he be hears this bell clink

Give me ane ducat for till drink,
He shall never gang to hell—

Without he be of Belial born :
Masters, trow ye that this be scorn ?
Come, win this pardon, come !
Wha loves their wives nocht with their
heart,
I have power them for till part,
Methink you deaf and dumb.

Has nane of your curst wicked wives
That halds you intill sturt and strifes ?
Come, take my dispensation ;
Of that cammer I shall make you quit,
Howbeit yourselves be in the wyte,
And make ane false narration.

Come win the pardon ! Now let see,
For meal, for malt, or for money—
For cock, hen, goose, or grise, (11)
Of relics here I have ane hunder,
Why come ye nocht ? This is ane wonder ;
I trow ye be nocht wise.

1 Caught hold of. 2 Uppermost
6 Maddest.
9 The tail, the fundament.

3 Coarse woollen gray cloth.
7 St. Giles.
10 The snout.

4 Tithe. 5 Eastern.
8 Jaw-bone.
11 The pig.

The Law's Delay.

Marry, I lent my gossip my mare, to fetch hame coals,
 And he her drounit into the quarry holes;
 And I ran to the Consistory, for to pleinsie, (1)
 And there I happenit amang ane greedie m'inkie. (2)
 They gave me first ane thing they called *citendum*,
 Within aucht days I gat but *libellandum*;
 Within ane month I gat *ad opponendum*,
 In half ane year I *inter-loquendum*,
 And syne I gat—how call ye it?—*ad replicandum*;
 But I could never ane word yet understand him:
 And then they gart me cast out many placks, (3)
 And gart me pay for four-and-twenty acts.
 But or they came half gate to *concludendum*,
 The fiend ane plack was left for to defend him.
 Thus they postponed me twa year with their train,
 Sone, *hodie ad octo*, bad me come again:
 And then thir rooks they roupit (4) wonder fast
 For sentence, silver, they cryt at the last.
 Of *pronunciandum* they made me wonder fain,
 But I gat never my gude gray mare again.

There were several other Scottish poets of this period, one of whom, WALTER KENNEDY, has obtained some notoriety from having carried on a *flyting* or altercation with Dunbar in rhyme. The productions on both sides are coarse and scurrilous, though there was probably as much mirth as malice at the bottom of the affair. Most of these pieces, with several anonymous poems of no small merit, were preserved in the Maitland and Bannatyne manuscripts of the sixteenth century. The first was begun in 1555 by Sir Richard Maitland, and consists of a collection of miscellaneous poetry, in two volumes, ending with the year 1585. These precious volumes were preserved in the Pepysian Library, in Magdalene College, Cambridge. The Bannatyne manuscript contains a similar collection made by George Bannatyne, a merchant of Edinburgh, in the year 1568, when the prevalence of the plague compelled men in business to forsake their usual employments and retire to the country. In a valedictory address at the end of this compilation (containing upwards of 800 pages), Bannatyne says:

Heir ends this Buik written in tyme of pest,
 Quhen we fra labour was compell'd to rest.

A judicious selection from Bannatyne's manuscript was published by Lord Hailes in 1770, accompanied with valuable notes and a glossary.

BALLAD POETRY.

The early ballads of England and Scotland have justly been admired for their rude picturesque energy and simple pathos. Some of them—as those relating to King Arthur, St. George of England, Sir

1 *Complain.*3 *Plack*, a Scotch coin equal to the third of an English penny.2 *Company*. crew.4 *Cried*, shouted.

Gawaine, &c.—are of great antiquity, and refer to a period before the formal institution of chivalry. Others of later date, whether embodying historical events, traditional romance, or domestic tragedies, illustrate the times in which they were composed, though often altered and vulgarised in their progress downwards by recitation. Sir Philip Sidney said the old ballad of 'Chevy Chase' stirred him up like the sound of a trumpet; and the classic Addison devoted two papers in the *Spectator* to a critique on a more modern version of the same artless but heroic metrical story. The ballads on the famous outlaw, Robin Hood, fill a volume. Another, 'The Nut-brown Maid,' was imitated by Prior, who failed to excel the simple original 'Sir Lancelot du Lake,' the 'Heir of Linne,' 'King Cophetua and the Beggar Maid,' 'Tak your Auld Cloak about ye,' and numerous others, have enjoyed great popularity. Sir Walter Scott drew his first and strongest poetical inspiration from the 'Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border,' which he carefully collected and edited. Most of these must be assigned to the 16th and 17th centuries, but many are older, including what Coleridge termed 'the grand old ballad' of 'Sir Patrick Spens.' James V. of Scotland is the reputed author of two excellent ballads, describing his own roving adventures. In Shakspeare and Beaumont and Fletcher are many fragments of ballads popular in their day, most of which have been collected and published in Percy's 'Reliques of Ancient English Poetry.' To this valuable repository and to Scott's 'Minstrelsy' we must refer the reader.

The Deaths of Douglas and Percy.

The ballad of 'Chevy Chase' is supposed to have been written in the time of Henry VI. or between 1422 and 1461. The oldest MS. is in the Bodleian Library, with the name attached of 'Richard Sheale,' a ballad-singer or reciter of the reigns of Mary and Elizabeth. In the following extract, we have simplified the spelling, which in the original is careless and uncouth.

At last the Douglas and the Percy met,
Like to captains of might and of main;
They swapt together till they both swat,
With swords that were of fine Milan.

These worthy freckys (1) for to fight
Thereto they were full fain,
Till the blood out of their basnets sprent (2)
. As ever did hail or rain.

'Yield thee, Percy!' said the Douglas,
'And I' faith I shall thee bring
Where thou shalt have an earl's wages.
Of Jamie our Scottish king.

'Thou shalt have thy ransom free,
I hight thee hear this thing;
For the manfullest man yet art thou
That ever I conquered in field-fighting.'

1 Men (Ang.-Sax, *frecu*, a man).

2 Out of their helmets spirted.

'Nay,' said the Lord Percy,
 'I told it thee beforn,
 That I would never yielded be
 To no man of a woman born.'

With that there cam an arrow hastily
 Forth of a mighty waue, (1)
 It hath stricken the Earl Douglas
 In at the breast-bane.

Thorough liver and lungs baith
 The sharp arrow is gane,
 That never after in all his life-days
 He spake no words but ane:
 That was: 'Fight ye, my merry men, whilles ye may,
 For my life-days be gane.'

The Percy leaned on his brand,
 And saw the Douglas dee;
 He took the dead man be the hand,
 And said: 'Wo is me for thee!

'To have saved thy life, I would have parted with
 My lands for years three,
 For a better man of heart nor of hand
 Was not in all the north countrie.'

Of all that saw, a Scottish knight,
 Was called Sir Hugh the Montgomery,
 He saw the Douglas to the death was dight,
 He spended a spear, a trusty tree.

He rode upon a courser, through
 A hundred archery,
 He never stinted nor never blame (2)
 Till he came to the good Lord Percy.

He set upon the Lord Percy
 A dint that was full sore,
 With a sure spear of a mighty tree
 Clean thorough the body he Percy bore,

At the other side that a man might see
 A large cloth-yard and mair:
 Two better captains were not in Christiantie
 Than that day slain were there.

As a specimen of the modernised ballad, supposed to be of the time of Elizabeth or James, we quote a few stanzas, describing the death of Douglas; the line we have printed in *italics* is a touch of genius not in the old ballad:

With that there came an arrow keen
 Out of an English bow,
 Which struck Earl Douglas to the heart,
 A deep and deadly blow:

Who never spoke more words than these—
 'Fight on, my merry men all;
 For why, my life is at an end,
Lord Percy sees my fall!'

1 Ane, one man.

2 Ceased (Ang.-Sax. *blinnan*, *blinnan*, to cease).

Then leaving strife, Earl Percy took,
The dead man by the hand;
And said: 'Earl Douglas, for thy life,
Would I had lost my land!

'O Christ! my very heart doth bleed]
With sorrow for thy sake:
For sure a more renowned knight
Mischance did never take.'

*Sir Patrick Spens.**

The king sits in Dunfermline town,
Drinking the blude-red wine;
'O where shall I get a skeely skipper,
To sail this ship of mine?'

O up and spake an eldern knight,
Sat at the king's right knee—
'Sir Patrick Spens is the best sailer,
That ever sailed the sea.'

Our king has written a braid letter,
And sealed it with his hand,
And sent it to Sir Patrick Spens,
Was walking on the strand.

'To Norway, to Norway,
To Norway o'er the faem;
The king's daughter of Norway,
'Tis thou maun bring her hame.'

The first word that Sir Patrick read,
Sae loud loud laughed he;
The neist (1) word that Sir Patrick read,
The tear blinded his e'e.

'O wha is this has done this deed,
And tauld the king o' me,
To send us out, at this time of the year,
To sail upon the sea?

'Be't wind or weat, be't hail or sleet,
Our ship maun sail the faem;
The king's daughter to Norway,
'Tis we must fetch her hame.'

They hoysed their sails on Monday
morn,
Wi' a' the speed they may;
They ha'e landed in Norway,
Upon a Wednesday.

They hadna been a week, a week,
In Norway, but twae,

When that the lords o' Norway
Began aloud to say—

'Ye Scottishmen spend a' our king's
goud,
And a' our queen's fee.''
'Ye lie, ye lie, ye liars loud!
Fu' loud I hear ye lie;

'For I ha'e brought as much white
monie
As gane my men and me,
And I ha'e brought a half-fou (2) of gude
red goud,
Out o'er the sea wi' me.

'Make ready, make ready, my merry
men a'!
Our gude ship sails the morn.'
'Now, ever alake, my master dear,
I fear a deadly storm!

'I saw the new moon, late yestreen,
Wi' the auld moon in her arm;
And, if we gan to sea, master,
I fear we'll come to harm.'
They hadna sailed a league, a league,
A league but barely three,
When the lift grew dark, and the wind
blew loud,
And gurly grew the sea.

The ankers brak, and the top-masts lap,
It was sic a deadly storm;
And the waves cam o'er the broken ship,
Till a' her sides were torn.

'O where will I get a gude sailer,
To take my helm in hand,
Till I get up to the tall top-mast,
To see if I can spy land?

'O here am I, a sailor gude,

* Supposed to refer to the incident thus related by Fordun: 'In the year 1281, Margaret, daughter of Alexander III. was married to the King of Norway; who leaving Scotland on the last day of July, was conveyed thither in noble style, in company with many knights and nobles. In returning home after the celebration of her nuptials, the Abbot of Balmerinoch, Bernard of Monte-Alto, and many other persons were drowned.'

1 Next.

2 Bushel.

To take the helm in hand,
Till you go to the tall top-mast;
But I fear you'll ne'er spy land.'

He hadna gane a step, a step,
A step but barely aye,
When a boult flew out of our goodly
ship,
And the salt sea it came in.

'Gae fetch a web o' the silken claith,
Another o' the twine,
And wap them into our ship's side,
And let nae the sea come in.'

They fetched a web o' the silken claith,
Another o' the twine,
And they wapped them round that gude
ship's side,
But still the sea came in.

O laith, laith were our gude Scots lords
To weet their cork-heeled shoon!
But lang or a' the p'lay was played,
They wat their hats aboon.

And mony was the feather-bed
That floated on the faem;
And mony was the gude lord's son
That never mair cam hame.

The ladies wrang their fingers white,
The maidens tore their hair,
A' for the sake of their true loves—
For them they'll see nae mair.

O lang, lang may the lades sit,
Wi' their fans into their hand,
Before they see Sir Patrick Spens
Come sailing to the strand!

And lang, lang may the maidens sit,
With their goud kaims in their hair,
A' waiting for their ain dear loves!
For them they'll see nae mair.

Half owre, half owre to Aberdour,
'Tis fifty fathoms deep,
And there lies gude Sir Patrick Spens,
Wi' the Scots lords at his feet.

The Nut-brown Maid.

The long and interesting ballad of the 'Nut-brown Maid' was first printed in *Arnold's Chronicle* about 1502, then reprinted in *The Muses' Mercury*, 1717, and afterwards formed the groundwork of Prior's 'Henry and Emma.' The object of the old author was to prove that the faith of woman is stronger than worldly man believe.

I say not nay, but that all day
It is both writ and said
That woman's faith is, as who sayeth,
All utterly decayed;
But, nevertheless, right good witness
In this case might be laid,

That they love true and continue,
Record the Nut-brown Maid:
Which from her love, when her to prove
He came to make his moan.
Would not depart; for in her heart
She loved but him alone.

In order to try her affection, the lover said he was sentenced to die a shameful death, and had to withdraw as an outlaw to the greenwood.

SHE.

HE.

O, Lord, what is this world's bliss,
That changeth as the moon!
My summer's day in lusty May
Is darked before the noon.
I hear you say, Farewell: Nay, nay,
We depart not so soon.
Why say ye so? whither will ye go?
Alas! what have ye done?
All my welfare to sorrow and care
Should change if ye were gone;
For, in my mind, of all mankind
I love but you alone.

I can believe, it shall you grieve,
And somewhat you distrust;
But afterward, your paines hard
Within a day or twain
Shall soon aslake; and ye shall take
Comfort to you again.
Why should ye ought, for to make
thought?
Your labour were in vain.
And thus I do, and pray to you,
As heartily as I can;
For I must to the greenwood go,
Alone, a banished man.

SHE.

Now sith that ye have shewed to me
 The secret of your mind,
 I shall be plain to you again,
 Like as ye shall me find.
 Sith it is so that ye will go,
 I will not live behind;
 Shall never be said, the Nut-brown Maid
 Was to her love unkind:
 Make you ready, for so am I,
 Although it were anon,
 For, in my mind, of all mankind
 I love but you alone. . . .

The Maid still maintains her constancy, on which the lover says he has 'purveyed' him of a maid whom he loves better than her, but even this does not shake her faith, and then the noble youth discloses himself to his faithful mistress.

HE.

Mine own dear love, I see thee prove
 That ye be kind and true;
 Of maid and wife, in all my life,
 The best that ever I knew.
 Be merry and glad; no more be sad;
 The case is changed now;
 For it were ruth, that, for your truth,
 Ye should have cause to rue.
 Be not dismayed; whatever I said
 To you, when I began;
 I will not to the greenwood go,
 I am no banished man.

SHE.

These tidings be more glad to me
 Than to be made a queen,
 If I were sure they would endure;
 But it is often seen,
 When men will break promise, they speak
 The wordes on the spleen.

HE.

Yet take good heed, for ever I dread;
 That ye could not sustain
 The thorny ways, the deep valleys,
 The snow, the frost, the rain;
 The cold, the heat: for dry or wet,
 We must lodge on the plain;
 And, as above, none other roof
 But a brake-bush or twain;
 Which soon should grieve you, I believe;
 And ye would gladly then
 That I had to the greenwood gone
 Alone, a banished man.

Ye shape some wile me to beguile,
 And steal from me, I ween:
 Than were the case worse than it was,
 And I more woe-begone;
 For, in my mind, of all mankind,
 I love but you alone.

HE.

Ye shall not need further to dread:
 I will not disparage
 You (God defend it), sith ye descend
 Of so great a lineage.
 Now understand; to Westmoreland,
 Which is mine heritage,
 I will you bring; and with a ring,
 By way of marriage
 I will you take, and lady make,
 As shortly as I can:
 Thus have ye won an earl's son.
 And not a banished man.

The Gaberlunzie-Man.

By tradition, assigned to James V. (1512-42), and supposed to describe one of his own roving adventures. The *Gaberlunzie* was a travelling beggar, pedler, or tinkler. The English reader acquainted with the works of Burns will have no difficulty with the Scottish words in this humorous descriptive ballad.

The pawky auld carl came o'er the lea,
 Wi' mony gude e'ens and days to me,
 Saying: 'Gudewife, for your courtesie,
 Will ye lodge a silly poor man?'
 The night was cauld, the carl was wat,
 And down ayont the ingle he sat;
 My dochter's shouthers he 'gan to clap,
 And cadgily ranted and sang.

'O wow! quo' he, 'were I as free
 As first when I saw this countrie,
 How blithe and merry wad I be!
 And I wad never think lang.'

He grew canty, and she grew fain;
But little did her auld minny ken
What thir slee twa togiddir were sayen,
When wooing they were sae thrang.

'And O!' quo' he, 'and ye were as black
As ever the crown o' your daddy's hat,
'Tis I wad lay thee by my back,
And awa wi' thee I'd gang.'
'And O!' quo' she, 'and I were as white
As e'er the snaw lay on the dike,
I'd cleid me braw and lady-like,
And awa wi' thee I'd gang.'

Between the twa was made a plot;
They raise a wee before the cock,
And wilyly they shot the lock,
And fast to the bent are they gane.
Upon the morn the auld wife raise,
And at her leisure put on her claes,
Syn'e to the servants' bed she gae,
To speir for the silly poor man.

She gaed to the bed where the beggar lay;
The strae was cauld—he was away;
She clapt her hands, cried: 'Duleful day!
For some o' our gear will be gane.'
Some ran to coffer, and some to kist,
But nought was stown that could be mist;
She danced her lane, cried: 'Praise be blest!
I have lodged a leal poor man.

'Since naething's awa, as we can learn,
The kirk's to kirk, and milk to yearn;
Gae butt the house, lass, and waken my bairn,
And bid her come quickly ben.'
The servant gaed where the dochter lay;
The sheets were cauld—she was away,
And fast to her gudewife 'gan say:
'She's aff wi' the Gaberlunzie-man!

'O fie gar ride, and fie gar rin,
And haste ye find these traitors again!
For she's be burnt, and he's be slain;
The wearifu' Gaberlunzie-man.'
Some rade upo' horses, some ran a-fit;
The wife was wud, and out o' her wit;
She could na gang, nor yet could she sit,
But aye did curse and did ban.

Meantime, far hind out owre the lea,
Fu' anug in a glen where nane could see,
Thir twa, wi' kindly sport and glee,
Cut frae a new cheese a whang.
The prieving was good, it pleased them baith;
To lo'e her for aye he gae her his aith;
Quo' she: 'To leave thee I will be laith,
My winsome Gaberlunzie-man.

'O ken'd my minny I were wi' you,
Il-far'dly wad she crook her mou',
Sae a pair man she'd never trow,
After the Gaberlunzie-man.'

'My dear,' quod he, 'ye're yet owre young,
An' hae na learned the beggar's tongue,
To fallow me frae town to town,
And carry the Gaberlunzie on.

'Wi' kank and keel I'll win your bread,
And spinnels and whorls for them wha need,
Whilk is a gentle trade indeed,
To carry the Gaberlunzie on.
I'll bow my leg and crook my knee,
An' draw a black clout owre my e'e,
A cripple or blind they will ca' me,
While we will sing and be merrie.'

PROSE LITERATURE.

SIR JOHN FORTESCUE.

The first prose writer of eminence after Mandeville and Wycliffe was SIR JOHN FORTESCUE, Chief-justice of the King's Bench under Henry VI. and a constant adherent of the fortunes of that monarch. He flourished between the years 1480 and 1480. Besides several Latin tracts, Chief-justice Fortescue wrote one in the English language, entitled 'The Difference between an Absolute and Limited Monarchy as it more particularly regards the English Constitution,' in which he draws a striking, though perhaps exaggerated contrast between the condition of the French under an arbitrary monarch, and that of his own countrymen, who even then possessed considerable privileges as subjects. The French he describes as borne down by public burdens. 'They drink water, they eat apples, with bread, right brown, made of rye. They eat no flesh, but if it be seldom a little lard, or of the entrails or heads of beasts slain for the nobles and merchants of the land. They wear no woollen, but if it be a poor coat under their uttermost garment, made of great canvas, and passen not their knee; wherefore they be gartered and their thighs bare. Their wives and children gone barefoot.' And this, he exclaims, is the fruit of the French king's *jus regale*! Sir John is said to have died in 1485, aged 90.

English Courage.

Original spelling.—It is cowardise and lack of hartes and corage that kepith the Frenchmen from ryyng, and not povertye; which corage no Frenche man hath like to the English man. It hath ben often seen in Englund that iij or iv thefes, for povertie, hath sett upon vij or viij true men, and robberyd them al. But it hath not ben seen in Fraunce that vij or viij thefes have ben hardy to robbe iij or iv true men.

It is cowardice and lack of hearts and courage that keepeth the Frenchmen from rising, and not poverty; which courage no Frenchman hath like to the Englishman. It hath been often seen in England that three or four thieves, for poverty, hath set upon seven or eight true men, and robbed them all. But it hath not been seen in France that seven or eight thieves have been hardy to rob three or four true men. Wherefore it is right said that Frenchmen be hanged for robbery, for that they have

no hearts to do so terrible an act. There be therefore mo men hanged in England, in a year, for robbery and manslaughter, than there be hanged in France for such cause of crime in seven years. There is no man hanged in Scotland in seven years together for robbery, and yet they be oftentimes hanged for larceny, and stealing of goods in the absence of the owner thereof; but their hearts serve them not to take a man's goods while he is present and will defend it; which manner of taking is called robbery. But the Englishman be of another courage; for if he be poor, and see another man having riches which may be taken from him by might, he wol not spare to do so, but if [unless] that poor man be right true. Wherefore it is not poverty, but it is lack of heart and cowardice that keepeth the Frenchmen from rising.

What Harm would come to England if the Commons thereof were Poor.

Some men have said that it were good for the king that the commons of England were made poor, as be the commons of France. For then they would not rebel, as now they done oftentimes, which the commons of France do not, nor may do; for they have no weapon, nor armour, nor good to buy it withal. To these manner of men may be said, with the philosopher, *Ad parva respicientes, de facili enunciant*; that is to say, they that seen few things woul soon say their advice. Forsooth those folks consideren little the good of the realm, wherof the might most stondesth upon archers, which be no rich men. And if they were made poorer than they be, they should not have wherewith to buy them bows, arrows, jacks, or any other armour of defence, wherby they might be able to resist our enemies when they list to come upon us, which they may do on every side, considering that we be an island; and, as it is said before, we may not have soon succours of any other realm. Wherefore we should be a prey to all other enemies, but if we be mighty of ourself, which might stondesth most upon our poor archers; and therefore they needen not only to have such habiliments as now is spoken of, but also they needen to be much exercised in shooting, which may not be done without right great expenses, as every man expert therein knoweth right well. Wherefore the making poor of the commons, which is the making poor of our archers, should be the destruction of the greatest might of our realm. Item, if poor men may not lightly rise, as in the opinion of those men, which for that cause would have the commons poor; how then, if a mighty man made a rising, should he be repressed, when all the commons be so poor, that after such opinion they may not fight, and by that reason not help the king with fighting? And why maketh the king the commons to be every year mustered, sithen it was good they had no harness, nor were able to fight? Oh, how unwise is the opinion of these men; for it may not be maintained by any reason! Item, when any rising hath been made in this land, before these days by commons, the poorest men thereof hath been the greatest causes and doers therein. And thrifty men have been loth thereto, for dread of losing of their goods, yet oftentimes they have gone with them through menaces, or else the same poor men would have taken their goods; wherem it seemeth that poverty hath been the whole and chief cause of all such rising. The poor man hath been stirred thereto by occasion of his poverty for to get good; and the rich men have gone with them because they wold not be poor by losing of their goods. What then would fall, if all the commons were poor?

BISHOP PECOCK.

REYNOLD PECOCK, successively bishop of St. Asaph and Chichester, wrote a number of treatises chiefly controversial, and though opposing the Lollards, his free and liberal style of comment led to his being accused of heresy. In consequence of this, Pecock had to recant what he had written, and to burn fourteen of his own books! The main ground of offence was his arguing that in matters of faith the church was not infallible. The most remarkable of Pecock's English works is entitled 'The Repressor,' 1449. He was about the

last of the writers of that age who used the pronouns *hem* and *her* for *them* and *their*.

SIR THOMAS MALORY.

A compilation of some of the most popular of the romances relating to King Arthur was printed by Caxton in 1485. In a preface to the work, Caxton states that SIR THOMAS MALORY took it out of certain books in French, and reduced it into English. Malory himself states that he finished his task in the ninth year of King Edward IV. (1469). The title of the work, as given by Caxton, is 'The Byrth, Lyfe, and Actes of Kyng Arthur, of his Noble Knyghtes of the Rounde Table,' &c. A reprint of the work, with introduction and notes by Southey, was published in 1817, and a popular edition, revised for modern use by Sir Edward Strachey, in 1868. The style of Malory's translation is free and spirited, shewing a greater command of English than any of his predecessors.

The Death of Sir Lancelot.

Then Sir Lancelot, ever after, eat but little meat, nor drank, but continually mourned until he was dead; and then he sickened more and more, and dried and dwindled away. For the bishop, nor none of his fellows, might not make him to eat, and little he drank, that he was soon waxed shorter by a cubit than he was, that the people could not know him. For evermore day and night he prayed (taking no rest), but needfully as nature required: sometimes he slumbered a broken sleep; and always he was lying grovelling upon King Arthur's and Queen Guenevere's tomb; and there was no comfort that the bishop, nor Sir Bors, nor none of all his fellows could make him; it availed nothing.

Oh! ye mighty and pompous lords, winning in the glorious transitory of this unstable life, as in reigns of over great realms and mighty great countries, fortified with strong castles and towers, diffused with many a rich city; yea also, ye fierce and mighty knights, so valiant in adventurous deeds of arms, behold! behold! see how this mighty conqueror, King Arthur, whom in his human life all the world doubted, (1) yea also the noble Queen Guenevere, which sometimes sat in her chair adorned with gold, pearls, and precious stones, now lie full low in obscure foss, or pit, covered with cloths of earth and clay! Behold also this mighty champion, Sir Lancelot, peerless of all knighthood; see now how he lieth grovelling upon the cold mould; now being so feeble and faint, that sometime was so terrible: how, and in what manner, ought ye to be so desirous of worldly honour so dangerous? Therefore, methinketh this present book is right necessary often to be read; for in all (2) ye find the most gracious, knightly, and virtuous war, of the most noble knights of the world, whereby they got praising continually; also me seemeth, by the oft reading thereof, ye shall greatly desire to accustom yourselves in following of those gracious knightly deeds; that is to say, to dread God and to love righteousness, faithfully and courageously to serve your sovereign prince; and, the more that God hath given you the triumphal honour, the meeker ought ye to be, ever fearing the unstableness of this deceitful world. . . .

And so, within fifteen days, they came to Joyous Guard, and there they laid his corpse in the body of the quire, and sung and read many psalters and prayers over him and about him; and even his visage was laid open and naked, that all folk might behold him. For such was the custom in those days, that all men of worship should so lie with open visage till that they were buried. And right thus as they were at their service there came Sir Ector de Maris, that had sought seven years all England, Scotland, and Wales, seeking his brother Sir Lancelot. . . .

And then Sir Ector threw his shield, his sword, and his helm from him; and when he beheld Sir Lancelot's visage, he fell down in a swoon; and, when he awoke, it were hard for any tongue to tell the doleful complaints that he made for his brother. 'Ah, Sir Lancelot,' said he 'thou wert head of all Christian knights.'— And now, I

✓ 1 Dreaded (held as redoubtable).

2 It?

dare say,' said Sir Bors, 'that Sir Lancelot, there thou liest, thou wert never matched of none earthly knight's hands. And thou wert the courtliest knight that ever bare shield; and thou wert the truest friend to thy lover that ever bestrode horse; and thou wert the truest lover, of a sinful man, that ever loved woman; and thou wert the kindest man that ever stroke with sword; and thou wert the goodliest person that ever came among press of knights; and thou wert the meekest man, and the gentlest, that ever eat in hall among ladies; and thou wert the sternest knight to thy mortal foe that ever put spear in rest.'

WILLIAM CAXTON.

WILLIAM CAXTON, the venerated father of English printing, was born in Kent about 1412. While acting as an agent for English merchants in Holland, he made himself master of the art of printing, then recently introduced on the continent; and, having translated a French book, styled 'The Recuyell of the Histories of Troye,' he printed it at Ghent, in 1471, being the first book in the English language ever put to the press. In a note to this publication, Caxton says:

Forasmuch as age creepeth on me dally, and feebleth all the bodie, and also because I have promised divers gentlemen, and to my friends, to address to them, as hastily as I might, this said book, therefore I have practised and learned, at my great charge and dispenche, to ordain this said book in print, after the manner and form as ye may here see, and is not written with pen and ink, as other books ben, to the end that all men may have them at once, for all the books of this story, named the 'Recule of the Histories of Troye,' thus emprinted, as ye here see, were begun in one day, and also finished in one day.

Afterwards he established a printing-office at Westminster, and in 1474 produced 'The Game of Chess,' which was the first book printed in Britain. Caxton translated or wrote about sixty different books, all of which went through his own press before his death in 1491. About forty-four of these are in the British Museum.

Caxton gave a prose translation of the 'Æneid,' having met with a French version of the original. In his Proeme he speaks of the 'Æneid,' as Pope observes, as of a book hardly known.

Caxton's Account of Virgil.

Happened that to my hande came a lytel book in Frenche, which late was translated out of Latyn by some noble clerk of Fraunce, whiche booke is named 'Eueydos' (made in Latyn by that noble poete and grete clerk Vyrgyle), which booke I sawe over and redde therein: How after the generall destruction of the grete Troy, Eneas departed berynge his old fader Anchises upon his sholders, his lytel son Yolas on his hande, his wyfe with moche other people followynge, and how he shipped and departed; wythe all the storye of his adventures that he had ere he cam to the achievement of his conquest of Italy, as all alorge shall be shewed in this present booke. In whiche booke I had grete playsyr, by cause of the fayr and honest termes and wordes in Frenche, whiche I never sawe to fore lyke, ne none so playisant ne so well ordred; whiche booke, as ne semed shold be moche requysite to noble men to see, as wel for the eloquence as the hystories. How wel that many hondred yeres paesed, was the sayd booke of 'Eueydos' wyth other workes made and lerned dayly in scolis, especially in Italy and other places, wiche historye the sayd Vyrgyle made in metre

The following passage is extracted (the spelling modernised) from the conclusion of Caxton's translation of 'The Golden Legend:'

Legend of St. Francis.

Francis, servant and friend of Almighty God, was born in the city of Assise, and was made a merchant unto the twenty-fifth year of his age, and wasted his time by living vainly, whom our Lord corrected by the scourge of sickness, and suddenly changed him into another man; so that he began to shine by the spirit of prophecy.

On a time as this holy man was in prayer, the devil called him thrice by his own name. And when the holy man had answered him, he said: 'None in this world is so great a sinner, but if he convert him, our Lord would pardon him; but who that sleeth himself with hard penance, shall never find mercy.' And anon, this holy man knew by revelation the fallacy and deceit of the fiend, how he would have withdrawn him fro to do well. And when the devil saw that he might not prevail against him, he tempted him by grievous temptation of the flesh. And when this holy servant of God felt that he dispoiled (1) his clothes, and beat himself right hard with an hard cord, saying: 'Thus, brother ass, it behoveth thee to remain and to be beaten.' And when the temptation departed not, he went out and plunged himself in the snow, all naked, and made seven great balls of snow, and purposed to have taken them into (2) his body, and said: 'This greatest is thy wife; and these four, two be thy daughters, and two thy sons; and the other twain, that one thy chambriere, and that other thy varlet or yeman; haste and clothe them; for they all die for cold. And if thy business that thou hast about them, grieve ye sore, then serve our Lord perfectly.' And anon, the devil departed from him all confused; and St. Francis returned again unto his cell glorifying God. . . .

He was ennobled in his life by many miracles; and the very death, which is to all men horrible and hateful, he admonished them to praise it. And also he warned and admonished death to come to him, and said: 'Death, my sister, welcome be you.' And when he came at the last hour, he slept in our Lord; of whom a friar saw the soul, in manner of a star, like to the moon in quantity, and the sun in clearness.

ENGLISH CHRONICLERS—FABIAN AND HALL.

ROBERT FABIAN and EDWARD HALL may be regarded as the first writers in English history or chronicles. They aimed at no literary excellence, nor at any arrangement calculated to make their writings attractive. Their sole object was to narrate minutely, and as far as their opportunities allowed, faithfully, the events of the history of their country; and it must be admitted that to their diligence we are indebted for the preservation of many curious facts and illustrations of manners, which would have otherwise been lost.

Fabian, who was an alderman and sheriff of London, and died in 1513, wrote a general chronicle of English history, which he called 'The Concordance of Stories,' and which has been several times printed—the last time in 1811, under the care of Sir Henry Ellis. It is particularly minute with regard to what would probably appear the most important of all things to the worthy all-rman, the succession of officers of all kinds serving in the city of London; and amongst other events of the reign of Henry V. the author does not omit to note that a new weather-cock was placed on the top of St Paul's steeple. Fabian repeats all the fabulous stories of early English history, which had first been circulated by Geoffrey of Monmouth.

Hall was a lawyer and a judge in the sheriff's court of London, and died at an advanced age in 1547. He compiled a copious chronicle of English history during the reigns of the Houses of Lancaster and York, and those of Henry VII. and Henry VIII. which was first

printed by Grafton in 1548, under the title of 'The Union of the Two Noble and Illustre Families of Lancaster and Yorke, with all the Acts done in both the Tymes of the Princes, both of the one Linage and the other,' &c. Hall is very minute in his notices of the fashions of the time; altogether, his work is of a superior character to that of Fabian, as might perhaps be expected from his better education and condition in life. Considered as the only compilations of English history at the command of the wits of Elizabeth's reign, and as furnishing the foundations of many scenes, and even whole plays, by the most illustrious of the dramatists, the Chronicles have a value in our eyes beyond that which would otherwise belong to them.

Fabian thus relates an event famous in history and poetry :

Jack Cade's Insurrection.

Original Spelling.—And in the moneth of Juny this yere, the comons of Kent assembled them in grete multytude, and chace to them a capitayne, and named hym Mortymer, and cosyu to the Duke of York; but of moete he was named Jack Cade. This kepte the people wondrouslye togader, &c.

And in the month of June this year [1450], the commons of Kent assembled them in great multitude, and chose to them a Captain, and named him Mortimer, and cousin to the Duke of York; but of most he was named Jack Cade. This kept the people wondrously together, and made such ordinances among them that he brought a great number of people unto the Black Heath, where he devised a bill of petitions to the king and his council, and shewed therein what injuries and oppressions the poor commons suffered by such as were about the king, a few persons in number, and all under colour to come to his above. The king's council, seeing this bill, disallowed it, and counselled the king, which by the 7th day of June had gathered to him a strong host of people, to go again' his rebels, and to give unto them battle. Then the king, after the said rebels had holden their field upon Black Heath seven days, made toward them. Whereof hearing, the Captain drew back with his people to a village called Sevenoaks, and there embattled.

Then it was agreed by the king's council that Sir Humphrey Stafford, knight, with William his brother, and other certain gentlemen, should follow the chase, and the king with his lords should return unto Greenwich, weening to them that the rebels were fled and gone. But, as before I have shewed, when Sir Humphrey with his company drew near unto Sevenoaks, he was warned of the Captain that there abode with his people. And when he had counselled with the other gentlemen, he, like a manful knight, set upon the rebels, and fought with them long: but in the end, the Captain slew him and his brother, with many other, and caused the rest to give back. All which season, the king's host lay still upon Black Heath, being among them sundry opinions; so that some and many favoured the Captain. But, finally, when word came of the overthrow of the Staffords, they said plainly and boldly that, except the Lord Saye and other before rehearsed were committed to ward, they would take the Captain's party. For the appeasing of which rumour the Lord Saye was put into the Tower; but that other as then were not at hand. Then the king, having knowledge of the scottishure of his men, and also of the rumour of his hosting people, removed from Greenwich to London, and there with his host rested him a while.

And so soon as Jack Cade had thus overcome the Staffords, he anon apparelled him with the knight's apparel, and did on him his brygandiers' set with gilt nails, and his salet and gilt epure; and after he had refreshed his people, he returned again to Black Heath, and there pitched (1) again his field, as heretofore he had done, and lay there from the 19th day of June, being St. Peter's day till the first day of July. In which season came unto him the archbishop of Canterbury and the Duke of Buckingham, with whom they had long communication, and found him right discreet in his answers; howbeit they could not cause him to lay down his people, and to submit him unto the king's grace.

In this while, the king and the queen, hearing of the increasing of his rebels, and also the lords fearing their own servants, lest they would take the Captain's party, removed from London to Killingworth, leaving the city without aid, except only the Lord Scales, which was left to keep the Tower, and with him a manly and warily man named Matthew Gowth. Then the Captain of Kent thus hoving (1) at Black Heath, to the end to blind the more the people, and to bring him in fame that he kept good justice, beheaded there a petty captain of his, named Paris, for so much as had offended again' such ordinance as he had stablished in his hoet. And hearing that the king and all his lords were thus departed, drew him near unto the city, so that upon the first day of July he entered the borough of Southwark, being then Wednesday, and lodged him there that night, for he might not be suffered to enter that city. . . .

And the same afternoon, about five of the clock, the Captain with his people entered by the bridge; and when he came upon the drawbridge, he hewed the ropes that drew the bridge in sunder with his sword, and so passed into the city, and made in sundry places thereof proclamations in the king's name, that no man, upon pain of death, should rob or take take anything per force without paying therefor. By reason whereof he won many hearts of the commons of the city; but all was done to beguile the people, as after shall evidently appear. He rode through divers streets of the city, and as he came by London Stone, he strake it with his sword, and said: 'Now is Mortimer lord of this city.' And when he had thus shewed himself in divers places of the city, and shewed his mind to the mayor for the ordering of his people, he returned into Southwark, and there abode as he before had done; his people coming and going at lawful hours when they would. Then upon the morn, being the third day of July, and Friday, the said Captain entered again the city, and caused the Lord Saye to be fetted (2) from the Tower, and led into the Guildhall, where he was arraigned before the mayor and other of the king's justices. Then the Lord Saye desired that he might be judged by his peers. Whereof hearing, the Captain sent a company of his unto the hall, the which per force took him from his officers, and so brought him unto the standard in Cheap, where, or (3) he were half shriven, they strake off his head; and that done, pight it upon a long pole, and so bare it about with them.

In this time and season had the Captain caused a gentleman to be taken, named William Crowmer, which before had been sheriff of Kent, and used, as they said, some extortions. For which cause, or for he had favoured the Lord Saye, by reason that he had married his daughter, he was hurried to Miles End, and there, in the Captain's presence, beheaded. And the same time was there also beheaded another man, called Baillie, the cause of whose death was this, as I have heard same men report. This Baillie was of the familiar and old acquaintance of Jack Cade, wherefore, so soon as he espied him coming to him-ward, he cast in his mind that he would discover his living and old manners, and shew off his vile kin and lineage. Wherefore, knowing that the said Baillie used to bear scrows, (4) and prophesy about him, shewing to his company that he was an enchanter and of ill disposition, and that they should well know by such books as he bare upon him, and bade them search, and if they found not as he said, that then they should put him to death, which all was done according to his commandment.

When they had thus beheaded these two men, they took the head of Crowmer, and pight it upon a pole, and so entered again the city with the heads of the Lord Saye and of Crowmer; and as they passed the streets, joined the poles together, and caused either dead mouth to kiss other diverse and many times.

Then toward night he returned into Southwark, and upon the morn re-entered the city, and dined that day at a place in St. Margaret Patry parish, called Gherstis House; and when he had dined, like an uncurteous guest, robbed him, as the day before he had Malpas. For which two robberies, albeit that the porail and needy people drew unto him, and were partners of that ill, the honest and thrifty commons cast in their minds the sequel of this matter, and feared lest they should be dealt with in like manner, by means whereof he lost the people's favour and hearts. For it was to be thought, if he had not executed that robbery, he might have gone fair and brought his purpose to good effect, if he had intended well; but it is to deem and presuppose that the intent of him was not good, wherefore it might not come to any good conclusion.

Then, upon the fifth day of July, the Captain being in Southwark, caused a man

1 Hovering.

2 Fetched.

3 Ere.

4 Scrolls of paper.

to be beheaded, for cause of displeasure to him done, as the fame went; and so he kept him in Southwark all that day; howbeit he might have entered the city if he had wold. And when night was coming, the mayor and citizens, with Matthew Gowth, like to their former appointment, kept the passage of the bridge, being Sunday, and defended the Kentish men, which made great force to re-enter the city. Then the Captain, seeing this bickering begun, yode to harness, and called his people about him, and set so fiercely upon the citizens that he drave them back from the stulpes in Southwark, or bridge foot, unto the drawbridge. Then the Kentishmen set fire upon the drawbridge. In defending whereof many a man was drowned and slain; among the which of men of name was John Sutton, alderman, Matthew Gowth, gentleman, and Roger Heymand, citizen. And thus continued this skirmish all night, till nine of the clock upon the morn. Thus continuing this cruel fight, to the destruction of much people on both sides; lastly, after the Kentishmen were put to the worse, a trow (1) was agreed for certain hours; during the which trow, the archbishop of Canterbury, then chancellor of England, sent a general pardon to the Captain for himself, and another for his people; by reason whereof he and his company departed the same night out of Southwark, and so returned every man to his own.

But it was not long after that the Captain with his company was thus departed that proclamations were made in divers places of Kent, of Sussex, and Bowthery, that who might take the foresaid Jack Cade, either alive or dead, should have a thousand mark for his travail. After which proclamation thus published, a gentleman of Kent, named Alexander Iden, awaited so his time that he took him in a garden in Sussex, where in the taking of him, the said Jack was slain; and so being dead, was brought into Southwark the — (2) day of the month of September, and then left in the King's Bench for that night. And upon the morrow the dead corpes was drawn through the high streets of the city unto Newgate, and there headed and quartered, whose head was then sent to London Bridge, and his four quarters were sent to four sundry towns of Kent.

And this done, the king sent his commissions unto Kent, and rode after himself, and caused inquiry to be made of this riot in Canterbury; wherefore the same eight men were judged put to death; and in other good towns of Kent and Sussex, divers other were put in execution for the same riot.

In the following extract from Hall's Chronicle, relative to the Protector (afterwards Richard III.), it will be seen how closely it was copied by Shakspeare:

Scene in the Council room of the Protector Gloucester.

The Lord Protector caused a council to be set at the Tower, on Friday the thirteenth day of June, where there was much communing for the honourable solemnity of the coronation, of the which the time appointed approached so near that the pageants were a making day and night at Westminster, and victual killed, which afterwards was cast away.

These lords thus sitting, communing of this matter, the Protector came in among them, about nine of the clock, saluting them courteously, excusing himself that he had been from them so long, saying merrily that he had been a sleeper that day. And after a little talking with him, he said to the bishop of Ely: 'My Lord, you have a very good strawberry in your garden at Holborn; I require you let us have a mess of them.' 'Gladly, my Lord,' quoth he; 'I would I had some better thing as ready to your pleasure as that;' and with that in all haste, he sent his servant for a dish of strawberries. The Protector set the dishes fast in communing, and thereupon prayed them to spare him a little; and so he departed, and came again between ten and eleven of the clock in to the chamber, all changed, with a sour, angry countenance, knitting the brows, frowning and fretting, and gnawing on his lips; and so set him down in his place. All the lords were dismayed and sore marvelled of this manner and sudden change, and what thing should him all. When he had sitten a while, thus he began: 'What were they worthy to have that compass and imagine the destruction of me, being so near of blood to the king, and protector of this his royal realm?' At this question all the lords sat sore astonished, musing much by whom the question should be meant, of which every man knew himself.

1 Truce.

2 Said to have been on July 11, 14.

Then the Lord Hastings, as he that, for the familiarity that was between them, thought he might be boldest with him, answered, and said that they were worthy to be punished as heinous traitors, whatsoever they were; and all the other affirmed the same. 'That is,' quoth he, 'yonder sorceress, my brother's wife, and other with her;' meaning the queen. Many of the lords were sore abashed which favoured her; but the Lord Hastings was better content in his mind that it was moved by her than by any other that he loved better; albeit his heart grudged that he was not afore made of counsel of this matter, as well as he was of the taking of her kindred, and of their putting to death, which were by his assent before devised to be beheaded at Pomfret, this self-same day; in the which he was not ware that it was by other devised that he himself should the same day be beheaded at London. 'Then,' said the Protector, 'in what wise that sorceress and other of her counsel—as Shore's wife, with her affinity—have, by their sorcery and witchcraft, thus wasted my body?' and therewith plucked up his doublet sleeve to his elbow, on his left arm, where he shewed a very withered arm, and small, as it was never other. And thereupon every man's mind misgave them, well perceiving that this matter was but a quarrel; for well they wist that the queen was both too wise to go about any such folly, and also, if she would, yet would she of all folk make Shore's wife least of her counsel, whom of all women she most hated, as that concubine whom the king, her husband, most loved.

Also, there was no man there but knew that his arm was ever such sith the day of his birth. Nevertheless, the Lord Hastings, which from the death of King Edward kept Shore's wife, his heart somewhat grudged to have her whom he loved so highly accused, and that, as he knew well, untruly; therefore he answered, and said: 'Certainly, my Lord; if they have so done, they be worthy of heinous punishment.' 'What!' quoth the Protector, 'thou servest me, I ween, with *ty* and with *and*; I tell thee they have done it, and that will I make good on thy body, traitor!' And therewith, as in a great anger, he clapped his fist on the board a great rap, at which token given, one cried treason without the chamber, and therewith a door clapped, and in came rushing men in harness, as many as the chamber could hold. And anon the Protector said to the Lord Hastings: 'I arrest thee, traitor!' 'What! me, my Lord?' quoth he. 'Yea, the traitor,' quoth the Protector. And one let fly at the Lord Stanley, which shrunk at the stroke, and fell under the table; or else his head had been cleft to the teeth; for as shortly as he shrunk, yet ran the blood about his ears. Then was the archbishop of York, and Doctor Morton, bishop of Ely, and the Lord Stanley taken, and divers others which were bestowed in divers chambers, save the Lord Hastings, whom the Protector commanded to speed and shrieve him space. 'For, by Saint Paul,' quoth he, 'I will not dine till I see thy head off.' It booted him not to ask why, but heavily he took a priest at a venture, and made a short shrift; for a longer would not be suffered, the Protector made so much haste to his dinner, which might not go to it till this murder were done, for saving of his ungracious oath. So was he brought forth into the green, beside the chapel within the Tower, and his head laid down on a log of timber that lay there for building of the chapel, and there tyrannously stricken off; and after, his body and head were interred at Windsor, by his master, King Edward the Fourth; whose souls Jesu pardon. Amen.

SIR THOMAS MORE.

Passing over Fortescue, the first prose writer who mingled just and striking thought with his language, and was entitled to the appellation of a man of genius, was unquestionably the celebrated chancellor of Henry VIII. SIR THOMAS MORE (1480–1535). Born the son of a judge of the king's Bench, and educated at Oxford, More entered life with all external advantages, and soon reached a distinguished situation in the law and in state employments. He was appointed lord chancellor in 1529, being the first layman who ever held the office. At all periods of his life, he was a zealous professor of the Catholic faith, insomuch that he was at one time with difficulty restrained from becoming a monk. When Henry wished to divorce

Katharine, he was opposed by the conscientious More, who accordingly incurred his displeasure, and perished on the scaffold. The specific charge against More was, that he had traitorously attempted to deprive the king of his title of Supreme Head of the Church; but, even according to the indictment, the only evidence of this was that More, being examined on the 7th of May 1535, whether he accepted the king as head of the church, answered that he would not meddle with the matter; and that he had written a letter to Bishop Fisher, informing him how he had answered, and remarking that the law was like a sword with two edges, for if a man answered one way it would confound his soul, and if another it would confound his body. To support this charge, the solicitor-general, Rich, related a conversation he had with More in the Tower, in which a miserable quibbling attempt was made to entrap Sir Thomas, imputing to him expressions which he utterly denied, and which, if true, could not be held to amount to a violation of the statute. The trial was a mockery of the forms of legal justice. The cheerful, or rather mirthful disposition of the learned chancellor forsook him not at the last, and he joked even when about to lay his head upon the block. The character of More was most benignant, as the letter to his wife, who was ill-tempered, written after the burning of some of his property, expressively shews, at the same time that it is a good specimen of his English prose. The domestic circle at his house in Chelsea, where the profoundly learned statesman at once paid reverence to his parents and sported with his children, has been made the subject of an interesting picture by the great artist of that age, Holbein.

The literary productions of More are partly in Latin, and partly in English: he adopted the former language probably from taste, the latter for the purpose of reaching the commonalty.*

* The following is a specimen of Sir Thomas More's Juvenile poetry :

He that hath lafte the howler's crafte,
And faith to makynge shone;
The smyth that shall to painting fall,
His craft is well nigh done.
A black draper with whyte paper,
To goe to writing schole.
An old butler become a cutler
I wene shall prove a tole.
And an old trot that can. God wot,
Nothing but kys the cup.
With her physicke will kepe one sicke,
Till she hath roused him up.
A man of law that never sawe
The wayes to buy and sell,

Wenynge to ryse by merchandyse,
I pray God speede him well!
A merchaunt eke, that will go seke
By all the means he may.
To fall in sute till he dispute
His money cleane away;
Pletynge the lawe for every stray
Shall prove a thrifty man,
With bate and strife, but by my life
I cannot tell you when.
When an hatter will smatter
In philosophy.
Or a pedlar waxe a medlar
In theologie. &c.

Warton is inclined to think that More wrote the following epigram published anonymously in *Warton's More's Works*, 1557. The lines are worth quoting, as being the first pointed epigram in the language:

Of a New-married Student that played Fast or Loose.

A student at his book so placed
That wealth he might have won,
From book to wife did flit in haste,
From wealth to woe to run.

Now, who hath played a feater cast
Since juggling first begun?
In *loosing* of himself so fast,
Himself he hath undone.

E. L. v. 1—5

Besides some epistles and other minor writings, he wrote, in Latin, a curious philosophical work under the title of 'Utopia,' which, describing an imaginary model country and people, has added a word to the English language, every scheme of national improvement founded on extreme theoretical views being since then termed *Utopian*. The most of the English writings of More are pamphlets on the religious controversies of his day, and the only one which is now of value is 'A History of Edward V. and of his Brother, and of Richard III.,' which Mr. Hallam considers as the first English prose work free of vulgarisms and pedantry.

The 'Utopia' was first printed at Louvain in 1516; it was then revised by More, and sent, through Erasmus, to John Frobenius at Basle to print, and this second edition is dated November 1518. It was first translated into English by Ralph Robinson in 1551, and a second edition, revised, was issued by Robinson in 1556. Bishop Gilbert Burnet published a translation in 1684.

The design of 'Utopia' was no doubt suggested by the 'Atalantis' of Plato. The intention of Sir Thomas More is to set forth his idea of those social arrangements whereby the happiness and improvement of the people may be secured to the utmost extent of which human nature is susceptible; though, probably, he has pictured more than he really conceived it possible to effect. Experience proves that many of his suggestions are indeed Utopian. In his imaginary island, for instance, all are contented with the necessities of life; all are employed in useful labour; no man desires, in clothing, any other quality besides durability; and since wants are few, and every individual engages in labour, there is no need for working more than six hours a day. Neither laziness nor avarice finds a place in this happy region; for why should the people be indolent when they have so little toil, or greedy when they know that there is abundance for each? All this, it is evident, is incompatible with qualities inherent in human nature; man requires the stimulus of self-interest to render him industrious and persevering; he loves not utility merely, but ornament; he possesses a spirit of emulation which makes him endeavour to outstrip his fellows, and a desire to accumulate property even for its own sake. With much that is Utopian, however, the work contains many sound suggestions. Thus, instead of severe punishment of theft, the author would improve the morals and condition of the people, so as to take away the temptation to crime; for, says he, 'if you suffer your people to be ill-educated, and their manners to be corrupted from their infancy, and then punish them for those crimes to which their first education disposed them, what else is to be concluded from this, but that you first make thieves, and then punish them?' In Utopia, we are told, war is never entered on but for some gross injury done to themselves, or, more especially, to their allies; and the glory of a general is in proportion, not to the number,

but to the fewness of the enemies whom he slays in gaining a victory. Criminals are generally punished with slavery, even for the greatest misdeeds, since servitude is no less terrible than death in self; and, by making slaves of malefactors, not only does the public get the benefit of their labour, but the continual sight of their misery is more effectual than their death to deter other men from crime. It is one of the oldest laws of the Utopians, that no man ought to be punished for his religion—it being a fundamental opinion among them, that a man cannot make himself believe anything he pleases; nor do they drive any to dissemble their thoughts by threatenings, so that men are not tempted to lie or disguise their opinions among them; which, being a sort of fraud, is abhorred by the Utopians. Every man may endeavour to convert others to his views by the force of amicable and modest argument, without bitterness against those of other opinions; but whoever adds reproach and violence to persuasion, is to be condemned to banishment or slavery. Such tolerant views were extremely rare in the days of Sir Thomas More, and in later life were lamentably departed from by himself in practice; for, in persecuting the Protestants, he displayed a degree of intolerance and severity which were strangely at variance both with the opinions of his youth and the general mildness of his disposition.

Sheep-masters Decayers of Husbandry—From Translation of 'Utopia,' by Ralph Robinson, 1556

Your shepe that were wont to be so meke and tame, and so smal eaters, now, as I heare saye, be become so great deuourers and so wyld, that they eate vp, and swallow downe, the very men themselves. They consume, destroye, and deuoure whole fieldes, howses, and cities. For looke in what partes of the realme doth growe the fynest, and therefore dearest wolle, there noblemen and gentlemen: yea, and certeyn abbottes, holy men no doubt, not contenting them selues with the yereely reuenues and profytes, that were wont to grow to theyr forefathers and predecessours of their landes, nor beyng content that lye in rest and pleasure, nothing prouiding, yea much noyinge the weale publike: leave no ground for tillage, thei inclose all into pastures: thei throw downe houses: thei plucke doune townes, and leaue nothing standyng, but only the church to be made a shepewhse. And as though you loste no small quantity of grounde by forestes, chases, laundes, and parkes, those good holy men turne all dwelling places, and all glebeland, into desolation and wilderness. Therefore that one couetous and vncertaine cormaraunte and very plague of his natyue contrey may compass about and inclose many thousand akers of grounde together within one pale or hedge, the husbandmen be thrust owte of their owne, or els either by coueyne and fraude, or by violent oppression, they be put besydes it, or by wronges and injuries thei be so weryed, that they be compelled to sell all: by one meanes therefore or by other, either by hooke or crooke, they must needs departe awaye, poor selye, wretched soules, men, women, husbands, wyues, fatherlesse children, widowes, wofull mothers, with their yonge babes, and their whole household smal in substance, and much in numbre, as husbandrye requirith manye handes. Awaye thei trudge, I say, out of ther knowen and accustomed houses, fyndyng no place to reste in. All their household stuffe, whiche is verye litle worthe, though it myght well abide the sale; yet beyng sodainely thruste oute, they be constrained to sell it for a thing of nought. . . . They go aboute and werke not: whom no man wyl set a worke, though thei neuer so willyngly proffe themselves thereto. For one shepheard or heardman is younge to eate vp that grounde with cattel, to the occupying wherof aboute husbandrye many handes were requisite. And this is also the

cause why victualles be now in many places dearer. Yea, besides this, the price of wolle is so rysen, that poor folkes, which were wont to work it, and make cloth therof, be nowe habile to bye none at all.

The Utopian Idea of Pleasure—From Bishop Burnet's Translation of the 'Utopia.'

They think it is an evidence of true wisdom for a man to pursue his own advantages as far as the laws allow it. They account it pety to prefer the public good to one's private concerns. But they think it unjust for a man to seek for his own pleasure, by snatching another man's pleasures from him. And, on the contrary, they think it a sign of a gentle and good soul for a man to dispense with his own advantage for the good of others; and that, by so doing, a good man finds as much pleasure one way as he parts with another; for, as he may expect the like from others when he may come to need it, so, if that should fail him, yet the sense of a good action, and the reflections that one makes on the love and gratitude of those whom he has so obliged, give the mind more pleasure than the body could have found in that from which it had restrained itself. They are also persuaded that God will make up the loss of those small pleasures with a vast and endless joy, of which religion does easily convince a good soul. Thus, upon an inquiry into the whole matter, they reckon that all our actions, and even all our virtues, terminate in pleasure, as in our chief end and greatest happiness; and they call every motion or state, either of body or mind, in which nature teaches us to delight, a pleasure. And thus they cautiously limit pleasure only to those appetites to which nature leads us; for they reckon that nature leads us only to those delights to which reason as well as sense carries us, and by which we neither injure any other person, nor let go greater pleasures for it, and which do not draw troubles on us after them; but they look upon those delights which men, by a foolish though common mistake, call pleasure, as if they could change the nature of things, as well as the use of words, as things that not only do not advance our happiness, but do rather obstruct it very much, because they do so entirely possess the minds of those that once go into them with a false notion of pleasure, that there is no room left for truer and purer pleasures.

But of all pleasures, they esteem those to be the most valuable that lie in the mind; and the chief of these are those that arise out of true virtue, and the witness of a good conscience. They account health the chief pleasure that belongs to the body; for they think that the pleasure of eating and drinking, and all the other delights of the body, are only so far desirable as they give or maintain health. But they are not pleasant in themselves, otherwise than as they resist those impressions that our natural infirmity is still making upon us; and, as a wise man desires rather to avoid diseases than to take physic, and to be freed from pain rather than to find ease by remedies, so it were a more desirable state not to need this sort of pleasure, than to be obliged to indulge it. And if any man imagines that there is a real happiness in this pleasure, he must then confess that he would be the happiest of all men, if he were to lead his life in a perpetual hunger, thirst, and itching, and by consequence in perpetual eating, drinking, and scratching himself, which, any one may easily see, would be not only a base but a miserable state of life. These are, indeed, the lowest of pleasures, and the least pure; for we can never relish them but when they are mixed with the contrary pains. The pain of hunger must give us the pleasure of eating; and here the pain outbalances the pleasure; and, as the pain is more vehement, so it lasts much longer; for, as it is upon us before the pleasure comes, so it does not cease, but with the pleasure that extinguishes it, and that goes off with it; so that they think none of those pleasures are to be valued, but as they are necessary. Yet they rejoice in them, and with due gratitude acknowledge the tenderness of the great Author of nature, who has planted in us appetites by which those things that are necessary for our preservation are likewise made pleasant to us. For how miserable a thing would life be, if those daily diseases of hunger and thirst were to be carried off by such bitter drugs as we must use for those diseases that return seldom upon us! And thus these pleasant, as well as proper, gifts of nature do maintain the strength and the sprightliness of our bodies.

Character of Richard III.

Richard, the third sonne of Richard, Duke of York, was in witte and courage egall with his two brothers, in bodye and prowesse farre vnder them bothe; little of stature, ill fetured of limmes, crooke backed, his left shoulder much higher than his right, hard fauoured of visage, and such as is in states called warlike, in other menne otherwise, he was malicious, wrathfull, enuious, and from afore his birth, ener forwarder. . . None euill captain was hee in the warre, as to whiche his disposition was more metely then for peace. Sundrye victories hadde hee, and sometime ouerthrowes, but neuer in defaulte as for his owne parsons, either of hardinesse or polytike order, free was hee called of dyspence, and somewhat aboute hys power liberal, with large giftes hee gēt him vniuersall frendeshippe, for whiche he was faine to pil and spoyle in othr places, and get him stedfaste hatred. Hee was close and secrete, a deepe dissimuler, lowlye of counteynance, arrogant of heart, outwardly compainable where he inwardly hated, not letting to kisse whome hee thoughte to kyll: dispoition and cruell, not for euill will alway, but after for ambition, and either for the suretie or encrease of his estate. Frende and foe was muche what indifferent, where his aduantage grew; he spared no mans deathe, whose life withstoode his purpose. He slew with his owne handes king Henry the sixt, being prisoner in the Tower, as menne constantly saye, and that without commaundement or knowledge of the king, whiche would vndoubtedly yf he had entended that thinge, haue appointed that boocherly office to some other then his owne borne brother.

Letter to Lady More.

Returning from the negotiations at Cambray, Sir Thomas More heard that his barns and some of those of his neighbours' had been burned down; he consequently wrote the following letter to his wife. Its gentleness to a sour-tempered woman, and the benevolent feelings expressed about the property of his neighbours, have been much admired. We have modernised the spelling:

Mistress Alice, in my most heartywise I recommend me to you. And whereas I am informed by my son Heron of the loss of our barns and our neighbours' also, with all the corn that was therein; albeit (saving God's pleasure) it is great pity of so much good corn lost, yet sith it hath liked him to send us such a chance, we must and are bounden, not only to be content, but also to be glad of his visitation. He sent us all that we have lost; and sith he hath by such a chance taken it away again, his pleasure be fulfilled! Let us never grudge thereat, but take it in good worth, and heartily thank him, as well for adversity as for prosperity. And peradventure we have more cause to thank him for our loss than for our winning, for his wisdom better seeth what is good for us than we do ourselves. Therefore, I pray you be of good cheer, and take all the household with you to church, and there thank God, both for that he has given us, and for that he has taken from us, and for that he hath left us; which, if it please him, he can increase when he will. And if it please him to leave us yet less, at his pleasure be it!

I pray you to make some good cheerch what my poor neighbours have lost, and bid them take no thought therefore; for, if I should not leave myself a spoon, there shall no poor neighbour of mine bear no loss by any chance happened in my house. I pray you be, with my children and your household, merry in God; and devise somewhat with your friends what way were best to take, for provision to be made for corn for our household, and for seed this year coming, if we think it good that we keep the ground still in our hands. And whether we think it good that we so shall do or not, yet I think it were not best suddenly thus to leave it all up, and to put away our folk off our farm, till we have somewhat advised us thereon. Howbeit, if we have more now than ye shall need, and which can get them other masters, ye may then discharge us of them. But I would not that any man were suddenly sent away, he wot not whither.

At my coming hither, I perceived none other but that I should tarry still with the king's grace. But now I shall, I think, because of this chance, get leave this next week to come home and see you, and then shall we further devise together upon all things, what order shall be best to take,

And thus as heartily fare you well, with all our children, as ye can wish. At Woodstock, the third day of September [1528], by the hand of your loving husband,
 THOMAS MORE, *Knight*.

Act of Parliament in Favour of Husbandry.

The following Act, 25th of Henry VIII. (1533), illustrates what was said regarding husbandry by Sir Thomas More, and is a specimen of the English of the period:

Whereas divers and sundry persons of the king's subjects of this realm, to whom God of his goodness hath disposed great plenty and abundance of movable substance, now of late, within few years, have daily studied, practised, and invented ways and means how they might accumulate and gather together into few hands, as well great multitude of farms as great plenty of cattle, and in especial, sheep, putting such lands as they can get to pasture, and not to tillage; whereby they have not only pulled down churches and towns, and enhanced the old rates of the rents of the possessions of this realm, or else brought it to such excessive fines that no poor man is able to meddle with it, but also have raised and enhanced the prices of all manner of corn, cattle, wool, pigs, geese, hens, chickens, eggs, and such other commodities, almost double above the price which hath been accustomed, by reason whereof a marvellous multitude of the poor people of this realm be not able to provide meat, drink, and clothes necessary for themselves, their wives, and children, but be so discouraged with misery and poverty, that they fall daily to theft, robbery, and other inconveniences, or piteously die for hunger or cold; and it is thought by the king's humble and loving subjects that one of the greatest occasions that moveth those greedy and covetous people so to accumulate and keep in their hands such great portions and parts of the lands of this realm from the occupying of the poor husbandmen, and so to use it in pasture and not in tillage, is the great profit that cometh of sheep which be now come into a few persons' hands, in respect of the whole number of the king's subjects, it is hereby enacted, that no person shall have or keep on lands not their own inheritance more than two thousand sheep; that no person shall occupy more than two farms; and that the 19th of the 4th of Henry VII., and those other acts obliging the lords of the fees to do their duty, shall be re-enacted and enforced.

JOHN FISHER.

FISHER, BISHOP OF ROCHESTER (1459-1533), was chiefly distinguished by writings in Latin against the Lutheran doctrines. He was a steadfast adherent of the Church of Rome, and his name is tarnished with some severities, but we have the testimony of Erasmus that he possessed many of the best points of human character. He steadily refused translation to a more valuable bishopric, and he finally laid down his life, along with Sir Thomas More, in a conscientious adherence to the principle of the validity of the nuptials of Queen Katharine. While in the Tower the pope acknowledged his worth and consistency by the gift of a cardinal's hat, which drew from Henry the brutal remark: 'Well, let the pope send him a hat when he will; mother of God! he shall wear it on his shoulders, then, for I will leave him never a head to set it on!' The English writings of Bishop Fisher consist of sermons, and a few small religious tracts, printed in one volume at Würzburg in 1595. One of the sermons was a funeral one, preached in 1509, in honour of the Countess of Richmond (mother of Henry VII.), whose chaplain he had been. In it he presents a remarkable portraiture of a pious lady of rank of that age, with a curious detail of the habits then thought essential to a religious

gentlewoman. He praises her nobleness of person, manners, nature, and lineage, and adds some details of her daily life.

Habits of a Pious Lady of Rank in the Reign of Henry VII.

Her sober temperance in meats and drinks was known to all them that were conversant with her, wherein she lay in as great weight of herself as any person might, keeping always her strait measure, and offending as little as any creature might; eschewing banquets, rene-suppers, (1) jollities betwixt meals. As for fasting, for age and feebleness, albeit she were not bound, yet those days that by the church were appointed, she kept them diligently and seriously, and in especial the holy Lent throughout, that she restrained her appetite till one meal of fish on the day; besides her other peculiar fasts of devotion, as St. Anthony, St. Mary Magdalene, St. Catharine, with other; and throwout all the year, the Friday and Saturday she full truly observed. As to hard clothes wearing, she had her shirts and girdles of hair, which, when she was in health, every week she failed not certain days to wear, sometime the one, sometime the other, that full often her skin, as I heard her say, was pierced therewith. . . . In prayer, every day at her uprising, which commonly was not long after five of the clock, she began certain devotions, and so after them, with one of her gentlewomen, the matins of our lady, then she came into her closet, where then with her chaplain she said also matins of the day; and after that daily heard four or five masses upon her knees; so continuing in her prayers and devotions unto the hour of dinner, which of the eating-day was ten of the clock, and upon the fasting-day eleven. After dinner full truly she would go her stations to three altars daily; daily her dirges and commendations she would say, and her even-songs before supper, both of the day and of our lady, beside many other prayers and psalters of David throughout the year; and at night before she went to bed, she failed not to resort unto her chapel, and there a large quarter of an hour to occupy her devotions. No marvel, though all this long time her kneeling was to her painful, and so painful that many times it caused in her back pain and disease. And yet nevertheless, daily when she was in health, she failed not to say the crown of our lady, which after the manner of Rome containeth sixty and three aves, and at every ave to make a kneeling. As for meditation, she had divers books in French, wherewith she would occupy herself when she was weary of prayer. Wherefore divers she did translate out of the French into English. Her marvellous weeping they can bear witness of, which here before have heard her confession, which be divers and many, and at many seasons in the year, lightly every third day. Can also record the same tho that were present at any time when she was housewife, (2) which was full nigh a dozen times every year, what floods of tears there issued forth of her eyes!

SIR THOMAS ELYOT—BISHOP LATIMER.

SIR THOMAS ELYOT, an eminent physician of the reign of Henry VIII., by whom he was employed in several embassies, was the author of a popular professional work, entitled 'The Cast of Health,' in which many sound precepts are delivered with respect to diet and regimen. Of his other productions, one, 'The Governor,' is devoted chiefly to the subject of education. He recommends, as Montaigne and Locke subsequently did, that children be taught to speak Latin from their infancy; and he deprecates 'cruel and yroue, or irascible schoolmasters, by whom the wits of children be dulled, whereof we need no better author to witness than daily experience.' Mr Hallam observes, in reference to this passage, that 'all testimonies concur as to this savage ill-treatment of boys in the schools of that period. The fierceness of the Tudor government, the religious intolerance, the polemical rufality, the rigorous justice, when justice it was, of our

1 Second suppers. When supper took place at four or five o'clock, it was not uncommon, on festive occasions, to have a second served up at a later hour.

2 Received the sacrament of the Lord's Supper.

laws, seem to have engendered a hardness of character, which displayed itself in severity of discipline, when it did not even reach the point of arbitrary or malignant cruelty.' Sir Thomas Elyot died in 1546.

HUGH LATIMER (*circa* 1485–1555) distinguished himself as a zealous reformer, not less than Sir Thomas More did on the opposite side. He was a native of Thurstaston, county of Leicester, was educated at Cambridge, entered the Church, but becoming acquainted with Thomas Bilney, a celebrated defender of the doctrines of Luther, he boldly maintained in the pulpit the truth of the Protestant doctrines. His preaching at Cambridge gave great offence to the Catholic clergy, at whose instigation Cardinal Wolsey instituted a court of bishops and deacons to execute the laws against heretics. Before this court, Bilney and Latimer were summoned, when the recantation of the former, who was considered the principal man, caused both to be set at liberty. Bilney afterwards disclaimed his abjuration, and suffered martyrdom. This did not abate the boldness of Latimer, who continued to preach openly, and even wrote a letter to Henry VIII. remonstrating against the prohibition of the Bible in English. His letter, although it failed to produce the desired result, seems to have given no offence to Henry, who soon afterwards presented Latimer to a living in Wiltshire, and in 1535 appointed him bishop of Worcester. After the fall of Anne Boleyn, the passing in parliament of the six articles establishing the doctrines of popery, induced him to resign his bishopric (July, 1539). During the latter part of Henry's reign, he suffered imprisonment; but being liberated after the accession of Edward VI. he became popular at court as a preacher, yet never could be prevailed on to resume his episcopal functions. In Mary's reign, when measures were taken for the restoration of popery, Latimer was summoned before the council, and, though allowed an opportunity of escape, readily obeyed the citation, exclaiming, as he passed through Smithfield: 'This place has long groaned for me.' After a close imprisonment of sixteen months at Oxford, Latimer was tried a second time. He was then old—above eighty—but he unhesitatingly refused to sign articles of subscription which were submitted to him, and suffered at the stake in 1555, exclaiming to his fellow-martyr, Bishop Ridley. 'Be of good comfort, Doctor Ridley, and play the man; we shall this day light such a candle, by God's grace, in England, as I trust shall never be put out.' His sermons, a collection of which was published in 1570, are remarkable for a familiarity and drollery of style, which, though it would now be reckoned unsuitable for the pulpit, was highly popular in his own time, and produced a wonderful impression on his hearers. Cranmer and Latimer were instrumental in effecting a great improvement in the quality of clerical discourses, by substituting topics connected with moral duties for what was then the common subject-matter of sermons—namely, incredible and often ridiculous

legendary tales of saints and martyrs, and accounts of miracles wrought for the confirmation of doctrines of the Catholic Church.

Latimer's Account of his Parentage.—From Seven Sermons Preached before Edward VI., 1549.

My father was a Yoman, and had no landes of his owne, onely he had a farme of xii. or xiii. pound by yere at the vttermost, and here vpon he tilled so much as keppe halfe a dozen men. He had walke for a hundred shepe, and my mother mylke xxx. kyne. He was able and did find the king a harnesser, wyth hym selfe, and hys horsse, whyle he came to ye place that he should receyue the kynges wages. I can remembre, yat I buckled hys harness, when he went vnto Blacke heathfelde. He kept me to schole, or elles I had not bene able to haue preached before the kynges maiestie nowe. He maryed my systers, with v. pounde or xx. nobles a pece, so that he broughte them vp in godlines, and feare of God.

He kept hospitalite for his pore neighbours. And sum almess he gaue to the poore, and all thys did he of the sayd farme. When he that now hath it, palet h xvii. pound by yere or more, and is not able to do any thing for his pryce, for himselfe, nor for his children, or geue a cup of drinke to the pore. Thus al the enhansinge and rearing goth to your priuate commoditie and wealth. . . . In my tyme, my poore father was as diligent to teach me to shote, as to learnys anye other thyng, and so I thinke other menne dyd theyr children. He taughte me how to drawe, how to laye my bodye in my bowe, and not to drawe wyth strenth of armes as other nacions do, but with strength of the bodye. I had my bowes boughte me accordyng to my age and strength as I increased in them, so my bowes were made bigger, and bigger, for men shal neuer shot well, excepte they be broughte vp in it. It is a goodly art, a holme kynde of exercise, and much commended in thislike.

Germany made a Mingle-mangle of their Religion.

Germany was visited xx. yeaeres wyth Goddes word, but they dyd not earnestlye embrace it, and in lyfe folowe it, but made a myngle mangle and a hotchpotch of it.

I can not tell what, partely poperye, partelye true religion mingeled together. They say in my contrye, when they cal theyr hogges to the swyne troughe, Come to thy myngle mangle, come pyr, come pyr, euen so they made mingle mangle of it.

They coude clatter and prate of the Gospell, but when all cometh to al, they loyned poperye so wyth it, that they marde all together, they scratched and scraped all the lyuyngs of the church, and vnder a couloure of relygion turned it to theyr owne proper gayne and lucre. God, seynge that they woulde not come vnto hys worde, now he visiteth them in the seconde tyme of hys visitacion with his wrathe. For the takynge awaye of Goddes word is a manifest token of hys wrath. We haue now a fyrst visitacion in Englande, let vs beware of the seconde. We haue the mynstracion of hys worde, we are yet well, but the house is not cleane swepete yet.

In the following extracts we have modernised the spelling :

Bishop Latimer gives place to Robin Hood's Men.

I came once myself to a place, riding on a journey homeward from London, and I sent word overnigh't into the town that I would preach there in the morning, because it was holyday, and methought it was holyday's way. The church stood in my way, and I took my horse, and my company, and went thither. I thought I should have found a great company in the church, and when I came there the church-door was fast locked.

I tarried there half an hour and more ; at last the key was found, and one of the parish comes to me and says : ' Sir, this is a busy day with us, we cannot hear you, it is Robin Hood's day. The parish are gone abroad to gather for Robin Hood ; I pray you let [hinder] them not.' I was fain then to give place to Robin Hood. I thought my rochet should have been regarded, though I were not, but it would not serve ; it was fain to give place to Robin Hood's men ! It is no laughing matter, my friends, it is weeping matter, a heavy matter, a heavy matter, under the pretence for

gathering for Robin Hood, a traitor and a thief, to put out a preacher, to have his office less esteemed, to prefer Robin Hood before the ministration of God's word; and all this hath come of unpreaching prelates.

Cause and Effect—Story of Goodwin Sands and Tenderden Steeple.

Here now I remember an argument of Master More's, which he bringeth in a book that he made against Biley, and here, by the way, I will tell you a merry toy. Master More was once sent in commission into Kent, to help to try out, if it might be, what was the cause of Goodwin sands and the shelf that stopped up Sandwich haven. Thither cometh Master More, and calleth the country before him, such as were thought to be men of experience, and men that could of likelihood best certify him of that matter concerning the stopping of Sandwich haven. Among others came in before him an old man with a white head, and one that was thought to be little less than a hundred years old. When Master More saw this aged man, he thought it expedient to hear him say his mind in this matter; for, being so old a man, it was likely that he knew most of any man in that presence and company. So Master More called this old aged man unto him, and said: 'Father, tell me, if you can, what is the cause of this great rising of the sands and shelves here about this haven, the which stop it up, so that no ships can arrive here? Ye are the eldest man that I can espy in all this company, so that if any man can tell any cause of it, ye of likelihood can say most of it, or, at leastwise, more than any man here assembled.' 'Yea, forsooth, good master,' quoth this old man, 'for I am well-nigh a hundred years old, and no man here in this company anything near unto my age.' 'Well, then,' quoth Master More, 'how say you in this matter? What think ye to be the cause of these shelves and flats that stop up Sandwich haven?' 'Forsooth, sir,' quoth he, 'I am an old man; I think that Tenderden steeple is the cause of Goodwin sands; for I am an old man, sir,' quoth he, 'and I may remember the building of Tenderden steeple, and I may remember when there was no steeple at all there. And before that Tenderden steeple was in building, there was no manner of speaking of any flats or sands that stopped the haven, and therefore I think that Tenderden steeple is the cause of the destroying and decay of Sandwich haven.' And so to my purpose, preaching of God's word is the cause of rebellion, as Tenderden steeple was the cause that Sandwich haven is decayed.

The Devil the most Diligent Preacher—From Sermon on the Ploughers, Jan. 1548-9.

I would ask a strange question: Who is the most diligentest bishop and prelate in all England, that passeth all the rest in doing his office? I can tell, for I know him, who it is; I know him well. But now I think I see you listening and hearkening that I should name him. There is one that passeth all the other, and is the most diligent prelate and preacher in all England. And will you know who it is? I will tell you; it is the devil. He is the most diligent preacher of all other, he is never out of his diocese; he is never from his cure; ye shall never find him unoccupied; he is ever in his parish; he keepeth residence at all times; ye shall never find him out of the way; call for him when you will, he is ever at home; the diligentest preacher in all the realm; he is ever at his plough; no lordling or loitering can hinder him; he is ever applying his business; ye shall never find him idle, I warrant you. And his office is to hinder religion, to maintain superstition, to set up idolry, to teach all kind of popery. He is ready as he can be wished for to set forth his plough; to devise as many ways as can be to deface and obscure God's glory. Where the devil is resident, and hath his plough going, there away with books, and up with candles; away with Bibles, and up with beads; away with the light of the gospel, and up with the light of candles, yea, at noon-days. Where the devil is resident, that he may prevail, up with all superstition and idolatry; censuring, painting of images, candles, palms, ashes, holy water, and new service of men's inventing; as though man could invent a better way to honour God with than God himself hath appointed. Down with Christ's cross, up with purgatory pick-purse, up with him, the popish purgatory, I mean. Away with clothing the naked, the poor, and impotent; up with decking of images, and gay garnishings of stocks and stones; up with

man's traditions and his laws, down with God's traditions and his most Holy Word. Down with the old honour due to God, and up with the new god's honour. Let all things be done in Latin: there must be nothing but Latin, not so much as 'Remember, man, that thou art ashes, and into ashes thou shalt return:' which be the words that the minister speaketh unto the ignorant people, when he giveth them ashes upon Ash-Wednesday; but it must be spoken in Latin: God's word may in no wise be translated into English.

O that our prelates would be as diligent to sow the corn of good doctrine, as Satan is to sow cockle and darnel! But here some man will say to me: What, sir, are ye so privy of the devil's counsel that ye know all this to be true? Truly I know him too well, and have obeyed him a little too much in condescending to some follies; and I know him as other men do, yea, that he is ever occupied, and ever busy in following his plough. I know by St. Peter, which saith of him: 'He goeth about like a roaring lion, seeking whom he may devour.' There never was such a preacher in England as he is. Who is able to tell his diligent preaching, which every day and every hour laboureth to sow cockle and darnel?

JOHN LELAND—GEORGE CAVENDISH.

The first English antiquarian writer was JOHN LELAND, who was born in London about 1506, and received his education at St. Paul's school in his native city, at Cambridge and Oxford, completing it by a residence of considerable duration at Paris. Leland was one of the earliest Greek scholars in England, was acquainted with French, Italian, and Spanish, and studied, what few then gave any attention to, the Welsh and Saxon. Henry VIII. made him one of his chaplains, and bestowed sundry benefices upon him. Having a strong natural bent to antiquities, he obtained from the king a commission to inspect records, wherever placed, and, armed with this, he proceeded upon a tour of the whole kingdom. In six years he collected an immense mass of valuable papers, some of which he deposited in the king's library. Some are in Latin; but the most important work is in English, namely, his 'Itinerary'—an account of his travels, and of the ancient remains which he visited, together with a catalogue of English writers. Leland died in London in 1552.

GEORGE CAVENDISH was gentleman-usher to Cardinal Wolsey, and afterwards employed in the same capacity by Henry VIII. To the former he was strongly attached, and after the prelate's fall, he continued to serve him faithfully till his death. Cavendish died about 1562, leaving in manuscript a 'Life of Cardinal Wolsey,' in which, while he admits the arrogant disposition of his old master, he highly extols his general character.* Mr. R. W. Singer has printed, for the first time, 'Metrical Visions,' by Cavendish, concerning the fortunes and fall of some of the most eminent persons of his time. Respecting the 'Life of Wolsey,' he observes: 'There is a sincere and impartial

* This work did not appear in print till 1641, when it was published under the title of *The Negotiations of Thomas Wolsey*; but as the chief object of sending it forth was to reconcile the nation to the death of Archbishop Laud, by drawing a parallel between the two prelates, the manuscript, before it went to the press, was greatly mutilated by abridgment and interpolation. A correct copy was, however, published in 1810 by Dr. Wordsworth, in the first volume of his *Ecclesiastical Biography*; and it has since been reprinted separately in 1825, by Mr. Samuel Weller Singer, along with a dissertation by the Rev. Joseph Hunter, proving the author to have been George Cavendish, and not his brother Sir William, as stated in the *Biographia Britannica*, and later publications.

adherence to truth, a reality, in Cavendish's narrative, which bespeaks the confidence of his reader, and very much increases his pleasure. It is a work without pretension, but full of natural eloquence, devoid of the formality of a set rhetorical composition, unspoiled by the affectation of that *classical manner* in which all biography and history of old time was prescribed to be written, and which often divests such records of the attraction to be found in the conversational style of Cavendish. . . . Our great poet has literally followed him in several passages of his 'King Henry VIII.,' merely putting his language into verse. Add to this the historical importance of the work, as the only sure and authentic source of information upon many of the most interesting events of that reign; and from which all historians have largely drawn (through the secondary medium of Holinshed and Stowe, who adopted Cavendish's narrative), and its intrinsic value need not be more fully expressed.'

King Henry's Visit to Wolsey's House.

And when it pleased the king's majesty, for his recreation, to repair unto the cardinal's house, as he did divers times in the year, at which time there wanted no preparations, or goodly furniture, with viands of the finest sort that might be provided for money or friendship; such pleasures were then devised for the king's comfort and consolation, as might be invented, or by man's wit imagined. The banquets were set forth with masks and mummeries, in so gorgeous a sort and costly manner, that it was a heaven to behold. There wanted no dames or damsels, meet or apt to dance with the maskers, or to garnish the place for the time with other goodly disports. Then was there all kind of music and harmony set forth, with excellent voices both of men and children. I have seen the king suddenly come in thither in a mask, with a dozen of other maskers, all in garments like shepherds, made of fine cloth of gold, and fine crimson satin panned, and caps of the same, with viors of good proportion of visnomy; their hairs and beards either of fine gold wire, or else of silver, and some being of black silk; having sixteen torch-bearers, besides their drums, and other persons attending upon them, with viors, and clothed all in satin, of the same colours. And at his coming, and before he came into the hall, ye shall understand that he came by water to the watergate, without any noise, where, against his coming, were laid charged many chambers, (1) and at his landing they were all shot off, which made such a rumble in the air, that it was like thunder. It made all the noblemen, ladies, and gentlewomen to muse what it should mean coming so suddenly, they sitting quietly at a solemn banquet. . . . Then, immediately after this great shot of guns, the cardinal desired the lord chamberlain and comptroller to look what this sudden shot should mean, as though he knew nothing of the matter. They thereupon looking out of the windows into Thames, returned again, and shewed him, that it seemed to them there should be some noblemen and strangers arrived at his bridge, as ambassadors from some foreign prince. . . . Then quoth the cardinal to my lord chamberlain: 'I pray you,' quoth he, 'shew them that it seemeth me that there should be among them some nobleman, whom I suppose to be much more worthy of honour to sit and occupy this room and place than I; to whom I would most gladly, if I knew him, surrender my place according to my duty.' Then spake my lord chamberlain unto them in French, declaring my lord cardinal's mind; and they rounding (2) him again in the ear, my lord chamberlain said to my lord cardinal: 'Sir, they confess,' quoth he, 'that among them there is such a noble personage, whom, if your grace can appoint him from the other, he is contented to disclose himself, and to accept your place most worthily.' With that the cardinal, taking a good advisement among them, at the last, quoth he: 'Me seemeth the gentleman with the black beard should be even he.' And with that he arose out of his chair, and offered

1 Short guns or cannon, without carriages, chiefly used for festive occasions.

2 Whispering.

the same to the gentleman in the black beard, with his cap in his hand. The person to whom he offered then his chair was Sir Edward Neville, a comely knight of a goodly personage, that much more resembled the king's person in that mask than any other. The king, hearing and perceiving the cardinal so deceived in his estimation and choice, could not forbear laughing; but plucked down his visor, and Master Neville's also, and dashed out with such a pleasant countenance and cheer, that all noble estates (1) there assembled, seeing the king to be there amongst them, rejoiced very much. The cardinal afterwards (2) desired his highness to take the place of estate, to whom the king answered, that he would go first and shift his apparel; and so departed, and went straight into my lord's bedchamber, where was a great fire made and prepared for him, and there new apparelled him with rich and princely garments. And in the time of the king's absence, the dishes of the banquet were clean taken up, and the table spread again with new and sweet perfumed cloths; every man sitting still until the king and his maskers came in among them again, every man being newly apparelled. Then the king took his seat under the cloth of estate, commanding no man to remove, but sit still, as they did before. Then in came a new banquet before the king's majesty, and to all the rest through the tables, wherein, I suppose, were served two hundred dishes, or above, of wondrous costly meats and devices, subtilly devised. Thus passed they forth the whole night with banquetting, dancing, and other triumphant devices, to the great comfort of the king, and pleasant regard of the nobility there assembled.

The Death of Wolsey (November 29, 1530).

Then was he in confession the space of an hour. And when he had ended his confession, Master Kingston came to him, and bade him good morrow, for it was about six of the clock, and asked him how he did. 'Sir,' quoth he, 'I tarry but the pleasure of God, to render up my poor soul into his hands.' 'Not so, sir,' quoth Master Kingston, 'with the grace of God, you shall live and do very well, if you will be of good cheer.' 'Nay, in good sooth, Master Kingston, my disease is such that I cannot live; for I have had some experience in physic. . . . If I had served God as diligently as I have done the king, he would not have given me over in my gray hairs. But this is the just reward that I must receive for my diligent pains and study that I have had to do him service; not regarding my service to God, but only to satisfy his pleasure. I pray you have me most humbly commended unto his royal majesty, and beseech him in my behalf, to call to his princely remembrance all matters proceeding between him and me from the beginning of the world and the progress of the same; and most especially in his weighty matter (meaning the matter between good Queen Katharine and him); and then shall his grace's conscience know whether I have offended him or no. He is a prince of royal courage, and hath a princely heart; and rather than he will miss or want any part of his will or pleasure, he will endanger the loss of one half of his realm. For I assure you, I have often kneeled before him the space sometimes of three hours to persuade him from his will and appetite; but I could never dissuade him therefrom. Therefore, Master Kingston, I warn you, if it chance you hereafter to be of his privy council, as for your wisdom you are very meet, he will assured and advised what you put into his head, for you shall never put it out again.

And say, furthermore, that I request his grace, on God's name, that he have a vigilant eye to depress this new sort of Lutherans, that it do not increase through his negligence, in such a sort, as he be at length compelled to put on harness upon his back to smite them. . . . Master Kingston, farewell. I can no more say; but I wish, ere I die, all things to have good success. My time draweth on fast. I may not tarry with you. And forget not what I have said and charged you withal; for when I am dead, ye shall peradventure remember my words better.' And even with these words, he began to draw his speech at length, and his tongue to fail—his eyes being presently set in his head, whose sight failed him. Then began we to put him in remembrance of Christ's passion, and caused the yeoman of the guard to stand by secretly to see him die, and to be witness of his words at his departure, who heard all his said communication, and incontinent the clock struck eight, and then he gave up the ghost, and thus he departed this present life. And calling to remembrance how he said the day before, that at eight of the clock we should lose our

1 Persons of rank.

2 Immediately.

master, as it is before rehearsed, one of us looking upon another, supposing that he either knew or prophesied of his departure; yet before his departure, we sent for the abbot of the house to annoyle (1) him, who made all the speed he could, and came to his departure, and so said certain prayers before the breath was fully out of his body. Here is the end and fall of pride and arrogancy of men exalted by fortune to dignities!

LORD BERNERS.

LORD BERNERS, another favourite of Henry VIII. under whom he was chancellor of the exchequer, and governor of Calais, is known chiefly as the author of a translation of the French chronicler, Froissart. His version of that fascinating narrative of contemporary events in England, France, Flanders, Scotland, and other countries,* was executed by the king's command, and appeared in 1523. It is an excellent sample of the English language of that period, being remarkable for the purity and nervousness of its style.† Lord Berners wrote also 'The History of the Most Noble and Valiant Knight, Arthur of Little Britain,' and other works, translated from the French and Spanish; he was likewise the author of a book on 'The Duties of the Inhabitants of Calais.' From his translation of Froissart (which was reprinted in 1812), we extract the following passages, modernising the spelling:

Battle of Cressy.

When the French king saw the Englishmen, his blood changed, and [he] said to his marshals: 'Make the Genoese go on before, and begin the battle in the name of God and St. Denis.' There were of the Genoese cross-bows about a fifteen thousand, but they were so weary of going afoot that day, a six leagues, armed with their cross-bows, that they said to their constables: 'We be not well ordered to fight this day, for we be not in the case to do any great deed of arms; we have more need of rest.' These words came to the Earl of Alencon, who said: 'A man is well at ease to be charged with such a sort of rascals, to be slain and fall now at most need.' Also, the same season there fell a great rain and an eclipse, with a terrible thunder; and before the rain, there came flying over the battles a great number of crows for fear of the tempest coming. Then anon the air began to wax clear, and the sun to shine fair and bright, the which was right in the Frenchmen's eye, and on the Englishmen's back. When the Genoese were assembled together, and began to approach, they made a great leap and cry, to abash the Englishmen; but they stood still, and stirred not for all that. Then the Genoese again the second time made another leap and a full cry, and stepped forward a little; and the Englishmen removed not one foot. Thirdly again, they leaped and cried, and went forth till they came within shot; then they shot fiercely with their cross-bows. Then the English archers stepped forth one pace, and let fly their arrows so wholly and thick that it seemed snow. When the Genoese felt the arrows piercing through heads and arms and breasts, many of them cast down their cross-bows, and did cut their strings, and returned discomfited. When the French king saw them flee away, he said: 'Slay these rascals, for they shall let and trouble us without reason.' Then ye should have seen

1 To administer extreme unction.

* Froissart resided in England as secretary to the queen of Edward III. from 1361 to 1366, and again visited that country in 1365. On the former occasion, he paid a visit to Scotland, where he was entertained by the Earl of Douglas. His history, which extends from 1326 to 1400, is valued chiefly for the view which it gives of the manners of the times, and the state of the countries and their inhabitants.

† There is a translation of Froissart in modern English—the work of Thomas Johnes of Hafod (1748-1816); but that of Lord Berners is superior, not only in vigorous characteristic expression, but, what is more surprising, in correctness.

the men-at-arms dash in among them, and killed a great number of them, and ever still the Englishmen shot whereas they saw the thickest press; the sharp arrows ran into the men-at-arms and into their horses; and many fell horse and men among the Genoese; and when they were down, they could not relieve again; the press was so thick that one overthrew another. And also, among the Englishmen, there were certain rascals that went on foot with great knives, and they went in among the men-at-arms, and murdered many as they lay on the ground, both earls, barons, knights, and squires, whereof the king of England was after displeased, for he had rather they had been taken prisoners.

Edward IV. and the Countess of Salisbury.

As soon as the lady knew of the king's coming, she set open the gates and came out so richly beseen, that every man marvelled of her beauty, and could not cease to regard her nobleness, with her great beauty and the gracious words and countenance that she made. When she came to the king, she knelt down to the earth, thanking him of his succours, and so led him into the castle to make him cheer and honour, as she could right well do it. Every man regarded her marvellously; the king himself could not withhold his regarding of her, for he thought that he never saw before so noble nor so fair a lady. He was stricken therewith to the heart with a spirit of fine love that endured long after. He thought no lady in the world so worthy to be beloved as she. Thus they entered into the castle hand in hand. The lady led him first into the hall, and after into the chamber nobly apparelled. The king regarded so the lady, that she was abashed. At last he went to a window to rest him, and so fell into a great study. The lady went about to make cheer to the lords and knights that were there, and commanded to dress the hall for dinner. When she had all devised and commanded, she came to the king with a merry cheer (who was in a great study), and she said: 'Dear sir, why do you study so, for, your grace not displeased, it appertaineth not to your grace to do so; rather, ye should make good cheer and be joyful, seeing ye have chased away your enemies, who durst not abide you; let other men study for the remynant.'

Then the king said: 'Ah, dear lady, know for truth, that sith I entered into the castle, there is a study come to my mind, so that I cannot choose but to muse, nor I cannot tell what shall fall through; put it out of my heart I cannot.'

'Ah, sir,' quoth the lady, 'ye ought always to make good cheer to comfort therefore your people. God hath aided you so in your business, and hath given you so great graces, that ye be the most doughty and honoured prince in all Christendom; and if the king of Scots have done you any despite or damage, ye may well amend it when it shall please you as ye have done divers times ere this. Sir, leave your musing, and come into the hall, if it please you; your dinner is all ready.'

'Ah, fair lady,' quoth the king, 'other things lyeth at my heart that ye know not of, but surely your sweet behaving, the perfect wisdom, the good grace, nobleness, and excellent beauty that I see in you, hath so sore surprised my heart that I cannot but love you, and without your love I am but dead.'

Then the lady said: 'Ah, right noble prince, for God's sake mock nor tempt me not. I cannot believe that it is true that ye say, nor that so noble a prince as ye be would think to dishonour me and my lord, my husband, who is so valiant a knight, and hath done your grace so good service, and, as yet, lyeth in prison for your quarrel. Certainly, sir, ye should in this case have but a small prize and nothing the better thereby. I had never, as yet, had such a thought in my heart, nor, I trust in God, never shall have for no man living. If I had any such intention, your grace ought not only to blame me, but also to punish my body, yea, and by true justice, to be dismembered.'

Therewith the lady departed from the king, and brought some of his knights with her, and said, 'Sir, if it please you to come into the hall; your knights abideth for you to wash; ye have been too long fasting.'

Then the king went into the hall, and washed, and sat down among his lords, and the lady also. The king ate but little; he sat still musing, and, as he durst, he cast his eyes upon the lady. Of his sadness his knights had marvel, for he was not accustomed so to be. Some thought it was because the Scots were escaped from him. All that day the king tarried there and wist not what to do. Sometime he imagined that honour and truth defended him not to set his heart in such a case to dishonour

such a lady and so true a knight as her husband was, who had always well and truly served him. On the other part, love so constrained him, that the power thereof surmounted honour and truth. Thus the king debated in himself all that day and all that night. In the morning he arose and dislodged all his host, and drew after the Scots to chase them out of his realm. Then he took leave of the lady, saying: 'My dear lady, to God I commend you till I return again, requiring you to advise you otherwise than ye have said to me.'

'Noble prince,' quoth the lady, 'in God the father, glorious be your conduct, and put you out of all villain thoughts! Sir, I am, and ever shall be, ready to do your grace service to your honour and to mine.' Therewith the king departed all abashed.

BISHOP BALE.

JOHN BALE, bishop of Ossory, in Ireland (1495-1563), was the author of many tracts against popery, both in Latin and English; but his most celebrated production is a Latin 'Account of the Lives of Eminent Writers of Great Britain,' extending, as the title expresses it, from Japhet, one of the sons of Noah to the year 1557. Bale left also many curious metrical productions in the English language, including several dramatic pieces on sacred subjects. Among these are interludes on John the Baptist's preaching; on the childhood, temptation, passion, and resurrection of Christ; on the Lord's Supper, and washing the disciples' feet, &c. All these pieces were doubtless performed in a grave and devout spirit; for Bale himself mentions that the first of them—which may be seen in the Harleian Miscellany—and his tragedy of 'God's Promises,' were acted by young men at the market-cross of Kilkenny upon a Sunday. In 1544, he published 'A Breve Chronycle concernynge the examinacyon and Death of the Blessed Martyr of Christ, Sir Johan Oldecastell, the Lorde Cobham, from which we extract the account of Cobham's death. He suffered in 1417, for supporting the doctrines of Wycliffe, and was the first martyr among the English nobility.

Death of Lord Cobham.

Upon the day appointed, he was brought out of the Tower with his arms bound behind him, having a very cheerful countenance. Then was he laid upon a hurdle, as though he had been a most heinous traitor to the crown, and so drawn forth into Saint Giles' Field, where as they had set up a new pair of gallows. As he was coming to the place of execution, and was taken from the hurdle, he fell down devoutly upon his knees, desiring Almighty God to forgive his enemies. Then stood he up and beheld the multitude, exhorting them in most godly manner to follow the laws of God written in the Scriptures, and in any wise to beware of such teachers as they see contrary to Christ in their conversation and living, with many other special counsels. Then he was hanged up there by the middle in chains of iron, and so consumed alive in the fire, praising the name of God so long as his life lasted. In the end he commended his soul into the hand of God, and so departed hence most Christenly, his body resolved into ashes.

WILLIAM TYNDALE.

The Reformation led to the publication of three versions of the Bible which were perhaps the most important scholastic efforts of the reign of Henry VIII. The first part of the Scriptures printed in

an English form was the New Testament, of which a translation was published in 1526 by WILLIAM TYNDALE, born in Gloucestershire, about the year 1477, a clergyman of great piety, learning, and gentleness of disposition. In the course of his labours he endured such persecution, that, in 1523, he found it necessary to quit England, and retire into Germany. He there visited Luther, who encouraged him in his laborious and hazardous undertaking. Antwerp was the place where Tyndale's translation of the New Testament was first printed. It was speedily circulated, and eagerly perused in England, notwithstanding the severe persecution to which its possessors were exposed. Sir Thomas More distinguished himself as a most virulent opponent of Tyndale, against whom he published seven volumes of controversy, where such violent language as the following is employed: 'Our Saviour will say to Tyndale: Thou art accursed, Tyndale, the son of the devil; for neither flesh nor blood hath taught thee these heresies, but thine own father, the devil, that is in hell.'— 'There should have been more burned by a great many than there have been within this seven year last past. The lack whereof, I fear me, will make more [be] burned within this seven year next coming, than else should have needed to have been burned in seven score. Ah, blasphemous beast, to whose roaring and lowing no good Christian man can without heaviness of heart give ear!' Tyndale translated also the first five books of the Old Testament, the publication of which was completed in 1530. Efforts were made by King Henry, Wolsey, and More to allure him back to England, where they hoped to destroy him; but he was too cautious to trust himself there. His friend, John Frith, who had assisted him in translating, was more credulous of their promises of safety, and returning to London, was apprehended and burned. Tyndale remained at Antwerp, till entrapped by an agent of Henry, who procured at Brussels a warrant to apprehend him for heresy. After some further proceedings, he was first strangled and then burned at Vilvoorden, near Antwerp, in September 1536, exclaiming at the stake: 'Lord, open the king of England's eye!'

Tyndale's translation of the New Testament is, on the whole, admirable both for style and accuracy; and indeed our present authorised version has throughout very closely followed it. To use the words of Dr. Geddes: 'It is astonishing how little obsolete the language of it is, even at this day; and, in point of perspicuity and noble simplicity, propriety of idiom, and purity of style, no English version has yet surpassed it.' A beautiful edition of it was published in 1836, edited by Mr. George Offor. The following are Tyndale's translations of the Magnificat and Lord's Prayer, in the spelling of the original edition:

The Magnificat and Lord's Prayer.

And Mary sayde: My soule magnifieth the Lorde, and my sprete reioyseth in God my Savioure.

For he hath loked on the povre degre off his honde mayden. Beholde now from hens forthe shall all generacions call me blessed.

For he that is myghty hath done to me greate thinges, and blessed ys his name :

And hys mercy is always on them that feare him thorow oute all generacions.

He hath shewed strengthe with his arme ; he hath scattered them that are proude in the ymaginacion of their hertes.

He hath putt doune the myghty from their seates, and hath exalted them of lowe degre.

He hath filled the hongry with goode thinges, and hath sent away the ryche empty.

He hath remembred mercy, and hath holpen his servaunt Israhel.

Even as he promised to oure fathers, Abraham and to his seed for ever.

Oure Father which arte in heven, halowed be thy name. Let thy kyngdom comr. Thy wyll be fulfilled, as well in erth, as hit ys in heven. Geve vs this daye oure dayly breade. And forgeve vs oure trespasses, even as we forgeve them which traspass vs. Leede vs not into temptation, but delyvre vs from yvell. Amen.

Part of St. Matthew's Gospel, Chapter VIII.

When Jesus was come downe from the mountayne, moch people folowed him. And lo, there cam a lepre, and worsheped him saynge, Master, if thou wyll, thou canst make me cleane. He putt forthe his hond and touched him saynge : I will, be cleane, and immediately his leprosy was censed. And Jesus said vnto him, Se thou tell no man, but go and shewe thysalf to the preste, and offer the gyfte that Moyses commaunded to be offred, in wytnes to them. When Jesus was entred in to Capernaum, there cam vnto him a certayne centurion, beseechyng him, And saynge : Master, my servaunt lyeth sicke at home off the palsey, and is grevously payned. And Jesus said vnto him, I will come and cure him. The centurion answered and saide : Syr I am not worthy that thou shuldest com vnder the rofe of my house, but speake the wordes only and my servaunt shalbe healed. For y also my selfe am a man vndre power, and have sowdeetes vndre me, and y saye to one, go, and he goeth : and to anothe, come, and he cometh : and to my servaunt, do this, and he doeth it. When Jesus herde these saynges ; he marveyled, and said to them that folowed him : Verely y say vnto you, I have not founde so great fayth ; no, not in Israhel. I say therfore vnto you, that many shall come from the east and west, and shal rest with Abraham, Ysaac and Jacob, in the kyngdom of heven. And the children of the kingdom shalbe cast out in to the vtmoost dercknes, there shalbe wepinge and gnashing of tethe. Then Jesus said vnto the centurion, Go thy waye, and as thou hast believed so be it vnto the. And his servaunt was healed that same houre.

MILES COVERDALE.

In translating the Pentateuch, Tyndale was assisted by MILES COVERDALE (1485-1565), who, in 1535, published the first English translation of the whole Scriptures, with this title : ' Biblia, the Bible ; that is, the Holy Scripture of the Olde and New Testament, faithfully and newly translated out of the Doutche and Lutyn into English ' Coverdale was made bishop of Exeter in 1551, but retired to the continent during the reign of Mary. When Elizabeth ascended the throne, he returned to England, and remained there till his death. His translation of the Bible has been reprinted in London. The extent of its variation from that of Tyndale will appear by contrasting the following verse (Gen. xxix. 32), as rendered by each translator :

Tyndale's Version.

When the Lorde sawe that Lea was despised, he made her frutefull, but Rahel was baren. And Lea conceived and bare a sonne and called his name Ruben, for she sayde : the Lorde hath looked upon my tribulation. And now my husbonde will love me.

Coverdale's Version.

But when the Lorde sawe that Lea was nothinge regarded, he made her frutefull and Rachel barren. And Lea conceived and bare a sonne whom she called Ruben, and sayde : the Lorde hath looked upon mine adversitie. Now wyll my husbände love me.

TRANSLATIONS OF THE BIBLE.

These translations were followed, in 1587, by the version known as 'Matthews's Bible,' so called from the name of the printer, which was superintended by the martyr Rogers; and in 1589 by 'Cranmer's Bible,' which was revised by collation with the original Hebrew and Greek. The dissemination of so many copies of the sacred volume, where neither the Bible nor any considerable number of other books had formerly been in use, produced very remarkable effects. The versions first used, having been formed in some measure from the Latin translation, called the 'Vulgate,' contained many words from that language, which had hardly before been considered as English; such as perdition, consolation, reconciliation, sanctification, immortality, frustrate, inexcusable, transfigure, and many others requisite for the expression of compound and abstract ideas, which had never occurred to our Saxon ancestors, and therefore were not represented by any terms in that language. These words, in the course of time, became part of ordinary discourse, and thus the language was enriched. In the 'Book of Common Prayer,' compiled in the subsequent reign of Edward VI. and which affords many beautiful specimens of the English of that time, the efforts of the learned to make such words familiar are perceptible in many places; where a Latin term is often given with a Saxon word of the same, or nearly the same meaning following it, as 'humble and lowly,' 'assemble and meet together.' Another effect proceeded from the freedom with which the people were allowed to judge of the doctrines, and canvass the text, of the sacred writings. The keen interest with which they now perused the Bible, hitherto a closed book to the most of them, is allowed to have given the first impulse to the practice of reading in both parts of the island, and to have been one of the causes of the flourishing literary era which followed.

SIR JOHN CHEKE.

SIR JOHN CHEKE (1514-1557) was professor of Greek at Cambridge, and one of the preceptors of the prince, afterwards Edward VI. He is chiefly distinguished for his exertions in introducing the study of the Greek language and literature into England. Having dictated to his pupils a certain mode of pronouncing Greek words, he was vic-

lently assailed on that account by Bishop Gardiner, then chancellor of the university; but, notwithstanding the fulminations of this severe prelate, the system of Cheke prevailed, and still prevails. At his death, which was supposed to be occasioned by remorse for recanting Protestantism under the terror of the Marian persecution, he left several works in manuscript, amongst which was a translation of Matthew's Gospel, intended to exemplify a plan which he had conceived of reforming the English language by eradicating all words except those derived from Saxon roots. He also contemplated a reform in the spelling of English, an idea which has occurred to several learned men, but seems to be amongst the most hopeless ever entertained by the learned. The only original work of Cheke in English is a pamphlet, published in 1549, under the title of 'The Hurt of Sedition, how Grievous it is to a Commonwealth,' being designed to admonish the people who had risen under Ket the tanner. Of this, a specimen is subjoined:

Remonstrance with Levellers.

Ye pretend to a commonwealth. How amend ye it by ¹ *killing* of gentlemen, by *spoliing* of gentlemen, by *imprisoning* of gentlemen? A marvellous tanned (1) commonwealth. Why should ye hate them for their riches, or for their rule? Rule, they never took so much in hand as ye do now. They never resisted the king, never withstood his council, be faithful at this day, when ye be faithless, not only to the king, whose subjects ye be, but also to your lords, whose tenants ye be. Is this your true duty—in some of homage, in most of fealty, in all of allegiance—to leave your duties, go back from your promises, fall from your faith, and, contrary to law and truth, to make unlawful assemblies, ungodly companies, wicked and detestable camps, to disobey your betters, and to obey your tanners, to change your obedience from a king to a Ket, to submit yourselves to traitors, and break your faith to your true king and lords? . . .

If riches offend you, because ye would have the like, then think that to be no commonwealth, but envy to the commonwealth. Envy it is to appair (2) another man's estate, without the amendment of your own; and to have no gentlemen, because ye be none yourselves, is to bring down an estate, and to mend none. Would ye have all alike rich? That is the overthrow of all labour, and utter decay of work in this realm. For who will labour more, if, when he hath gotten more, the idle shall by lust, without right, take what him list from him, under pretence of equality with him? This is the bringing in of idleness, which destroyeth the commonwealth, and not the amendment of labour, which maintaineth the commonwealth. If there should be such equality, then ye take all hope away from yours, to come to any better estate than you now leave them. And as many mean men's children come honestly up, and are great succour to all their stock, so should none be hereafter holpen by you. But because you seek equality, whereby all cannot be rich, ye would that belike, whereby every man should be poor. And think beside, that riches and inheritance be God's providence, and given to whom of his wisdom he thinketh good.

SIR THOMAS WILSON.

THOMAS WILSON, originally a fellow of King's College, Cambridge, and who rose to be Dean of Durham, and to various high state employments under Elizabeth, published, in 1558, a 'System of Rhetoric and of Logic,' in which the principles of eloquence and composition are laid down with considerable ability. He strongly advocates, in

¹ Alluding to the profession of the ringleader.

² Impair.

this treatise, simplicity of language, condemning those who 'powdered their talk with over-seas language.' So great and dangerous an innovation were his doctrines considered, that, happening to visit Rome, he was imprisoned as a heretic. Amongst other false styles censured by Wilson is that of alliteration, of which he gives the following caricatured example: 'Pitiful poverty prayeth for a penny, but puffed presumption passeth not a point, pampering his paunch with pestilent pleasure, procuring his passport to post it to hell-pit, there to be punished with pains perpetual.' Wilson died in 1581.

Simplicity of Style Recommended.

Among other lessons, this should first be learned, that we never affect any strange inkhorn terms, but to speak as is commonly received; neither seeking to be over fine, nor yet living over careless; using our speech as most men do, and ordering our wits as the fewest have done. Some seek so far for outlandish English, that they forget altogether their mother's language. And I dare swear this, if some of their mothers were alive, they were not able to tell what they say, and yet these fine English clerks will say they speak in their mother tongue, if a man should charge them with counterfeiting the king's English. Some far journeyed gentlemen, at their return home, like as they love to go in foreign apparel, so they will ponder their talk with over-sea language. He that cometh lately out of France will talk French-English, and never blush at the matter. Another chops in with English Italianated, and applieth the Italian phrase to our English speaking; the which is, as if an oration that professeth to utter his mind in plain Latin, would needs speak poetry, and far-fetched colours of strange antiquity. The lawyer will store his stomach with the prating of pedlers. The auditor, in making his account and reckoning, cometh in with *vas could, et cater demere*, for 8s. and 4d. The fine courtier will talk nothing but Chancer. The mystical wise men, and poetical clerks, will speak nothing but quaint proverbs and blind allegories; delighting much in their own darkness, especially when none can tell what they do say. The unlearned or foolish fantastical, that smels but of learning (such fellows as have seen learned men in their days), will so Latin their tongues, that the simple cannot but wonder at their talk, and think surely they speak by some revelation. I know them that think rhetoric to stand wholly upon dark words; and he that can catch an inkhorn term by the tail, him they count to be a fine Englishman and a good rhetorician.

ROGER ASCHAM.

A still more distinguished instructive writer of this age was ROGER ASCHAM, university orator at Cambridge, at one time preceptor, and ultimately Latin secretary, to Queen Elizabeth. He must be considered as the first writer on education in our language, and it is remarkable that many of his views on this subject accord with the most enlightened of modern times. His writings themselves furnished an improved example of style, and they abound in sound sense and excellent instructions. We are the more called on to admire them, when we reflect on the tendency of learned men in that age to waste their talents and acquirements on profitless controversy—which was so strong a passion, that whenever Sir John Cheke was temporarily absent from Cambridge, his associates immediately forsook the elegant studies to which he had tempted them, and fell into disputes on points of theology and metaphysics. Ascham was born in 1515 at Kirby Wiske, a village near Northallerton, in Yorkshire. His father was

house-steward in the family of Lord Scroep. Through the patronage of Sir Antony Wingfield, he was entered of St. John's College, Cambridge, and he was afterwards Professor of Greek in the university. In 1545, he had a grant of a pension of £10, which was continued to him by Edward VI. whom he taught to write. He was afterwards sent out as ambassador to the Emperor Charles V.; and on his way to London had an interview with Lady Jane Grey, which he thus describes:

Interview with Lady Jane Grey.

One example, whether love or fear doth work more in a child for virtue and learning, I will gladly report; which may be heard with some pleasure, and followed with more profit. Before I went into Germany, I came to Broadgate, in Leicestershire, to take my leave of that noble Lady Jane Grey, to whom I was exceeding much beholden. Her parents, the duke and duchess, with all the household, gentlemen and gentlewomen, were hunting in the park. I found her in her chamber reading Phædon Platonis in Greek, and that with as much delight as some gentlemen would read a merry tale in Boccace. After salutation and duty done, with some other talk, I asked her why she would lose such pastime in the park. Smiling, she answered me: 'I wiss, all their sport in the park is but a shadow to that pleasure that I find in Plato. Alas! good folk, they never felt what true pleasure meant.' 'And how came you, madam,' quoth I, 'to this deep knowledge of pleasure? And what did chiefly allure you unto it, seeing not many women, but very few men, have attained thereunto?' 'I will tell you,' quoth she, 'and tell you a truth which, perchance, ye will marvel at. One of the greatest benefits that ever God gave me, is, that he sent me so sharp and severe parents, and so gentle a schoolmaster. For when I am in presence either of father or mother, whether I speak, keep silence, sit, stand, or go, eat, drink, be merry or sad, be sewing, playing, dancing, or doing anything else, I must do it, as it were in such weight, measure, and number, even so perfectly as God made the world, or else I am so sharply taunted, so cruelly threatened, yea, presently, sometimes with pinches, nips, and bobs, and other ways, which I will not name for the honour I bear them, so without measure misordered, that I think myself in hell, till time come that I must go to Mr. Elmer; who teacheth me so gently, so pleasantly, with such fair allurements to learning, that I think all the time nothing, whiles I am with him. And when I am called from him, I fall on weeping, because, whatever I do else, but learning, is full of grief, trouble, fear, and whole misliking unto me. And thus my book hath been so much my pleasure, and bringeth daily to me more pleasure and more, that, in respect of it, all other pleasures, in very deed, be but trifles and troubles unto me.'

Ascham died on the 30th December 1568, and Queen Elizabeth said she would rather have lost £10,000 than her tutor Ascham. The principal work of this learned teacher, 'The Schoolmaster,' printed by his widow in 1570, contains, besides the good general views of education above alluded to, what Johnson has acknowledged to be 'perhaps the best advice that ever was given for the study of languages.' It also presents judicious characters of ancient authors. Another work, entitled 'Toxophilus,' published in 1544, is a dialogue on the art of Archery, designed to promote an elegant and useful mode of recreation among those who, like himself, gave most of their time to study, and also to exemplify a style of composition more purely English than what was generally practised. Ascham also wrote a Discourse on the affairs of Germany, where he had spent three years in attendance on the English ambassador during the reign of Edward

VI. We subjoin an extract from 'Toxophilus,' the first paragraph in the original spelling :

Study should be relieved by Amusement.

Philologus. How moche in this matter is to be giuen to ye auctoritie either of Aristotle or Tullie, I can not tel, seeing sad men may wel younge speke merily for a merie matter, this I am sure, whiche thing this faire wheat (God save it !) maketh me remembre yat those husbandmen which rise earliest, and come latest home, and are content to have their diner and other drinckings broughte into the felde to them, for feare of losing of time, haue fatter barnes in haruest than they which will either slepe at none time of the daye, or els make merie with their neighbours at the ale. And so a scholer yat purposeth to be a good husband, and desireth to reape and enjoy much fruite of learning, must tylle and sowe thereafter. Our beste seede tyme, which be scholers, as it is verie tymelye, and whan we be yonge ; so it endureth not overlonge, and therefore it maye not be let slippe one houre, oure grounde is verie harde, and full of wedes, our horses wherewith we be drawn very wyld, as Plato sayth. And infinite other mo lettes [hindrances] whiche wil make a thrifte scholer take hede how he spendeth his tyme in sporte and playe.

Toxophilus. That Aristotle and Tully spake earnestly, and as they thought, the earnest matter which they entreat pou, doth plainly prove. And as for your husbandry, it was more probably told with apt words, proper to the thing, than thoroughly proved with reasons belonging to our matter. For, contrarywise, I heard myself a good husband at his book once say, that to omit study for some time of the dry, and some time of the year, made as much for the increase of learning, as to let the land lie some time fallow, maketh for the better increase of corn. This we see, if the land be ploughed every year, the corn cometh thin up ; the ear is short, the grain is small, and when it is brought into the barn and threshed, giveth very evil faul. So those which never leave poring on their books, have oftentimes as thin invention as other poor men have, and as small wit and weight in it as in other men's. And thus your husbandry, methink, is more like the life of a covetous snudge, that oft very evil proves, than the labour of a good husband, that knoweth well what he doth. And surely the best wits to learning must needs have much recreation, and ceasing from their book, or else they mar themselves. when base and dumphish wits can never be hurt with continual study ; as ye see in luting, that a treble minikin string must always be let down, but at such time as when a man must needs play, when the base and dull string needeth never to be moved out of his place. The same reason I find true in two bows that I have, whereof the one is quick of cast, trig and trim, both for pleasure and profit ; the other is a luggie slow of cast, following the string, more sure for to last than pleasant for to use. Now, sir, it chanced this other night, one in my chamber would needs bend them to prove their strength, but (I cannot tell how) they were both left bent till the next day after dinner ; and when I came to them, purposing to have gone on shooting, I found my good bow clean cast on the one side, and as weak as water, that surely, if I were a rich man, I had rather have spent a crown ; and as for my luggie, it was not one whit the worse, but shot by and by as well and as far as ever it did. And even so, I am sure that good wits, except they be let down like a treble string, and unbent like a good casting bow, they will never last and be able to continue in study. And I know where I speak this, Philologue, for I would not say thus much afore young men, for they will take soon occasion to study little enough. But I say it, therefore, because I know, as little study getteth little learning, or none at all, so the most study getteth not the most learning of all. For a man's wit, fore-occupied in earnest study, must be as well recreated with some honest pastime, as the body, fore-laboured, must be refreshed with sleep and quietness, or else it cannot endure very long, as the noble poet [Ovid] saith :

'What thing wants quiet and merry rest, endures but a small while.'

Occupations should be chosen suitable to the Natural Faculties.

If men would go about matters which they should do, and be fit for, and not such things which willfully they desire, and yet be unfit for, verily greater matters in the commonwealth than shooting should be in better case than they be. This ignor-

ance in men, which know not for what time and to what thing they be fit, causeth some wish to be rich, for whom it were better a great deal to be poor; other to be meddling in every man's matter, for whom it were more honesty to be quiet and still; some to desire to be in the court, which be born and be fitter rather for the cart; some to be masters and rule other, which never yet began to rule themselves; some always to jangle and talk, which rather should hear and keep silence; some to teach, which rather should learn; some to be priests, which were fitter to be clerks. And this perverse judgment of the world, when men measure themselves amiss, bringeth much disorder and great unseemliness to the whole body of the commonwealth, as if a man should wear his hose upon his head, or a woman go with a sword and a buckler, every man would take it as a great uncomeliness, although it be but a trifle in respect of the other.

This perverse judgment of men hindereth nothing so much as learning, because commonly those that be unfittest for learning, be chiefly set to learning. As if a man now-a-days have two sons, the one impotent, weak, sickly, lisping, stammering, and stammering, or having any mis-shape in his body; what doth the father of such one commonly say? This boy is fit for nothing else but to set to learning and make a priest of, as who would say, the outcasts of the world, having neither countenance, tongue, or wit (for of a perverse body cometh commonly a perverse mind), be good enough to make those men of, which shall be appointed to preach God's holy word, and minister his blessed sacraments, besides other most weighty matters in the commonwealth; put oft times, and worthily, to learned men's discretion and charge; when rather such an office so high in dignity, so goodly in administration, should be committed to no man, which should not have a countenance full of comeliness, to allure good men, a body full of manly authority to fear ill men, a wit apt for all learning, with tongue and voice able to persuade all men. And although few such men as these can be found in a commonwealth, yet surely a goodly disposed man will both in his mind think fit, and with all his study labour to get such men as I speak of, or rather better, if better can be gotten, for such an high administration, which is most properly appointed to God's own matters and businesses.

This perverse judgment of fathers, as concerning the fitness and unfitness of their children, causeth the commonwealth have many unfit ministers: and seeing that ministers be, as a man would say, instruments wherewith the commonwealth doth work all her matters withal, I marvel how it chanceth that a poor shoemaker hath so much wit, that he will prepare no instrument for his science, neither knife nor awl, nor nothing else, which is not very fit for him. The commonwealth can be content to take at a fond father's hand the ruffraff of the world, to make those instruments of wherewith she should work the highest matters under heaven. And surely an awl of lead is not so unprofitable in a shoemaker's shop, as an unfit minister made of gross metal is unseemly in the commonwealth. Fathers in old time, among the noble Persians, might not do with their children as they thought good, but as the judgment of the commonwealth always thought best. This fault of fathers bringeth many a blot with it, to the great deformity of the commonwealth: and here surely I can praise gentlewomen, which have always at hand their glasses, to see if anything be amiss, and so will amend it; yet the commonwealth, having the glass of knowledge in every man's hand, doth see such uncomeliness in it, and yet winketh at it. This fault, and many such like, might be soon wiped away, if fathers would bestow their children always on that thing whereunto nature hath ordained them most apt and fit. For if youth be grafted straight and not awry, the whole commonwealth will flourish thereafter. When this is done, then must every man begin to be more ready to amend himself, than to check another, measuring their matters with that wise proverb of Apollo, Know thyself: that is to say, learn to know what thou art able, fit, and apt unto, and follow that.

Two Scottish authors may be noted Barbour and Wynton had shewn the use of the northern language in literature, and it had become common in correspondence. The Earl of Dunbar, writing to the King of England (Henry IV.), excuses himself for preferring it to either Latin or French—the language of business and the lan-

guage of the English court.* It was, however, more than a century after this period ere we had any prose work in the Scottish vernacular.

JOHN BELLENDEN.

JOHN BELLENDEN, archdean of Moray, was a favourite of James V. of Scotland, and one of the lords of session in the reign of Queen Mary. Besides writing a topography of Scotland, epistles to James V. and some poems, he translated, by the king's command, Hector Boece's History of Scotland, and the first five books of Livy. The translation of Boece was published in 1536. and constitutes the earliest existing specimen of Scottish literary prose. The first original work in that language was one entitled 'The Complaynt of Scotland,' which was published at St. Andrews in 1548, by an unknown author, and consists of a meditation on the distracted state of the kingdom. The difference between the language of these works and that employed by the English writers of the preceding century is not great. Bellenden's translation of Boece is rather a free one, and additions are sometimes made by the translator. Another translation, published by Holinshed, an English chronicler, in the reign of Elizabeth, was the source from which Shakspeare derived the historical materials of his tragedy of 'Macbeth.' An extract from Bellenden's version, in the original spelling, is here subjoined :

Part of the Story of Macbeth

Nocht lang eftir, hapnit ane uncouth and wondrous thing, be quhilk followit, some, ane gret alteration in the realme. Be aventure, Makbeth and Banquo wer passand to Forres, quhair King Duncane hapnit to be for the time, and met be the gait thre women, clothit in elrage and uncouth weid. Thay wer jugit, be the pepill, to be weird sisteris. The first of thaim said to Makbeth : ' Hale, Thane of Glamis ! ' the second said : ' Hale, Thane of Cawder ! ' and the third said : ' Hale, King of Scotland ! ' Than said Banquo : ' Quhat women be ye, sa unmercifull to me, and sa favorable to my companyeon ? For ye gait to him nocht onlie landis and gret rentis, bot gret lordschippis and kingdomes ; and gevis me nocht.' To this answerit the first of thir weird sisteris : ' We schaw more felicitie appering to thee than to him ; for thought he happin to be ane king, his empire sall end unhappelic, and name of his blude sall eftir him succeld ; be contrar, thou sall never be king, bot of the sal cum mony kingis, quhilkis, with lang progresioun, sall reioice the crown of Scotland.' Als some as thir wordis wer said, thay suddanlie evanist out of sight. This prophecy and divinatioun wes haldin mony dayis in derision to Banquo and Makbeth. For sum time, Banquo wald call Makbeth, King of Scottis, for derisoun ; and he, on the samin maner, wald call Banquo the fader of mony kingis. Yit, becaus al thingis succedit as thir women devinit, the pepill traistit and jugit thaim to be weird sisteris. Not lang eftir, it hapnit that the Thane of Cawder wes disherit and forfaitit of his landis, for certane crimes of lese majeste ; and his landis wer gevin be King Duncane to Makbeth. It hapnit in the next nicht, that Banquo and Makbeth wer sportand togidder at thair supper. Than said Banquo : ' Thou hes gottin all that the first

* ' And noble prince, mervaille yhe nocht that I write my letters in English, for that ye mare clere to myne understanding than Latyne or Fraunch. Excellent, mychty, and noble prince, the Haly Trinity hafe you evirmar in keepyng. Written at my castell of Dunbarr, the 18th day of Feverer [1400]. ' See *Scotland in the Middle Ages*, by Professor Cosmo Innes.

two weird sisters hecht. Restis nocht bot the crown, quhillk was hecht be the thrid sister.' Makbeth, revolving all thingis as thay wer said be thir weird sisters, began to covat the crown; and yit he concludit to abide quhill he saw the time ganand thairto, fermelle beleving that the thrid weird suld cum, as the first two did afore.

In the mene time, King Duncane maid his son Malcome Prince of Cumbtir, to signify that he suld regne eftir him. Quhillk was gret displeisur to Makbeth; for it maid plane derogationn to the thrid weird, promittit afore to him be thir weird sisters. Nochtel's, he thoct, gif Duncane wer slane, he had maist richt to the crown, becaus he was nerest of blud thairto, be tennour of the auld lawis maid eftir the deith of King Fergus, 'Quhen young children wer unahil to govern the crown, the nerrest of thair blude sall regne.' Als, the respons of thir weird sisters put him in beleif, that the thrid weird suld cum als weill as the first two. Attour, his wife, impatient of lang tary, as al weinen ar, specially quhare thay ar desirus of any purpos, gaff him gret artation to persaw the thrid weird, that echo might be ane quene; call and him, oft tims, febil cownt, and nocht desirus of honouris; sen he durst not assaile the thing with manheid and curage, quhillk is offerit to him be benivolence of fortune; howbeit sindry othereis hes assaileit sic thingis afore, with maist terribil jeopardyis, quhen thay had not sic sickernes to succed in the end of thair labours as he had.

Makbeth, be persuasion of his wife, gaderit his freindis to ane counsell at Innernes, quhare King Duncane happinit to be for the time. And becaus he fand sufficient oportunitie, be support of Banquo and othereis his freindis, he slew King Duncane, the vii yelr of his regne. His body was buryit in Egin, and eftir tane up and brocht to Cosmekill, quhar it remanis yit, among the sepulturis of uthir kingis; fra our redemption, MXLVI yeris.

The 'Complaynt of Scotland' is a rare work. It was published at St. Andrews in 1548 or 1549, and seems to have been formed on the plan of the 'Decameron.' A party of shepherds sing songs or tell tales, after which they join in a dance: 'evyrie ald scheiphird led his vyf be the hand, and evyrie yong scheiphird led hyr quhome he luffit best.' The names of the songs and dances are given, but the greater part of the former is now lost or unknown. The author of the 'Complaynt' is also unknown, and it has been variously ascribed to Sir James Inglis, abbot of Culross (a poet mentioned by Sir David Lyndsay, but whose works have almost entirely perished); to one of the Wedderburns of Dundee; and to Sir David Lyndsay himself. The last of these conjectures seems improbable. Dr. Leyden edited the 'Complaynt' (1801), and added an introduction and a glossary. The orthography of the work is very irregular and uncouth.

Extract from the Complaynt of Scotland.

There eftir I heard the rumour of rammusche (1) foullis and of beystis that made grite beir, (2) quhillk past beside burnis and boggis on green bankis to seek their sustentation. Their brutal sound did redound to the high skyis, quhill the deep hou canernis of cleuchis (3) and rotche craggis ansuert vitht ane high note of that samyn sound as thay beystis hed blaiven. It aperit be presumyng and presuposing, that blaberand Echo had been hid in ane hou hole, cryand hyr half ansuer, quhen Narcissus rycht sorry socht for his saruandis, quhen he was in ane forrest, for fra ony folkis, and there efter for love of Echo he drounit in ane drau vel. Nou to tel treuth of the beystis that made sic beir, and of the dyn that the foullis did, ther syndry soundis hed nothir temperance nor tune. For fyrst furth on the fresche fieldis the nolt maid noyls vitht mony lond lou. Baytht horse and meyris did fast nee, and

1 Singing (Fr. *ramage*).

2 Or *blirr*, noise.

3 Hollow ravines or deep glens.

the follis neckyr. The bullis began to bullir, quhen the scheip began to blait, becaue the calfs began till mo, quhen the doggis berkit. Than the suyne began to quhryne quhen thai herd the asse rair, quhilk gart the bennis kekkyi quhen the cokis creu. The chekyns began to peu quhen the gied quhiesillit. The fox followit the fed geise and gart them cry claik. The gayslingis cryit quhilk quhilk, and the dukis cryit quak. The ropeen of the raunyis gart the cras crope. The huddit crawis cryit varrok varrok, quhen the suannis murnit, because the gray goul man pronosticat ane storme. The turtill beyan for to greit, quhen the cuschet zoulit. The titlene followit the golik, (1) and gart hyr sing guk guk. The dou croutit hyr ead sang that sountit lyik sorrow. Robe:n and the littl oran var hamely in vyntir. The jargolyne of the suallou gart the jay angil, (2) than the meveis maid myrhit, for to mok the merie. The laverok maid melody up hie in the skyis. The nyctingal al the nycht sang suet notis. The tnechitis (3) cryit theuls nek, quhen the piettis clattrit. The garruling of the stirlene gart the sparrow chelp. The lyntquhit sang counterpoint quhen the oozil zelpit. The grene serene sang suet, quhen the gold spynk chantit. The rede schank (4) cryit my fut my fut, and the oxes (5) cryit tneit. The herrons galf ane vyld skrech as the kyl hed bene in fyir, quhilk gart the quhapis (6) for flevitnes fle far fra hame.

1 The cuckoo.

4 The field fare.

2 Jangle.

5 The small hedge-sparrow.

3 The *tu-wit*, lapwing.

6 Curlew.

THIRD PERIOD.

—(1558—1625.)—

ELIZABETH AND JAMES.

THE most brilliant period in the history of English literature is the latter portion of the reign of Queen Elizabeth and the reign of her successor, James. A variety of causes operated in awakening and expanding the national intellect. The invention of printing; the study of classical literature; the freedom with which, since the Reformation, questions of the logic and belief were discussed; the general substitution of the philosophy of Plato for that of Aristotle; the number of translations from French and Italian literature; and the dissemination of the Scriptures in the English language, may be considered as aiding powerfully in the universal development. The policy of Elizabeth was an English policy. From the first, she abjured foreign ties and adopted the Protestant interest. Her first act was to order the liturgy to be read in English. A sentiment of chivalry pervaded the land—high thoughts seated in a heart of courtesy, as defined by Sir Philip Sidney, himself a mirror of courtesy and chivalrous honour; and this feeling was elevated by the splendour of a female court, and the interest attaching to a maiden queen. There was also the spirit of mercantile enterprise and adventurous curiosity, which had been excited by the discovery, in the previous century, of America and the West Indies. Our seamen had ceased to feel alarm for what the poet calls 'the stormy spirit of the Cape'; the passage by the Cape of Good Hope had become a highway; the East India Company was chartered and enfranchised; Drake and Cavendish had circumnavigated the globe; Hawkins had sailed to Brazil and Guinea: the tall ships of London and Bristol were seen in all seas. Voyages of discovery were resorted to as one of the most fashionable and honourable occupations of the active young nobles and gentry of the day. A passion for travelling to foreign countries, and witnessing the marvellous sights believed to abound in those far-off islands of the sun, ran even to extravagance. The period altogether, was one of action; of earnest, resolute, fearless men. If danger were to be encountered, there were willing hearts and hands; if a new land was to be explored, there were men ready to encounter

the trials and fatigue; if gold was to be had, no enterprise was so hazardous as to deter men from the search; if even a tournament or masque were to be performed, it was got up on a scale of splendour and magnificence. The drama became a great intellectual arena, in which literary genius put forth its highest powers. In that age there might be avarice, cupidity, cruelty in war, and plotting in peace; but there was no weakness in its public men. In action and in study, it was an age of giants.

THOMAS SACKVILLE.

In the reign of Elizabeth, some poetical names of importance precede that of Spenser. The first is THOMAS SACKVILLE, LORD BUCKHURST (1537-1608), ultimately Earl of Dorset and Lord High-treasurer of England, and who will again come before us in the character of a dramatic writer. Before he was so actively engaged in public life, Sackville is said to have planned, towards the end of the reign of Queen Mary, the design of the 'Mirrour for Magistrates,' a work that was to consist of a series of legends derived from English history. All the most illustrious persons in our annals who had experienced reverses of fortune were to pass in review before the reader, each telling his own story, as a warning or mirror to statesmen and rulers. The first edition of the work was published in 1559, the authors being Richard Baldwin and George Ferrers. A second edition appeared in 1563, and to this Sackville contributed his 'Induction and Complaint of the Duke of Buckingham.' The 'Mirrour' was afterwards continued by Phayer, Higgins, Churchyard, and other writers: but wanting the genius of Sackville, it fell into oblivion, and the only part worthy of preservation was the 'Induction and Complaint' of the original noble author of the design. The 'Induction' is a remarkable poem for the age in which it was produced; it not only forms a link, as Mr. Hallam remarks, 'which unites the school of Chaucer and Lydgate to the Faery Queen,' but its portraits of gloom and sorrow exhibit a strength of description and a power of drawing allegorical characters scarcely inferior to Spenser.

Allegorical Characters from the Mirrour for Magistrates.

And first, within the porch and jaws of hell,
Sat deep Remorse of Conscience, all besrent
With tears; and to herself oft would she tell
Her wretchedness, and, cursing, never stent (1)
To sob and sigh, but ever thus lament
With thoughtful care; as she that, all in vain,
Would wear and waste continually in pain:

Her eyes unsteadfast, rolling here and there,
Whirled on each place, as place that vengeance brought,
So was her mind continually in fear.
Tost and tormented with the tedious thought
Of those detected crimes which she had wrought;

I Never stopped.

With dreadful cheer, and looks thrown to the sky,
Wishing for death, and yet she could not die.

Next, saw we Dread, all trembling how he shook,
With foot uncertain, proffer'd here and there ;
Benumbed of speech ; and, with a ghastly look,
Searched every place, all pale and dead for fear,
His cap borne up with staring of his hair ;
'Stoined (1) and amazed at his own shade for dread,
And fearing greater dangers than was need.

And, next, within the entry of this lake,
Sate fell Revenge, gnashing her teeth for ire ;
Devising means how she may vengeance take ;
Never in rest, till she have her desire ;
But frets within so far forth with the fire
Of wreaking flames, that now determines she
To die by death, or 'venged by death to be.

When fell Revenge, with bloody foul pretence,
Had shewed herself, as next in order set,
With trembling limbs we softly parted thence,
Till in our eyes another sight we met,
When from my heart a sigh forthwith I fet,
Ruing, alas ! upon the woful plight
Of Misery, that next appeared in sight :

His face was lean, and some-deal pined away,
And eke his hands consumed to the bone ;
But what his body was, I cannot say,
For on his carcass raiment had he none,
Save clouts and patches pieced one by one ;
With staff in hand, and scrip on shoulders cast,
His chief defence against the winter's blast :

His food, for most, was wild fruits of the tree,
Unless sometime some crumbs fell to his share,
Which in his wallet long, God wot, kept he,
As on the which full daint'ly would he fare ;
His drink, the running stream, his cup, the bare
Of his palm closed ; his bed, the hard cold ground ;
To this poor life was Misery ybound.

Whose wretched state when we had well beheld,
With tender ruth on him, and on his feres (2)
In thoughtful cares forth then our pace we held ;
And, by and by, another shape appears
Of greedy Care, still brushing up the briars ;
His knuckles knobbed, his flesh deep dinted in,
With tawed hands, and hard y'tanned skin :

The morrow gray no sooner hath begun
To spread his light even peeping in our eyes,
But he is up, and to his work yrun ;
But let the night's black misty mantles rise,
And with foul dark never so much disguise
The fair bright day, yet ceaseth he no while,
But hath his candles to prolong his toil.

By him lay heavy Sleep, the cousin of Death,
Flat on the ground, and still as any stone,

1 Astonished.

2 Companions.

A very corpse, save yielding forth a breath ;
 Small keep took he, whom fortune frowned on,
 Or whom she lifted up into the throne
 Of high renown, but, as a living death,
 So dead alive, of life he drew the breath :

The body's rest, the quiet of the heart,
 The travel's ease, the still night's fear was he,
 And of our life in earth the better part ;
 Reaver of sight, and yet in whom we see
 Things oft that [tyde] and oft that never be ;
 Without respect, esteem [ing] equally
 King Cræsus' pomp and Irus' poverty

And next in order sad, Old Age we found :
 His beard all hoar, his eyes hollow and blind ;
 With drooping cheer still poring on the ground,
 As on the place where nature him assigned
 To rest, when that the Sisters had untwined
 His vital thread, and ended with their knife
 The fleeting course of fast declining life :

There heard we him with broken and hollow plaint
 Rue with himself his end approaching fast,
 And all for nought his wretched mind torment
 With sweet remembrance of his pleasures past,
 And fresh delights of lusty youth forewaste ;
 Recounting which, how would he sob and shriek,
 And to be young again of Jove beseech !

But, an the cruel fates so fixed be
 That time forepast cannot return again,
 This one request of Jove yet prayed he—
 That, in such withered plight, and wretched pain,
 As Eld, accompanied with his loathsome train,
 Had brought on him, all were it woe and grief
 He might a while yet linger forth his life,

And not so soon descend into the pit ;
 Where Death, when he the mortal corpse hath slain,
 With reckless hand in grave doth cover it :
 Thereafter never to enjoy again
 The gladsome light, but, in the ground ylain,
 In depth of darkness waste and wear to nought,
 As he had ne'er into the world been brought :

But who had seen him sobbing how he stood
 Unto himself, and how he would bemoan
 His youth forepast—as though it wrought him good
 To talk of youth, all were his youth foregone—
 He would have mused, and marvelled much whereon
 This wretched Age should like desires so fain,
 And knows full well life doth but length his pain :

Crook-backed he was, tooth-shaken, and blear-eyed ;
 Went on three feet, and sometime crept on four ;
 With old lame bones, that rattled by his side ;
 His scalp all pilled, ⁽¹⁾ and he with old forelore,
 His withered fist still knocking at Death's door ;
 Fumbling, and drivelling, as he draws his breath ;
 For brief, the shape and messenger of Death.

1 Pilled or pooled, stripped bare.

And fast by him pale Malady was placed :
 Sore sick in bed, her colour all foregone ;
 Bereft of stomach, savour, and of taste,
 Ne could she brook no meat but broths alone ;
 Her breath corrupt ; her keepers every one
 Abhorring her ; her sickness past recure,
 Detesting physick, and all physick's cure.

But, oh, the doleful sight that then we see !
 We turned our look, and on the other side
 A grisly shape of Famine mought we see :
 With greedy looks, and gaping mouth, that cried
 And roared for meat, as she should there have died ;
 Her body thin and bare as any bone,
 Whereto was left nought but the case alone.

And that, alas ! was gnawen every where,
 All full of holes ; that I ne mought refrain
 From tears, to see how she her arms could tear,
 And with her teeth gnash on the bones in vain,
 When, all for nought, she fain would so sustain
 Her starven corpse, that rather seemed a shade
 Than any substance of a creature made :

Great was her force, whom stone-wall could not stay :
 Her tearing nails snatching at all she saw ;
 With gaping jaws, that by no means ymay
 Be satisfied from hunger of her maw,
 But eats herself as she that hath no law ;
 Gnawing, alas ! her carcass all in vain,
 Where you may count each sinew, bone, and vein.

On her while we thus firmly fixed our eyes,
 That bled for ruth of such a dreary sight,
 Lo ! suddenly she shrieked in so huge wise
 As made hell-gates to shiver with the might ;
 Wherewith, a dart we saw, how it did light
 Right on her breast, and, therewithal, pale Death
 Enthrilling it, to reave her of her breath :

And, by and by, a dumb dead corpse we saw,
 Heavy, and cold, the shape of Death aright,
 That daunts all earthly creatures to his law,
 Against whose force in vain it is to fight ;
 Ne peers, ne princes, nor no mortal wight,
 No towns, ne realms, cities, ne strongest tower,
 But all, perforce, must yield unto his power :

His dart, anon, out of the corpse he took,
 And in his hand (a dreadful sight to see)
 With great triumph eftsoons the same he shook,
 That most of all my fears affrayed me ;
 His body dight with nought but bones, pardie ;
 The naked shape of man there saw I plain,
 All save the flesh, the sinew, and the vein.

Lastly, stood War, in glittering arms yclad,
 With visage grim, stern look, and blackly hued :
 In his right hand a naked sword he had,
 That to the hilts was all with blood imbrued ;
 And in his left (that kings and kingdoms rued)
 Famine and fire he held, and therewithal
 He razed towns, and threw down towers and all :

Cities he sacked, and realms (that whilom flowered
In honour, glory, and rule, above the rest)
He overwhelmed, and all their fame devoured,
Consumed, destroyed, wasted, and never ceased,
Till he their wealth, their name, and all oppressed :
His face forebowed with wounds ; and by his side
There hung his targe, with gashes deep and wide.

Henry, Duke of Buckingham, in the Infernal Regions.

The description of the Duke of Buckingham—the Buckingham, it must be recollected, of 'Richard III.'—has been much admired, as an impersonation of extreme wretchedness.

Then first came Henry, Duke of Buckingham,
His cloak of black all pilled, and quite forworn.
Wringing his hands, and Fortune oft doth blame,
Which of a duke had made him now her scorn ;
With ghastly looks, as one in manner torn,
Oft spread his arms, stretched hands he joins as fast,
With rueful cheer, and vapoured eyes upcast.

His cloak he rent, his manly breast he beat ;
His hair all torn, about the place it lay :
My heart so mott to see his grief so great,
As feelingly, methought, it dropped away :
His eyes they whirled about withouten stay :
With stormy sighs the place did so complain,
As if his heart at each had burst in twain.

Thrice he began to tell his doleful tale,
And thrice the sighs did swallow up his voice ;
At each of which he shrieked so withal,
As though the heavens rived with the noise ;
Till at the last, recovering his voice,
Supping the tears that all his breast berained,
On cruel Fortune weeping thus he plained.

JOHN HARRINGTON.

Some pleasing amatory verses—exhibiting a remarkable polish for the time in which they were written, if the date be correct—by JOHN HARRINGTON (1584–1589) have been published in the 'Nugæ Antiquæ.' The poet was imprisoned in the Tower by Queen Mary, for holding correspondence with Elizabeth ; and the latter, on her accession to the throne, rewarded him with many favours. He must have been a man of taste and refined feelings, as the following specimens of his poetry will suffice to shew :

Sonnet made on Isabella Markham, when I first thought her Fair, as she stood at the Princess's Window, in goodly Attire, and talked to Divers in the Court-yard. 1564.

Whence comes my love ? O heart, disclose ;
'Twas from cheeks that shame the rose,
From lips that spoil the ruby's praise,
From eyes that mock the diamond's blame :
Whence comes my woe ? as freely own ;
Ah me ! 'twas from a heart of stone.

The blushing cheek speaks modest mind,
 The lips, befitting words most kind,
 The eye does tempt to love's desire,
 And seems to say 'tis Cupid's fire;
 Yet all so fair but speak my moan,
 Sith nought does say the heart of stone.

Why thus, my love, so kind bespeak
 Sweet eye, sweet lip, sweet blushing cheek—
 Yet not a heart to save my pain;
 O Venus, take thy gifts again!
 Make not so fair to cause our moan,
 Or make a heart that's like your own,

ARTHUR BROOKE.

In 1562 was published 'The Tragical History of Romeus and Juliet,' the work from which Shakspeare chiefly took the story of his drama. Though professedly a translation from the Italian of Bandoello, this poem by Arthur Brooke is a free paraphrase, remarkable for its easy versification and profusion of imagery. Nothing is known of its author excepting that he died by shipwreck, while passing to Newhaven, in or before the year 1563.

Friar Lawrence.

This barefoot friar girt with cord his grayish weed,
 For he of Francis order was, a friar as I read;
 Not as the most was he a gross unlearned fool,
 But doctor of divinity proceeded he in school.
 The secrets eke he knew in nature's works that lurk;
 By magic's art most men supposed that he could wonders work.
 Nor doth it ill besseem divines those skills to know,
 If on no harmful deed they do such skilfulness bestow;
 For justly of no art can men condemn the use,
 But right and reason's lore cry out against the lewd abuse.
 The bounty of the friar and wisdom hath so won
 The townfolk's hearts that well-nigh all to Friar Lawrence run,
 To shrive themselves—the old, the young, the great and small,
 Of all he is beloved well and honoured much of all.

Love of Romeus and Juliet.

Oh, how we can persuade ourself to what we like,
 And how we can dissuade our mind, if ought our mind mislike!
 Weak arguments are strong our fancies straight to frame
 To pleasing things, and eke to shun if we mislike the same.
 The maid had scarcely yet ended the weary war
 Kept in her heart by striving thoughts, when every shining star
 Had paid his borrowed light, and Phœbus spread in skies
 Her golden rays, which seemed to say, 'Now time it is to rise.'
 And Romeus had by this forsaken his weary bed,
 Where restless he a thousand thoughts had forged in his head.

And while, with lingering step, by Juliet's house he passed,
 And upwards to her windows high his greedy eyes did cast;
 His love that looked for him there gan he straight espy;
 With pleasant cheer each greeted is; she followeth with her eye
 His parting steps, and he oft looketh back again,
 But not so oft as he desires—warily he doth refrain.

What life were like to love, if dread of jeopardy
Y-soured not the sweet—if love were free from jealousy!

Impatient of her woe, she hopped to lean one night
Within her window, and anon the moon did shine so bright,
That she espied her love: her heart, revived, sprang.
And now for joy she claps her hands which erst for woe she wrang,
Eke Romeus, when he saw his long desired sight,
His morning cloak of moan cast off, hath clad him with delight.
Yet dare I say of both that she rejoiced more:
His care was great—hers twice as great was all the time before!

Shakspeare found the outline of his character of Mercutio—so marvelously wrought up by the dramatic poet—and also that of the garrulous old nurse, in Brooke's poem. The following lines from the passage between Romeus and the nurse are characteristic:

Now for the rest let me and Juliet alone;
To get her leave, some feat excuse I will devise anon;
For that her golden locks by sloth have been unkempt,
Or for, unwarred, some wanton dream the youthful damsel dreamt,
Or for in thoughts of love her idle time she spent,
Or otherwise within her heart deserved to be shent.
I know her mother will in no case say her nay:
I warrant you she shall not fail to come on Saturday.
And then she swears to him, the mother loves her well;
And how she gave her suck in youth she leaveth not to tell.
A pretty babe, quod she, it was when it was young;
Lord, how it could full prettily have prated with its tongue!
A thousand times and more I laid her on my lap, &c.

A prose version of 'Romeo and Juliet' was printed in 1567 in 'The Palace of Pleasure,' a collection of tales, of which a previous volume had appeared in 1565, the editor of which was WILLIAM PAYNTER, clerk of the armoury to Queen Elizabeth shortly after she came to the throne. Paynter's novel is greatly inferior to Brooke's poem.

GEORGE GASCOIGNE.

GEORGE GASCOIGNE, son of Sir John Gascoigne of Essex (circa 1535–1577), is celebrated as one of the earliest contributors to the English drama, and one of our first satirists. Among the poets of the beginning of Elizabeth's reign, he deserves to rank next to Lord Buckhurst. Gascoigne's life was full of adventure. He first studied law at Gray's Inn, but was disinherited by his father for his prodigality. He then set out for Holland, and served gallantly under the Prince of Orange. Being, however, on one occasion surprised by the Spanish army, he was taken prisoner, and detained four months. At the expiration of his confinement, he returned to England, and settled at Walthamstow, where he collected and published his poems. He experienced a share of royal favour, for he accompanied the Queen to Kenilworth, and supplied part of the poetical and scenic entertainment at Dudley's magnificent seat, and also at Woodstock. Three of Gascoigne's works are given in the valuable series of reprints by Edward Arber

(1668)—namely: 'Certayne Notes of Instruction in English Verse,' 1675; 'The Steele Glass,' 1376; and 'The Complaynt of Philomene,' 1576. The most important of these is the 'Steele Glass,' the first experiment in English satire in blank verse:

That age is dead, and vanished long ago,
Which thought that steel both trusty was and true,
And needed not a foil of contraries,
But shewed all things, even as they were indeed.
Instead whereof, our curious years can find
The crystal glass, which glimpseth brave and bright,
And shews the thing much better than it is,
Beguiled with folla, of sundry subtle sights,
So that they seem and covet not to be.

The Country Gentlemen and Squires.

The gentleman which might in country keep
A plementous board, and feed the fatherless
With pig and goose, with mutton, beef, and veal—
Yea, now and then a capon and a chick—
Will break up house and dwell in market-towns
A loitering life, and like an epicure.
But who meanwhile defends the commonwealth?
Who rules the flock when shepherds are so fled?
Who stays the staff which should uphold the state?
Forsooth, good sir, the lawyer leaseth in—
Nay, rather leaps both over hedge and ditch,
And rules the roast—but few men rule by right.
O knights, O squires, O gentle bloods y-born,
You were not born only for yourselves:
Your country claims some part of all your pains;
There should you live, and therein should you toil,
To hold up right, and banish cruel wrong;
To help the poor, and bridle back the rich,
To punish vice, and virtue to advance—
To see God served, and Beelzebub suppressed.
You should not trust lieutenants in your room,
And let them sway the sceptre of your charge,
Whiles you meanwhile know scarcely what is done,
Nor yet can yield account if you were called.

Satire on the Court Ladies.

Behold, my lord, what monsters muster here,
With angels' face and harmful hellish hearts,
With smiling looks, and deep deceitful thoughts,
With tender skins and stony cruel minds,
With stealing steps yet forward feet to fraud.
Behold, behold, they never stand content,
With God, with kind, with any help of art,
But curl their locks with bodkins and with braids,
But dye their hair with sundry subtle sleights,
But paint and slick till fairest face be foul,
But bombast, bolster, frizzle, and perfume:
They mar with musk the balm which nature made,
And dig for death in delicatest d'ishes.
The younger sort come piping on apace,
In whistles made of fine enticing wood,
Till they have caught the birds for whom they birded.
The elder sort go stately stalking on,

And on their backs they bear both land and fee,
 Castles and towers, revenues and receipts,
 Lordships and manors, fines—yea, farms and all!
 What should this be? Speak you, my lovely lord.
 They be not men, for why, they have no beards;
 They be no boys which wear such sidelong gowns;
 They be no gods, for all their gaudy gloves;
 They be no devils, I trow, that seem so saintish.
 What be they? Women masking in men's weeds—
 With Dutchkin doublets, and with jerkins jagged,
 With Spanish spangs and ruffles fet out of France,
 With high-copt hats and feathers flaunt-a-flaunt—
 They, to be sure, seem even so to men, indeed!

Gascoigne has a long poem in the *ottava rima* measure, extending to 207 stanzas, in which he describes scenes in the Dutch war, mixed up with his own quaint moral reflections and egotistic revelations. He is seldom wanting in sense or spirit, and uses both rhyme and blank verse with greater freedom and mastery than most of his predecessors. Some of his shorter poems are lively and graceful.

The Arraignment of a Lover.

At *Beauty's* bar as I did stand,
 When *False Suspect* accused me,
 'George,' quoth the judge, 'hold up thy hand,
 Thou art arraigned of flattery;
 Tell, therefore, how wilt thou be tried,
 Whose judgment thou wilt here abide?'

'My lord,' quod I, 'this lady here,
 Whom I esteem above the rest,
 Doth know my guilt, if any were:
 Wherefore her doom doth please me best,
 Let her be judge and juror both,
 To try be guiltless by mine oath.'

Quoth *Beauty*: 'No, it fitteth not
 A prince herself to judge the cause;
 Will is our justice, well ye wot,
 Appointed to discuss our laws;
 If you will guiltless seem to go,
 God and your country quit you so.'

Then *Craft* the crier called a quest,
 Of whom was *Falseness* foremost fore;
 A pack of pickthanks were the rest,
 Which came false witness for to bear;
 The jury such, the Judge unjust,
 Sentence was said: 'I should be trussed.'

Jealous the jaller bound me fast,
 To hear the verdict of the bill;
 'George,' quoth the judge, 'now thou art cast,
 Thou must go hence to *Heavy Hill*,
 And there be hanged all but the head;
 God rest thy soul when thou art dead!'

Down fell I then upon my knee,
 All flat before dame *Beauty's* face,
 And cried: 'Good lady, pardon me.'

Who here appeal unto your grace;
You know if I have been untrue,
It was in too much praising you.

'And though this judge doth make such haste,
To shed with shame my guiltless blood,
Yet let your pity first be placed
To save the man that meant you good;
So shall you shew yourself a queen,
And I may be your servant seen.'

Quoth *Beauty*: 'Well; because I guess
What thou dost mean henceforth to be;
Although thy faults deserve no less
Than justice here hath judged thee;
Wilt thou be bound to stint all strife,
And be true prisoner all thy life?'

'Yea, madam,' quoth I, 'that I shall;
Lo, *Faith* and *Truth* my sureties.'
'Why, then,' quoth she, 'come when I call,
'I ask no better warrantise.'
Thus am I *Beauty's* bounden thrall,
At her command when she doth call.

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY.

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY (1554–1586) takes his rank in English literary history rather as a prose writer than as a poet. His poetry has been neglected on account of the generally cold and affected style in which he wrote. It has been justly remarked, that 'if he had looked into his own noble heart, and written directly from that, instead of from his somewhat too metaphysico-philosophical head, his poetry would have been excellent.' Yet in some pieces he has fortunately failed in extinguishing the natural sentiment which inspired him. The following are among the most poetical and graceful of his sonnets:

Sonnets of Sir Philip Sidney.

Because I oft in dark abstracted guise
Seem most alone in greatest company,
With dearth of words, or answers quite awry
To them that would make speech of speech arise,
They deem, and of their doom the rumour flies,
That poison foul of bubbling Pride doth lie
So in my swelling breast, that only I
Fawn on myself, and others do despise.
Yet Pride, I think, doth not my soul possess,
Which looks too oft in his unflattering glass:
But one worse fault Ambition I confess,
That makes me oft my best friends overpass,
Unseen, unheard, while thought to highest place
Bends all his powers, even unto Stella's grace.

With how sad steps, O Moon! thou climb'st the skies,
How silently, and with how wan a face!
What may it be, that even in heavenly place
That busy Archer his sharp arrows tries?
Sure, if that long with love acquainted eyes
Can judge of love, thou feel'st a lover's case;

I read it in thy looks, thy languished grace
 To me that feel the like thy state describes.
 Then, even of fellowship, O Moon, tell me,
 Is constant love deemed there but want of wit?
 Are beauties there as proud as here they be?
 Do they above love to be loved, and yet
 Those lovers scorn whom that love doth possess?
 Do they call virtue there ungratefulness?

Come, Sleep, O Sleep, the certain knot of peace,
 The bailing-place of wit, the balm of woe,
 The poor man's wealth, the prisoner's release,
 The indifferent judge between the high and low.
 With shield of proof shield me from out the press
 Of those fierce darts Despair at me doth throw;
 O make in me those civil wars to cease:
 I will good tribute pay, if thou do so.
 Take thou of me smooth pillows, sweetest bed;
 A chamber, deaf to noise, and blind to light;
 A rosy garland, and a weary head.
 And if these things, as being thine by right,
 Move not thy heavy grace, thou shalt in me
 Livelier than elsewhere Stella's image see.

O happy Thames, that didst my Stella bear!
 I saw thee with full many a smiling line
 Upon thy cheerful face joy's livery wear,
 While those fair planets on thy streamlets did shine.
 The boat for joy could not to dance forbear;
 While wanton winds, with beauties so divine
 Ravished, staid not, till in her golden hair
 They did themselves (O sweetest prison) twine:
 And fain those (Eol's) youth there would their stay
 Have made; but, forced by Nature still to fly,
 First did with puffing kiss those locks display.
 She, so disabellied, blushed. From window I,
 With sight thereof, cried out: 'O fair disgrace;
 Let Honour's self to thee grant highest place!'

EDMUND SPENSER.

Pope said, 'it is easy to mark out the general course of our poetry; Chaucer, Spenser, Milton, and Dryden are the great landmarks for it.' We can now add Cowper and Wordsworth; but in Pope's generation, the list he has given was accurate and complete. Spenser was a native of London, and has recorded the circumstance in his poetry:

Merry London, my most kindly nurse,
 That to me gave this life's first native source,
 Though from another place I take my name,
 An house of ancient fame.—*Prothalamion*.

He was born at East Smithfield, near the Tower, about the year 1558. The rank of his parents, or the degree of his affinity with the ancient house of Spenser, is not known. Gibbon says truly that the noble family of Spenser should consider the 'Faery Queen' as the most precious jewel in their coronet.

The family to which the poet's father belonged has been ascertained as one settled at Hurstwood, near Burnley, in Lancashire, where it

flourished till 1600. The poet was entered a sizar (one of the humblest class of students) of Pembroke College, Cambridge, in May 1569, and continued to attend college for seven years, taking his degree of M. A. in June 1576. While Spenser was at Pembroke, Gabriel Harvey, the future astrologer, was at Christ's College, and an intimacy was formed between them, which lasted during the poet's life. Harvey was learned and peevish, full of assumption and conceit, and in his 'Venetian velvet and pantofles of pride,' formed a peculiarly happy subject for the satire of Nash, who assailed him with every species of coarse and contemptuous ridicule. Harvey, however, was of service to Spenser. The latter, on retiring from the university, lived with some friends in the north of England. Harvey induced the poet to repair to London, and there he introduced him to Sir Philip Sidney, 'one of the very diamonds of her majesty's court.' In 1579, the poet published his '*Shepherd's Calendar*,' dedicated to Sidney, who afterwards patronised him, and recommended him to his uncle, the powerful Earl of Leicester. The '*Shepherd's Calendar*' is a pastoral poem, in twelve eclogues, one for each month, but without strict keeping as to natural description or rustic character, and deformed by a number of obsolete uncouth phrases (the Chaucerisms of Spenser, as Dryden designated them), yet containing traces of a superior original genius. The fable of the Oak and Brier is finely told; and in verses like the following, we see the germs of that tuneful harmony and pensive reflection in which Spenser excelled:

You naked buds, whose shady leaves are lost,
Wherein the birds were wont to build their bower,
And now are clothed with moss and hoary frost,
Instead of blossoms wherewith your buds did flower:
I see your tears that from your boughs do rain,
Whose drops in dreary icicles remain.

All so my lustful life is dry and sere,
My timely buds with wailing all are wasted;
The blossom which my branch of youth did bear,
With breathed sighs is blown away and blasted,
And from mine eyes the drizzling tears descend,
As on your boughs the icicles depend.

These lines form part of the first eclogue, in which the shepherd-boy (Colin Clout) laments the issue of his love for a 'country-lass,' named Rosalind—a happy female name which Thomas Lodge, and, following him, Shakspeare, subsequently connected with love and poetry. Spenser is here supposed to have depicted a real passion of his own for a lady in the north, who at last preferred a rival, though, as Gabriel Harvey says, 'the gentle Mistress Rosalind' once reported the rejected suitor 'to have all the intelligences at command, and another time christened him Signior Pegaso.' Spenser makes his shepherds discourse of polemics as well as love, and they draw characters of good and bad pastors, and institute comparisons between Popery and Protestantism. Some allusions to Archbishop Grindal (Algrind

in the poem) and Bishop Aylmer are said to have given offence to Lord Burleigh; but the patronage of Leicester and Essex must have made Burleigh look with distaste on the new poet. For ten years we hear little of Spenser. He is found corresponding with Harvey on a literary innovation contemplated by that learned person, and even by Sir Philip Sidney: this was no less than banishing rhymes, and introducing the Latin prosody into English verse. Spenser seems to have assented to it, 'fondly overcome with *Sidney's* charm;' he suspended the 'Faery Queen,' which he then begun, and tried English hexameters, forgetting to use the witty words of Nash, that 'the hexameter, though a gentleman of an ancient house, was not likely to thrive in this climate of ours, the soil being too craggy for him to set his plow in.' Fortunately, he did not persevere in the conceit; he could not have gained over his contemporaries to it—for there were then too many poets, and too much real poetry in the land—and if he had made the attempt, Shakspeare would soon have blown the whole away. As a dependent on Leicester, and a suitor for court-favour, Spenser is supposed to have experienced many reverses. The following lines in 'Mother Hubbard's Tale,' though not printed till 1581, seem to belong to this period of his life:

Full little knowest thou that hast not tried,
 What hell it is in suing long to bide;
 To lose good days that might be better spent;
 To waste long nights in pensive discontent;
 To speed to-day, to be put back to-morrow;
 To feed on hope, to pine with fear and sorrow;
 To have thy princess' grace, yet want her peers';
 To have thy asking, yet wait many years;
 To fret thy soul with crosses and with cares;
 To eat thy heart through comfortless despairs;
 To fawn, to crouch, to wait, to ride, to run,
 To spend, to give, to wait, to be undone!

Strong feeling has here banished all antique and affected expression; there is no fancy in this gloomy painting. It appears that Spenser was sometimes employed in inferior state-missions—a task then often devolved on poets and dramatists. At length an important appointment came. Lord Grey of Wilton was sent to Ireland as lord-deputy, and Spenser accompanied him in the capacity of secretary. They remained there two years, when the deputy was recalled, and the poet also returned to England. In June 1586, Spenser obtained from the crown a grant of 3,028 acres in the county of Cork, out of the forfeited lands of the Earl of Desmond, of which Sir Walter Raleigh had previously, for his military services in Ireland, obtained 12,000 acres. The poet was obliged to reside on his estate, as this was one of the conditions of the grant; and he accordingly repaired to Ireland, and took up his abode in Kilcolman Castle, near Doneraile, which had been one of the ancient strongholds or appanages of the Earls of Desmond. The poet's castle stood in the midst

of a large plain, by the side of a lake; the river Mulla ran through his grounds, and a chain of mountains at a distance seemed to bulwark in the romantic retreat. Here he wrote most of the 'Faery Queen,' and received the visits of Raleigh, whom he fancifully styled 'the Shepherd of the Ocean;' and here he brought home his wife, the 'Elizabeth' of his sonnets, welcoming her with that noble strain of pure and fervent passion which he has styled the 'Epithalamium,' and which forms the most magnificent 'spousal verse' in the language. Killcolman Castle is now a ruin—its towers almost level with the ground; but the spot must ever be dear to the lovers of genius. Raleigh's visit was made in 1589, and according to the figurative language of Spenser, the two illustrious friends, while reading the manuscript of the 'Faery Queen,' sat

Amongst the coolly shade
Of the green alders, by the Mulla's shore.

We may conceive the transports of delight with which Raleigh perused or listened to those strains of chivalry and gorgeous description, which revealed to him a land still brighter than any he had seen in his distant wanderings, or could have been present even to his romantic imagination! The guest warmly approved of his friend's poem; and he persuaded Spenser, when he had completed the first three books, to accompany him to England, and arrange for their publication. The 'Faery Queen' appeared in January 1589-90, dedicated to her majesty, in that strain of adulation which was then the fashion of the age. To the volume was appended a letter to Raleigh, explaining the nature of the work, which the author said was 'a continued allegory, or dark conceit.' He states his object to be to fashion a gentleman, or noble person, in virtuous and gentle discipline, and that he had chosen Prince Arthur for his hero. He conceives that prince to have beheld the Faery Queen in a dream, and been so enamoured of the vision, that, on awaking, he resolved to set forth and seek her in Faery Land. The poet further 'devises' that the Faery Queen shall keep her annual feast twelve days, twelve several adventures happening in that time, and each of them being undertaken by a knight. The adventures were also to express the same number of moral virtues. The first is that of the Redcross Knight, expressing Holiness; the second, Sir Guyon, or Temperance; and the third, Britomartis, 'a lady knight,' representing Chastity. There was thus a blending of chivalry and religion in the design of the 'Faery Queen.' Spenser had imbibed—probably from Sidney—a portion of the Platonic doctrine, which afterwards overflowed in Milton's 'Comus,' and he looked on chivalry as a sage and serious thing.* Besides his personification of the abstract virtues, the poet made his

* The Platonism of Spenser is more clearly seen in his hymns on *Love* and *Beauty*, which are among the most passionate and exquisite of his productions. His account of

allegorical personages and their adventures represent historical characters and events. The queen Gloriana and the huntress Belphebe are both symbolical of Queen Elizabeth; the adventures of the Red-cross Knight shadow forth the history of the Church of England; the distressed knight is Henri IV.; and Envy is intended to glance at the unfortunate Mary Queen of Scots. The stanza of Spenser is the Italian *ottava rima*, now familiar in English poetry; but he added an Alexandrine, or long line, which gives a full and sweeping close to the verse. The poet's diction is rich and abundant. He introduced, however, a number of obsolete expressions, 'new grafts of old and withered words,' for which he was censured by his contemporaries and their successors, and in which he was certainly not copied by Shakespeare. His 'Gothic subject and story' had probably, as Campbell conjectures, 'made him lean towards words of the olden time,' and his antiquated expression, as the same critic finely remarks, 'is beautiful in its antiquity, and, like the moss and ivy on some majestic building, covers the fabric of his language with romantic and venerable associations.' The 'Faery Queen' was enthusiastically received. It could scarcely, indeed, be otherwise, considering how well it was adapted to the court and times of the Virgin Queen, where gallantry and chivalry were so strangely mingled with the religious gravity and earnestness induced by the Reformation, and considering the intrinsic beauty and excellence of the poem. The first few stanzas, descriptive of Una, were of themselves sufficient to place Spenser above the whole hundred poets that then offered incense to Elizabeth.

The queen settled a pension of £50 per annum on Spenser, and he returned to Ireland. His smaller poems were next published: 'The Tears of the Muses,' 'Mother Hubbard,' &c. in 1591; 'Daphnida,' 1592; and 'Amoretti' and the 'Epithalamium' (relating his courtship and marriage) in 1595. His 'Elegy of Astrophel,' on the death

the spirit of love is not unlike Ovid's description of the creation of man; the soul just severed from the sky, retains part of its heavenly power:

'And frames her house, in which she will be placed,
Fit for herself.

But he speculates further:

So every spirit, as it is most pure,
And bath in it the more of heavenly light,
So it the fairer body doth procure
To habit in, and it more fairly dight
With cheerful grace and amiable sight
For of the soul the body form doth take:
For soul is form, and doth the body make.

Spenser afterwards wrote two religious hymns, to counteract the effect of those on love and beauty, but though he spiritualises his passion, he does not abandon his early belief, that the fairest body incloses the fairest mind. He still says:

For all that's good is beautiful and fair.

The Grecian philosophy was curiously united with puritanism in both Spenser and Milton. Our poet took the fable of his great poem from the style of the Gothic romance, but the deep sense of beauty which pervades it is of classical origin, elevated and purified by strong religious feeling.

of the lamented Sidney, appeared about this time. In 1596, Spenser was again in London to publish the fourth, fifth, and sixth books of the 'Faery Queen.' These contain the legend of Cambel and Triamond, or Friendship; Artegall, or Justice; and Sir Caledore, or Courtesy. The double allegory is continued in these cantos as in the previous ones: Artegall is the poet's friend and patron, Lord Grey; and various historical events are related in the knight's adventures. Half of the original design was thus finished; six of the twelve adventures and moral virtues were produced; but unfortunately the world saw only some fragments more of the work. It has been said that the remaining half was lost through the 'disorder and abuse' of a servant sent forward with it to England. This is highly improbable. Spenser, who came to London himself with each of the former portions, would not have ventured the largest part with a careless servant. But he had not time to complete his poetical and moral gallery. There was an interval of six years between his two publications, and he lived only three years after the second. During that period, too, Ireland was convulsed with rebellion. The English settlers, or 'undertakers,' of the crown-lands were unpopular with the conquered natives of Ireland. They were often harsh and oppressive; and even Spenser is accused, on the authority of existing legal documents, of having sought unjustly to add to his possessions. He was also in office over the Irish (clerk of the council of Munster); he had been recommended by the queen (1598) for the office of sheriff of Cork; and he was a strenuous advocate for arbitrary power, as is proved by a political treatise on the state of Ireland, written by him in 1596 for the government of Elizabeth, but not printed till the reign of Charles I. The poet was, therefore, a conspicuous object for the fury of the irritated and barbarous natives, with whom 'revenge was virtue.' The storm soon burst forth. In October 1598, an insurrection was organized in Munster, following Tyrone's rebellion, which had raged for some years in the province of Ulster. The insurgents attacked Kilcolman, and having robbed and plundered, set fire to the castle. Spenser and his wife escaped; but either in the confusion incidental to such a calamity, or from inability to render assistance, an infant child of the poet ('new-born,' according to Ben Jonson) was left behind, and perished in the flames. The poet, impoverished and broken-hearted, reached London, and died in about three months, in King Street, Westminster, on Saturday the 18th January 1599. He was buried near the tomb of Chaucer in Westminster Abbey, the Earl of Essex defraying the expense of the funeral, and his hearse attended—as Camden relates—by his brother-poets, who threw 'mournful elegies' into his grave. A monument was erected over his remains, thirty years afterwards, by Anne, Countess of Dorset. His widow, the fair Elizabeth, whose bridal bower at Kilcolman he had decked with such 'gay garlands' of song, returned to Ireland, and married a second time. The poet left two sons, Sylvanus and Peregrine. A

son of the latter, Hugolin Spenser, was restored to the Irish estate by Charles II.; he afterwards lost it by adhering to the cause of James II.; but, through the interest of Halifax, it was, about the year 1700, restored to another descendant, William Spenser.

Spenser is the most luxuriant and melodious of all our descriptive poets. His creation of scenes and objects is infinite, and in free and sonorous versification he has not yet been surpassed. His 'lofty rhyme' has a swell and cadence, and a continuous sweetness, that we can find nowhere else. In richness of fancy and invention, he can scarcely be ranked below Shakspeare, and he is fully as original. His obligations to the Italian poets (Ariosto supplying a wild Gothic and chivalrous model for the 'Faery Queen,' and Tasso furnishing the texture of some of its most delicious embellishments) still leave him the merit of his great moral design—the conception of his allegorical characters—his exuberance of language and illustration—and that original structure of verse, powerful and harmonious, which he was the first to adopt, and which must ever bear his name. His faults arose out of the fullness of his riches. His inexhaustible powers of circumstantial description betrayed him into a tedious minuteness, which sometimes, in the delineation of his personified passions, becomes repulsive, and in the painting of natural objects led him to group together trees and plants, and assemble sounds and instruments, which were never seen or heard in unison out of Fairy Land. The ingenuity and subtlety of his intellect tempted him to sow dark meanings and obscure allusions across the bright and obvious path of his allegory. This peculiarity of his genius was early displayed in his 'Shepherd's Calendar;' and if Burleigh's displeasure could have cured the poet of the habit, the statesman might be half forgiven his illiberality. His command of musical language led him to protract his narrative to too great a length, till the attention becomes exhausted, even with its very melody, and indifference succeeds to languor. Had Spenser lived to finish his poem, it is doubtful whether he would not have diminished the number of his readers. His own fancy had evidently begun to give way, for the last three books have not the same rich unity of design, or plenitude of imagination, which fills the earlier cantos with so many interesting, lofty, and ethereal conceptions, and steeps them in such a flood of ideal and poetical beauty. The first two books (of Holiness and Temperance) are like the first two of 'Paradise Lost,' works of consummate taste and genius, and superior to all the others. We agree with Mr. Hazlitt, that the allegory of Spenser is in reality no bar to the enjoyment of the poem. The reader may safely disregard the symbolical applications. We may allow the poet, like his own Archimago, to divide his characters into 'double parts,' while one only is visible at a time. While we see Una, with her heavenly looks, that

Make a sunshine in the shady place.

or Belphebe flying through the woods, or Britomartis seated amidst the young warriors, we need not stop to recollect that the first is designed to represent the true church, the second Queen Elizabeth, or the third an abstract personification of Chastity. They are exquisite representations of female loveliness and truth, unmatched save in the dramas of Shakspeare. The allegory of Spenser leaves his wild enchantments, his picturesque situations, his shady groves and lofty trees—

Not pierceable by power of any star—

his Masque of Cupid, and Bower of Bliss, and all the witcheries of his gardens and wildernesses, without the slightest ambiguity or indistinctness. There is no haze over his finest pictures. We seem to walk in the green alleys of his broad forests, to hear the stream tinkle and the fountain fall, to enter his caves of Mammon and Despair, to gaze on his knights and ladies, or to join in his fierce combats and crowded allegorical processions. There is no perplexity, no inter-cepted lights, in those fine images and personifications. They may be sometimes fantastic, but they are always brilliant and distinct. When Spenser fails to interest, it is when our coarser taste becomes palled with his sweetness, and when we feel that his scenes want the support of common probability and human passions. We surrender ourselves up for a time to the power of the enchanter, and witness with wonder and delight his marvellous achievements; but we wish to return again to the world, and to mingle with our fellow-mortals in its busy and passionate pursuits. It is here that Shakspeare eclipses Spenser; here that he builds upon his beautiful groundwork of fancy—the high and durable structure of conscious dramatic truth and living reality. Spenser's mind was as purely poetical, and embraced a vast range of imaginary creation. The interest of real life alone is wanting. Spenser's is an ideal world, remote and abstract, yet affording, in its multiplied scenes, scope for those nobler feelings and heroic virtues which we love to see even in transient connection with human nature. The romantic character of his poetry is its most essential and permanent feature. We may tire of his allegory and 'dark conceit,' but the general impression remains; we never think of the 'Faery Queen' without recalling its wondrous scenes of enchantment and beauty, and feeling ourselves lulled, as it were, by the recollected music of the poet's verse, and the endless flow and profusion of his fancy.

Una and the Redcross Knight.

A gentle knight was pricking on the plain,
Yclad in mighty arms and silver shield,
Wherein old dints of deep wounds did remain,
The cruel marks of many a bloody field;
Yet arms till that time did he never wield;
His angry steed did chide his foaming bit,
As much disdainful to the curb to yield ;

Full jolly knight he seemed, and far did sit.
As one for knightly jousts and fierce encounters fit.

And on his breast a bloody cross he bore,
The dear remembrance of his dying Lord,
For whose sweet sake that glorious badge he wore,
And dead—as living ever—him adored:
Upon his shield the like was also scored,
For sovereign hope, which in his help he had:
Right faithful true he was in deed and word;
But of his cheer did seem too solemn sad:
Yet nothing did he dread, but ever was ydrad.

Upon a great adventure he was bound,
That greatest Gloriana to him gave—
That greatest glorious queen of Faery lond—
To win him worship, and her grace to have,
Which of all earthly things he most did crave;
And ever as he rode, his heart did yearn
To prove his puissance in battle brave
Upon his foe, and his new force to learn;
Upon his foe, a dragon horrible and stern.

A lovely lady rode him far beside,
Upon a lowly ass more white than snow;
Yet she much whiter, but the same did hide
Under a veil that wimpled was full low,
And over all a black stole did she throw,
As one that truly mourned: so was she sad,
And heavy sate upon her palfrey slow;
Seemed in heart some hidden care she had,
And by her in a line a milk-white lamb she led.

So pure and innocent, as that same lamb,
She was in life and every virtuous lore,
And by descent from royal lineage came
Of ancient kings and queens, that had of yore
Their sceptres stretcht from east to western shore,
And all the world in their subjection held;
Till that infernal fiend with foul uproar
Forewasted all their land and them expelled;
Whom to avenge, she had this knight from far compelled

Behind her far away a dwarf did lag,
That lazy seemed in being ever last,
Or wearied with bearing of her bag
Of needments at his back. Thus as they past
The day with clouds was sudden overcast,
And angry Jove an hideous storm of rain
Did pour into his leman's lap so fast,
That every wight to shroud it did constrain,
And this fair couple eke to shroud themselves were fain.

Enforced to seek some covert nigh at hand,
A shady grove not far away they spied,
That promised aid the tempest to withstand;
Whose lofty trees, yclad with summer's pride,
Did spread so broad, that heaven's light did hide,
Nor pierceable with power of any star:
And all within were paths and alleys wide,
With footing worn, and leading inward far:
Fair harbour, that them seems; so in they entered are.

And forth they pass, with pleasure forward led,
 Joying to hear the birds' sweet harmony,
 Which therein shrouded from the tempest dread,
 Seemed in their song to scorn the cruel sky.
 Much can they praise the trees so straight and high,
 The sailing pine, the cedar proud and tall,
 The vine-prop elm, the poplar never dry,
 The buider oak, sole king of forests all,
 The aspin good for staves, the cypress funeral.

The laurel, meed of mighty conquerors
 And poets sage, the fir that weepeth still,
 The willow, worn of forlorn paramours,
 The yew obedient to the bender's will,
 The birch for shafts, the willow for the mill,
 The myrrh sweet bleeding in the bitter wound,
 The warlike beech, the ash for nothing ill,
 The fruitful olive, and the plane-tree round,
 The carver holme, the maple seldom inward sound:

Led with delight, they thus beguile the way,
 Until the blustering storm is overblown.
 When, weening to return, whence they did stray,
 They cannot find that path which first was shewn,
 But wander to and fro in ways unknown,
 Furthest from end then, when they nearest ween,
 That makes them doubt their wits be not their own:
 So many paths, so many turnings seen,
 That which of them to take, in divers doubt they been.

Adventure of Una with the Lion.

Nought is there under heaven's wide hollowness,
 That moves more dear compassion of mind,
 Than beauty brought to unworthy wretchedness
 Through envy's snares or fortune's freaks unkind.
 I, whether lately through her brightness blind,
 Or through allegiance and fast fealty,
 Which I do owe unto all womankind,
 Feel my heart pressed with so great agony
 When such I see, that all for pity I could die. . . .

Yet she, most faithful lady, all this while
 Forsaken, woful, solitary maid,
 Far from all people's press, as in exile,
 In wilderness and wasteful deserts strayed,
 To seek her knight, who subtly betrayed
 Through that late vision which th' enchanter wrought,
 Had her abandoned; she of nought afraid
 Through woods and wasteness wide him daily sought;
 Yet wished tidings none of him unto her brought.

One day, nigh weary of the irksome way,
 From her unhasty beast she did alight;
 And on the grass her dainty limbs did lay,
 In secret shadow, far from all men's sight;
 From her fair head her fillet she undight,
 And laid her stole aside: her angel's face,
 As the great eye of heaven, shined bright,
 And made a sunshine in the shady place;
 Did never mortal eye behold such heavenly grace.

It fortun'd, out of the thickest wood
 A ramping lion rush'd suddenly,
 Hunting full greedy after savage blood :
 Soon as the royal virgin he did spy,
 With gaping mouth at her ran greedily,
 To have at once devour'd her tender corse :
 But to the prey when as he drew more nigh,
 His bloody rage assuag'd with remorse,
 And with the sight amaz'd forgot his furious force.

- Instead thereof he kiss'd her weary feet,
 And lick'd her lily hands with fawning tongue ;
 As he her wrong'd innocence did weat.
 O how can beauty master the most strong,
 And simple truth subdue avenging wrong !
 Whose yielded pride and proud sul mission.
 Still dreading death, when she had mark'd long,
 Her heart can melt in great compassion,
 And drizzling tears did shed for pure affection.

'The lion, lord of every beast in field,'
 Quoth she, 'his princely puissance doth abate,
 And mighty proud to humble weak does yield,
 Forgetful of the hungry rage, which late
 Him prick'd, in pity of my sad estate :
 But he, my lion, and my noble lord,
 How does he find in cruel heart to hate
 Her that him lov'd, and ever most adored,
 As the God of my life? why hath he me abhorred ?'

Redounding tears did choke th' end of her plaint,
 Which softly echoed from the neighbour wood ;
 And, sad to see her sorrowful constraint.
 The kingly beast upon her gazing stood :
 With pity calm'd down fell his angry mood.
 At last, in close heart shutting up her pain,
 Arose the virgin born of heavenly brood,
 And to her suowy palfrey got again,
 To seek her strayed champion if she might attain.

The lion would not leave her desolate,
 But with her went along, as a strong guard
 Of her chaste person, and a faithful mate
 Of her sad troubles and misfortunes hard :
 Still when she slept, he kept both watch and ward ;
 And when she wak'd, he waited diligent,
 With humble service to her will prepared ;
 From her fair eyes he took commandment,
 And ever by her looks conceived her intent.

The Bower of Bliss.

There the most dainty paradise on ground
 Itself doth offer to his sober eye,
 In which all pleasures plenteously abound,
 And none does others' happiness envy ;
 The painted flowers, the trees upshooting high,
 The dales for shade, the hills for breathing space,
 The trembling groves, the crystal running by ;
 And that which all fair works doth most aggrace,
 The art which all that wrought, appeared in no place.

One would have thought—so cunningly the rude
 And scorned parts were mingled with the fine—
 That nature had for wantonness ensued
 Art, and that art at nature did repine ;
 So striving each th' other to undermine,
 Each did the other's work more beautify ;
 So differing both in wills, agreed in fine :
 So all agreed through sweet diversity,
 This garden to adorn with all variety.

And in the midst of all a fountain stood
 Of richest substance that on earth might be,
 So pure and shiny, that the silver flood
 Through every channel running one might see ;
 Most goodly it with curious imagery
 Was overwrought, and shapes of naked boys,
 Of which some seemed with lively jollity
 To fly about, playing their wanton toys,
 While others did embay themselves in liquid joys.

And over all, of purest gold, was spread
 A trail of ivy in his native hue :
 For the rich metal was so coloured,
 That wight, who did not well advised it view,
 Would surely deem it to be ivy true :
 Low his lascivious arms adown did creep,
 That themselves dipping in the silver dew,
 Their fleecy flowers they fearfully did steep.
 Which drops of crystal seemed for wantonness to weep.

Infinite streams continually did well
 Out of this fountain, sweet and fair to see,
 The which into an ample laver fell,
 And shortly grew to so great quantity,
 That like a little lake it seemed to be ;
 Whose depth exceeded not three cubits height,
 That through the waves one might the bottom see,
 All paved beneath with jasper shining bright,
 That seemed the fountain in that sea did sail upright.

And all the margin round about was set
 With shady laurel trees, thence to defend
 The sunny beams, which on the billows beat,
 And those which therein bathed might offend. . . .

Ertsoons they heard a most melodious sound,
 Of all that might delight a dainty ear,
 Such as at once might not on living ground,
 Save in this paradise, be heard elsewhere ;
 Right hard it was for wight which did it hear,
 To read what manner music that might be :
 For all that pleasing is to living ear.
 Was there consorted in one harmony ;
 Birds, voices, instruments, winds, waters, all agree.

The joyous birds, shrouded in cheerful shade,
 Their notes unto the voice attempered sweet ;
 Th' angelical soft trembling voices made
 To th' instruments divine responsiveness meet ;
 The silver sounding instruments did meet
 With the base murmur of the water's fall :

The water's fall with difference discreet,
Now soft, now loud, unto the wind did call :
The gentle warbling wind low answered to all.

The while, some one did chant this lovely lay :
' Ah see, whose fair thing doest faine to see,
In springing flower the image of thy day !
Ah see the virgin rose, how sweetly she
Doth first peep forth with bashful modesty,
That fairer seems, the less ye see her may !
Lo, see soon after, how more bold and free
Her bared bosom she doth broad display ;
Lo, see soon after, how she fades and falls away !

' So passeth, in the passing of a day,
Of mortal life, the leaf, the bud, the flower,
Nor more doth flourish after first decay,
That erst was sought to deck both bed and bower
Of many a lady, and many a paramour ;
Gather therefore the rose, while yet is prime,
For soon comes age, that will her pride deflower ;
Gather the rose of love, while yet is time,
While loving thou mayst loved be with equal crime.'

In the foregoing extracts from the ' Faery Queen,' we have, for the sake of perspicuity, modernised the spelling, without changing a word of the original. The following two highly poetical descriptions are given in the poet's orthography :

The House of Sleep.

He making speedy way through speraed ayre,
And through the world of waters wide and deepe,
To Morpheus' house doth hastily repaire.
Amid the bowels of the earth full steepe,
And low, where dawning day doth never peepe,
His dwelling is, there Tethys his wet bed
Doth ever wash, and Cynthia still doth steepe,
In silver dew, his ever drouping bed,
Whiles sad Night over him her mantle black doth spread.

Whose double gates he findeth locked fast,
The one fayre fram'd of burnisht yvory,
The other all with silver overcast ;
And wakeful dogges before them farre doe lye,
Watching to banish Care their enemy,
Who oft is wont to trouble gentle sleepe.
By them the sprite doth passe in quietly,
And unto Morpheus comes, whom drowned deepe
In drowse he fit he findes : of nothing he takes keepe.

And more to lulle him in his slumber soft,
A trickling streame from high rock tumbling downe,
And ever-drizzling raine upon the loft,
Mixt with a murmuring winde, much like the sowne
Of swarming bees, did cast him in a sowne,
No other noyse, nor peoples troublous cryes,
As still are wont t' annoy the walled towne,
Might there be heard : but careless Quiet lyes
Wrapt in eternal silence farre from enimes.

Description of Belphebe.

In her faire eyes two living lamps did flame,
 Kindled above at th' heavenly Maker's light,
 And darted fyrie beames out of the same,
 So passing persant, and so wondrous bright,
 That quite bereaved the rash beholders sight:
 In them the blinded god his lustfull fyre
 To kindle oft assayed, but had no might;
 For, with dredd majestie and awfull yre,
 She broke his wanton darts, and quenched base desyre.

Her yvorie forehead, full of bountie brave,
 Like a broad table did itselfe disprede.
 For Love his iostie triumphes to engrave,
 And write the battailes of his great godhead:
 All good and honour might therein be red;
 For there their dwelling was. And, when she spake,
 Sweet wordes, like dropping honey, she did shed;
 And 'twixt the perles and rubins softly brake
 A silver sound, that heavenly musicke seemd to make.

Upon her eyelids many graces sate,
 Under the shadow of her even browes,
 Working belgardes and amorous retrace;
 And everie one her with a grace endowes,
 And everie one with meekenesse to her bowes:
 So glorious mirrhour of celestiall grace,
 And soveraine moniment of mortall vowes,
 How shall frayle pen deserve her heavenly face,
 For feare, through want of skill, her beauty to disgrace!

So faire, and thousand thousand times more faire
 She seemd, when she presented was to sight;
 And was yclad, for heat of scorching aire,
 All in a silken Camus hily white,
 Purfied upon with many a folded plight.
 Which all above besprinckled was throughout
 With golden aygulets.

And in her hand a sharpe bore-speare she held,
 And at her backe a bow, and quiver gay
 Stuft with steel-headed darts, wherewith she queld
 The salvage beastes in her victorious play,
 Knit with a golden baudricke which forelay
 Athwart her snowy brest, and did divide
 Her daintie paps; which, like young fruit in May,
 Now little gan to swell, and being tide
 Through her thin weed their places only signified.

Her yellow lockes, crisped like golden wyre,
 About her shoulders wer'n loosely shed,
 And, when the winde amongst them did inspyre,
 They waved like a penon wyde despred,
 And low behinde her backe were scattered:
 And, whether art it were or heedlesse hap,
 As through the flouing Forrest rash she fled,
 In her rude heares sweet flowres themselves did lap,
 And flourishing fresh leaves and blossomes did enwrap.

Fable of the Oak and the Briar.

There grew an aged tree on the green,
 A goodly Oak sometime had it been,
 With arms full strong and largely displayed,
 But of their leaves they were disarrayed;
 The body big and mightily pight,
 Thoroughly rooted, and of wondrous height;
 Whilom had been the king of the field,
 And mochel mast to the husband did yield,
 And with his nuts larded many swine,
 But now the gray moss matted his rine,
 His bared boughs were beaten with storms,
 His top was bald, and wasted with worms,
 His honour decayed, his branches sere.

Hard by his side grew a bragging Briere,
 Which proudly thrust into th' element,
 And seemed to threat the firmament:
 It was embellisht with blossoms fair,
 And thereto aye wanted to repair
 The shepherd's daughters to gather flowres,
 To paint their garlands with his colowres,
 And in his small bushes used to shroud,
 The sweet nightingale singing so loud,
 Which made this foolish Briere wex so bold,
 That on a time he cast him to scold,
 And such the good Oak, for he was old.

'Why stands there,' quoth he, 'thou brutish block?
 Nor for fruit nor for shadow serves thy stock;
 Seest how fresh my flowres been spread,
 Dyed in lily whits and crimson red,
 With leaves engrained in lusty green,
 Colours meet to cloath a maiden queen?
 Thy waste bigness but cumbers the ground,
 And dirks the beauty of my blossoms round:
 The mouldy moss, which thee accloyeth:
 My cinnamon smell too much annoyeth:
 Wherefore soon I rede thee hence remove,
 Lest thou the price of my displeasure prove.
 So spake this bold Briere with great disdain,
 Little him answered the Oak again,
 But yielded, with shame and grief adawed,
 That of a weed he was over-crawed.

It chanced after upon a day,
 The husbandman's self to come that way,
 Of custom to surview his ground,
 And his trees of state in compass round:
 Him when the spiteful Briere he espied,
 Causeless complained, and loudly cryed
 Unto his lord, stirring up stern strife;
 'O my liege lord! the god of my life,
 Please you ponder your suppliant's plaint
 Caused of wrong and cruel constraint,
 Which I your poor vassal daily endure;
 And but your goodness the same recure,
 And like for desperate dole to die,
 Through felonious force of mine enemy.'
 Greatly aghast with this piteous plea,
 Him rested the good man on the len,
 And bade the Briere in his plaint proceed.
 With painted words then gan this proud weed

(As most usen ambitious folk)
 His coloured crime with craft to cloke.
 'Ah, my Sovereign! lord of creatures all,
 Thou placer of plants both humble and tall,
 Was not I planted of thine own hand,
 To be the primrose of all thy land,
 With flow'ring blossoms to furnish the prime,
 And scarlet berries in summer-time?
 How falls it then that this faded Oak,
 Whose body is ere, whose branches broke,
 Whose naked arms stretch unto the fire,
 Unto such tyranny doth aspire,
 Hindring with his shade my lovely light,
 And robbing me of the sweet sun's sight?
 So beat his old boughs my tender side,
 That oft the blood springeth from wounds wide,
 Untimely my flowers forced to fall,
 That been the honour of your coronal;
 And oft he lets his canker-worms light
 Upon my branches, to work me more spight;
 And of his hoary locks down doth cast,
 Wherewith my fresh flowrets been defast:
 For this, and many more such outrage,
 Craving your godlihead to assuage
 The rancorous rigour of his might;
 Naught ask I but only to hold my right,
 Submitting me to your good sufferance,
 And praying to be guarded from grievance.
 To this this Oak cast him to reply
 Well as he couth; but his enemy
 Had kindled such coals of displeasure
 That the good man nould stay his leisure,
 But home him hasted with furious heat,
 Encreasing his wrath with many a threat;
 His harmful hatchet he hent in hand—
 Alas! that it so ready should stand!—
 And to the field alone he speedeth—
 Aye little help to harm there needeth—
 Anger nould let him speak to the tree,
 Enaunter his rage might cooled be,
 But to the root bent his sturdy stroke,
 And made many wounds in the waste Oak.
 The axe's edge did oft turn again,
 As half unwilling to cut the grain,
 Seemed the senseless iron did fear,
 Or to wrong holy eild did forbear;
 For it had been an ancient tree,
 Sacred with many a mystery,
 And often crost with the priests' crew,
 And often hallowed with holy-water dew;
 But like fancies weren foolery,
 And broughten this Oak to this misery;
 For nought might they quiten him from decay,
 For fiercely the good man at him did lay.
 The block oft groaned under his blow,
 And sighed to see his near overthrow.
 In fine, the steel had pierced his pith,
 Then down to the ground he fell forthwith.
 His wondrous weight made the ground to quake,
 Th' earth shrunk under him, and seemed to shake;
 There lieth the Oak pitied of none.

Now stands the Briere like a lord alone,
 Puffed up with pride and vain pleasance;
 But all this glee had no continuance;
 For eftsoons winter 'gan to approach,
 The blustering Boreas did encroach,
 And beat upon the solitary Briere,
 For now no succour was seen him near.
 Now 'gan he repent his pride too late,
 For naked left and disconsolate,
 The biting frost nipt his stalk dead,
 The watry wet weighed down his head,
 And heaped snow burdned him so sore,
 That now upright he can stand no more;
 And being down, is trod in the dirt
 Of cattle, and brouzed, and sorely hurt.
 Such was th' end of this ambitious Briere,
 For scorning eie.

From the Epithalamium.

Wake now, my love, awake; for it is time;
 The rosy morn long since left Tithon's bed,
 All ready to her silver coach to climb;
 And Phoebus 'gins to shew his glorious nead.
 Hark! how the cheerful birds do chant their lays,
 And carol of Love's praise.
 The merry lark her matins sings aloft;
 The thrush replies; the mavis descant plays;
 The ouzel shrills; the ruddock warbles soft;
 So goodly all agree, with sweet consent,
 To this day's merriment.
 Ah! my dear love, why do you sleep thus long,
 When meeter were that you should now awake,
 T' await the coming of your joyous make,
 And hearken to the birds' love-learned song,
 The dewy leaves among!
 For they of joy and pleasance to you sing,
 That all the woods them answer, and their echo ring.

My love is now awake out of her dream,
 And her fair eyes, like stars that dimmed were
 With darksome cloud, now shew their goodly beams
 More bright than Hesperus his head doth rear.
 Come now, ye damsels, daughters of delight,
 Help quickly her to dight:
 But first come, ye fair Hours, which were begot
 In Jove's sweet paradise, of Day and Night;
 Which do the seasons of the year allot,
 And all, that ever in this world is fair,
 Do make and still repair:
 And ye three handmaids of the Cyprian Queen,
 The which do still adorn her beauty's pride,
 Help to adorn my beautifullest bride:
 And, as ye her array, still throw between
 Some graces to be seen;
 And, as ye use to Venus, to her sing,
 The whiles the woods shall answer, and your echo ring.

Now is my love all ready forth to come:
 Let all the virgins therefore well await;
 And ye, fresh boys, that tend upon her groom,
 Prepare yourselves, for he is coming straight.

Set all your things in seemly good array,
 Fit for so joyful day :
 The joyfulest day that ever sun did see.
 Fair Sun ! shew forth thy favourable ray,
 And let thy lifeful heat not fervent be,
 For fear of burning her sunshiny face,
 Her beauty to disgrace.
 O fairest Phœbus ! father of the Muse !
 If ever I did honour thee aright,
 Or sing the thing that might thy mind delight,
 Do not thy servant's simple boon refuse.
 But let this day, let this one day be mine ;
 Let all the rest be thine.
 Then I thy sovereign praises loud will sing,
 That all the woods shall answer, and their echo ring,

Lo ! where she comes along with portly pace,
 Like Phœbe, from her chamber of the east,
 Arising forth to run her mighty race,
 Clad all in white, that seems a virgin best,
 So well it her becoms, that ye would ween
 Some angel she had been.
 Her long loose yellow locks (1), like golden wire,
 Sprinkled with pearl, and pearling flowers atween,
 Do like a golden mantle her attire ;
 And being crowned with a garland green,
 Seem like some maiden queen,
 Her modest eyes, abashed to behold
 So many gazers as on her do stare,
 Upon the lowly ground affixed are ;
 Ne dare lift up her countenance too bold,
 But blush to hear her praises sung so loud,
 So far from being proud.
 Nætheless do ye still loud her praises sung,
 That all the woods may answer, and your echo ring.

Tell me, ye merchants' daughters, did ye see
 So fair a creature in your town before ?
 So sweet, so lovely, and so mild as she,
 Adorned with beauty's grace, and virtue's store,
 Her goodly eyes like sapphires shining bright,
 Her forehead ivory white,
 Her cheeks like apples which the sun hath rudded,
 Her lips like cherries charming men to bite,
 Her breast like to a bowl of cream uncrudded. . . .
 Why stand ye still, ye virgins, in amaze,
 Upon her so to gaze,
 Whiles ye forget your former lay to sing,
 To which the woods did answer, and your echo ring ?

But if ye saw that which no eyes can see,
 The inward beauty of her lively sprite,
 Garnished with heavenly gifts of high degree,
 Much more then would ye wonder at that sight,
 And stand astonished like to those which read
 Medusa's mæzeful head.

1 It is remarkable, as Warton observes, that all Spenser's females, both in the *Fairy Queen* and in his other poems, are described with *yellow* hair. This was perhaps in compliment to the queen, or to his fair Elizabeth, the object of this exquisite bridal-song.

There dwells sweet Love, and constant Chastity,
 Unspotted faith, and comely Womanhood,
 Regard of Honour and mild Modesty :
 There Virtue reigns as queen in royal throne,
 And giveth laws alone,
 The which the base affections do obey,
 And yield their services unto her will ;
 No thought of things uncomely ever may
 Thereto approach to tempt her mind to ill.
 Had ye once seen these her celestial treasures,
 And unrevealed pleasures,
 Then would ye wonder and her praises sing,
 That all the woods would answer, and your echo ring.

Open the temple gates unto my love,
 Open them wide that she may enter in,
 And all the posts adorn as doth behove,
 And all the pillars deck with garlands trim,
 For to receive this saint with honour due,
 That cometh in to you.
 With trembling steps, and humble reverence,
 She cometh in, before the Almighty's view :
 Of her, ye virgins, learn obedience,
 When so ye come into those holy places,
 To humble your proud faces :
 Bring her up to the high altar, that she may
 The sacred ceremonies there partake,
 The which do endless matrimony make ;
 And let the roaring organs loudly play
 The praises of the Lord in lively notes ;
 The whiles, with hollow throats,
 The choristers this joyous anthem sing,
 That all the woods may answer, and their echo ring.
 Behold, whiles she before the altar stands,
 Hearing the holy priest that to her speaks,
 And bleaseth her with his two happy hands,
 How the red roses flush up in her cheeks,
 And the pure snow, with goodly vermill stain,
 Like crimson dyed in grain ;
 That even the angels, which continually
 About the sacred altar do remain,
 Forget their service, and about her fly,
 Oft peeping in her face, that seems more fair,
 The more they on it stare.
 But her sad eyes, still fastened on the ground,
 Are governed with goodly modesty,
 That suffers not one look to glance awry,
 Which may let in a little thought unsound.
 Why blush ye, love, to give to me your hand,
 The pledge of all our band ?
 Sing, ye sweet angels, alleluia sing.
 That all the woods may answer, and your echo ring. *

* It appears from the Royal Commission on Historical Manuscripts (1874), that there exists in Lancashire an account-book containing interesting notices of Spenser. One Robert Nowell, of Gray's Inn, left certain sums to provide gowns for thirty-two poor scholars of the principal London schools, and at the head of the Merchant Taylors' poor boys is the name of Edmund Spenser. Other entries in Mr. Nowell's book shew that, on going to Pembroke Hall, Cambridge, Spenser received 10s. and afterwards 6s. and 2s. 6d. The Merchant Taylors' Company may well be proud of their 'poor scholar.'

ROBERT SOUTHWELL.

ROBERT SOUTHWELL is remarkable as a victim of the persecuting laws of the period. He was born in 1560, at St. Faiths, Norfolk, of Roman Catholic parents, who sent him, when very young, to be educated at the English College at Douay, in Flanders, and from thence to Rome, where, at sixteen years of age, he entered the society of the Jesuits. In 1584, he returned to his native country as a missionary, notwithstanding a law which threatened all members of his profession found in England with death. For eight years he appears to have ministered secretly but zealously to the scattered adherents of his creed; but, in 1592, he was apprehended at Uxenden, in Middlesex, and committed to a dungeon in the Tower. An imprisonment of three years, with ten inflictions of the rack, wore out his patience, and he entreated to be brought to trial. Cecil is said to have made the brutal remark, that 'if he was in so much haste to be hanged, he should quickly have his desire.' Being at this trial found guilty, upon his own confession, of being a Romish priest, he was condemned to death, and executed at Tyburn accordingly (February 21, 1595,) with all the horrible circumstances dictated by the old treason-laws of England.

Southwell's poetical works were edited by W. B. Turnbull, 1856. The prevailing tone of his poetry is that of religious resignation. His short pieces are the best.

His two longest productions, 'St. Peter's Complaint' and 'Mary Magdalene's Funeral Tears,' were written in prison. After experiencing great popularity in their own time, inasmuch that eleven editions were printed between 1593 and 1600, the poems of Southwell fell, like other productions of the minor poets, into neglect. Some of his conceits are poetical in conception—for example:

He that high growth on cedars did bestow,
Gave also lowly mushrooms leave to grow.

And

We trample grass and prize the flowers of May,
Yet grass is green when flowers do fade away.

The Image of Death.

Before my face the picture hangs,
That daily should put me in mind,
Of those cold names and bitter pangs
That shortly I am like to find;
But yet, alas! full little I
Do think hereon, that I must die.

I often look upon a face
Most ugly, grisly, bare, and thin;
I often view the hollow place
Where eyes and nose had sometime
been;
I see the bones across that lie,
Yet little think that I must die.

I read the label underneath,
That telleth me whereto I must;
I see the sentence too, that saith,
'Remember, man, thou art but dust.'
But yet, alas! how seldom I
Do think, indeed, that I must die!

Continually at my bed's head
A hearse doth hang, which doth me tell
That I ere morning may be dead,
Though now I feel myself full well;
But yet, alas! for all this, I
Have little mind that I must die!

The gown which I am used to wear,
The knife wherewith I cut my meat;
And eke that old and ancient chair,
Which is my only usual seat;
All these do tell me I must die,
And yet my life amend not I.

My ancestors are turned to clay,
And many of my maters are gone;
My youngers dally drop away,

And can I think to 'scape alone?
No, no; I know that I must die,
And yet my life amend not I. . .

If none can 'scape Death's dreadful dart;
If rich and poor his beck obey;
If strong, if wise, if all do smart,
Then I to 'scape shall have no way:
Then grant me grace, O God! that I
My life may mend, since I must die.

The Burning Babe.

Ben Jonson, in his conversations with Drammond of Hawthornden, said Southwell 'had so writtten that piece of his, 'The Burning Babe,' he (Jonson) would have been content to destroy many of his.'

As I in hoary winter's night
Stood shivering in the snow,
Surprised I was with sudden heat,
Which made my heart to glow;
And lifting up a fearful eye
To view what fire was near,
A pretty babe all burning bright,
Did in the air appear;
Who, scorched with excessive heat,
Such floods of tears did shed,
As though his floods should quench his
flames,
Which with his tears were bred.
'Alas I' quoth he, 'but newly born,
In fiery heats I fry.
Yet none approach to warm their hearts
Or feel my fire, but I;

My faultless breast the furnace is
The fuel, wounding thorns;
Love is the fire, and sighs the smoke,
The ashes, shames and scorns;
The fuel justice layeth on,
And mercy blows the coals,
The metal in this furnace wrought
Are men's defiled souls;
'or which, as now on fire I am,
To work them to their good,
So will I melt into a bath.
'To wash them in my blood.'
With this he vanished out of sight,
And swiftly shrunk away,
And straight I called unto mind
That it was Christmas Day.

Times go by Turns.

The lopped tree in time may grow again,
Most naked plants renew both fruit and flower;
The sorriest wight might find release of pain,
The driest soil suck in some moistening shower;
Time goes by turns, and chances change by course
From foul to fair, from better hap to worse.

The sea of Fortune doth not ever flow;
She draws her favours to the lowest ebb;
Her tides have equal times to come and go;
Her loom doth weave the fine and coarsest web;
No joy so great but runneth to an end,
No hap so hard but may in fine amend.

Not always fall of leaf, nor ever spring,
Not endless night, y. t not eternal day;
The saddest birds a season find to sing,
The roughest storm a calm may soon allay.
Thus, with succeeding turns, God tempereth all
That man may hope to rise yet fear to fall.

A chance may win that by mischance was lost;
That net that holds no great, takes little fish;
In some things all, in all things none are crossed;
Few all they need, but none have all they wish.
Ungingled joys here to no man befall;
Who least, hath some; who most, hath never all.

WILLIAM WARNER.

A rhyming history entitled 'Albion's England,' was published in 1869, by WILLIAM WARNER (1558-1609), an attorney of the Common Pleas. It was admired in its own day, and is said to have supplanted in popularity the 'Mirror for Magistrates.' The poem is written in the long fourteen-syllable verse, but is tedious and monotonous. A few lines will shew the style of the poem :

The Life of a Shepherd.

Then choose a shepherd ; with the sun he doth his flock unfold,
And all the day on hill or plain he merry chat can hold :
And with the sun doth fold again : then jogging home betime,
He turns a crab, or tunes a round, or sings some merry rhyme ;
Nor lacks he gleeful tales to tell, whilst that the bowl doth trot :
And sitteth singing care away, till he to bed hath got.
There sleeps he soundly all the night, forgetting morrow cares,
Nor fears he blasting of his corn, or wasting of his wares,
Or storms by sea, or stirrs on land, or crack of credit lost,
Nor spending frankler than his flock shall still defray the cost.
Well wot I, sooth they say, that say, more quiet nights and days
The shepherd sleeps and wakes than he whose cattle he doth graze.

SAMUEL DANIEL.

SAMUEL DANIEL, son of a music-master, was born in 1562, near Taunton, in Somersetshire, and seems to have been educated under the patronage of the Pembroke family. In 1579, he was entered a commoner of Magdalen Hall, Oxford, where he chiefly devoted himself to the study of poetry and history ; at the end of three years, he quitted the university, without taking a degree, and was appointed tutor to Anne Clifford, daughter of the Earl of Cumberland. After the death of Spenser, Daniel became what Mr. Campbell calls 'voluntary laureate' to the court, but he was soon superseded by Ben Jonson. In the reign of James, he was appointed Master of the Queen's Revels, and inspector of the plays to be represented by the juvenile performers. He was also preferred to be a gentleman-extraordinary and groom of the chamber to Queen Anne. He lived in a garden-house in Old Street, St. Luke's, where, according to Fuller, he would 'lie hid for some months together, the more retiredly to enjoy the company of the Muses, and then would appear in public to converse with his friends, whereof Dr. Cowell and Mr. Camden were principal.' Daniel is said also to have shared the friendship of Shakespeare, Marlowe, and Chapman. His character was irreproachable, and his society appears to have been much courted. 'Daniel,' says Coleridge, in a letter to Charles Lamb, 'caught and re-communicated the spirit of the great Countess of Pembroke, the glory of the north; he formed her mind, and her mind inspired him. Gravely sober on all ordinary affairs, and not easily excited by any, yet there is one on which his blood boils—whenever he speaks of English valour exerted against a foreign enemy.' Coleridge seems to have felt a great ad-

miration for the works and character of Daniel, and to have lost no opportunity of expressing it. Towards the close of his life, the poet retired to a farm he had at Beckington, in Somersetshire, where he died October 14, 1619.

The works of Daniel fill two considerable volumes. They include sonnets, epistles, masques, and dramas; but his principal production is a 'History of the Civil Wars between York and Lancaster,' a poem in eight books, published in 1604. 'Musophilus, containing a General Defence of Learning,' is another elaborate and thoughtful work by Daniel. His tragedies and masks fail in dramatic interest, and his epistles are perhaps the most pleasing and popular of his works. His style is remarkably pure, clear, and flowing, but wants animation. He has been called the 'well-languaged Daniel;' and certainly the copiousness, ease and smoothness of his language distinguish him from his contemporaries. He is quite modern in style. In taste and moral feeling he was also pre-eminent. Mr. Hallam thinks Daniel wanted only greater confidence in his own power; but he was deficient in fire and energy. His thoughtful, equable verse flows on unintermittingly, and never offends; but it becomes tedious and uninteresting from its sameness, and the absence of what may be called salient points. His quiet graces and vein of moral reflection are, however, well worthy of study. His 'Epistle to the Countess of Cumberland' is a fine effusion of meditative thought.

From the Epistle to the Countess of Cumberland.

He that of such a height hath built his mind,
And reared the dwelling of his thoughts so strong,
As neither hope nor fear can shake the frame
Of his resolved powers; nor all the wind
Of vanity or malice pierce to wrong
His settled peace, or to disturb the same:
What a fair seat hath he, from whence he may
The boundless wastes and wilds of man survey!

And with how free an eye doth he look down
Upon these lower regions of turmoil,
Where all the storms of passions mainly beat
On flesh and blood! where honour, power, renown,
Are only gay afflictions, golden toil;
Where greatness stands upon as feeble feet
As frailty doth: and only great doth seem
To little minds who do it so esteem.

He looks upon the mightiest monarch's wars,
But only as on stately robberies;
Where evermore the fortune that prevails
Must be the right: the ill-succeeding wars
The fairest and the best-faced enterprises.
Great pirate Pompey lesser pirate quails;
Justice he sees, as if reduced, still
Conspires with power, whose cause must not be ill.

He sees the face of right 't' appear as manifold
As are the passions of uncertain man;

Who puts it in all colours, all attires,
To serve his ends, and makes his courses hold.
He sees that, let deceit work what it can,
Plot and contrive base ways to high desires;
That the all-guiding Providence doth yet
All disappoint and mocks the smoke of wit.

Nor is he moved with all the thunder-cracks
Of tyrants' threats, or with the early brow
Of power, that proudly sits on others' crimes;
Charged with more crying sins than those he checks.
The storms of sad confusion, that may grow
Up in the present for the coming times,
Appal not him; that hath no side at all,
But of himself, and knows the worst can fall.

Richard II. the Morning before his Murder in Pontefract Castle.

Whether the soul receives intelligence,
By her near genius, of the body's end,
And so imparts a sadness to the sense,
Foregoing ruin whereto it doth tend:
Or whether nature else hath conference
With profound sleep, and so doth warning send,
By prophesying dreams, what hurt is near,
And gives the heavy careful heart to fear:

However, so it is, the now sad king,
Tossed here and there his quiet to confound,
Feels a strange weight of sorrows gathering
Upon his trembling heart, and sees no ground;
Feels sudden terror bring cold shivering;
Lies not to eat, still mused, sleeps unsound;
His senses droop, his steady eyes unquick,
And much he ails, and yet he is not sick.

The morning of that day which was his last,
After a weary rest, rising to pain,
Out at a little grate his eyes he cast
Upon those bordering hills and open plain,
Where others' liberty make him complain
The more his own, and grieves his soul the more,
Conferring captive crowns with freedom poor.

'O happy man,' saith he, 'that lo I see,
Grazing his cattle in those pleasant fields,
If he but knew his good. How blessed he
That feels not what affliction greatness yields!
Other than what he is he would not be,
Nor change his state with him that sceptre wields
Thine, thine is that true life: that is to live,
To rest secure, and not rise up to grieve.

'Thou sitt'st at home safe by thy quiet fire,
And hear'st of other's harms, but fearest none:
And there thou tell'st of kings, and who aspire,
Who fall, who rise, who triumph, who do moan.
Perhaps thou talk'st of me, and dost inquire
Of my restraint, why here I live alone,
And piteest this my miserable fall;
For pity must have part—nvy not all.

'Thrice happy you that look as from the shore,
 And have no venture in the wreck you see;
 No interest, no occasion to deplore
 Other men's travels, while yourselves sit free.
 How much doth your sweet rest make us the more
 To see our misery, and what we be:
 Whose blunted greatness, ever in turmoil,
 Still seeking happy life, makes life a toll.'

Early Love.

Ah, I remember well—and how can I
 But evermore remember well—when first
 Our flame began, when scarce we knew what was
 The flame we felt; when as we sat and sighed
 And looked upon each other, and conceived
 Not what we alied, yet something we did all,
 And yet were well, and yet we were not well,
 And what was our disease we could not tell.
 Then would we kiss, then sigh, then look: and thus
 In that first garden of our amplexes
 We spent our childhood. But when years began
 To reap the fruit of knowledge; ah, how then
 Would she with sterner looks, with graver brow,
 Check my presumption and my forwardness!
 Yet still would give me flowers, still would shew
 What she would have me, yet not have me know.

Sonnets.

I must not grieve my love, whose eyes would read
 Lines of delight, whereon her youth might smile;
 Flowers have time before they come to seed,
 And she is young, and now must sport the while.
 And sport, sweet maid, in season of these years,
 And learn to gather flowers before they wither;
 And where the sweetest blossom first appears,
 Let love and youth conduct thy pleasures thither,
 Lighten forth smiles to clear the clouded air.
 And calm the tempest which my sighs do raise:
 Pity and smiles do best become the fair;
 Pity and smiles must only yield thee praise.
 Make me to say, when all my griefs are gone,
 Happy the heart that sighed for such a one.

Care-charmer Sleep, son of the sable Night,
 Brother to Death, in silent darkness born,
 Relieve my anguish, and restore the light,
 With dark forgetting of my care, return.
 And let the day be time enough to mourn
 The shipwreck of my ill-advised youth;
 Let waking eyes suffice to wall their scorn,
 Without the torments of the night's untruth.
 Cease, dreams, the images of day-desires,
 To model forth the passions of to-morrow;
 Never let the rising sun prove you liars,
 To add more grief, to aggravate my sorrow.
 Still let me sleep, embracing clouds in vain,
 And never wake to feel the day's disdain.

Ulysses and the Syren.

SYREN.

Come, worthy Greek, Ulysses, come,
 Possess these shores with me;
 The winds and seas are troublesome,
 And here we may be free.
 Here may we sit and view their toil,
 That travail in the deep,
 Enjoy the day in mirth the while,
 And spend the night in sleep.

ULYSSES.

Fair nymph, if fame or honour were
 To be attained with ease,
 Then would I come and rest with thee,
 And leave such toils as these:
 But here it dwells, and here must I
 With danger seek it forth;
 To spend the time luxuriously
 Becomes not men of worth.

SYREN.

Ulysses, oh, be not deceived
 With that unreal name:
 This honour is a thing conceived,
 And rests on others' fame.
 Begotten only to molest
 Our peace, and to beguile
 (The best thing of our life) our rest,
 And give us up to toil!

ULYSSES.

Delicious nymph, suppose there were
 No honour, or report.
 Yet manliness would scorn to wear
 The time in idle sport:
 For toil doth give a better touch
 To make us feel our joy;
 And ease finds tediousness, as much
 As labour yields annoy.

SYREN.

Then pleasure likewise seems the shore,
 Whereto tends all your toil;
 Which you forego to make it more,
 And perish off the while.

Who may disport them diversely,
 Find never tedious day;
 And ease may have variety,
 As well as action may.

ULYSSES.

But natures of the noblest frame
 These toils and dangers please;
 And they take comfort in the same,
 As much as you in ease:
 And with the thought of actions past
 Are recreated still:
 When pleasure leaves a touch at last
 To shew that it was ill.

SYREN.

That doth opinion only cause,
 That's out of custom bred;
 Which makes us many other laws,
 Than ever nature did.
 No widows wait for our delights,
 Our sports are without blood;
 The world we see by warlike wights
 Receives more hurt than good.

ULYSSES.

But yet the state of things require
 These motions of unrest,
 And these great spirits of high desire
 Seem born to turn them best;
 To purge the mischief, that increase
 And all good order mar:
 For oft we see a wicked peace,
 To be well changed for war.

SYREN.

Well, well, Ulysses, then I see
 I shall not have thee here;
 And therefore I will come to thee,
 And take my fortune there.
 I must be wou that cannot win,
 Yet lost were I not wou:
 For beauty hath created been
 T' undo or be undone.

MICHAEL DRAYTON.

MICHAEL DRAYTON, born, it is supposed, at Atherstone, in Warwickshire, about the year 1563, at the age of ten was made page to a person of quality—a situation which was not at that time thought too humble for the sons of gentlemen. He is said, upon dubious authority, to have been for some time a student at Oxford. It is certain that, in early life, he was highly esteemed and strongly patronised by several persons of consequence, particularly by Sir Henry Goodere, Sir Walter Aston, and the Countess of Bedford; to the first he was indebted for great part of his education, and for recommending

him to the countess; the second supported him for several years. In 1593, Drayton published a collection of his pastorals, and in 1596 gave to the world his more elaborate poems of 'The Barons' Wars' and 'England's Heroical Epistles.' On the accession of James I. in 1603, Drayton acted as esquire to Sir Walter Aston, in the ceremony of his installation as a Knight of the Bath. The poet expected some patronage from the new sovereign, but was disappointed. He published the first part of his most elaborate work, the 'Polyolbion,' in 1612, and the second in 1622, the whole forming a poetical description of England, in thirty songs or books.

The 'Polyolbion' is a work entirely unlike any other in English poetry, both in its subject and in the manner of its composition. It is full of topographical and antiquarian details, with innumerable allusions to remarkable events and persons, as connected with various localities; yet such is the genius of the author, so happily does he idealise almost everything he touches, and so lively is the flow of his verse, that we do not readily tire in perusing his vast mass of information. He seems to have followed Spenser in his personification of natural objects, such as hills, rivers, and woods. The information contained in the 'Polyolbion' is in general so accurate, that it is quoted as an authority by Hearne and Wood.

In 1627, Drayton published a volume containing 'The Battle of Agincourt,' 'The Court of Faerie,' and other poems. Three years later appeared another volume, entitled 'The Muses' Elysium,' from which it appears that he had found a final shelter in the family of the Earl of Dorset. On his death in 1631, he was buried in Westminster Abbey, where a monument, containing an inscription in letters of gold, was raised to his memory by the wife of that nobleman, the justly celebrated Lady Anne Clifford, subsequently Countess of Pembroke and Montgomery.

Morning in Warwickshire—Description of a Stag-hunt.

When Phœbus lifts his head out of the winter's wave,
No sooner doth the earth her flowery bosom brave,
At such time as the year brings on the pleasant spring,
But hunts-up to the morn the feathered sylvas sing:
And in the lower grove, as on the rising knoll,
Upon the highest spray of every mounting pole,
Those quirlsters are perch'd, with many a speckled breast,
Then from her burnisht gate the goodly glitt'ring east
Gilds every lofty top, which late the humorous night
Bespangled had with pearl, to please the morning's sight;
On which the mirthful quires, with their clear open throats,
Unto the joyful morn so strain their warbling notes,
That hills and valleys ring, and even the echoing air
Seems all composed of sounds, about them everywhere.
The thrush, with shrill sharps; as purposely he sung
T' awake the listless sun; or chiding, that so long
He was in coming forth, that should the thickets thrill;
The oxen near at hand, that hath a golden bill,
As nature him had mark of purpose, t' let us see

That from all other birds his tunes should different be :
 For, with their vocal sounds, they sing to pleasant May ;
 Upon his dulcet pipe the merie (1) doth only play.
 When in the lower brake, the nightingale hard by,
 In such lamenting strains the joyful hours doth ply,
 As though the other birds she to her tunes would draw.
 And but that nature—by her all-constraining law—
 Each bird to her own kind this season doth invite.
 They else, alone to hear that charmer of the night—
 'The more to use their ears—their voices sure would spare,
 That moduleth her tunes so admirably rare,
 As man to set in parts at first had learned of her.

To Phœmel the next, the linnet we prefer ;
 And by that warbling bird, the woodlark place we then.
 The red sparrow, the nope, the redbreast, and the wren.
 The yellow pate ; which though she hurt the blooming tree,
 Yet scarce hath any bird a finer pipe than she.
 And of these chanting fowls, the goldfinch not behind,
 That hath so many sorts descending from her kind.
 The tydy for her notes as delicate as they,
 The laughing hecco, than the counterfeiting jay.
 The softer with the shrill—some hid among the leaves,
 Some in the taller trees, some in the lower greaves—
 Thus sing away the morn, until the mounting sun,
 Through thick exhaled fogs his golden head hath run,
 And through the twisted tops of our close covert creeps
 To kiss the gentle shade, thus while that sweetly sleeps.

And near to these our thicke, the wild and frightful herds,
 Not hearing other noise but this of chattering birds,
 Feed fairly on the lawns ; both sorts of seasoned deer :
 Here walk the stately red, the freckled fallow there :
 The bucks and lusty stags, amongst the rascals strewed,
 As sometime gallant spirits amongst the multitude.

Of all the beasts which we for our veneral (2) name,
 The hart among the rest, the hunter's noblest game :
 Of which most princely chase with none did e'er report,
 Or by description touch, I express that wondrous sport—
 Yet might have well beseeemed the ancients' nobler songs—
 To our old Arden here, most fitly it belongs :
 Yet shall she not invoke the muses to her aid ;
 But thee, Diana bright, a goddess and a maid :
 In many a huge-grown wood, and many a shady grove,
 Which oft hast borne thy bow, great huntress, used to rove
 At many a cruel beast, and with thy darts to pierce
 The lion, panther, ounce, the bear, and tiger fierce ;
 And following thy fleet game, chase mighty forest's queen,
 With thy dishevelled nymphs attired in youthful green,
 About the lawns hast scoured, and wastes both far and near,
 Brave huntress : but no beast shall prove thy quarries here ;
 Save those the best of chase, the tall and lusty red,
 'The stag for goodly shape, and stateliness of head,
 Is fittest to hunt at force. For whom, when with his bound
 The labouring hunter tufts the thick unbarbed grounds,
 Where harboured is the hart ; there often from his feed
 The dogs of him do find ; or thorough skilful heed,
 The huntsman by his slot, (3) or breaking earth, perceives,
 Or ent'ring of the thick by pressing of the greaves,
 Where he had gone to lodge. Now when the hart doth hear

1 Of all the birds, only the blackbird whistled.
 3 The track of the foot.

2 Of hunting, or chase.

The often-bellowing hounds to vent his secret lair,
 He rousing rusheth out, and through the brakes doth drive,
 As though up by the roots the bushes he would rive.
 And through the cumbersome thickets, as fearfully he makes.
 He with his branched head the tender saplings shakes,
 That sprinkling their moist pearl do seem for him to weep;
 When after goes the cry, with yellings loud and deep,
 That all the forest rings, and every neighbouring place;
 And there is not a hound but full to the chase.
 Rechating (1) with his horn, which then the hunter cheers,
 Whilst still the lusty stag his long-painted head upbears,
 His body shewing state, with unbent knees upright,
 Expressing from all beasts, his courage in his flight,
 But when th' approaching foes still following he perceives,
 That he his speed must trust, his usual walk he leaves;
 And o'er the chainpains flies: which when th' assembly find,
 Each follows, as his horses were footed with the wind.
 But being them imboast, the noble stately deer,
 When he hath gotten ground—the kennel cast arrear—
 Doth beat the brooks and ponds for sweet refreshing soil;
 That serving not, then proves if he his scent can foil,
 And makes amongst the herds, and flocks of shag-wooled sheep,
 Them frighting from the guard of those who had their keep.
 But when as all his shifts his safety still denies,
 Put quite out of his walk, the ways and fallows tries;
 Whom when the ploughman meets, his team he letteth stand,
 T' assail him with his goad: so with his hook in hand,
 The shepherd him pursues, and to his dog doth holla:
 When, with tempestuous speed, the hounds and huntsmen follow;
 Until the noble deer, through toil bereaved of strength,
 His long and sinewy legs then falling him at length,
 The villages attempts, enraged, not giving way
 To anything he meets now at his sad decay.
 The cruel ravenous hounds and bloody hunters near,
 This noblest beast of chase, that vainly doth but fear,
 Some bank or quick-set finds; to which his haunch opposed,
 He turns upon his foes, that soon have him inclosed.
 The churlish-throated hounds then holding him at bay,
 And as their cruel fangs on his harsh skin they lay,
 With his sharp-pointed head he dealeth deadly wounds.
 The hunter, coming in to help his wearied hounds,
 He desperately assails; until oppress'd by force,
 He who the mourner is to his own dying corse,
 Upon the ruthless earth his precious tears let fall (2)
 To forests that belonge.

*Sherwood Forest and Robin Hood.—From the Twenty-eighth Song of
 the Polyolbion.*

Amongst the neighbouring nymphs there was no other lays,
 But those which seemed to sound of Charnwood, and her praise:
 Which Sherwood took to heart, and very much disdained—
 As one that had both long, and worthily maintained
 The title of the greatest and bravest of her kind—
 To fall so far below one wretchedly confined
 Within a furlong's space, to her large skirts compared:
 Wherefore she, as a nymph that neither feared nor cared
 For ought to her might chance, by others' love or hate,

1 One of the measures for winding the horn.

2 The hart weopeth at his dying; his tears are held to be precious in medicine.

With resolution armed against the power of fate,
 All self-praise set apart, determineth to sing
 That lusty Robin Hood, (1) who long time like a king
 Within her compass lived, and when he list to range
 For some rich booty set, or else his air to change,
 To Sherwood still retired, his only standing court,
 Whose praise the Forest thus doth pleasantly report :
 ' The merry pranks he played, would ask an age to tell,
 And the adventures strange that Robin Hood befel,
 When Mansfield many a time for Robin hath been laid,
 How he hath cozened them, that him would have betrayed ;
 How often he hath come to Nottingham disguised,
 And cunningly escaped, being set to be surprised.
 In this our spacious isle, I think there is not one,
 But he hath heard some talk of him and Little John ;
 And to the end of time, the tales shall ne'er be done,
 Of Scarlock, George-a-Green, and Much the miller's son,
 Of Tuck the merry friar, which many a sermon made
 In praise of Robin Hood, his outlaws, and their trade.
 An hundred valliant men had this brave Robin Hood,
 Still ready at his call, that bowmen were right good,
 All clad in Lincoln Green, with caps of red and blue,
 His fellow's winded horn not one of them but knew,
 When setting to their lips their little bugles shrill
 The warbling echoes waked from every dale and hill :
 Their baldricks set with studs, athwart their shoulders cast,
 To which under their arms their sheafs were buckled fast,
 A short sword at their belt, a buckler scarce a span,
 Who struck below the knee, not counted then a man :
 All made of Spanish yew, their bows were wondrous strong
 They not an arrow drew but was a cloth-yard long.
 Of archery they had the very perfect craft,
 With broad-arrow, or but, or prick, or roving shaft,
 At marks full forty score, they used to prick, and rove,
 Yet higher than the breast, for compass never strove ;
 Yet at the farthest mark a foot could hardly win :
 At long-butts, short, and boykes, each one could cleave the pin
 Their arrows finely paired, for timber, and for feather,
 With birch and brazil pieced, to fly in any weather :
 And shot they with the round, the square, or forked pile,
 The loose gave such a twang, as might be heard a mile.
 And of these archers brave, there was not any one
 But he could kill a deer his swiftest speed upon,
 Which they did boil and roast, in many a mighty wood,
 Sharp hunger the fine sauce to their more kingly food.
 Then taking them to rest, his mery men and he
 Slept many a summer's night under the greenwood tree.
 From wealthy abbots' chests, and churls' abundant store,
 What oftentimes he took, he shared amongst the poor :
 No lordly bishop came in lusty Robin's way,
 To him before he went, but for his pass must pay :
 The widow in distress he graciously relieved,
 And remedied the wrongs of many a virgin grieved :
 He from the husband's bed no married woman wan,
 But to his mistress dear, his loved Marian,

1 Robin Hood is first mentioned in English literature in *Herb Foreman*, about 1382. Wyntoun, the Scottish chronicler, refers to him about 1421. Nothing authentic is known of the popular hero. 'He was dear,' says Mr. Furnivall, one of the editors of the Percy folio MS. 'to the English imagination as the representative of the forest life—the joyous tenant of the greenwood, the spirit not to be cribbed and caged in towns and cities.'

Was ever constant known, which wheresoe'er she came,
 Was sovereign of the woods, chief lady of the game:
 Her clothes stuck to the knee, and dainty braided hair,
 With bow and quiver armed, she wandered here and there
 Amongst the forests wild; Diana never knew
 Such pleasures, nor such hurts as Marianna slew.'

Coleridge points out an instance of sublimity in Drayton—a strongly figurative passage respecting the cutting down of the English forests:

Our trees so hacked above the ground,
 That where their lofty tops the neighbouring countries crowned,
 Their trunks, like aged folks, now bare and naked stand,
 As for revenge to Heaven each held a withered hand.

The Queen of the Fairies visiting Pigoxygen.—From Drayton's 'Nymphidia.'

Her chariot ready straight is made;
 Each thing therein is fitting laid,
 That she by nothing might be stayed,
 For nought must be her letting;
 Four nimble gnats the horses were,
 Their harnesses of gossamer,
 Fly Cranion, her charioteer,
 Upon the coach-box getting.

Her chariot of a snail's fine shell,
 Which for the colours did excel;
 The fair Queen Mab becoming well,
 So lively was the limning;
 The sent the soft wood of the bee,
 The cover (gallantly to see)
 The wing of a pined butterfly;
 I trow 'twas simple trimming.

The wheels composed of crickets' bones,
 And daintily made for the nonce;
 For fear of rattling on the stones
 With thistle-down they shod it;
 For all her maid as much did fear
 If Oberon had chanced to hear
 That Mab his queen should have been
 there,
 He would not have abode it.

She mounts her chariot with a trice,
 Nor would she stay for no advice
 Until her maids, that were so nice,
 To wait on her were fited;
 But ran herself away alone;
 Which when they heard, there was not
 one
 But hastened after to be gone,
 As she had been diswitted.

Hop and Mop, and Drab so clear,
 Pip and Trip, and Skip, that were
 To Mab their sovereign so dear,
 Her special maids of honour;
 Fib and Tib, and Pink and Pin,
 Tick and Quick, and Jill and Jin,
 Tit and Nit, and Wap and Win,
 The train that wait upon her.

Upon a grasshopper they got,
 And, what with amble and with trot,
 For hedge nor ditch they spared not,
 But after her they hie them:
 A cobweb over them they throw,
 To shield the wind if it should blow;
 Themselves they wisely could bestow
 Lest any should espy them.

The above is evidently copied from Mercutio's description in 'Romeo and Juliet.'

EDWARD FAIRFAX.

The celebrated translation of Tasso's 'Jerusalem,' by EDWARD FAIRFAX was made in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, and dedicated to that princess, who was proud of patronizing learning, but not very lavish in its support. The first edition of Fairfax's Tasso is dated 1600; the second, 1624. The poetical beauty and freedom of Fairfax's version have been the theme of almost universal praise. Dryden ranked him with Spenser as a master of our language, and Waller

said he derived from him the harmony of his numbers. The date of Fairfax's birth is unknown. He was the natural son of Sir Thomas Fairfax of Denton in Yorkshire, and spent his life at Fytsione, in the forest of Knaresborough, in the enjoyment of many blessings which rarely befall the poetical race—competence, ease, rural scenes, and an ample command of the means of study. He wrote a work on 'Demonology' (not printed until 1659), and in the preface to it he states, that in religion he was 'neither a fantastic Puritan nor a superstitious Papist'. He also wrote a series of Eclogues, one of which was published in 1741, in Cooper's 'Musæ Library,' but it is puerile and absurd. Fairfax was living in 1681; the time of his death has not been recorded.

Description of Armida and her Enchanted Girdle.

And with that word she smiled, and nevertheless
Her love-toys still she us'd, and pleasures bold;
Her hair—that done—she twisted up in tress,
And looser locks in silken laces rolled:
Her curls in garland-wise she did up-dress,
Wherein, like rich enamel laid on gold.
The twisted flow'rets smiled, and her white breast
The lilies there that spring with roses dress'd.

The jolly peacock spreads not half so fair
The eyed feathers of his pompous train;
Nor golden Iris so bends in the air
Her twenty-coloured bow, through clouds of rain
Yet all her ornaments, strange, rich, and rare,
Her girdle did in price and beauty stain;
Not that, with scorn, which Tuscan Gullia lost,
Nor Venus' cestus could match this for cost.

Of mild denays, of tender scorn, of sweet
Repulses, war, peace, hope, despair, joy, fear;
Of smiles, jests, mirth, woo, grief, and sad regret;
Sighs, sorrows, tears, embracements, kisses dear,
That, mix'd first, by weight and measure meet;
Then, at an easy fire, attemper'd were;
This wondrous girdle did Armida frame.
And, when she would be loved, wore the same.

Rinaldo at Mount Olivet and the Enchanted Wood.

It was the time, when 'gainst the breaking day,
Rebellious night yet strove, and still replied,
For in the east appeared the morning gray,
And yet some lamps in Jove's high palace shined,
When to Mount Olivet he took his way,
And saw, as round about his eyes he twined,
Night's shadows hence, from thence the morning's shine,
This bright, that dark; that earthly, this divine.

Thus to himself he thought: how many bright
And 'splendent lamps shine in heaven's temple high!
Day hath his golden sun, her moon the night,
Her fixed and wand'ring stars the azure sky:
So framed all by their Creator's might,
That still they live and shine, and ne'er will die.

Till in a moment, with the last day's brand
They burn, and with them burn sea, air, and land.

Thus as he mused, to the top he went,
And there kneeled down with reverence and fear;
His eyes upon heaven's eastern face he bent;
His thoughts above all heavens uplifted were—
'The sins and errors which I now repent,
Of my unbridled youth, O Father dear,
Remember not, but let thy mercy fall
And purge my faults and my offences all.

Thus prayed he; with purple wings up-flew,
In golden weed, the morning's lusty queen,
Begliding with the radiant beams she threw,
His helm, the harness, and the mountain green.
Upon his breast and forehead gently blew
The air, that balm and nardus breathed unseen,
And o'er his head, let down from clearest skies,
A cloud of pure and precious dew there flies.

The heavenly dew was on his garments spread,
To which compared, his clothes pale ashes seem,
And sprinkled so that all that paleness fled,
And thence of purest white bright rays outstream:
So cheered are the flowers, late withered,
With the sweet comfort of the morning beam;
And so returned to youth, a serpent old
Adorns herself in new and native gold.

The lovely whiteness of his changed weed
The prince perceived well and long admired;
Toward the forest marched he on with speed,
Resolved, as such adventures great required:
Thither he came, whence, shrinking back for dread
Of that strange desert's sight, the first retired;
But not to him fearful or loathsome made
That forest was, but sweet with pleasant shade.

Forward he passed, and in the grove before,
He heard a sound, that strange, sweet, pleasing was;
There rolled a crystal brook with gentle roar,
There sighed the winds, as through the leaves they pass;
There sang the swan, and singing did, alas!
There lute, harp, cittern, human voice he heard,
And all these sounds one sound right well declared.

A dreadful thunder-clap at last he heard,
The aged trees and plants well-nigh that rent,
Yet heard the nymphs and syrens afterward,
Birds, winds, and waters sing with sweet consent;
Whereat amazed, he stayed and well prepared
For his defence, heedful and slow forth-went,
Nor in his way his passage ought withstood,
Except a quiet, still, transparent flood:

On the green banks, which that fair stream inbound,
Flowers and odours sweetly smiled and smelled,
Which reaching out his stretched arms around,
All the large desert in his bosom held,
And through the grove one channel passage found;
This in the wood, that in the forest dwelled:
Trees clad the streams, streams green those trees aye made,
And so exchanged their moisture and their shade.

SIR JOHN HARRINGTON.

The first translator of Ariosto into English was SIR JOHN HARRINGTON, a courtier of the reign of Elizabeth, and also godson of the queen. He was the son of John Harrington, the poet already noticed. Sir John wrote a collection of epigrams, and a 'Brief View of the Church,' in which he reprobates the marriage of bishops. He is supposed to have been born about the year 1561; died 1612. The translation from Ariosto is poor and prosaic, but some of his epigrams are pointed.

Of Treason.

Treason doth never prosper: what's the reason?
For if it prosper, none dare call it treason.

Of Fortune.

Fortune, men say, doth give too much to many,
But yet she never gave enough to any.

Against Writers that Carp at other Men's Books.

The readers and the hearers like my books,
But yet some writers cannot them digest;
But what care I? for when I make a feast,
I would my guests should praise it, not the cooks.

Of a Precise Tailor.

A tailor, thought a man of upright dealing -
True, but for lying—honest, but for stealing,
Did fall one day extremely sick by chance,
And on the sudden was in wondrous trance;
The fiends of hell mustering in fearful manner,
Of sundry coloured silks displayed a banner,
Which he had stolen, and wished, as they did tell,
That he might find it all one day in hell.
The man, affrighted with this apparition,
Upon recovery grew a great precisian;
He bought a Bible of the best translation,
And in his life he shewed great reformation;
He walked mannerly, he talked meekly,
He heard three lectures and two sermons weekly;
He vowed to shun all company unruly,
And in his speech he used no oath but 'truly';
And zealously to keep the Sabbath's rest,
His meat for that day on the eve was drest:
And lest the custom which he had to steal
Might cause him sometimes to forget his zeal,
He gives his journeyman a special charge,
That if the stuff, allowance being large,
He found his fingers were to fitch inclined,
Bid him to have the banner in his mind.
This done—I scant can tell the rest for laughter—
A captain of a ship came three days after,
And brought three yards of velvet and three-quarters,
To make Venetians down below the garters.
He, that precisely knew what was enough,
Soon slept aside three-quarters of the stuff.
His man, espying it, said in derision:

'Master, remember how you saw the vision !'
 'Peace, knave !' quoth he ; ' I did not see one rag
 Of such a coloured silk in all the flag.'

SHAKSPEARE.

SHAKSPEARE, as a poet, claims to be noticed here. The incidents of his life will be related in the account of the dramatists. With the exception of the ' Faery Queen,' there are no poems of the reign of Elizabeth equal to those productions to which the great dramatist affixed his name. In 1593, when the poet was in his twenty-ninth year, appeared his ' Venus and Adonis,' and in the following year his ' Rape of Lucrece,' both dedicated to Henry Wriothesley, Earl of Southampton. ' I know not,' says the modest poet, in his first dedication, ' how I shall offend in dedicating my unpolished lines to your lordship, nor how the world will censure me for choosing so strong a prop to support so weak a burden; only, if your honour seem but pleased, I account myself highly praised, and vow to take advantage of *all idle hours*, till I have honoured you with some graver labour. But if the *first heir of my invention* prove deformed, I shall be sorry it had so noble a godfather, and never after ear[till] so barren a land. The allusion to 'idle hours' seems to point to the author's profession of an actor, in which capacity he had probably attracted the attention of the Earl of Southampton: but it is not so easy to understand how the ' Venus and Adonis' was the 'first heir of his invention,' unless we believe that it had been written in early life, or that his dramatic labours had then been confined to the adaptation of old plays, not the writing of new ones, for the stage. There is a tradition, that the Earl of Southampton on one occasion presented Shakspeare with £1000, to complete a purchase which he wished to make. The gift was munificent, but the sum has assuredly been exaggerated. The ' Venus and Adonis' is a glowing and essentially dramatic version of the well-known mythological story, full of fine descriptive passages, but objectionable on the score of licentiousness. What on has shewn that it gave offence, at the time of its publication, on account of the excessive warmth of its colouring. The ' Rape of Lucrece' is less animated, and is perhaps an inferior poem, though from the boldness of its figurative expressions, and its tone of dignified pathos and reflection, it is more like the hasty sketch of a great poet. The first of Shakspeare's classical poems was the most popular. A second edition was published in 1594, a third in 1596, a fourth in 1600, and a fifth in 1602. The ' Lucrece' only reached a second edition in four years (1598), and a third in 1600.

The sonnets of Shakspeare were first printed in 1609, by Thomas Thorpe, a bookseller and publisher of the day, who prefixed to the volume the following enigmatical dedication: ' To the only begetter of these ensuing sonnets, Mr. W. H., all happiness and that eternity promised by our ever-living poet, wisheth the well-wishing adven-

turer in setting forth, T. T.' The sonnets are 154 in number. They are, with the exception of twenty-eight, addressed to some male object, whom the poet addresses in a style of affection, love, and idolatry, remarkable, even in the reign of Elizabeth, for its extravagant and enthusiastic character. Though printed continuously, it is obvious that the sonnets were written at different times, with long intervals between the dates of composition; and we know that, previous to 1598, Shakspeare had tried this species of composition, for Meres in that year alludes to his 'sugared sonnets *among his private friends*.' We almost wish, with Mr. Hallam, that Shakspeare had not written these sonnets, beautiful as many of them are in language and imagery. They represent him in a character foreign to that in which we love to regard him—as modest, virtuous, self-confiding, and independent. His excessive and elaborate praise of youthful beauty in a man seems derogatory to his genius, and savours of adulation; and when we find him excuse this friend for robbing him of his mistress—a *married female*—and subjecting his noble spirit to all the pangs of jealousy, of guilty love, and blind misplaced attachment, it is painful and difficult to believe that all this weakness and folly can be associated with the name of Shakspeare, and still more that he should record it in verse which he believed would descend to future ages:

Not marble, not the gilded monuments
Of princes, shall outlive this powerful rhyme.

Some of the sonnets may be written in a feigned character, and merely dramatic in expression; but in others, the poet alludes to his profession of an actor, and all bear the impress of strong passion and deep sincerity. A feeling of premature age seems to have crept on Shakspeare:

That time of year thou mayst in me behold
When yellow leaves, or none, or few, do hang
Upon those boughs which shake against the cold,
Bare ruined choirs, where late the sweet birds sang.
In me thou seest the twilight of such day
As after sunset fadeth in the west,
Which by and by black Night doth take away,
Death's second self, that seals up all in rest.
In me thou seest the glowing of such fire,
That on the ashes of his youth doth lie,
As the death-bed whereon it must expire,
Consumed with that which it was nourished by.
This thou perceiv'st, which makes thy love more strong,
To love that well which thou must leave ere long.

He laments his errors with deep and penitential sorrow, summoning up things past 'to the sessions of sweet silent thought,' and exhibiting the depths of a spirit 'solitary in the very vastness of its sympathies.' The 'W. H.' alluded to by Thorpe has been conjectured to be William Herbert, afterwards Earl of Pembroke, who, as appears from the dedication of the folio of 1623, was one of Shakspeare's patrons. This

conjecture has received the assent of Mr. Hallam and others. Another theory is, that Henry Wriothlesley (or H. W. the initials being reversed) was the object of Shakspeare's idolatry.

The composition of these mysterious productions evinces Shakspeare's great facility in versification of a difficult order, and they display more intense feeling and passion than either of his classical poems. They have the conceits and quaint turns of expression then common, particularly in the sonnet; but they rise to far higher flights of genuine poetry than will be found in any other poet of the day, and they contain many traces of Shakspeare's philosophical and reflective spirit.

The Horse of Adonis.

Look, when a painter would surpass the life,
In limning out a well-proportioned steed,
His art with Nature's workmanship at strife,
As if the dead the living should exceed:
So did his horse excel a common one
In shape, in courage, colour, pace, and bone.

Round-hoofed, short-jointed, fetlocks chag and long,
Broad breast, full eye, small head, and no-trill wide,
High crest, short ears, straight legs, and passing strong,
Thin mane, thick tail, broad buttock, tender hide:
Look, what a horse should have, he did not lack,
Save a proud rider on so proud a back.

Sometimes he scuds far off, and there he stares;
Anon he starts at stirring of a feather:
To bid the wind a base (1) he now prepares,
And whe'r he run, or fly, they know not whether;
For through his mane and tail the high wind sings,
Fanning the hairs, who wave like feathered wings.

Venus's Prophecy after the Death of Adonis.

Since thou art dead, lo! here I prophecy,
Sorrow and love hereafter shall attend;
It shall be waited on with jealousy,
Find sweet beginning, but unsavoury end;
Ne'er settled equally, but high or low:
That all love's pleasure should not match his woe.

It shall be sickle, false, and full of fraud;
Bad and be blasted in a breathing while;
The bottom poison, and the top o'erstrawed
With sweets that shall the truest sight beguile.
The strongest body shall it make most weak,
Strike the wise dumb, and teach the fool to speak.

It shall be sparing, and too full of riot,
Teaching decrepit age to tread the measures;
The staring ruffian shall it keep in quiet,
Pluck down the rich, enrich the poor with treasures;
It shall be raging mad, and silly mild,
Make the young old, the old become a child.

It shall suspect, where is no cause of fear;
It shall not fear, where it should most mistrust;

1 To bid the wind a base—that is, to challenge the wind to contend with him in speed; base—prison-base, or prison-burs, was a rustic game, consisting chiefly in running.

It shall be merciful, and too severe,
And most deceiving when it seems most just :
Perverse it shall be, when it seems most toward,
Put fear to valour, courage to the coward.

It shall be cause of war and dire events,
And set disension 'twixt the son and sire :
Subject and servile to all discontents,
As dry combustious matter is to fire.
Sith in his prime, death doth my love destroy,
They that love best, their love shall not enjoy.

Selections from Shakspeare's Sonnets.

Alas, 'tis true, I have gone here and there,
And made myself a motley to the view,
Gored mine own thoughts, sold cheap what is most dear,
Made old offences of affections new.
Most true it is, that I have looked on truth
Askance and strangely : but, by all above,
These blenches gave my heart another youth,
And worst essays proved thee my best of love.
Now all is done, save what shall have no end :
Mine appetite I never more will grind
On newer proof, to try an older friend,
A god in love, to whom I am confined.
Then give me welcome, next my heaven the best,
E'en to thy pure and most, most loving breast.

O for my sake do thou with Fortune chide,
The guilty goddess of my harmful deeds,
That did not better for my life provide,
Than public means, which public manners breeds.
Thence comes it that my name receives a brand,
And almost thence my nature is subdued
To what it works in, like the dyer's hand.
Pity me then, and wish I were renewed ;
Whilst, like a willing patient, I will drink
Potions of eyecell, (1) 'gainst my strong infection ;
No bitterness that I will bitter think,
Nor double penance, to correct correction.
Pity me then, dear friend, and I assure ye,
E'en that your pity is enough to cure me.

When to the sessions of sweet silent thought
I summon up remembrance of things past,
I sigh the lack of many a thing I sought,
And with old woes new wall my dear time's waste :
Then can I drown an eye, unused to flow,
For precious friends hid in death's dateless night,
And weep afresh love's long-since-cancelled woe,
And moan the expense of many a vanished sight.
Then can I grieve at grievances foregone,
And heavily from woe to woe tell o'er
The sad account of fore-bemoaned moan,
Which I new pay as if not paid before :
But if the while I think on thee, dear friend,
All losses are restored, and sorrows end.

O how much more doth beauty beauteous seem,
By that sweet ornament which truth doth give !

1 Vinegar.

The rose looks fair, but fairer we it deem
 For that sweet odour which doth in it live.
 The canker-blooms have full as deep a dye
 As the perfumed tincture of the roses,
 Hang on such thorns, and play as wantonly
 When summer's breath their mask'd buds discloses;
 But, for their virtue only is their show;
 They live unwooded, and unrespected fade;
 Die to themselves. Sweet roses do not so;
 Of their sweet deaths are sweetest odours made;
 And so of you, beauteous and lovely youth,
 When that shall fade, my verse distils your truth.

From you have I been absent in the spring,
 When proud-pled April, dressed in all his trim,
 Hath put a spirit of youth in every thing,
 That heavy Saturn laughed and leaped with him.
 Yet nor the lays of birds, nor the sweet smell
 Of different flowers in odour and in hue,
 Could make me any summer's story tell,
 Or from their proud lap pluck them where they grow.
 Nor do I wonder at the lilies white,
 Nor praise the deep vermillion in the rose;
 They were but sweet, but figures of delight,
 Drawn after you, you pattern of all those.
 Yet seemed it winter still, and, you away,
 As with your shadow I with these did play.

Let me not to the marriage of true minds
 Admit impediments. Love is not love
 Which alters when it alteration finds,
 Or bends with the remover to remove:
 O no! it is an ever-fixed mark,
 That looks on tempests, and is never shaken;
 It is the star to every wandering bark,
 Whose worth's unknown, although his height be taken.
 Love's not Time's fool, though rosy lips and cheeks
 Within his bending sickle's compass come;
 Love alters not with his brief hours and weeks,
 But bears it out e'en to the edge of doom.
 If this be error, and upon me proved,
 I never writ, nor no man ever loved.

Selections from Shakspeare's Songs.—From 'As You Like It.'

Blow, blow, thou winter wind,
 Thou art not so unkind
 As man's ingratitude!
 Thy tooth is not so keen,
 Because thou art not seen.
 Although thy breath be rude,
 Heigh ho! sing, heigh ho! unto the green
 holly:
 Most friendship is feigning, most loving
 mere folly.

Then, heigh ho, the holly!
 This life is most jolly.

Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,
 That dost not bite so nigh
 As benefits forgot!
 Though thou the waters warp,
 Thy sting is not so sharp
 As friend remembered not.
 Heigh ho! &c.

At the end of 'Love's Labour's Lost.'

When icicles hang by the wall,
 And Dick the shepherd blows his nail,
 And Tom bears logs into the hall,
 And milk comes frozen home in pail;

When blood is nipt, and ways be foul,
 Then nightly sings the staring owl,
 Tu-whoo!
 Tu-whit! tu-whoo! a merry note,
 While greasy Joan doth kool the pot.

When all cloud the wind doth blow,
 And coughing drowns the parson's saw,
 And birds sit brooding in the snow,
 And Marian's nose looks red and raw;
 When roasted crabs hiss in the bowl,
 Then nightly sings the staring owl,
 'Tu-whoo!
 Tu-whit! tu-whoo! a merry note,
 While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.'

In 'Much Ado about Nothing.'

Sigh no more, ladies, sigh no more;
 Men were deceivers ever;
 One foot in sea, and one on shore;
 To one thing constant never:
 Then sigh not so,
 But let them go,
 And be you blithe and bonny;
 Converting all your sounds of woe
 Into, Hey nonny, nonny.
 Sing no more ditties, sing no moe
 Of dumps so dull and heavy;
 The fraud of men was ever so,
 Since summer first was leavy.
 Then sigh not so, &c.

In 'Cymbeline.'

Fear no more the heat o' the sun,
 Nor the furious winter's rages;
 Thou thy worldly task has done,
 Home art gone, and ta'en thy wages:
 Golden lads and girls all must,
 As chimney-sweepers, come to dust.
 Fear no more the frown o' the great,
 Thou art past the tyrant's stroke;
 Care no more to clothe and eat,
 To thee the reed is as the oak.
 The sceptre, learning, physic, must
 All follow this, and come to dust.
 Fear no more the lightning-flash,
 Nor the all-dreaded thunder-stone;
 Fear not slander, censure rash;
 Thou hast finished joy and moan.
 All lovers young, all lovers must
 Consign to thee, and come to dust.
 No exorcisor harm thee!
 Nor no witchcraft charm thee!
 Ghost unlaid forbear thee!
 Nothing ill come near thee!
 Quiet consummation have,
 And renowned be thy grave!

From 'As You Like It.'

Under the greenwood tree,
 Who loves to lie with me,
 And tune his merry note
 Unto the sweet bird's throat,
 Come hither, come hither, come hither;
 Here shall he see
 No enemy
 But winter and rough weather.
 Who doth ambition shun,
 And loves to live I' the sun,
 Seeking the food he eats,
 And pleased with what he gets,
 Come hither, come hither, come hither;
 Here shall he see
 No enemy
 But winter and rough weather.

SIR JOHN DAVIES.

SIR JOHN DAVIES (1570-1626), an English barrister, at one time Speaker of the Irish House of Commons, was the author of a long philosophical poem, 'On the Soul of Man and the Immortality thereof,' supposed to have been written in 1598, and one of the earliest poems of that kind in our language. Davies is a profound thinker and close reasoner: 'in the happier parts of his poem,' says Campbell, 'we come to logical truths so well illustrated by ingenious similes, that we know not whether to call the thoughts more poetically or philosophically just. The judgment and fancy are reconciled, and the imagery of the poem seems to start more vividly from the surrounding shades of abstraction.' The versification of the poem (long quatrains) was afterwards copied by Davenant and Dryden. In another production, entitled 'Orchestra, or a Poem of Dancing, in a Dialogue between Penelope and one of her Wooers,'

he is much more fanciful. He there represents Penelope as declining to dance with Antinous, and the latter as proceeding to lecture her upon the antiquity of that elegant exercise, the merits of which he describes in verses partaking, as has been justly remarked, of the flexibility and grace of the subject. The following is one of the most imaginative passages :

The Dancing of the Air.

And now behold your tender nurse, the Air,
And common neighbour, that aye runs around,
How many pictures and impressions fair
Within her empty regions are there found,
Which to your senses dancing do propound ;
For what are breath, speech, echoes, music, winds ;
But dancings of the air in sundry kinds ?

For when you breathe, the air in order moves,
Now in, now out, in time and measure true ;
And when you speak, so well she dancing loves,
That doubling oft, and oft redoubling new,
With thousand forms she doth herself endue :
For all the words that from your lips repair,
Are nought but tricks and turnings of the air.

Hence is her prattling daughter, Echo, born,
That dances to all voices she can hear ;
There is no sound so harsh that she doth scorn,
Nor any time wherein she will forbear
The airy pavement with her feet to wear ;
And yet her hearing sense is nothing quick,
For after time she endeth every trick.

And thou, sweet Music, dancing's only life,
The ear's sole happiness, the air's best speech,
Loadstone of fellowship, charming rod of strife,
The soft mind's paradise, the sick mind's leech,
With thine own tongue thou trees and stones can teach,
That when the air doth dance her finest measure,
Then art thou born, the gods' and men's sweet pleasure.

Lastly, where keep the winds their revelry,
Their violent turnings, and wild whirling hays,
But in the airs' translucent gallery ?
Where she herself is turned a hundred ways,
While with those maskers wantonly she plays ;
Yet in this misrule, they such rule embrace,
As two at once encumber not the place.

Afterwards, the poet alludes to the tidal influence of the moon, and the passage is highly poetical in expression :

For lo, the sea that fleets about the land,
And like a girdle clips her solid waist ;
Music and measure both doth understand ;
For his great crystal eye is always cast
Up to the moon, and on her fixed fast ;
And as she danceth in her pallid sphere,
So danceth he about the centre here.

Sometimes his proud green waves in order set,
 One after other flow into the shore,
 Which when they have with many kisses wet,
 They ebb away in order as before;
 And to make known his courtly love the more,
 He oft doth lay aside his three-forked mace,
 And with his arms the timorous earth embrace.

The poem on dancing is said to have been written in fifteen days. It was published in 1596. The 'Nosce Teipsum,' or Poem of the Immortality of the Soul, was first published in 1599, and four other editions appeared in the author's lifetime—namely, in 1602, 1608, 1619, and 1622. This work gained the favour of James I. who made Davies successively solicitor-general and attorney-general for Ireland. He was also a judge of assize, and was knighted by the king in 1607. The first Reports of Law Cases published in Ireland were made by this able and accomplished man, and his preface to the volume is considered 'the best that was ever prefixed to a law-book.'

Reasons for the Soul's Immortality.

All moving things to other things do move
 Of the same kind, which shews their nature such;
 So earth falls down, and fire doth mount above,
 Till both their proper elements do touch.

And as the moisture which the thirsty earth
 Sucks from the sea to fill her empty veins,
 From out her womb at last doth take a birth,
 And runs a lymph along the grassy plains:

Long doth she stay, as loath to leave the land,
 From whose soft side she first did issue make;
 She tastes all places, turns to every hand,
 Her flowery banks unwilling to forsake.

Yet nature so her streams doth lead and carry
 As that her course doth make no final stay,
 Till she herself unto the sea doth marry.
 Within whose watery bosom first she lay.

E'en so the soul, which, in this earthly mould,
 The Spirit of God doth secretly infuse,
 Because at first she doth the earth behold,
 And only this material world she views.

At first her mother-earth she holdeth dear,
 And doth embrace the world and worldly things;
 She flies close by the ground, and hovers here,
 And mounts not up with her celestial wings:

Yet under heaven she cannot light on aught
 That with her heavenly nature doth agree;
 She cannot rest, she cannot fix her thought,
 She cannot in this world contented be.

For who did ever yet, in honour, wealth,
 Or pleasure of the sense, contentment find?
 Who ever ceased to wish, when he had health,
 Or, having wisdom, was not vexed in mind?

Then, as a bee which among weeds doth fall,
Which seem sweet flowers, with lustre fresh and gay,
She lights on that, and this, and tasteth all.
But, pleased with none, doth rise and soar away.

So, when the soul finds here no true content,
And, like Noah's dove, can no sure footing take,
She doth return from whence she first was sent,
And flies to him that first her wings did make.

EDWARD VERE, EARL OF OXFORD.

This nobleman, so highly popular in the court of Elizabeth (1540?-1604), and conspicuous on many memorable occasions—as in the trial of Mary Queen of Scots—is now known only for some verses in the miscellany entitled the ‘Paradise of Dainty Devices.’ He was famed in his own day for comedies, or courtly entertainments, none of which has been preserved. Stow states that this nobleman was the first that brought to England from Italy embroidered gloves and perfumes, which Elizabeth no doubt approved of as highly as his sonnets or madrigals.

Fancy and Desire.

Come hither, shepherd swain !
Sir, what do you require ?
I pray thee shew to me thy name
My name is Fond Desire.

When wert thou born, Desire ?
In pomp and prime of May
By whom, sweet boy, wert thou begot ?
By fond Conceit, men say.

Tell me who was thy nurse ?
Fresh youth, in engured joy.
What was thy meat and dally food ?
Sad sighs with great annoy.

What hadst thou then to drink ?
Unfeigned lovers' tears.
What cradle wert thou rocked in ?
In hope devoid of fears.

What lulled thee then asleep ?
Sweet speech, which likes me best.

Tell me where is thy dwelling-place ?
In gentle hearts I rest.

What thing doth please thee most ?
To gaze on beauty still.
Whom dost thou think to be thy foe ?
Disdain of my good will.

Doth company displease ?
Yea, surely, many one.
Where doth Desire delight to live ?
He loves to live alone.

Doth either time or age
Bring him into decay ?
No, no ! Desire both lives and dies
A thousand times a day.

Then, Fond Desire, farewell !
Thou art no mate for me ;
I should be loath, methinks, to dwell
With such a one as thee.

SIR EDWARD DYER.

Another courtly poet, SIR EDWARD DYER (circa 1540-1607), is author of several copies of verses, including the following popular piece :

My Mind to me a Kingdom is.

My mind to me a kingdom is,
Such present joys therein I find,
That it exceeds all other bliss
That earth affords or grows by kind :
Though much I want which most would
have,
Yet still my mind forbids to crave.

No princely pomp, no wealthy store,
Nor force to win the victory ;
No wily wit to salve a sore,
No shape to feed a loving eye ;
To none of these I yield as thrall,
For why, my mind doth serve for all.

I see how plenty surfeits oft,
And hasty climbers soon do fall;
I see that those which are aloft,
Mishap does threaten most of all;
These get with toil, they keep with fear:
Such cares my mind could never bear.

Content to live, this is my stay;
I seek no more than may suffice;
I press to bear no haughty sway;
Look, what I lack my mind supplies:
Lo! thus I triumph like a king,
Content with that my mind doth bring.

Some have too much, yet still do crave;
I little have and seek no more.
They are but poor, though much they
have,
And I am rich with little store:
They poor, I rich; they beg, I give;
They lack, I leave: they pine, I live.

I laugh not at another's loss;
I grudge not at another's gain;
No worldly waves my mind can toss;
My state at one doth still remain:
I fear no foe, I fawn no friend;
I loathe not life, nor dread my end.

Some weigh their pleasure by their lust,
Their wisdom by their rage of will;
Their treasure is their only trust;
A cloak'd craft their store of skill:
But all the pleasure that I find,
Is to maintain a quiet mind.

My wealth is health and perfect ease:
My conscience clear my chief defence;
I neither seek by bribes to please,
Nor by deceit to breed offence:
Thus do I live; thus will I die;
Would all did so as well as I!

THOMAS STORER.

The 'Life and Death of Cardinal Wolsey,' 1591, is deserving of notice as illustrating the tendency to adopt historical events as materials for poetry, and because this work probably, in conjunction with Cavendish's 'Life of Wolsey,' incited Shakspeare to the composition of his 'Henry VIII.' In some parts the dramatist has followed Cavendish's narrative even in the language; and the following lines from Storer's poem seem also to have been present to his memory:

Look how the God of Wisdom marbled stands
Bestowing laurel-wreaths of dignity
In Delphos isle, at whose impartial hands
Hung antique scrolls of gentle heraldry,
And at his feet ensigns and trophies lie:
Such was my state when every man did follow
A living image of the great Apollo!

If once we fall, we fall Colossus like,
We fall at once like pillars of the sun;
They that between our stride their sails did strike,
Make us sea-marks where they their ships do run—
E'en they that had by us their treasure won.

Perchance the tenor of my morning verse
May lead some pilgrim to my tombless grave,
Where neither marble monument, nor hearse,
The passenger's attentive view may crave,
Which honours now the meanest persons have;
But well is me where'er my ashes lie,
If one tear drop from some religious eye.

Storer was a native of London; he was entered of Christchurch, Oxford, in 1587, took his degree of M. A. in 1594, and besides his poetical biography of Wolsey, was author of some pastoral airs and madrigals collected in 'England's Helicon.' Storer died in 1604.

JOHN DONNE.

JOHN DONNE was born in London in 1573, of a Catholic family; through his mother, he was related to Sir Thomas More and Heywood the epigrammatist. He was educated partly at Oxford and partly at Cambridge, and was designed for the law, but relinquished the study in his nineteenth year. About this period of his life, having carefully considered the controversies between the Catholics and Protestants, he became a member of the established church. The great abilities and amiable character of Donne were early appreciated. The Earl of Essex, the Lord Chancellor Ellesmere, and Sir Robert Drury, successively befriended and employed him; and it was a saying of Lord Ellesmere's, that Donne was fitter to serve a king than a subject. Having been appointed to the office of secretary to the lord chancellor, Donne gained the affections of his lordship's niece, daughter of Sir George Moore, lord-lieutenant of the Tower, and a private marriage was the result. Sir George was so indignant that he induced Lord Ellesmere to dismiss Donne from his service, and the unfortunate bridegroom was also for a time confined in prison. All parties, however, were afterwards reconciled. At the age of forty-two, Donne was ordained, and became so celebrated as a preacher, that he is said to have had the offer of fourteen different livings in the first year of his ministry. In 1621, King James appointed him Dean of St. Paul's. Izaak Walton describes his friend the dean as 'a preacher in earnest; weeping sometimes for his auditory, sometimes with them; always preaching to himself like an angel from a cloud, but in none.' He died in 1631, and was honourably interred in Old St. Paul's.

The works of Donne consist of satires, elegies, religious poems, complimentary verses, and epigrams: they were collected and published after his death, in 1650, by his son. An earlier but imperfect collection was printed in 1633. His reputation as a poet, great in his own day, low during the latter part of the seventeenth and the whole of the eighteenth centuries, has latterly revived. In its days of abatement, critics spoke of his harsh and rugged versification, and his leaving nature for conceit. It seems to be now acknowledged that, amidst much bad taste, there is much real poetry, and that of a high order, in Donne. He is described by a recent critic as 'imbued to saturation with the learning of his age,' endowed 'with a most active and piercing intellect—an imagination, if not grasping and comprehensive, most subtle and far-darting—a fancy, rich, vivid, and picturesque—a mode of expression terse, simple, and condensed—and a wit admirable, as well for its caustic severity, as for its playful quickness—and as only wanting sufficient sensibility and taste to preserve him from the vices of style which seem to have beset him.' To give an idea of these conceits: Donne writes a poem on a broken heart. He does not advert to the miseries or distractions which are presumed to

be the causes of the calamity, but runs off into a play on the expression 'broken heart' He entered a room, he says, where his mistress was present, and

Love, alas !

At one first blow did shiver it [his heart] as glass.

Then, forcing on his mind to discover by what means the idea of a heart broken to pieces, like glass, can be turned to account in making out something that will strike the reader's imagination, he adds:

Yet nothing can to nothing fall,
Nor any place be empty quite,
Therefore I think my breast hath all
Those pieces still, though they do not unite :
And now, as broken glasses shew
A hundred lesser faces, so
My rags of heart can like, wish, and adore,
But after one such love can love no more.

There is here, certainly, analogy, but then it is an analogy which altogether fails to please or move: it is a mere conceit. This peculiarity, however, does not characterise the bulk of the writings of Donne and his followers. They are often direct, natural, and truly poetical—abounding in rich thought and melody. Donne is usually considered as the first writer of satire, in rhyming couplets, such as Dryden, Young, and Pope carried to perfection. A copy of his first three satires is in the British Museum, among the Harleian manuscripts, and bears date 1598. The fourth was transcribed by Drummond in 1594, three years before the appearance of Hall's satires. Acting upon a hint thrown out by Dryden, Pope modernised some of Donne's satires.

Address to Bishop Valentine, on the Day of the Marriage of the Elector Palatine to the Princess Elisabeth.

Hail, Bishop Valentine ! whose day this is ;
All the air is thy diocese,
And all the chirping choristers
And other birds are thy parishioners :
Thou marryest, every year,
The lyric lark and the grave whispering dove ;
The sparrow that neglects his life for love,
The household bird with his red stomacher ;
Thou mak'st the blackbird speed as soon
As doth the goldfinch or the halcyon ;
This day more cheerfully than ever shine ;
This day which might inflame thyself, old Valentine !

Valediction—Forbidding Mourning.

As virtuous men pass mildly away,	So let us melt, and make no noise,
And whisper to their souls to go ;	No tear-floods nor sigh-tempests move ;
Whilst some of their sad friends do say,	'Twere profanation of our joys
The breath goes now—and some say, no ;	To tell the laity our love.

Moving of th' earth brings harms and
fears,

Men reckon what it did, and meant :
But trepidation of the spheres,
Though greater far, is innocent.

Dull, sublunary lovers' love—
Whose soul is sense—cannot admit
A'sence, because it doth remove
Those things which alimented it.

But we're by love so much refined,
That ourselves know not what it is :
Inter-assured of the mind,
Careless eyes, lips, and hands to miss.

Our two souls; therefore—which are one—
Though I must go, endure not yet

A breach, but an expansion,
Like gold to airy thinness beat.

If they be two, they are two so
As stiff twin compasses are two ;
Thy soul, the fixed foot, makes no show
To move, but doth, if th' other do.

And though it in the centre sit,
Yet when the other far doth roam,
It leans, and hearkens after it,
And grows erect as that comes home.

Such wilt thou be to me, who must
Like th' other foot, obliquely run ;
Thy firmness makes my circles just,
And makes me end where I begun.

The Will.

Before I sigh my last gasp, let me breathe,
Great Love, some legacies : I here bequeath
Mine eyes to Argus, if mine eyes can see ;
If they be blind, then, Love, I give them thee ;
My tongue to fame ; to ambassadors mine ears ;
To women, or the sea, my tears ;
Thou, Love, hast taught me heretofore,
By making me serve her who had twenty more,
That I should give to none but such as had too much before.

My constancy I to the planets give ;
My truth to them who at the court do live ;
Mine ingenuity and openness
To Jesuits ; to buffoons my pensiveness ;
My silence to any who abroad have been ;
My money to a Capuchin.
Thou, Love, taught'st me, by appointing me
To love there, where no love received can be,
Only to give to such as have no good capacity.

My faith I give to Roman Catholics ;
All my good works unto the schismatics
Of Amsterdam ; my best civility
And courtship to an university ;
My modesty I give to soldiers bare ;
My patience let gamesters share ;
Thou, Love, taught'st me, by making me
Love her that holds my love disparity,
Only to give to those that count my gifts indignity.

I give my reputation to those
Which were my friends : mine industry to foes ;
To schoolmen I bequeath my doubtfulness ;
My sickness to physicians, or excess :
To nature all that I in rhyme have writ !
And to my company my wit :
Thou, Love, by making me adore
Her who begot this love in me before,
Taught'st me to make as though I gave, when I do but restore.

To him for whom the passing bell next tolls
I give my physic books ; my written rolls

Of moral counsels I to Bedlam give;
 My brazen medals unto them which live
 In want of bread: to them which pass among
 All foreigners, my English tongue.
 Thou, Love, by making me love one
 Who thinks her friendship a fit portion
 For younger lovers, dost my gifts thus disproportion.

Therefore I'll give no more, but I'll undo
 The world by dying, because love dies too.
 Then all your beauties will be no more worth
 Than gold in mines where none doth draw it forth:
 And all your graces no more use shall have
 Than a sun-dial in a grave.
 Thou, Love, taught'st me, by making me
 Love her who doth neglect both me and thee,
 To invent and practise this one way to annihilate all three.

Character of a Bore.—From Donne's Satires.

Towards me did run
 A thing more strange than on Nile's slime the sun
 E'er bred, or all which into Noah's ark came;
 A thing which would have posed Adam to name.
 Stranger than seven antiquaries' studies—
 Than Afric's monsters—Guiana's rarities—
 Stranger than strangers. One who for a Dane
 In the Danes' massacre had sure been slain,
 If he had lived then; and without help dies
 When next the 'prentices 'gainst strangers rise.
 One whom the watch at noon scarce lets go by:
 One to whom th' examining justice sure would cry:
 'Sir, by your priesthood, tell me what you are?'
 His clothes were strange, though coarse—and black, though bare;
 Sleeveless his jerkin was, and it had been
 Velvet, but 'twas now—so much ground was seen—
 Become tuff-taffaty; and our children shall
 See it plain rash awhile, then nought at all.
 The thing hath travelled, and saith, speaks all tongues;
 And only knoweth what to all states belongs.
 Made of the accents and best phrase of all these,
 He speaks one language. If strange meats displease,
 Art can deceive, or hunger force my taste;
 But pedants' motley tongue, soldiers' bombast,
 Mountebanks' drug tongue, nor the terms of law,
 Are strong enough preparatives to draw
 Me to bear this. Yet I must be content
 With his tongue, in *his* tongue called compliment. . . .
 He names me, and comes to me. I whisper, God
 How have I sinned, that thy wrath's furious rod
 (This fellow) chooseth me? He saith: 'Sir,
 I love your judgment—whom do you prefer
 For the best linguist?' And I sillily
 Said, that I thought, *Calepine's Dictionary*.
 'Nay, but of men, most sweet sir?'—Beza then,
 Some Jesuits, and two reverend men
 Of our two academies, I named. Here
 He stopt me, and said: 'Nay, your apostles were
 Pretty good linguists, and so Panurge was;
 Yet a poor gentleman all these may pass
 By travel.' Then, as if he would have sold
 His tongue, he praised it, and such wonders told,

That I was fain to say : ' If you had lived, sir,
 Time enough to have been interpreter
 To Babel's bricklayers, sure the tower had stood.'
 He adds : ' If of court-life you knew the good,
 You would leave loneness.' I said : ' Not alone
 My loneness is, but Spartans' fashion.
 To teach by painting drunkards doth not taste
 Now ; Aretime's pictures have made few chaste ;
 No more can princes' courts—though there be few
 Better pictures of vice—teach me virtue.'
 He, like to a high-stretched lute-string, squeaked : ' O sir,
 'Tis sweet to talk of kings !' ' At Westminster,'
 Said I, ' the man that keeps the Abbey-tombs,
 And, for his price, doth, with whoever comes,
 Of all our Harrys and our Edwards talk,
 From king to king, and all their kin can walk !
 Your ears shall hear nought but kings—your eyes meet
 Kings only—the way to it is *King's street*.'
 He smacked, and cried : ' He's base, mechanic, coarse,
 So are all your Englishmen in their discourse.
 Are not your Frenchmen neat ? Mine ?—as you see,
 I have but one, sir—look, he follows me.
 Certes, they are neatly clothed. I of this mind am,
 Your only wearing is your grogram.'
 ' Not so, sir. I have more.' Under this pitch
 He would not fly. I chafed him. But as itch
 Scratched into smart—and as blunt iron ground
 Into an edge hurts worse—so I (fool I) found
 Crossing hurt me. To fit my sullenness,
 He to another key his style doth dress,
 And asks : ' What news ?' I tell him of new plays ;
 He takes my hands, and as a still which stays
 A semibreve 'twixt each drop, he (niggardly,
 As loath to enrich me so) tells many a lie—
 More than ten Hollsheds, or Halls, or Stows—
 Of trivial household trash he knows. He knows
 When the queen frowned or smiled, and he knows what
 A subtle statesman may gather from that.
 He knows who loves ; whom, and who by poison
 Hastens to an office's reversion.
 He knows who hath sold his land, and now doth beg
 A license, old iron, boots, shoes, and egg-
 Shells to transport. Shortly boys shall not play
 At spancounter, or blow-point, but shall pay
 Toll to some courtier. And—wiser than all us—
 He knows what lady is not painted. Thus
 He with home-meats cloyes me.

One of the earliest poetic allusions to the Copernican system occurs in Donne :

As new Philosophy arrests the sun,
 And bids the passive earth about it run.

The following is a simile often copied by later poets :

When goodly, like a ship in her full trim,
 A swan, so white that you may unto him
 Compare all whiteness, but himself to none,
 Gilded along, and as he gilded watched,
 And with his arched neck this poor fish caught ;
 It moved with state, as if to look upon
 Low things it scorned.

In 1839, a complete edition of the works of Donne, including sermons, devotions, poems, letters, &c., was published in six volumes, edited by the Rev. Henry Alford, afterwards Dean of Canterbury.

JOSEPH HALL.

JOSEPH HALL, born at Bristow Park, in Leicestershire, in 1574, and who rose through various church preferments to be bishop of Norwich, is distinguished as a satirical poet, whose works have been commended by Pope and Warton, and often reprinted. His satires, which were published under the title of '*Virgideciarum*,' in 1597-8, refer to general objects, and present some just pictures of the more remarkable anomalies in human character: they are also written in a style of greater vigour and volubility than most of the compositions of this age. His chief defect is obscurity, arising from remote allusions and elliptical expression. Bishop Hall died in 1656, at the age of eighty-two.

Selections from Hall's Satires.

A gentle squire would gladly entertain
 Into his house some trencher-chaplain :
 Some willing man that might instruct his sons,
 And that would stand to good conditions.
 First, that he lie upon the truckle-bed,
 While his young master leeth o'er his head.
 Second, that he do, on no default,
 Ever presume to sit above the salt.
 Third, that he never change his trencher twice.
 Fourth, that he use all common court-sies ;
 Sit bare at meals, and one half rise and wait.
 Last, that he never his young master beat,
 But he must ask his mother to define
 How many jerks he would his breech should line.
 All these observed, he could contented be
 To give five marks and winter livery.

Seest thou how gaily my young master goes,*
 Vaunting himself upon his rising toes ;
 And pranks his hand upon his dagger's side ;
 And picks his glutted teeth since late noon-tide ?
 'Tis Ruffio : Trow'st thou where he dined to day ?
 In sooth I saw him sit with Duke Humphrey.
 Many good welcomes, and much gratis cheer,
 Keeps he for every straggling cavalier ;
 An open house, haunted with great resort ;
 Long service mixt with musical disport.†
 Many fair younker with a feathered crest,
 Chooses much rather be his shot-free guest,
 To fare so freely with so little cost,
 Than stake his twelvecene to a meaner host.
 Hadst thou not told me, I should surely say

* This is the portrait of a poor gallant of the days of Elizabeth. In St. Paul's Cathedral, then an open public place, there was a tomb, erroneously supposed to be that of Humphrey, Duke of Gloucester, which was the resort of gentlemen upon town in that day who had occasion to look out for a dinner. When unsuccessful in getting an invitation, they were said to dine with Duke Humphrey.

† An allusion to the church-service to be heard near Duke Humphrey's tomb.

He touched no meat of all this livelong day ;
 For sure methought, yet that was but a guess,
 His eyes seemed sunk for very hollowness,
 But could he have—as I did it mistake—
 So little in his purse, so much upon his back ?
 So nothing in his maw ? yet seemeth by his belt
 That his gannet gut no too much stuffing felt.
 Seest thou how slide (1) it hangs beneath his hip ?
 Hunger and heavy iron makes girdles slip.
 Yet for all that, how stiffly struts he by,
 All trapped in the new-found bravery.
 The suns of new-won Calais his bonnet lent,
 In lieu of their so kind a conquerment.
 What needed he fetch that from farthest Spain,
 His grandame cou'd have lent with lesser pain ?
 Though he perhaps ne'er passed the English shore,
 Yet fain would counted be a conqueror.
 His hair, French-like, stars on his frightened head,
 One lock Amazon-like dishevelled,
 As if he meant to wear a native cord,
 If chance his fates should him that bane afford.
 All British bare upon the bristled skin,
 Close notched is his beard, both lip and chin ;
 His lin- n collar labyrinthian set,
 Whose thousand double turnings never met :
 His sleeves half hid with elbow pinioning,
 As if he meant to fly with linen wings.
 But when I look, and cast mine eyes below,
 What monster meets mine eyes in human show ?
 So slender waist with such an abbot's loin,
 Did never sober nature sure conjoin.
 Lik'et a strawn scarecrow in the new-sown field,
 Reared on some stick, the tender corn to shield,
 Or, if that semblance suit not every deal,
 Like a broad shake-fork with a slender steel.

MARSTON—CHURCHYARD—TUBERVILLE—WATSON—CONSTABLE.

Nearly contemporary with Hall's satires were those of JOHN MARSTON, the dramatist, known for his subsequent rivalry and quarrel with Ben Jonson. Marston, in 1598, published a small volume, 'Certayne Satires,' and in 1599 'The Scourge of Villany,' &c. He survived till 1634. Little is known of this 'English Aretine,' but all his works are coarse and licentious. Ben Jonson boasted to Drummond that he had beaten Marston and taken his pistol from him. If he had sometimes taken *his pen*, he would have better served society.

Among the swarm of poets ranking with the earlier authors of this period, we may note the following as conspicuous in their own times. THOMAS CHURCHYARD (1520-1604) wrote about seventy volumes in prose and verse. He served in the army, 'trailed a pike' in the reigns of Henry VIII., Mary, and Elizabeth, and received from Elizabeth—whom he had propitiated by complimentary addresses—a pension of eighteen-pence a day, not paid regularly. Churchyard is supposed to be the Palamon of Spenser's Colin Clout,

That sang so long until quite hoarse he grew.

1 Long, or Low.

—GEORGE TUBERVILLE (*circa* 1580–1594) was secretary to Randolph, Queen Elizabeth's ambassador at the court of Russia. So early as 1568, he had published songs and sonnets; but some of his works—as his 'Essays' and 'Book of Falconry'—were not published till after his death.—THOMAS WATSON (*circa* 1551–1592) was author of 'Hecatompethia, or Passionate Century of Love' (1582), a series of sonnets of superior elegance and merit; also 'Amyntas,' 1583, &c.—HENRY CONSTABLE (*circa* 1560–1612) was author of a great number of sonnets, partly published in 1593 under the title of 'Diana.' Almost every writer of this time ventured on a sonnet or translation. Some settled down into dramatists, and as such will be noticed hereafter; others became best known as prose writers. Dr. Drake calculates that there were about two hundred poets in the reign of Elizabeth! This is no exaggeration; but it is to the last decade of the century that we must look for its highest names.

Sonnets by Thomas Watson.

When May is in his prime, and youthful Spring
Doth clothe the tree with leaves and ground with flowers,
And time of year reviveth every thing,
And lovely Nature smiles and nothing lowers;
Then Philomela moost doth strain her breast
With night-complaints, and sits in little rest.
The bird's estate I may compare with mine,
To whom fowl Love doth work such wrongs by day,
That in the night my heart must needs repine,
And storm with sighs to ease me as I may;
Whilst others are becalmed or lie them still,
Or sail secure with tide and wind at will,
And as all those which hear this bird complain,
Conceive in all her tunes a sweet delight,
Without remorse or pitying her pain;
So she, for whom I wail both day and night,
Doth sport herself in hearing my complaint;
A just reward for serving such a saint!

Time wasteth years, and months, and hours;
Time doth consume fame, honour, wit, and strength;
Time kills the greenest herbs and sweetest flowers;
Time wears out Youth and Beauty's looks at length;
Time doth convey to ground both foe and friend,
And each thing else but Love, which hath no end.
Time maketh every tree to die and rot;
Time turneth off our pleasure into pain;
Time causeth wars and wrongs to be forgot;
Time clears the sky which first hung full of rain;
Time makes an end of all human desire,
But only this which sets my heart on fire.
Time turneth into nought each princely state;
Time brings a flood from new-resolved snow;
Time calms the sea where tempest was of late;
Time eats whate'er the moon can see below;
And yet no time prevails in my behoof,
Nor any time can make me cease to love!

NICHOLAS BRETON.

NICHOLAS BRETON (1558-1624) was a prolific and often happy writer, pastoral, satirical, and humorous. His 'Works of a Young Wit' appeared in 1577; and a succession of small volumes proceeded from his pen; eight pieces with his name are in 'England's Helicon'—a valuable poetical miscellany published in 1600, including contributions from Sidney, Spenser, Raleigh, Lodge, Marlowe, Watson, Greene, &c. Of Breton, little personally is known, but he is supposed to have been the son of a Captain Nicholas Breton of Tamworth, in Staffordshire, who had an estate at Norton, in Northamptonshire.

A Pastoral.—From 'England's Helicon.'

On a hill there grows a flower,
Fair befall the dainty sweet!
By that flower there is a bower,
Where the heavenly Muses meet.

In that bower there is a chair,
Fringed all about with gold,
Where doth sit the fairest fair
That ever eye did yet behold.

It is Phillis, fair and bright,
She that is the shepherd's joy,
She that Venus did despise,
And did blind her little boy.

Who would not this face admire?
Who would not this saint adore?
Who would not this sight desire,
Though he thought to see no more?

O fair eyes, yet let me see
One good look, and I am gone:
Look on me, for I am he,
The poor silly Corydon.

Thou that art the shepherd's queen,
Look upon thy silly swain;
By thy comfort have been seen
Dead men brought to life again.

From 'Farewell to Town.'

Thou gallant court, to thee, farewell!
For froward fortune me denies
Now longer near to thee to dwell.
I must go live, I wot not where,
Nor how to live when I come there.

And next, adieu, you gallant dames,
The chief of noble youth's delight!
Untoward fortune now so frames,
That I am banished from your right,
And, in your stead, against my will,
I must go live with country Gill.

Now next, my gallant youths, farewell;
My lads that oft have cheered my heart!
My grief of mind no tongue can tell,
To think that I must from you part.
I now must leave you all, alas,
And live with some old lobcock ass!

And now, farewell, thou gallant lute,
With instruments of music's sounds!
Recorder, cittern, harp, and flute,
And heavenly descants on sweet
grounds,
I now must leave you all, indeed,
And make some music on a reed!

And now, you stately stamping steeds,
And gallant geldings fair, adieu!
My heavy heart for sorrow bleeds,
To think that I must part with you;
And on a strawen pannel sit,
And ride some country carting tit!

And now, farewell, both spear and shield,
Caliver, pistol, arquebuss;
See, &c. what sighs my heart doth yield,
To think that I must leave you thus;
And lay aside my rapier blade,
And take in hand a ditching spade!

And you, farewell, all gallant games,
Primero and Imperial,
Wherewith I used, with courtly dames,
To pass away the time withal;
I now must learn some country plays
For ale and cakes on holidays!

And now, farewell, each dainty dish,
With sundry sorts of sugared wine!
Farewell, I say, and flesh and fish,
To please this dainty mouth of mine!
I now, alas, must leave all these,
And make good cheer with bread and
cheese!

And now, all orders due, farewell !

My table laid when it was noon ;

My heavy heart it lirks to tell

My dainty dinners all are done ;

With leeks and onions, whig and whey

I must content me as I may.

And farewell all gay garments now,

With jewels rich, of rare device !

Like Robin Hood, I wot not how,

I must go range in woodman's wise ;

Clad in a coat of green or gray,

And glad to get it if I may.

What shall I say, but bid adieu

To every dream of sweet delight,

In place where pleasure never grew,

In dungeon deep of foul despite,

I must, ah me ! wretch as I may,

Go sing the song of weway !

LODGE—BARNFIELD.

THOMAS LODGE, one of the most graceful and correct of the minor poets and imaginative writers of this period, appeared as an author in 1580. He then published a 'Defence of Stage Plays in Three Divisions,' to which Stephen Gosson replied by a work quaintly styled 'Plays Confuted in Five Actions.' Gosson speaks of Lodge as 'a vagrant person visited by the heavy hand of God.' Of the nature of this visitation we are not informed, but Lodge seems to have had a very varied life. He was of a respectable family in Lincolnshire, where he was born about 1556, and entered Trinity College, Oxford, as a servitor, under Sir Edward Hobby, in 1573. After leaving college, he is supposed to have been on the stage. But he afterwards joined in the expeditions of Captains Clarke and Cavendish, and wrote his 'Rosalynde' to beguile the time during his voyage to the Canaries. He next appears as a law-student. In his 'Glaucus and Scilla' (1589), 'Cathartes Diogenes' (1591), and 'A Fig for Comus' (1595), he styles himself of Lincoln's Inn, Gent. His next work, 'A Margarite of America' (1596), was written, he says, 'in those straits christened by Magellan, in which place to the southward, many wondrous isles, many strange fishes, many monstrous Patayons, withdrew my senses.' From the law, Lodge turned to physic. He studied medicine, Wood says, at Avignon, and he practised in London, being much patronised by Roman Catholic families, till his death by the plague in 1625. Lodge wrote several pastoral tales, sonnets, and light satires, besides two dramas; one of them in conjunction with Greene. His poetry is easy and polished, though abounding in conceits and gaudy ornament. His 'Rosalynde: Euphues Golden Legacie,' contains passages of fine description and delicate sentiment, with copies of verses interspersed. From this romantic little tale Shakespeare took the incidents of his 'As You Like It,' following Lodge with remarkable closeness. The great dramatist has been censured for some anachronisms in his exquisite comedy—such as introducing a lioness and palm-tree into his forest of Arden; but he merely copied Lodge, who has the lion, the myrrh-tree, the fig, the citron, and pomegranate. In these romantic and pastoral tales, consistency and credibility were utterly disregarded.

RICHARD BARNFIELD (born about 1570) resembled Lodge in the

character of his writings and in the smoothness and elegance of his verse. He was also a graduate of Oxford. His works are—'Cynthia, with Certain Sonnets,' and the 'Legend of Cassandra,' (1593); the 'Affectionate Shepherd,' &c. (1596); the 'Encomium of Lady Pecunia' (1598), &c. But Barnfield is chiefly known from the circumstance, that some of his pieces were ascribed to Shakspeare, in a volume entitled 'The Passionate Pilgrim, by W. Shakspeare' (1599). The use of Shakspeare's name was a trick of the bookseller. The small volume contains two of Shakspeare's Sonnets, some verses taken from his 'Love's Labour's Lost' (published the year before) some pieces known to be by Marlowe and Raleigh, and others taken from Barnfield's 'Encomium of Lady Pecunia.'

The following three extracts are from Lodge :

Beauty.

Like to the clear in highest sphere,
Where all imperial glory shines,
Of self-same colour is her hair,
Whether unfolded or in twines :

Her eyes are asphires set in snow,
Redding heaven by every wink ;
The gods do fear, when as they glow,
And I do tremble when I think.

Her cheeks are like the blushing cloud
That beautifies Aurora's face ;
Or like the silver crimson shroud
That Phœbus' smiling looks doth grace.

Her lips are like two budded roses,
Whom ranks of lilies neighbour nigh ;

Within which bounds she balm incloses,
Apt to entice a deity.

Her neck like to a stately tower,
Where Love himself imprisoned lies,
To watch for glances, every hour,
From her divine and sacred eyes.

With orient pearl, with ruby red,
With marble white, with sapphire blue,
Her body everywhere is fed,
Yet soft in touch, and sweet in view,

Nature herself her shape admires ;
The gods are wounded in her sight ;
And Love forsakes his heavenly fires,
And at her eyes his brand doth light.

Rosalind's Madrigal.

Love in my bosom, like a bee,
Doth suck his sweet ;
Now with his wings he plays with me,
Now with his feet.
Within mine eyes he makes his nest,
His bed amidst my tender breast ;
My kisses are his daily feast,
And yet he robs me of my rest :
Ah, wanton, will ye ?

And if I sleep, then percheth he
With pretty flight,
And makes his pillow of my knee,
The livelong night.
Strike I my lute, he tunes the string ;
He music plays if so I sing ;
He lends me every lovely thing,
Yet cruel he my heart doth sting :
Whist, wanton, still ye.

Else I with roses every day
Will whip you hence,
And bind, you when you long to play,
For your offence :
I'll shut mine eyes to keep you in ;
I'll make you fast if for your sin ;
I'll count your power not worth a pin ;
Alas ! what hereby shall I win,
If he game away me ?

What if I beat the wanton boy
With many a rod ?
He will repay me with annoy,
Because a god.
Then art thou safely on my knee,
And let thy bower my bosom be ;
Lurk in mine eyes, I like of thee,
O Cupid ! so thou pity me,
Spare not, but play thee.

Love.

Turn I my looks unto the skies,	E'en there I meet with sacred love;
Love with his arrows wounds mine eyes:	If so I bathe me in the spring,
If so I gaze upon the ground,	E'en on the brink I hear him sing;
Love then in every flower is found;	If so I meditate alone,
Search I the shade to fly my pain,	He will be partner of my moan;
Love meets me in the shade again;	If so I mourn, he weeps with me;
Want I to walk in secret grove,	And where I am, there will he be!

The following two short poems—often printed as one—exhibit Barnfield's tone of sentiment and versification:

As it fell upon a day,	'Tern, tern,' by and by;
In the merry month of May,	That, to hear her so complain,
Sitting in a pleasant shade,	Scarce I could from tears refrain :
Which a grove of myrtles made;	For her griefs, so lively shewn,
Beasts did leap, and birds did sing;	Made me think upon mine own.
Trees did grow, and plants did spring;	Ah!—thought I—thou mourn'st in vain;
Everything did banish moan,	None takes pity on thy pain :
Save the nightingale alone;	Senseless trees, they cannot hear thee;
She, poor bird, as all forlorn,	Ruthless bears, they will not cheer thee.
Leaned her breast up-till a thorn,	King Paudion, he is dead;
And there sung the dolefull'st ditty,	All thy friends are lapped in lead:
That to hear it was great pity.	All thy fellow-birds do sing,
'Fie, fie, fie,' now would she cry;	Careless of thy sorrowing!

Whilst as fickle Fortune smiled,
 Thou and I were both beguiled.
 Every one that flatters thee
 Is no friend in misery.
 Words are easy, like the wind;
 Faithful friends are hard to find.
 Every man will be thy friend
 Whilst thou has wherewith to spend;
 But, if store of crowns be scant,
 No man will supply thy want.
 If that one be prodigal,
 Bountiful they will him call;
 And with such-like flattering,
 'Pity but he were a king.'

If he be addict to vice,
 Quickly him they will entice;
 But if fortune once do frown,
 Then farewell his great renown!
 They that fawned on him before
 Use his company no more.
 He that is thy friend indeed,
 He will help thee in thy need;
 If thou sorrow, he will weep;
 If thou wake, he cannot sleep:
 Thus, of every grief in heart,
 He with thee doth bear a part.
 These are certain signs to know
 Faithful friend from flattering foe.

MARLOWE—SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

The whole of the pieces in 'The Passionate Pilgrim' were, as we have said, ascribed to Shakspeare. Among them was the fine poem, 'The Passionate Shepherd to his Love,' with the answer, sometimes called 'The Nymph's Reply.' The first is assigned to CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE, in the poetical miscellany, 'England's Helicon'; and the second appears in the same volume with the signature of 'Ignoto,' used in other instances to intimate that the author was unknown. To one copy, however, the initials of Sir Walter Raleigh are attached; and we have the explicit statement of Izaak Walton in his 'Complete Angler' (1653)—but written long before it was printed—that the pieces were really by Marlowe and Raleigh.

The Passionate Shepherd to his Love.—By Marlowe.

Come live with me, and be my love,
And we will all the pleasures prove
That valleys, groves, and hills and fields,
Woods or steepy mountains yield.

And we will sit upon the rocks,
Seeing the shepherds feed their flocks,
By shallow rivers, to whose falls
Melodious birds sing madrigals.

And I will make thee beds of roses,
And a thousand fragrant posies;
A cap of flowers and a kirtle
Embroidered all with leaves of myrtle:

A gown made of the finest wool,
Which from our pretty lambs we pull;
Fair lined slippers for the cold,
With buckles of the purest gold:

A belt of straw and ivy buds,
With coral clasps and amber studs;
And if these pleasures may thee move,
Come live with me, and be my love.

The shepherd swains shall dance and sing,
For thy delight, each May morning:
If these delights thy mind may move,
Then live with me, and be my love.

The Nymph's Reply.—By Raleigh.

If all the world and love were young,
And truth in every shepherd's tongue,
These pretty pleasures might me move
To live with thee, and be thy love.

But Time drives flocks from field to fold,
When rivers rage and rocks grow cold;
And Philomel becometh dumb,
The rest complain of cares to come.

The flowers do fade, and wan'on fields
To wayward winter reckoning yields;
A honey tongue—a heart of gall,
Is fauery's spring, but sorrow's fall.

Thy gowns, thy shoes, thy beds of roses,
Thy cap, thy kirtle, and thy posies,
Soon break, soon wither, soon forgotten,
In folly ripe, in reason rotten.

Thy belt of straw and ivy buds,
Thy coral clasps, and amber studs;
All these in me no means can move
To come to thee, and be thy love.

But could youth last, and love still breed,
Had joys no date, nor age no need,
Then these delights my mind might move
To live with thee, and be thy love.

Marlowe will merit a detailed notice among the dramatists, as inferior only in his own day to Shakspeare; but we may here mention his poem of 'Hero and Leander,' founded on the classic story as given by Musæus, and first published in 1598. Marlowe completed the first and second 'Sestiyads' of this paraphrase, and they were reprinted with a continuation by Chapman in 1600. A few lines will shew his command of the heroic couplet:

It lies not in our power to love or hate,
For will in us is overruled by fate.
When two are stripped, long ere the race begin,
We wish that one should lose, the other win.
And one especially do we affect
Of two gold ingots, like in each respect.
The reason no man knows: let it suffice
What we behold is censured by our eyes;
Where both deliberate, the love is slight:
Who ever loved, that loved not at first sight.

In the brilliant constellation of great men which adorned the reigns of Elizabeth and James, one of the most distinguished of those who added eminence in literature to high talent for active business, was SIR WALTER RALEIGH, a man whose character will always make him occupy a prominent place in the history of his country. He was

born in 1552, at Hayes Farm, in Devonshire, of an ancient family; and from his youth was distinguished by great intellectual acuteness, but still more by a restless and adventurous disposition. He became a soldier at the age of seventeen; fought for the Protestant cause in the civil wars of France and the Netherlands; and afterwards, in 1579, accompanied his half-brother, Sir Humphrey Gilbert, on a voyage to Newfoundland. This expedition proved unfortunate, but by familiarising him with a maritime life, had probably much influence in leading him to engage in those subsequent expeditions by which he rendered himself famous. In 1580, he proceeded to Ireland with Arthur, Lord Grey of Wilton, the new lord-deputy. Raleigh held a captain's commission, and was employed in concert with Edward Denny, cousin of Lord Grey, to convey two hundred soldiers to Ireland to act against the rebels, for which service they received £200. In December, 1581, we find him receiving £20 for carrying despatches from Lord Grey to the queen. This was probably the first occasion of his being introduced to the queen, and with the aid of a handsome person and winning address, he soon became a special favourite with Elizabeth. There is a story told of his gallantry and tact which, though it rests only on tradition, is characteristic. One day, when he was attending the queen on a walk, she came to a miry part of the road, and for a moment hesitated to proceed. Raleigh, perceiving this, instantly pulled off his rich plush cloak, and by spreading it before her feet, enabled her to pass on unsoiled. The energy and ability displayed by Raleigh in suppressing the rebellion of Desmond led to his receiving a grant of part of the forfeited property—12,000 acres, it is said, and he was appointed governor of Cork. In 1582, he was one of the courtiers whom Elizabeth sent to attend the Duke of Anjou back to the Netherlands, after refusing that nobleman her hand. In 1584, he again joined in an adventure for the discovery and settlement of unknown countries. For this purpose he received a patent from the crown, and in the introduction to this patent—dated 26th March 1584—he is styled Walter Raleigh, Knight; so that Elizabeth must previously have invested her favourite with the honour of knighthood. With the help of his friends, two ships were sent out in quest of gold-mines, to that part of North America now called Virginia. Raleigh himself was not with these vessels; the commodities brought home by which produced so good a return, that the owners were induced to fit out, for the next year, another fleet of seven ships, under the command of Raleigh's kinsman, Sir Richard Grenville. The attempt made on this occasion to colonise America proved an utter failure; and after a second trial, the enterprise was given up. This expedition is said to have been the means of introducing tobacco into England, and also of making known the potato, which was first cultivated on Raleigh's land in Ireland. On both points, however, accounts differ.

Meanwhile, the prosperity of Raleigh at the English court continued to increase. Elizabeth, by granting monopolies, and an additional Irish estate, conferred on him solid marks of her favour. In return for these benefits, he zealously and actively exerted himself for the defence of her majesty's dominions against the Spaniards. He was one of the council of war appointed to devise means for resisting the threatened invasion, and at Michaelmas 1587, he received £2000, to be employed in raising horse and foot in Devonshire and Cornwall. Having organised his forces in the west, Raleigh sailed in a vessel of his own to assist in repelling the threatened invaders, whose miserable and total discomfiture is well known. Next year, he accompanied a number of his countrymen who went to aid the expelled king of Portugal in an attempt to regain his kingdom from the Spaniards. Spenser, in a sonnet written in 1590, styles Raleigh 'the summer's nightingale;' and in this year, when revelling in court-favour, he obtained a gift of the rich manor of Sherborne, in Dorsetshire, which the dean and chapter of Salisbury were forced to relinquish. Next year, however, he fell into disgrace, in consequence of an intrigue with one of the maids of honour, a daughter of Sir Nicholas Throgmorton—whom he afterwards married—and Elizabeth sent both culprits to the Tower, where Raleigh was confined several months.

About this time he exerted himself to reduce to practice an idea thrown out by Montaigne, by setting up an 'office of address,' intended to serve the purposes now executed chiefly by literary and philosophical societies. The description of this scheme, given by Sir William Petty, affords a striking picture of the difficulties and obstacles which lay in the way of men of study and inquiry two centuries ago. It seems, says Sir William, 'to have been a plan by which the wants and desires of all learned men might be made known to each other, where they might know what is already done in the business of learning, what is at present in doing, and what is intended to be done; to the end that by such a general communication of designs and mutual assistance, the wits and endeavours of the world may no longer be as so many scattered coals, which, having no union, are soon quenched, whereas, being but laid together, they would have yielded a comfortable light and heat. For the present condition of men is like a field where, a battle having been lately fought, we see many legs, arms, and organs of sense, lying here and there, which, for want of conjunction, and a soul to quicken and enliven them, are fit for nothing but to feed the ravens and infect the air; so we see many wits and ingenuities dispersed up and down the world, whereof some are now labouring to do what is already done, and puzzling themselves to reinvent what is already invented; others we see quite stuck fast in difficulties for default of a few directions, which some other man, might he be met withal, both could and would most easily give him. Again, one man

requires a small sum of money to carry on some design that requires it, and there is perhaps another who has twice as much ready to bestow upon the same design; but these two having no means to hear the one of the other, the good work intended and desired by both parties does utterly perish and come to nothing.'

When visiting his Irish estates after his return from Portugal, Raleigh formed or renewed with Spenser an acquaintance which ripened into intimate friendship. He introduced the poet to Elizabeth, and otherwise benefited him by his patronage and encouragement; for which favour Spenser has acknowledged his obligation in his pastoral, entitled 'Colin Clout's Come Home Again,' where Raleigh is celebrated under the title of the 'Shepherd of the Ocean;' and also in a letter to him, prefixed to the 'Faery Queen,' explanatory of the plan and design of that poem. Released from the Tower, Sir Walter engaged in one of those predatory naval expeditions which, in Elizabeth's reign, were common against the enemies of England; a fleet of thirteen ships, besides two of her majesty's men-of-war, being intrusted to his command. This armament was destined to attack Panama, and intercept the Spanish plate-fleet, but, having been recalled by Elizabeth soon after sailing, came back with a single prize. So early as February 1594, Raleigh had contemplated a voyage to Guiana, and in 1595 he undertook, at his own expense, an expedition to this colony, concerning the riches of which many wonderful tales were then current. He accomplished nothing, however, beyond taking a formal possession of the country in the queen's name. After coming back to England, he published, in 1596, a work entitled 'Discovery of the Large, Rich, and Beautiful Empire of Guiana;' this production Hume has very unjustly characterised as 'full of the grossest and most palpable lies that were ever attempted to be imposed on the credulity of mankind.'

It would appear that he now regained the queen's favour, since we find him holding, in the same year, a command in the expedition against Cadiz, under the Earl of Essex and Lord Effingham. In the successful attack on that town, his bravery, as well as prudence, was very conspicuous. In 1597, he was rear-admiral in the expedition which sailed under Essex to intercept the Spanish West India fleet; and by capturing Fayal, one of the Azores, before the arrival of the commander-in-chief, gave great offense to the earl, who considered himself robbed of the glory of the action. A temporary reconciliation was effected; but Raleigh afterwards heartily joined with Cecil in promoting the downfall of Essex, and was a spectator of his execution from a window in the Armoury. On the accession of James I. in March 1603, the prosperity of Raleigh came to an end, a dislike against him having previously been instilled by Cecil into the royal ear. Through the malignant scheming of the same hypocritical minister, he was accused of conspiring to dethrone the king, and place the

crown on the head of Arabella Stuart; and likewise of attempting to excite sedition, and to establish popery by the aid of foreign powers. A trial for high treason ensued, and upon the paltriest evidence, he was condemned by a servile jury. Sir Edward Coke, who was then attorney-general, abused Raleigh on this occasion in violent and disgraceful terms, bestowing upon him such epithets as viper, damnable atheist, the most vile and execrable traitor that ever lived, monster and spider of hell! Raleigh defended himself with such temper, eloquence, and strength of reasoning, that some even of his enemies, were convinced of his innocence, and all parties were ashamed of the judgment pronounced. He was, however, reprieved; and instead of being executed, was committed to the Tower, in which he was confined for twelve years, during six of which his wife was permitted to bear him company. During his imprisonment, he wrote his 'History of the World,' noticed in a subsequent page.

In the year 1615, Raleigh was liberated from the Tower, in consequence of having projected a second expedition to Guiana, from which the king hoped to derive some profit. His purpose was to colonise the country, and work gold-mines; and in 1617 a fleet of twelve armed vessels sailed under his command. The whole details of his intended proceedings, however, were weakly or treacherously communicated by the king to the Spanish government, by whom the scheme was miserably thwarted. Returning to England, he landed at Plymouth, and on his way to London was arrested in the king's name. At this time the projected match between Prince Charles and the Infanta of Spain occupied James's attention, and to propitiate the Spanish government, he determined that Raleigh should be sacrificed. After many vain attempts to discover valid grounds of accusation against him, it was found necessary to proceed upon the old sentence, and Raleigh was accordingly beheaded on the 29th of October, 1618. On the scaffold, his behaviour was firm and calm; after addressing the people in justification of his character and conduct, he took up the axe, and observed to the Sheriff: 'This is a sharp medicine, but a sound cure for all diseases.' Having tried how the block fitted his head, he told the executioner that he would give the signal by lifting up his hand; 'and then,' added he, 'fear not, but strike home!' He then laid himself down, but was requested by the executioner to alter the position of his head. 'So the heart be right,' was his reply, 'it is no matter which way the head lies.' On the signal being given, the executioner failed to act with promptitude, which caused Raleigh to exclaim: 'Why dost thou not strike? Strike man!' By two strokes, received without shrinking, the head of this fearless and noble Englishman was severed from his body.

The night before his execution, he composed the following verse in prospect of death:

Even such is Time, that takes on trust
 Our youth, our joys, our all we have,
 And pays us but with age and dust,
 Who in the dark and silent grave,
 When we have wandered all our ways,
 Shuts up the story of our days :
 But from this earth, this grave, this dust,
 My God shall raise me up, I trust. W. R.

While in prison in expectation of death, either on this or the former occasion, he wrote also a tender and affectionate valedictory letter to his wife, of which the following is a portion :

You shall receive, my dear wife, my last words in these my last lines : my love I send you, that you may keep when I am dead, and my comfort, that you may remember it when I am no more. I would not with my will present you sorrows, dear Bees ; let them go to the grave with me, and be buried in the dust. And seeing that it is not the will of God that I shall see you any more, bear my destruction patiently, and with a heart like yourself.

First, I send you all the thanks which my heart can conceive, or my words express for your many travails and cares for me, which, though they have not taken effect as you wished, yet my debt to you is not the less ; but pay it I never shall in this world.

Secondly, I beseech you, for the love you bear me living, that you do not hide yourself many days, but by your travails seek to help my miserable fortunes, and the right of your poor child ; your mourning cannot avail me, that am but dust. . . .

Remember your poor child for his father's sake, who loved you in his happiest estate. I sued for my life, but, God knows, it was for you and yours that I desired it : for know it, my dear wife, your child is the child of a true man, who, in his own respect, despiseth death, and his mis-shapen and ugly forms. I cannot write much—God knows how hardly I steal this time when all sleep—and it is also time for me to separate my thoughts from the world. Beg my dead body, which living was denied you, and either lay it in Sherburne or Exeter Church, by my father and mother. I can say no more ; time and death calleth me away. The everlasting God, powerful, infinite, and inscrutable God Almighty, who is goodness itself, the true light and life, keep you and yours, and have mercy upon me, and forgive my persecutors and false accusers, and send us to meet in His glorious kingdom. My dear wife, farewell ; bless my boy, pray for me, and let my true God hold you both in his arms.

Raleigh's short poems are excellent. He was more a man of action, of roving and adventurous spirit, than of poetic contemplation ; but he had a daring and brilliant imagination, with a Shakspearian energy of thought and condensed felicity of expression. His long imprisonment had also turned his mind inward on itself, and tamed the wild fire of his erratic hopes and ambition. Spencer's allusions to his friend's poetical genius are well known, and Raleigh repaid the compliment by his beautiful sonnet on the ' Faery Queen.' One lost poem of Raleigh's, ' Cynthia,' is only known through Spencer's mention of it.

Passions are likened best to Floods and Streams.

There is no doubt that these beautiful verses are by Raleigh ; but in the Ashmole Manuscript, where the poem is signed ' Lo : Walden,' instead of Lo. Warden (Raleigh being Lord Warden of the Stanneries), Ritson entered the name of Lord Walden, afterward Earl of Suffolk, as the author. Raleigh's claim is supported by numerous independent testimonies.

Passions are likened here to floods and streams ;
 The shallow murmur, but the deep are dumb ;
 So, when reflections yield discourses, it seems
 The bottom is but shallow whence they come.
 They that are rich in words, in words discover,
 That they are poor in that which makes a lover.

Wrong not, sweet empress of my heart,
 The merit of true passion,
 With thinking that he feels no smart,
 That sues for no compassion ;

Since if my plaints serve not t' approve
 The conquest of thy beauty,
 It comes not from excess of love,
 But from excess of duty :

For knowing that I sue to serve
 A saint of such perfection,
 As all desire, but none deserve,
 A place in her affection.

I rather choose to want relief,
 Than venture the revealing—
 Where glory recommends the grief,
 Despair distrusts the healing.

Thus those desires that aim too high
 For any mortal lover,
 When reason cannot make them die,
 Discretion doth them cover.

Yet when discretion doth bereave
 The plaints that they should utter,
 Then thy discretion may perceive
 That silence is a suitor.

Silence in love bewrays more woe
 Than words though ne'er so witty ;
 A beggar that is dumb, you know,
 May challenge double pity.

Then wrong not, dearest to my heart !
 My true, though secret passion ;
 He smarteth most that hides his smart,
 And sues for no compassion.

*A Vision upon this Conceit of the Faery Queen.—Prefixed to the Faery
 Queen, 1650*

Methought I saw the grave where Laura lay,
 Within that temple where the vestal flame
 Was wont to burn ; and passing by that way,
 To see that buried dust of living fame,
 Whose tomb fair Love and fairer Virtue kept,
 All suddenly I saw the Faery Queen,
 At whose approach the soul of Petrarch wept ;
 And from thenceforth those graces were not seen,
 For they this Queen attended : in whose stead
 Oblivion laid him down on Laura's hearer :
 Hereat the hardest stones were seen to bleed,
 And groans of buried ghosts the heavens did pierce,
 Where Homer's sprite did tremble all for grief,
 And cursed th' access of that celestial thief.

*Lines prefixed to Sir A. Gorges's Translation of Lucan.**

Had Lucan hid the truth to please the time,
 He had been too unworthy of thy pen,
 Who never sought nor ever cared to climb
 By flattery or seeking worthless men.
 For this thou hast been bruised; but yet those scars
 Do beautify no less than those wounds do
 Received in just and in religious wars;
 Though thou hast bled by both, and bear'st them too.
 Change not! to change thy fortune is too late;
 Who, with a manly faith, resolves to die,
 May promise to himself a lasting state,
 Though not so great, yet free from infamy,
 Such was thy Lucan, whom so to translate,
 Nature, thy muse, like Lucan's, did create.

The Pilgrimage.

Supposed to be written by Raleigh in 1603, in the interval between his condemnation and his respite. He was kept in suspense for at least three weeks after his trial in 1603.

Give me my scallop-shell of quiet,
 My staff of faith to walk upon;
 My scrip of joy, immortal diet;
 My bottle of salvation;
 My gown of glory, hope's true gage,
 And thus I'll take my pilgrimage!
 Blood must be my body's balmer,
 No other balm will there be given;
 Whilst my soul, like quiet palmer,
 Travelleth towards the land of Heaven;
 Over the silver mountains
 Where spring the nectar fountains:
 There will I kiss the bowl of bliss,
 And drink mine everlasting fill
 Upon every milken hill.
 My soul will be a-dry before;
 But after, it will thirst no more.
 Then by that happy blissful day,
 More peaceful pilgrims I shall see
 That have cast off their rags of clay,
 And walk apparelled fresh like me.
 I'll take them first to quench their thirst,
 And taste of nectar's suckets
 At those clear wells where sweetness
 dwells
 Drawn up by saints in crystal buckets.
 And when our bottles and all we
 Are filled with immortality,
 Then the blest paths we'll travel,
 Strowed with rubies thick as gravel—
 Ceilings of diamonds, sapphire floors,

High walls of coral, and pearly bowers.
 From thence to Heaven's bribeless hall,
 Where no corrupted voices brawl;
 No conscience molten into gold,
 No forged accuser, bought or sold,
 No cause deferred, no vain-spent journey,
 For there Christ is the King's Attorney;
 Who pleads for all without degree,
 And he hath angels, but no fees;
 And when the grand twelve million jury
 Of our sins, with direful fury,
 'Gainst our souls black verdicts give,
 Christ pleads his death, and then we live.
 Be thou my speaker, talitless pleader,
 Unblotted lawyer, true proceeder!
 Thou giv'st salvation even for alms—
 Not with a bribed lawyer's palms.
 And this is mine eternal plea
 To Him that made heaven, earth, and sea,
 That since my flesh must die so soon,
 And want a head to dine next noon,
 Just at the stroke when my veins start
 and spread,
 Set on my soul an everlasting head!
 Then am I, like a palmer, fit
 To tread those blest paths which before I
 writ.
 Of death and judgment, heaven and hell,
 Who oft doth think, must needs die well.

One of the finest of Raleigh's poems is one never included in his works, an epitaph on Sir Philip Sidney, appended to Spenser's 'As-

* This translation was published in 1614, but probably executed many years before. Sir Arthur Gorges wrote some original poetical pieces. He was a friend of Spenser and the *Daphnida* of the latter was written on the death of Gorges's wife, a lady of the Howard family. The above two sonnets by Raleigh are remarkably like the sonnets of Milton. They have the same high feeling, stately march, and cadence. Milton must have studied them.

trophel,' and published without signature. There is proof enough that Raleigh wrote the poem. It consists of sixty lines, but we can only give the first three verses. The elegiac nature of the poem, and the form of the versification, remind us of Mr. Tennyson's 'In Memoriam.'

On Sir Philip Sidney.

To praise thy life, or well thy worthy death,
And want thy wit.—thy wit high, pure, divine—
Is far beyond the power of mortal line,
Nor any one hath worth that draweth breath.

Yet rich in zeal, though poor in learning's lore,
And friendly care obscured in secret breast,
And Love that envy in thy life suppressed,
Thy dear life done, and death, hath doubled more.

And I, that in thy time and living state,
Did only praise thy virtues in my thought,
As one that seel'd the rising sun hath sought,
With words and tears now well thy timeless fate.

The Lie.

This 'bold and spirited poem,' as Campbell has justly termed it, is traced in manuscript to 1596. It first appeared in print in 'Davison's Poetical Rhapsody,' second edition, 1608. It has been assigned to various authors, but on Raleigh's side there is good evidence besides the internal testimony, which appears to us irresistible. Two answers to it, written in Raleigh's lifetime, ascribe it to him; and two manuscript copies of the period of Elizabeth bear the title of 'Sir Walter Hawleigh his Lie.'

Go, soul, the body's guest,
Upon a thankless arrant; (1)
Fear not to touch the best,
The truth shall be thy warrant:
Go, since I needs must die,
And give the world the lie.

Go, tell the court it glows,
And shines like rotten wood;
Go, tell the church it shews
What's good, and doth no good.
If church and court reply,
Then give them both the lie.

Tell potentates they live
Accusing by others' action,
Not loved unless they give,
Not strong but by a faction.
If potentates reply,
Give potentates the lie.

Tell men of high condition
That rule affairs of state,
Their purpose is ambition,
Their practice only hate.
And if they once reply,
Then give them all the lie.

Tell them that brave it most,
They beg for more by spending,
Who, in their greatest cost,

Seek nothing but commending.
And if they make reply,
Then give them all the lie.

Tell zeal it lacks devotion,
Tell love it is but lust,
Tell time it is but motion,
Tell flesh it is but dust;
And wish them not reply,
For thou must give the lie.

Tell age it dally wasteth,
Tell honour how it alters,
Tell beauty how she blasteth,
Tell favour how it falters.
And as they shall reply,
Give every one the lie.

Tell wit how much it wrangles
In tickle points of niceness.
Tell wisdom she entangles
Herself in over-wiseness.
And when they do reply,
Straight give them both the lie.

Tell physic of her boldness,
Tell skill it is pretension,
Tell charity of coldness,
Tell law it is contention,
And as they do reply,
So give them still the lie.

1 Errand. *Arrant* and *errant* were then common forms of the word.

Tell fortune of her blindness,
 Tell nature of decay,
 Tell friendship of unkindness,
 Tell justice of delay,
 And if they will reply,
 Then give them all the lie.

Tell arts they have no soundness,
 But vary by esteeming ;
 Tell schools they want profoundness,
 And stand too much on seeming.
 If arts and schools reply,
 Give arts and schools the lie.

Tell faith it's fled the city,
 Tell how the country erreth,
 Tell manhood shakes off pity,
 Tell virtue least preferreth.
 And if they do reply
 Spare not to give the lie.

So when thou hast, as I
 Commanded thee, done blabbing ;
 Although to give the lie
 Deserves no less than stabbing ;
 Yet stab at thee who will,
 No stab the soul can kill.

The editor of the 'Poetical Rhapsody'—in which so much of the fugitive poetry of the age appeared—was FRANCIS DAVISON (1575-1618), the eldest son of the unfortunate Secretary Davison. He was himself a poet of no mean order, though he wrote only short copies of verses, and those in his youth ; and he made a translation of the 'Psalms,' certainly more poetical than the version of Sternhold and Hopkins.

JOSHUA SYLVESTER.

JOSHUA SYLVESTER (1568-1618) was author of several poetical works now forgotten ('Poems,' two parts, 1614-20), but is well known as the translator of the 'Divine Weeks and Works' of the French poet Dubartas, which was highly popular, and earned for the translator among his contemporaries the epithet, 'silver-tongued Sylvester.' Spenser, Bishop Hall, Izaak Walton, and others, praise it, and Milton has copied some of its choice expressions. One critic (Dunsen) has even said that Sylvester's Dubartas contains the *prima stamina* of 'Paradise Lost ;' but this is much too unqualified a statement. We subjoin one short specimen :

Satan's Temptation of Eve.

As a false lover, that thick snares hath laid
 To entrap the honour of a fair young maid,
 When she (though little) listening ear affords
 To his sweet courting, deep-affected words,
 Feels some assuaging of his freezing flame,
 And soothes himself with hope to gain his game ;
 And rapt with joy, upon this point persists,
 That parleying city never long resists :
 Even so the Serpent, that doth counterfeit
 A gulleful call to allure us to his net,
 Perceiving Eve his flattering gloze digest,
 He prosecutes ; and, jocund, doth not rest,
 Till he have tried foot, hand, and head, and all
 Upon the breach of this new-battered wall.

'No, Fair !' quoth he, 'believe not that the care
 God hath, mankind from spoiling Death to spare,
 Makes him forbid you, on so strict condition,
 This purest, fairest, rarest fruit's fruition.'

A double fear, an envy, and a hate,
 His jealous heart for ever cruciate ;
 Sith the suspected virtue of this tree
 Shall soon disperse the cloud of idioey
 Which dims your eyes ; and, further, make you seem
 Excelling us—even equal gods to him.
 O world's rare glory ! reach thy happy hand ;
 Reach, reach, I say ; why dost thou stop or stand ?
 Begin thy bliss, and do not fear the threat
 Of an uncertain God-head, only great
 Through self-awed zeal : put on the glistening pall
 Of immortality ! Do not forestall,
 As envious step-dame, thy posterity
 The sovereign honour of divinity.'

The compound epithets of Sylvester are sometimes happy and picturesque. Campbell cites the following as containing a beautiful expression :

Morning.

Arise, betimes, while the opal-coloured morn,
 In golden pomp, doth May-day's deer adorn.

On the other hand, some of his images are in ludicrously bad taste. Dryden says when he was a boy he was rapt into ecstasy with these lines :

Now, when the Winter's keener breath began
 To crystallise the Baltic Ocean ;
 To glaze the lakes, to bridle up the floods,
 And periwig with wool the bald-pate woods.

Two favourable specimens may be added :

The Sun.

All hail, pure lamp, bright, sacred, and excelling ;
 Sorrow and care, darkness and dread, repelling ;
 Thou world's great taper, wicked men's just terror,
 Mother of truth, true beauty's only mirror,
 God's eldest daughter : oh, how thou art full
 Of grace and goodness ! Oh, how beautiful !

Plurality of Worlds.

I not believe that the great Architect
 With all these fires the heavenly arches decked
 Only for show, and with these glistening shields
 To amaze poor shepherds watching in the fields ;
 I not believe that the least flower which pranks
 Our garden borders, or our common banks,
 And the least stone that in her warming lap
 Our mother earth doth covetously wrap,
 Hath some peculiar virtue of its own,
 And that the glorious stars of heaven have none.

Sylvester's translation of Dubartas appeared in 1598. Some of his original pieces have quaint titles, such as were then affected by many authors ; for example : ' Lachrymæ Lachrymarum, or the Spirit of Teares distilled for the ontymely Death of the incomparable Prince Panaretus ' (Henry, son of King James I.), 1612 ; ' Tobacco Battered

and the Pipes Shattered about their Eares, that idely Idolize so base and barbarous a weed, or at least overlove so loathsome a Vanity, by a Volley of Holy Shot thundered from Mount Helicon,' 1615.

BEN JONSON.

In 1616, BEN JONSON collected the plays he had then written, adding at the same time a book of epigrams and a number of poems, which he entitled 'The Forest' and 'The Underwood.' The whole were comprised in one folio volume, which Jonson dignified with the title of his 'Works,' a circumstance which exposed him to the ridicule of some of his contemporaries.* There is much delicacy of fancy, fine feeling, and sentiment in some of Jonson's lyrical and descriptive effusions. He grafted a classic grace and musical expression on parts of his masks and interludes, which could hardly have been expected from his massive and ponderous hand. In some of his songs he equals Carew and Herrick in picturesque images, and in portraying the fascinations of love. A taste for nature is strongly displayed in his fine lines on Penshurst, that ancient seat of the Sidneys. It has been justly remarked by one of his critics, that Jonson's dramas 'do not lead us to value highly enough his admirable taste and feeling in poetry; and when we consider how many other intellectual excellences distinguished him—wit, observation, judgment, memory, learning—we must acknowledge that the inscription on his tomb, "O rare Ben Jonson!" is not more pithy than it is true.'

To Celia.—From 'The Forest.'

Drink to me only with thine eyes,
And I will pledge with mine;
Or leave a kiss but in the cup,
And I'll not look for wine.
The thirst that from the soul doth rise,
Doth ask a drink divine;
But might I of Jove's nectar sup,
I would not change for thine.

I sent thee late a rosy wreath,
Not so much honouring thee,
As giving it a hope that there
It could not withered be.
But thou thereon didst only breathe,
And sent'st it back to me;
Since when, it grows, and smells, I swear,
Not of itself, but thee.

The Sweet Neglect.—From 'The Silent Woman.'

Still to be neat, still to be drest,
As you were going to a feast;
Still to be powdered, still perfumed:
Lady, it is to be presumed,
Though art's hid causes are not found,
All is not sweet, all is not sound.

Give me a look, give me a face,
That makes simplicity a grace;
Robes loosely flowing, hair as free;
Such sweet neglect more taketh me
Than all th' adulteries of art:
They strike mine eyes, but not my heart.

* An epigram addressed to him on the subject is as follows:

Pray tell us, Ben, where does the mystery lurk?
What others call a *play* you call a *work*.

On behalf of Jonson an answer was returned, which seems to glance at the labour which Jonson bestowed on all his publications:

The author's friend thus for the author says—
Ben's plays are works, while others' works are plays.

Hymn to Diana.—From 'Cynthia's Revels.'

Queen and huntress, chaste and fair,
 Now the sun is laid to sleep;
 Seated in thy silver chair,
 State in wanted manner keep.
 Herperus entreats thy light,
 Goddess excellently bright!

Earth, let not thy envious shade
 Dare itself to interpose;
 Cynthia's shining orb was made

Heaven to clear when day did close;
 Bless us, then, with wished sight,
 Goddess excellently bright!

Lay thy bow of pearl apart,
 And thy crystal shining quiver:
 Give unto the flying hart
 Space to breathe, how short soever;
 Thou that mak'st a day of night,
 Goddess excellently bright!

To Night.—From 'The Vision of Delight.'

Break, Phantasy, from thy cave of cloud,
 And spread thy purple wings;
 Now all thy figures are allowed,
 And various shapes of things;
 Create of airy forms a stream; [phlegm;
 It must have blood, and nought of

And though it be a waking dream,
 Yet, let it like an odor rise
 To all the senses here,
 And fall like sleep upon their eyes,
 Or music in their ear.

Song—From 'The Forest'

Oh, do not wanton with those eyes,
 Lest I be sick with seeing;
 Nor cast them down, but let them rise,
 Lest shame destroy their being.

Oh, be not angry with those fires.
 For then their threats will kill me;

Nor look too kind on my desires,
 For then my hopes will spill me.

Oh, do not steep them in thy tears,
 For so will sorrow slay me;
 Nor spread them as distraught with tears;
 Mine own enough betray me.

Good Life, Long Life.

It is not growing like a tree
 In bulk, doth make man better be,
 Or standing long an oak, three hundred
 year,
 To fall a log at last, dry, bald, and sear.

A lily of a day
 Is fairer far, in May,
 Although it fall and die that night,
 It was the plant and flower of light!
 In small proportions we just beauties see:
 And in short measures life may perfect be.

Epitaph on the Countess of Pembroke.

Underneath this sable hearse
 Lies the subject of all verse,
 Sidney's sister, Pembroke's mother.
 Death! ere thou hast slain another,
 Learned, and fair, and good as she,
 Time shall throw a dart at thee.

Epitaph on Elizabeth, L. H.

Wouldst thou hear what man can say
 In a little?—reader, stay.

Underneath this stone doth lie
 As much beauty as could die;
 Which in life did harbour give
 To more virtue than doth live.

If at all she had a fault,
 Leave it buried in this vault.
 One name was Elizabeth;
 The other, let it sleep with death:
 Fitter where it died to tell,
 Than that it lived at all. Farewell!

On My First Daughter.

Here lies, to each her parents' ruth,
 Mary, the daughter of their youth:
 Yet all Heaven's gifts being Heaven's
 due,
 It makes the father less to rue.
 At six months' end, she parted hence
 With safety of her innocence;

Whose soul Heaven's queen—whose name
 she bears—
 In comfort of her mother's tears,
 Hath placed among her virgin train:
 Where, while that severed doth remain,
 This grave partakes the fleshly birth,
 Which, cover lightly, gentle earth.

*To Penshurst.**

Thou art not, Penshurst, built to envious show
 Of touch or marble; nor canst boast a row
 Of polished pillars or a roof of gold:
 Thou hast no lantern, whereof tales are told;
 Or stair, or courts; but stand'st an ancient pile,
 And these grudging at are reverenced the while.
 Thou joy'st in better marks of soil and air,
 Of wood, of water; therein thou art fair.
 Thou hast thy walks for health as well as sport;
 Thy mount to which the Dryads do resort,
 Where Pan and Bacchus their high feasts have made
 Beneath the broad beech, and the chestnut shade;
 That taller tree which of a nut was set
 At his great birth where all the Muses met.
 There, in the writhed bark, are cut the names
 Of many a silvan token with his flames.
 And thence the ruddy Satyrs oft provoke
 The lighter Fauns to reach thy Ladies' Oak.
 Thy copse, too, named of Gamage, thou hast here,
 That never fails, to serve thee, seasoned deer,
 When thou wouldst feast or exercise thy friends.
 The lower land that to the river bends,
 Thy sheep, thy bullocks, kine, and calves do feed:
 The middle ground thy mares and horses breed.
 Each bank doth yield thee conies, and the tops
 Fertile of wood. Ashore, and Sidney's copse,
 To crown thy open table, doth provide
 The purpled pheasant, with the speckled side:
 The painted partridge lies in every field,
 And, for thy mess, is willing to be killed.
 And if the high-swain Medway fall thy dish,
 Thou hast thy ponds that pay thee tribute fish,
 Fat, aged carps that run into thy net,
 And pikes, now weary their own kind to eat,
 As loath the second draught or cast to stay,
 Officially, at first, themselves betray.
 Bright eels that emulate them, and leap on land,
 Before the fisher, or into his hand.
 Thou hast thy orchard fruit, thy garden flowers,

* Penshurst is situated in Kent, near Tunbridge, in a wide and rich valley. The gray walls and turrets of the old mansion, its high peaked and red roofs, and the new buildings of fresh stone, mingled with the ancient fabric, present a very striking and venerable aspect. It is a fitting abode for the noble Sidneys. The park contains trees of enormous growth, and others to which past events and characters have given an everlasting interest: as Sir Philip Sidney's Oak, Saccharissa's Walk, Gamage's Bower, &c. The ancient massy oak-tables remain: and from Jonson's description of the hospitality of the family, they must often have 'groined with the weight of the feast.' Mr. William Howitt has given an interesting account of Penshurst in his *Visits to Remarkable Places*, 1840.

Fresh as the air, and new as are the hours.
 The early cherry with the later plum,
 Fig, grape, and quince, each in his time doth come :
 The blushing apricot and woolly peach
 Hang on thy walls that every child may reach.
 And though thy walls be of the country stone,
 They're reared with no man's ruin, no man's groan ;
 There's none that dwell about them wish them down ;
 But all come in, the farmer and the clown,
 And no one empty handed, to salute
 Thy lord and lady, though they have no suit.
 Some bring a capon, some a rural cake,
 Some nuts, some apples ; some that think they make
 The better cheeses, bring them, or else send
 By their ripe daughters, whom they would commend
 This way to husbands ; and whose baskets bear
 An emblem of themselves, in plum or pear.
 But what can this—more than express their love—
 Add to thy free provisions, far above
 The need of such ? whose liberal board doth flow
 With all that hospitality doth know ! . . .
 Now, Penahurst, they that will proportion thee
 With other edifices, when they see
 Those proud ambitious heaps, and nothing else,
 May say their lords have built, but thy lord dwells.

*To the Memory of my beloved, the Author, Mr. William Shakspeare,
 and what he hath left us.*

To draw no envy, Shakspeare, on thy name,
 Am I thus ample to thy book and fame ;
 While I confess thy writings to be such
 As neither man nor Muse can praise too much.
 'Tis true, and all men's suffrage. But these ways
 Were not the paths I meant unto thy praise ;
 For seeldest ignorance on these would light,
 Which, when it sounds at best, but echoes right
 Or blind affection, which doth ne'er advance
 The truth, but gropes, and urges all by chance ;
 Or crafty malice might pretend this praise,
 And think to ruin, where it seemed to raise. . . .
 But thou art proof against them, and, indeed,
 Above the ill fortune of them, or the need.
 I therefore will begin : Soul of the age !
 The applause, delight, the wonder of our stage !
 My Shakspeare, rise ! I will not lodge thee by
 Chaucer, or Spenser, or bid Beaumont lie
 A little further off, to make thee room :
 Thou art a monument without a tomb,
 And art alive still, while thy book doth live,
 And we have wits to read, and praise to give.
 That I not mix thee so, my brain excuses,
 I mean with great but disproportioned Muses :
 For if I thought my judgment were of years,
 I should commit thee surely with thy peers,
 And tell how far thou didst our Lyly outshine,
 Or sporting Kyd or Marlowe's mighty line.
 And though thou hadst small Latin and less Greek,
 From thence to honor thee I will not seek
 For names ; but call forth thund'ring Æschylus,
 Euripides, and Sophocles to us,

Pacuvius, Accius, him of Cordova dead,
 To live again, to hear thy buskin tread.
 And shake a stage; or when thy socks were on,
 Leave thee alone for the comparison
 Of all that insolent Greece or haughty Rome
 Sent forth or since did from their ashes come;
 Triumph, my Britain, thou hast one to shew,
 To whom all scenes of Europe homage owe,
 He was not of an age, but for all time!
 And all the Muses still were in their prime,
 When, like Apollo, he came forth to warm
 Our ears, or like a Mercury, to charm!
 Nature herself was proud of his designs,
 And joyed to wear the dressing of his lines!
 Which were so richly spun, and woven so fit,
 As, since, she will vouchsafe no other wit.
 The merry Greek, tart Aristophanes,
 Neat Terence, witty Plautus, now not please;
 But antiquated and deserted lie,
 As they were not of nature's family.
 Yet must I not give nature all; thy art,
 My gentle Shakspeare, must enjoy a part.
 For though the poet's matter nature be,
 His art doth give the fashion; and, that he
 Who casts to write a living line, must sweat—
 Such as thine are—and strike the second heat
 Upon the Muses' awl; turn the same,
 And himself with it, that he thinks to frame;
 Or for the laurel, he may gain a scorn;
 For a good poet's made as well as born,
 And such wert thou! Look how the father's face
 Lives in his issue, even so the race
 Of Shakspeare's mind and manners brightly shines;
 In his well-turned and true-fil'd lines:
 In each of which he seems to shake a lance,
 As brandished at the eyes of ignorance.
 Sweet Swan of Avon! what a sight it were
 To see thee in our waters yet appear,
 And make those flights upon the banks of Thames,
 That so did take Eliza and our James!
 But stay; I see thee in the hemisphere
 Advanced, and made a constellation there!
 Shine forth, thou Star of Poets, and, with rage
 Or influence, chide or cheer the drooping stage,
 Which since thy flight from hence hath mourned like night,
 And despairs day, but for thy volume's light!

On the Portrait of Shakspeare.—Opposite the frontispiece to the first edition of his works, 1623.

This figure that thou here seest put,
 It was for gentle Shakspeare cut,
 Wherein the graver had a strife
 With nature, to outdo the life:
 O could he but have drawn his wit,

As well in brass, as he hath hit
 His face, the print would then surpass;
 All that was ever writ in brass:
 But since he cannot, reader, look
 Not on his picture, but his book.*

* This attestation of Ben Jonson to the first engraved portrait of Shakspeare, seems to prove its fidelity as a likeness. The portrait corresponds with the monumental effigy at Stratford, but both represent a heavy and somewhat inelegant figure. There is, however, a placid good-humour in the expression of the features, and much sweetness in the mouth and lips. The upper part of the head is bald, and the lofty forehead is conspicuous in both, as in the Chandos and other pictures. The general resemblance we have no doubt is correct, but considerable allowance must be made for the defective state of English art at this period.

SIR JOHN BEAUMONT.

SIR JOHN BEAUMONT (1582-1638) was the elder brother of the celebrated dramatist. Enjoying the family estate of Grace Dieu, in Leicestershire, Sir John dedicated part of his leisure hours to the service of the Muses. He wrote a poem on Bosworth Field in the heroic couplet, which, though generally cold and unimpassioned, exhibits correct and forcible versification. As a specimen, we subjoin Richard's address to his troops on the eve of the decisive battle:

My fellow-soldiers I though your swords
Are sharp, and need not whetting by my words,
Yet call to mind the many glorious days
In which we treasured up immortal praise
If, when I served, I ever fled from foe,
Fly ye from mine—let me be punished so I
But if my father, when at first he tried
How all his sons could shining blades abide,
Found me an eagle whose undazzled eyes
Affront the beams that from the steel arise;
And if I now in action teach the same,
Know, then, ye have but changed your general's name
Be still yourselves! Ye fight against the dross
Of those who oft have run from you with loss.
How many Somersetts (dissension's brands)
Have felt the force of our revengeful hands?
From whom this youth, as from a princely flood,
Derives his best but not untainted blood.
Have our assaults made Lancaster to droop?
And shall this Welshman with his ragged troop,
Subdue the Norman and the Saxon line,
That only Merlin may be thought divine?
See what a guide these fugitives have chose!
Who, bred among the French, our ancient foes,
Forget the English language, and the ground,
And knows not what our drums and trumpets sound!

Sir John Beaumont wrote the heroic couplet with great ease and correctness. In a poem to the memory of Fernando Fulton, Esq., are the following excellent verses:

Why should vain sorrow follow him with tears,
Who shakes off burdens of declining years?
Whose thread exceeds the usual bounds of life,
And feels no stroke of any fatal knife?
The destinies enjoin their wheels to run,
Until the length of his whole course be spun.
No envious clouds obscure his struggling light,
Which sets contented at the point of night:
Yet this large time no greater profit brings,
Than every little moment whence it springs;
Unless employed in works deserving praise,
Must wear out many years and live few days.
Time flows from instants, and of these each one
Should be esteemed as if it were alone.
The shortest space, which we so lightly prize
When it is coming, and before our eyes,
Let it but slide into the eternal main,

No realms, no worlds, can purchase it again :
Remembrance only makes the footsteps last,
When winged time, which fixed the prints, is past.

FRANCIS BEAUMONT.

FRANCIS BEAUMONT (1586-1616), whose name is most conspicuous as a dramatist, in union with that of Fletcher, wrote a small number of miscellaneous pieces, which his brother published after his death. Some of these youthful effusions are witty and amusing; others possess a lyrical sweetness; and a few are grave and moralising. The most celebrated is the letter to Ben Jonson, which was originally published at the end of the play 'Nice Valour,' with the following title: 'Mr. Francis Beaumont's Letter to Ben Jonson, written before he and Master Fletcher came to London, with two of the precedent Comedies then not finished, which deferred their merry-meetings at the Mermaid.' Notwithstanding the admiration of Beaumont for 'Rare Ben,' he copied Shakespeare in the style of his dramas. Fletcher, however, was still more Shakspearian than his associate. Hazlitt says finely of the premature death of Beaumont and his more poetical friend: 'The bees were said to have come and built their hive in the mouth of Plato when a child; and the fable might be transferred to the sweeter accents of Beaumont and Fletcher. Beaumont died at the age of five-and-twenty [thir y]. One of these writers makes Bellario, the page, say to Philaster, who threatens to take his life:

'Tis not a life,
'Tis but a piece of childhood thrown away.

But here was youth, genius, aspiring hope, growing reputation, cut off like a flower in its summer pride, or like "the lily on its stalk green," which makes us repine at fortune, and almost at nature, that seem to set so little store by their greatest favourites. The life of poets is, or ought to be—judging of it from the light it lends to ours—a golden dream, full of brightness and sweetness, lapt in Elysium; and it gives one a reluctant pang to see the splendid vision, by which they are attended in their path of glory, fade like a vapour, and their sacred heads laid low in ashes, before the sand of common mortals has run out. Fletcher, too, was prematurely cut off by the plague.*

From Letter to Ben Jonson.

The sun—which does the greatest comfort bring
To absent friends, because the self-same thing
They know, they see, however absent—is
Here, our best haymaker—forgive me this;
It is our country's style—in this warm shine
I lie, and dream of your full Mermaid wine.
Oh, we have water mixed with claret lea,
Drink apt to bring in drier hereales
Than beer, good only for the sonnet's strain,
With fustian metaphors to stuff the brain,

* *Lectures on the Age of Elizabeth.*

So mixed, that, given to the thirstiest one,
 'Twill not prove aima, unless he have the stone.
 I think, with one draught man's invention fades:
 Two cups had quite spoiled Homer's Iliades.
 'Tis liquor that will find out Sutcliffe's wit,
 Lie where he will, and make him write worse yet;
 Filled with such moisture in most grievous qualms,
 Did Robert Wisdom write his singing psalms;
 And so must I do this: And yet I think
 It is a potion sent us down to drink,
 By special Providence, keeps us from fights,
 Makes us not laugh when we make legs to knights.
 'Tis this that keeps our minds fit for our states,
 A medicine to obey our magistrates:
 For we do live more free than you; no hate,
 No envy at one another's happy state,
 Moves us; we are all equal; every whit
 Of land that God gives men here is their wit,
 If we consider fully; for our best
 And gravest men will with their main house-jest
 Scarce please you; we want subtilty to do
 The city tricks. We, hate, and flatter too.
 Here are none that can bear a painted show,
 Strike when you wink, and then lament the blow;
 Who, like mills, set the right way for to grind,
 Can make their gains alike with every wind;
 Only some fellows with the subtile pate,
 Amongst us, may perchance equivocate
 At selling of a horse, and that's the most.
 Methinks the little wit I had is lost
 Since I saw you; for wit is like a rest
 Held up at tennis, which men do the best,
 With the best gamesters. What things have we seen
 Done at the Mermaid! heard words that have been
 So nimble, and so full of subtile flame,
 As if that every one from whence they came
 Had meant to put his whole wit in a jest,
 And had resolved to live a fool the rest
 Of his dull life; then when there had been thrown
 Wit able enough to justify the town
 For three days past; wit that might warrant be
 For the whole city to talk foolishly
 Till that were cancelled; and when that was gone,
 We left an air behind us, which alone
 Was able to make the two next companies
 Right witty; though but downright fools, were wise.

On the Tombs in Westminster.

Mortality, behold and fear,
 What a change of flesh is here!
 Think how many royal bones
 Sleep within this heap of stones!
 Here they lie, had realms and lands,
 Who now want strength to stir their
 hands; [dust,
 Where, from their pulpits sealed with
 They preach, 'In greatness is no trust!'
 Here's an acre sown indeed

With the richest, royalest seed,
 That the earth did e'er suck in
 Since the first man died for sin.
 Here the bones of birth have cried,
 'Though gods they were, as men they
 died.'
 Here are wands, ignoble things
 Dropt from the ruined sides of kings.
 Here's a world of pomp and state
 Buried in dust, once dead by fate.

An Epitaph.

Here she lies, whose spotless fame
 Invites a stone to learn her name—
 'The rigid Spartan that denied
 An epitaph to all that died,
 Unless for war, in charity
 Would here vouchsafe an elegy.
 She died a wife, but yet her mind

Beyond virginity refined,
 From lawless fire remained as free
 As now from heat her ashes be.
 Keep well this pawn, thou marble chest;
 Till it be called for, let it rest;
 For while this jewel here is set,
 The grave is like a cabinet.

SIR HENRY WOTTON.

SIR HENRY WOTTON—less famed as a poet than as a political character in the reigns of Elizabeth and James I.—was born at Boston Hall, the seat of his ancestors, in Kent, in 1568. After receiving his education at Winchester and Oxford, and travelling for some years on the continent, he attached himself to the service of the Earl of Essex, the favourite of Elizabeth, but had the sagacity to foresee the fate of that nobleman, and to elude its consequences by withdrawing in time from the kingdom. Having afterwards gained the friendship of King James, by communicating the secret of a conspiracy formed against him, while yet only king of Scotland, he was employed by that monarch, when he ascended the English throne, as ambassador to Venice. A versatile and lively mind qualified Sir Henry in an eminent degree for this situation, of the duties of which we have his own idea in the well-known punning expression, in which he defines an ambassador to be 'an honest gentleman sent to *lie* abroad for the good of his country.' He ultimately took orders, to qualify himself to be provost of Eton College, in which situation he died in 1639, in the seventy-second year of his age. While resident abroad, he embodied the result of his inquiries into political affairs in a work called 'The State of Christendom; or a most Exact and Curious Discovery of many Secret Passages and Hidden Mysteries of the Times.' This, however, was not printed till after his death. In 1624, while provost of Eton, he published 'Elements of Architecture,' then the best work on that subject. His writings were published in 1651, under the title of 'Reliquiæ Wottonianæ;' and a memoir of his very curious life has been published by Izaak Walton. The latest editor of Wotton's poems (Mr. Hannah) states that none of Sir Henry's pieces have been traced to an earlier date than 1602, but when very young, he wrote a tragedy, called 'Tancredo.' He was a scholar and patron of men of letters rather than an author, and his enthusiastic praise of Milton's 'Comus'—a copy of which the poet had sent to him—reflects credit on his taste. Not less characteristic is his advice to Milton, when he went to Italy, to 'keep his thoughts close, and his countenance loose;' an axiom which Sir Henry had learned from an old courtier, but which Milton was of all men the least likely to put in practice. Sir Henry appears to have been an easy, amiable man, an angler, and an 'undervaluer of money,' as Walton—who boasts of having fished and

conversed with him—relates. His poems are marked by a fine vein of feeling and happy expression.

The Character of a Happy Life (1614).

How happy is he born and taught,
That serveth not another's will;
Whose armour is his honest thought,
And simple truth his utmost skill!

Who hath his life from rumours freed;
Whose conscience is his strong retreat;
Whose state can neither flatterers feed,
Nor ruin make oppressors great:

Whose passions not his masters are—
Whose soul is still prepared for death,
Untied unto the world by care
Of public fame, or private breath:

Who God doth late and early pray,
More of His grace than gifts to lend
And entertains the harmless day
With a religious book or friend:

Who envies none that chance doth raise,
Or vice; who never understood
How deepest wounds are given by praise;
Nor rules of state, but rules of good:

This man is freed from servile bands
Of hope to rise, or fear to fall;
Lord of himself, though not of lands;
And having nothing, yet hath all.

To his Mistress, the Queen of Bohemia (1620).

You meaner beauties of the night,
That poorly satisfy our eyes
More by your number than your light,
You common people of the skies,
What are you, when the moon shall
rise?

You violets that first appear,
By your pure purple mantles known,
Like the proud virgins of the year,
As if the spring were all your own!
What are you, when the rose is blown?

You curious chanterers of the wood,
That warble forth Dame Nature's lays,
Thinking your passions understood
By your weak accents! what's your
praise

So, when my mistress shall be seen
In form and beauty of her mind;
By virtue first, then choice, a Queen!
Tell me, if she were not designed
Th' eclipse and glory of her kind?

When Philomel her voice shall raise?

LORD BROOKE.

FULKE GREVILLE, LORD BROOKE (1554–1638), was a thoughtful, sententious author both in prose and verse, though nearly all his productions were unpublished till after his death. He lived in the reigns of Elizabeth, James, and Charles I. In the government of Elizabeth he was Treasurer of Marine Causes: and in that of James, Chancellor of the Exchequer and a Privy-councillor. He was raised to the peerage by King James in the year 1620. Lord Brooke was in 1628 stabbed to death by an old servant, who had found he was not mentioned in his master's will; the man, struck with remorse, then slew himself. Lord Brooke's tomb may still be seen in the church at Warwick, with the emphatic inscription written by himself: 'Fulke Greville, servant to Queen Elizabeth, counsellor to King James, friend to Sir Philip Sidney.' The poems of Lord Brooke consist of 'Treatises on Monarchy, Religion, and Humane Learning,' two tragedies, 110 sonnets, &c. He also wrote a 'Life of Sir Philip Sidney,' with whom, he said, he had lived and known from a child, 'yet never knew him other than a man.' The whole works of Lord Brooke have been collected, edited, and printed in four volumes (1871) by the

Rev. A. B. Grosart. A few stanzas from the 'Treatise on Monarchy' will shew the grave style of the noble author's verse :

The Prehistoric Age.

There was a time, before the times of Story,
When nature reigned instead of laws or arts,
And mortal gods with men made up the glory
Of one republic by united hearts.
Earth was the common seat, their conversation
In saving love, and ours in adoration.

For in those golden days, with Nature's chains
Both king and people seemed conjoined in one;
Both nursed alike with mutual feeding veins,
Transcendency of either side unknown;
Princes with men using no other arts
But by good dealing to obtain good hearts.

Power then maintained itself even by those arts
By which it grew—as justice, labour, love;
Reserved sweetness did itself impart
Even unto slaves, yet kept itself above,
And by a meek descending to the least,
Envyless swayed and governed all the rest.

Order there equal was; Time courts ordained
To hear, to judge, to execute, and make
Few and good rules, for all griefs that complained;
Such care did princes of their people take
Before this art of power alloyed the truth;
So glorious of man's greatness is the youth!

What wonder was it, then, if those thrones found
Thanks as exorbitant as was their merit?
Wit to give highest tributes being bound,
And wound up by a princely ruffling spirit,
To worship them for their gods after death,
Who in their life exceeded human faith.

PHINEAS AND GILES FLETCHER.

These brother-poets were sons of Dr. Giles Fletcher, and cousins of Fletcher the dramatist; both were clergymen, whose lives afforded but little variety of incident. Phineas was born in 1584, educated at Eton and Cambridge, and became rector of Hilgay in Norfolk, where he died in 1650. Giles was younger than his brother; the date of his birth has not been ascertained, but is supposed to have been about 1588. He was rector of Alderton in Suffolk, where he died in 1623.

The works of PHINEAS FLETCHER consist of the 'Purple Island, or the Isle of Man,' 'Piscatory Eclogues,' and miscellaneous poems. The 'Purple Island' was published in 1633, but written much earlier, as appears from some allusions in it to the Earl of Essex. The name of the poem conjures up images of poetical and romantic beauty, such as we may suppose a youthful admirer and follower of Spenser to have drawn. A perusal of the work, however, dispels this illusion. The 'Purple Island' of Fletcher is no sunny spot 'amid the melancholy main,' but is an elaborate and anatomical description of the

body and mind of man. He begins with the veins, arteries, bones, and muscles of the human frame, picturing them as hills, dales, streams, and rivers, and describing with great minuteness their different meanderings, elevations, and appearances. It is admitted that the poet was well skilled in anatomy, and the first part of his work is a sort of lecture fitted for the dissecting-room. Having in five cantos exhausted his physical phenomena, Fletcher proceeds to describe the complex nature and operations of the mind. Intellect is the prince of the Isle of Man, and he is furnished with eight counsellors—Fancy, Memory, the Common Sense, and five external senses. The human fortress, thus garrisoned, is assailed by the Vices, and a fierce contest ensues for the possession of the human soul. At length an angel interposes, and insures victory to the Virtues—the angel being King James I., on whom the poet condescended to heap this fulsome adulation. From this sketch of Fletcher's poem, it will be apparent that its worth must rest, not upon plot, but upon isolated passages and particular descriptions. Some of his stanzas have all the easy flow and mellifluous sweetness of Spenser's 'Faery Queen;' but others are marred by affectation and quaintness, and by the tediousness inseparable from long-protracted allegory. His fancy was luxuriant, and, if better disciplined by taste and judgment, might have rivalled the softer scenes of Spenser.

GILES FLETCHER published only one poetical production of any length—a sacred poem, entitled 'Christ's Victory and Triumph.' It appeared at Cambridge in 1610, and met with such indifferent success, that a second edition was not called for till twenty years afterwards. There is a massive grandeur and earnestness about 'Christ's Victory' which strikes the imagination. The materials of the poem are better *fused* together, and more harmoniously linked in connection, than those of the 'Purple Island.' 'Both of these brothers,' says Hallam, 'are deserving of much praise; they were endowed with minds eminently poetical, and not inferior in imagination to any of their contemporaries. But an injudicious taste, and an excessive fondness for a style which the public was rapidly abandoning, that of allegorical personification, prevented their powers from being effectively displayed.' According to Campbell: 'They were both the disciples of Spenser, and, with his diction gently modernised, retained much of his melody and luxuriant expression. Giles, inferior as he is to Spenser and Milton, might be figured, in his happiest moments, as a link of connection in our poetry between these congenial spirits, for he reminds us of both, and evidently gave hints to the latter in a poem on the same subject with "Paradise Regained." These hints are indeed very plain and obvious. The appearance of Satan as an aged sire 'slowly footing' in the silent wilderness, the temptation of our Saviour in the 'goodly garden,' and in the Bower of Vain Delight, are outlines which Milton adopted

and filled up in his second epic, with a classic grace and force of style unknown to the Fletchers. To the latter, however, belong the merit of original invention, copiousness of fancy, melodious numbers, and language at times rich, ornate, and highly poetical. If Spenser had not previously written his *Bower of Bliss*, Giles Fletcher's *Bower of Vain Delight* would have been unequalled in the poetry of that day; but probably, like his master, Spenser, he copied from Tasso.

Decay of Human Greatness.—From the 'Purple Island.'

Fond man, that looks on earth for happiness,
And here long seeks what here is never found !
For all our good we hold from Heaven by lease,
With many forfeits and conditions bound ;
Nor can we pay the fine, and rentage due :
Though now but writ, and sealed, and given anew,
Yet daily we it break, then daily must renew.

Why shouldst thou here look for perpetual good,
At every loss 'gainst Heaven's face repining ?
Do but behold where glorious cities stood,
With gilded tops and silver turrets shining ;
There now the hart, fearless of greyhound, feeds,
And loving pelican in fancy breeds ;
There screeching satyrs fill the people's empty stades ; (1)

Where is the Assyrian lion's golden hide,
That all the east once grasped in lordly paw ?
Where that great Persian bear, whose swelling pride
The lion's self tore out with ravenous jaw ?
Or he which, 'twixt a lion and a pard,
Through all the world with nimble pinions fared.
And to his greedy whelps his conquered kingdoms shared

Hardly the place of such antiquity,
Or note of these great monarchies we find :
Only a fading verbal memory,
And empty name in writ is left behind :
But when this second life and glory fades,
And sinks at length in time's obscurer shades,
A second fall succeeds, and double death invades.

That monstrous beast, which, nursed in Tiber's fen,
Did all the world with hideous shape affray ;
That filled with costly spoil his gaping den,
And trod down all the rest to dust and clay :
His battering horns, pulled out by civil hands
And iron teeth, lie scattered on the sands ;
Backed, bridled by a monk, with seven heads yoked stands.

And that black vulture (2) which with deathful wing
O'ershadows half the earth, whose dismal sight
Frightened the Muses from their native spring,
Already stoops, and flaps with weary flight :
Who then shall look for happiness beneath ?
Where each new day proclaims chance, change, and death,
And life itself 's as fit as is the air we breathe.

1 Places.

2 The Turk.

Description of Parthenia, or Chastity.

With her, her sister went, a warlike maid,
 Parthenia, all in steel and gilded arms ;
 In needle's stead, a mighty spear she swayed,
 With which, in bloody fields and fierce alarms,
 The boldest champion she down would bear,
 And like a thunderbolt wide passage tear,
 Flinging all to the earth with her enchanted spear.

Her goodly armour seemed a garden green,
 Where thousand spotless lilies freshly blew ;
 And on her shield the lone bird might be seen,
 Th' Arabian bird, shining in colours new ;
 Itself unto itself was only mate ;
 Ever the same, but new in newer date :
 And underneath was writ, 'Such is chaste single state.'

Thus hid in arms she seemed a goodly knight,
 And fit for any warlike exercise :
 But when she list lay down her armour bright,
 And back resume her peaceful maiden's guise,
 The fairest maid she was, that ever yet
 Prisoned her locks within a golden net,
 Or let them waving hang, with roses fair beset.

Choice nymph ! the crown of chaste Diana's train,
 Thou beauty's lily set in heavenly earth ;
 Thy fairs, unpatterned, all perfection stain :
 Sure Heaven with curious pencil at thy birth
 In thy rare face her own full picture drew :
 It is a strong verse here to write, but true.
 Hyperboles in others are but half thy due.

Upon her forehead Love his trophies fits,
 A thousand spoils in silver arch displaying :
 And in the midst himself full proudly sits,
 Himself in awful majesty arraying :
 Upon her brows lies his bent ebony bow,
 And ready shafts ; deadly those weapons shew ;
 Yet sweet the death appeared, lovely that deadly blow . . .

A bed of lilies flower upon her cheek,
 And in the midst was set a circling rose ;
 Whose sweet aspect would force Narcissus seek
 New liveries, and fresher colours choose
 To deck his beauteous head in snowy 'tire ;
 But all in vain : for who can hope to aspire
 To such a fair, which none attain, but all admire ?

Her ruby lips lock up from gazing sight
 A troop of pearls, which march in goodly row :
 But when she deigns those precious bones undight,
 Soon heavenly notes from those divisions flow,
 And with rare music charm the ravished ears,
 Daunting bold thoughts, but cheering modest fears :
 The spheres so only sing, so only charm the spheres.

Yet all these stars which deck this beauteous sky
 By force of th' inward sun both shine and move ;
 Throned in her heart sits love's high majesty ;

In highest majesty the highest love.
 As when a taper shines in glassy frame,
 The sparkling crystal burns in glittering flame,
 So does that brightest love brighten this lovely dame.

The Sorceress of Vain Delight.—From 'Christ's Victory and Triumph'

By Giles Fletcher.

The garden like a lady fair was cut,
 That lay as if she slumbered in delight,
 And to the open skies her eyes did shut;
 The azure fields of Heaven were 'sembled right
 In a large round, set with the flowers of light:
 The flowers-de-luce, and the round sparks of dew
 That hung upon their azure leaves, did shew
 Like twinkling stars, that sparkle in the evening blue.

Upon a hilly bank her head she cast,
 On which the bower of Vain Delight was built.
 White and red roses for her face were placed,
 And for her tresses marigolds were split;
 Them broadly she displayed, like flaming gilt;
 Till in the ocean the glad day was drowned:
 Then up again her yellow locks she wound,
 And with green fillets in their pretty curls them bound.

What should I here depaint her lily hand,
 Her veins of violets, her ermine breast,
 Which there in orient colours living stand:
 Or how her gown with silken leaves is dressed,
 Or how her watchman, armed with bonny crest,
 A wall of prim hid in his bushes bears
 Shaking at every wind their leafy spears,
 While she supinely sleeps, nor to be waked fears.

Over the hedge depends the graping elm,
 Whose greener head, empurpled in wine,
 Seemed to wonder at his bloody helm,
 And half suspect the bunches of the vine,
 Lest they, perhaps, his wit should undermine;
 For well he knew such fruit he never bore:
 But her weak arms embraced him the more,
 And she with ruby grapes laughed at her paramour. . . .

The roof thick clouds did paint, from which three boys,
 Three gaping mermaids with their ewers did feed,
 Whose breasts let fall the stream, with sleepy noise,
 To lions' mouths, from whence it leaped with speed,
 And in the rosy laver seemed to bleed;
 The naked boys under the water's fall
 Their stony nightingales had taught to call,
 When Zephyr breathed into their watery interall.

And all about, embayed in soft sleep,
 A herd of charmed beasts aground were spread,
 Which the fair witch in golden chains did keep,
 And in them willing bondage fettered:
 Once men they lived, but now the men were dead,
 And turned to beasts; so fabled Homer old,
 That Circe with her potion, charmed in gold,
 Used manly souls in beastly bodies to imould.

Through this false Eden, to his leman's bower—
Whom thousand souls devoutly idolise—
Our first destroyer led our Saviour;
There in the lower room, in solemn wise,
They danced a round, and poured their sacrifice
To plump Lyreus, and among the rest,
The jolly priest, in ivy garlands drest,
Chanted wild orgials, in honour of the feast. . . .

High over all, Panglorie's blazing throne,
In her bright turret, all of crystal wrought,
Like Phœbus' lamp, in midst of heaven, shone:
Whose starry top, with pride infernal fraught,
Self-arching columns to uphold were taught,
In which her image still reflected was
By the smooth crystal, that, most like her glass,
In beauty and in frailty did all others pass.

A silver wand the sorceress did sway,
And, for a crown of gold, her hair she wore;
Only a garland of rose-buds did play
About her locks, and in her hand she bore
A hollow globe of glass, that long before
She full of emptiness had bladdered,
And all the world therein depicted:
Whose colours, like the rainbow, ever vanished.

Such watery orbicles young boys do blow
Out from their soapy shells, and much admire
The swimming world, which tenderly they row
With easy breath till it be raised higher;
But if they chance but roughly once aspire,
The painted bubble instantly doth fall.
Here when she came she 'gan for music call,
And sung this wooing song to welcome him withal:

'Love is the blossom where there blows
Everything that lives or grows:
Love doth make the heavens to move,
And the sun doth burn in love;
Love the strong and weak doth yoke,
And makes the ivy climb the oak;
Under whose shadows lions wild,
Softened by love, grow tame and mild:
Love no medicine can appease;
He burns the fishes in the seas;
Not all the skill his wounds can stench,
Not all the sea his fire can quench:
Love did make the bloody spear
Once a leafy coat to wear,
While in his leaves there shroned lay
Sweet birds, for love, that sing and play:
And of all love's joyful flame
I the bud and blossom am.
Only bend thy knee to me,
Thy wooing shall thy winning be.

'See, see! the flowers that below
Now as fresh as morning blow,
And of all the virgin rose,
That as bright Aurora shews:
How they all unlearned be
Losing their virginity;

Like unto a summer shade,
 But now born and now they fade.
 Everything doth pass away;
 There is danger in delay;
 Come, come, gather then the rose;
 Gather it, or it you lose.
 All the sands of Tagus' shore
 Into my bosom casts his ore:
 All the valley's swimming corn
 To my house is yearly borne;
 Every grape of every vine
 Is gladly bruised to make me wine;
 While ten thousand kings as proud
 To carry up my train have bowed,
 And a world of ladies send me
 In my chambers to attend me;
 All the stars in heaven that shine,
 And ten thousand more, are mine:
 Only bend thy knee to me,
 Thy wooing shall thy winning be.'

Thus sought the dire enchantress in his mind
 Her gulfeful bait to have embosomed:
 But he her charms dispersed into wind,
 And her of insolence admonished,
 And all her optic glasses shattered.
 So with her sire to hell she took her flight—
 The starting air flew from the damned sprite—
 Where deeply both aggrieved plunged themselves in night.

But to their Lord, now musing in his thought,
 A heavenly volley of light angels flew,
 And from his Father him a banquet brought
 Through the fine element, for well they knew,
 After his Lenten fast, he hungry grew:
 And as he fed, the holy choirs combine
 To sing a hymn of the celestial Trine;
 All thought to pass, and each was past all thought divine.)

The birds' sweet notes, to sonnet out their joys,
 Attended to the lays angelical;
 And to the birds the winds attune their noise;
 And to the winds the waters hoarsely call,
 And echo back again revolved all;
 That the whole valley rung with victory.
 But now our Lord to rest doth homewards fly:
 See how the night comes stealing from the mountains high.

WILLIAM BROWNE.

WILLIAM BROWNE (1590-1645) was a pastoral and descriptive poet, who, like Phineas and Giles Fletcher, adopted Spenser for his model. He was a native of Tavistock, in Devonshire, and the beautiful scenery of his native county seems to have inspired his early strains. His descriptions are vivid and true to nature. Browne was tutor to the Earl of Carnarvon, and on the death of the latter at the battle of Newbury in 1643, he received the patronage and lived in the family of the Earl of Pembroke. In this situation he realised a competency, and according to Wood, purchased an estate. He died at Ottery-St.-Mary (the birthplace of Coleridge) in 1645. Browne's works consist

of 'Britannia's Pastorals,' the first part of which was published in 1618, the second part in 1616. He wrote also a pastoral poem of inferior merit, entitled 'The Shepherd's Pipe.' In 1620, a masque by Browne was produced at Court, called the 'The Inner Temple Masque;' but it was not printed till a hundred and twenty years after the author's death, transcribed from a manuscript in the Bodleian Library. As all the poems of Browne were produced before he was thirty years of age, and the best when he was little more than twenty, we need not be surprised at their containing marks of juvenility, and frequent traces of resemblance to previous poets, especially Spenser, whom he warmly admired. His pastorals obtained the approbation of Selden, Drayton, Wither, and Ben Jonson. 'Britannia's Pastorals' are written in the heroic couplet, and contain much beautiful descriptive poetry. Browne had great facility of expression, and an intimate acquaintance with the phenomena of inanimate nature, and the characteristic features of the English landscape. Why he has failed in maintaining his ground among his contemporaries, must be attributed to the want of vigour and condensation in his works, and the almost total absence of human interest. His shepherds and shepherdesses have nearly as little character as the 'silly sheep' they tend; whilst pure description, that 'takes the place of sense,' can never permanently interest any large number of readers. So completely had some of the poems of Browne vanished from the public view and recollection, that, had it not been for a single copy of them possessed by the Rev. Thomas Warton, and which that poetical student and antiquary lent to be transcribed, it is supposed there would have remained little of those works which their author fondly hoped would

Keep his name enrolled past his that shines
In gilded marble, or in brazen leaves.

Warton cites the following lines of Browne, as containing an assemblage of the same images as the morning picture in the 'L'Allegro' of Milton:

By this had chanticler, the village cock,
Bidden the goodwife for her maids to knock;
And the swart ploughman for his breakfast stayed,
That he might till those lands were fallow laid;
The hills and valleys here and there resound
With the re-echoes of the deep-mouthed hound;
Each shepherd's daughter with her cleanly pail
Was come a-field to milk the morning's meal;
And ere the sun had climbed the eastern hills,
To glid the muttering bourns and pretty rills,
Before the labouring bee had left the hive,
And nimble fishes, which in rivers dive,
Began to leap and catch the drowned fly,
I rose from rest, not infelicity.

Browne celebrated the death of a friend under the name of Philarete in a pastoral poem; and Milton is supposed to have copied his plan.

in 'Lycidas.' There is also a faint similarity in some of the sentiments and images. Browne has a very fine illustration of a rose:

Look, as a sweet rose fairly budding forth
 Betrays her beauties to th' enamoured morn,
 Until some keen blast from the envious north
 Kills the sweet bud that was but newly born
 Or else her rarest smells, delighting,
 Make herself betray
 Some white and curious hand, inviting
 To pluck her thence away.

• *A Descriptive Sketch.*

O what a rapture have I gotten now!
 That age of gold, this of the lovely brow,
 Have drawn me from my song! I onward run—
 Clean from the end to which I first begun—
 But ye, the heavenly creatures of the West,
 In whom the virtues and the graces rest,
 Pardon! that I have run astray so long,
 And grow so tedious in so rude a song.
 If you yourselves should come to add one grace,
 Unto a pleasant grove or such-like place,
 Where, here, the curious cutting of a hedge,
 There in a pond, the trimming of the sedge;
 Here the fine setting of well-shaded trees,
 The walks there mounting up by small degrees,
 The gravel and the green so equal lie,
 It, with the rest, draws on your lingering eye:
 Here the sweet smells that do perfume the air
 Arising from the infinite repair
 Of odoriferous buds and herbs of price—
 As if it were another paradise—
 So please the smelling sense, that you are fain
 Where last you walked to turn and walk again.
 There the small birds with their harmonious notes
 Sing to a spring that smilleth as she floats:
 For in her face a many dimples shew,
 And often skips as it did dancing go:
 Here further down an overarched alley
 That from a hill goes winding in a valley,
 You spy at end thereof a standing lake,
 Where some ingenious artist strives to make
 The water—brought in turning pipes of lead
 Through birds of earth most lively fashioned—
 To counterfeit and mock the silvans all
 In singing well their own set madrigal.
 This with no small delight retains your ear,
 And makes you think none blest but who live there.
 Then in another place the fruits that be
 In gallant clusters decking each good tree
 Invite your hand to crop them from the stem,
 And liking one, taste every sort of them:
 Then to the arbours walk, then to the bowers,
 Thence to the walks again, thence to the flowers,
 Then to the birds, and to the clear spring thence,
 Now pleasing one, and then another sense:
 Here one walks off, and yet anew beginneth,
 As if it were some hidden labyrinth.

Evening.

As in an evening, when the gentle air
 Breathes to the sullen night a soft repair,
 I oft have sat on Thames' sweet bank, to hear
 My friend with his sweet touch to charm mine ear:
 When he hath played—as well he can—some strain,
 That likes me, straight I ask the same again,
 And he, as gladly granting, strikes it o'er
 With some sweet relish was forgot before:
 I would have been content if he would play,
 In that one strain, to pass the night away;
 But, fearing much to do his patience wrong,
 Unwillingly have asked some other song:
 So, in this differing key, though I could well
 A many hours, but a few minutes tell,
 Yet, lest mine own delight might injure you—
 Though loath so soon—I take my song anew.

Night.

The sable mantle of the silent night
 Shut from the world the ever-joyous light,
 Care fled away, and softest slumbers please
 To leave the court for lowly cottages.
 Wild beasts forsook their dens on woody hills,
 And sleightful otters left the parting rills;
 Birds to their nests in high woods now were sung,
 And with their spread wings shield their naked young.
 When thieves from thickets to the cross-ways stir,
 And terror frights the lonely passenger;
 When nought was heard but now and then the howl
 Of some vile cur, or whooping of the owl.

The Sirens' Song.—From 'The Inner Temple Masque.'

Steer hither, steer your winged pines,	For swelling waves, our panting breasts,
All beaten mariners;	Where never storms arise,
Here lie Love's undiscovered mines	Exchange; and be awhile our guests;
A prey to passengers;	For stars, gaze on our eyes.
Perfumes far sweeter than the best	The compass, Love shall hourly sing,
Which make the phoenix urn and nest;	And as he goes about the ring,
Fear not your ships,	We will not miss
Nor any to oppose you save our lips;	To tell each point he nameth with a kiss.
But come on shore,	
Where no joy dies till Love hath gotten	
more.	

So recently as 1852, a third part of 'Britannia's Pastorals' was first printed, from the original manuscript, preserved in the library of Salisbury Cathedral. Though imperfect, this continuation is in some passages fully equal to the earlier portions. The following (in the original spelling) is part of a description of Psyche:

Her cheekes the wonder of what eye beheld
 Begott betwixt a lilly and a rose,
 In gentle rising plains devinely swelled,
 Where all the graces and the loves repose.
 Nature in this peice all her works excelled,
 Yet shewd herselfe imperfect in the close,
 For she forgott (when she soe faire did rayse her)
 To give the world a witt night daly prayes her.

When that she spoake, as at a voice from heaven
 On her sweet words all eares and heartes attended ;
 When that she sung, they thought the planetts seaven
 By her sweet voice might well their tunes have mended ;
 When she did sighe, all were of joye bereaven ;
 And when she smild, heaven had them all befriended,
 If that her voice, sighes, smiles, soe many thrilled,
 O, had she kissed, how many had she killed !

Her slender fingers (neate and worthy made
 To be the servants to soe much perfection)
 Joyned to a palme whose touch woulde straight invade
 And bring a sturdy heart to lowe subjection.
 Her slender wrists two diamond braceletts lade,
 Made richer by soe sweet a soules election.
 O happy braceletts ! but more happy he
 To whom those armes shall as a bracelett be !

A complete edition of Browne's works was published in 1868 by
 W. C. Hazlitt.

SCOTTISH POETS.

ALEXANDER SCOTT.

While Sidney, Spenser, Marlowe, and other poets were illustrating the reign of Elizabeth; the muses were not wholly neglected in Scotland. There was, however, so little intercourse between the two nations, that the works of the English bards seem to have been comparatively unknown in the north, and to have had no Scottish imitators. The country was then in a rude and barbarous state, tyrannised over by the nobles, and torn by feuds and dissensions. In England, the Reformation had proceeded from the throne, and was accomplished with little violence or disorder. In Scotland, it uprooted the whole form of society, and was marked by fierce contentions and wild turbulence. The absorbing influence of this ecclesiastical struggle was unfavourable to the cultivation of poetry. It shed a gloomy spirit over the nation, and almost proscribed the study of romantic literature. The drama, which in England was the nurse of so many fine thoughts, so much stirring passion, and beautiful imagery, was shunned as a leprosy, fatal to religion and morality. The very songs in Scotland partook of this religious character; and so widely was the polemical spirit diffused, that ALEXANDER SCOTT, in his 'New-year Gift to the Queen,' in 1562, says :

That limmer lads and little lasses, lo,
 Will argue baith with bishop, priest, and friar.

Scott wrote several short satires, and some miscellaneous poems, the prevailing amatory character of which has caused him to be called the *Scottish Anacreon*, though there are many points wanting to complete his resemblance to the Teian bard. As specimens of his talents, the following two pieces are presented :

Rondel of Love.

Lo, what it is to luvē,
Learn ye that list to pruve,
By me, I say, that no ways may
The grund of greif remuve,
But still decay, both night and day;
Lo, what it is to luvē!

Luvē is ane fervent fire,
Kendillit without desire,
Short plesour, lang displeour;
Repentance is the hire;
Ane pure tressour, without meassour;
Luvē is ane fervent fire.

To luvē and to be wise,
To rege with gude advise;
Now thus, now than, so goes the game,
Incertain is the dice;
There is no man, I say, that can
Both luvē and to be wise.

Flee alwayis from the snare;
Learn at me to beware;
It is ane pain and dowble train
Of endless wo and care;
For to refrain that denger plain,
Flee always from the snare.

To his Heart.

Hence, heart, with her that must depart,
And hald thee with thy soverain,
For I had liefer want ane heart,
Nor have the heart that does me pain;
Therefore, go with thy luvē remain,
And let me live thus unmolest;
See that thou come not back again,
But bide with her thou luvē best.

Sen she that I have servit lang,
Is to depart so suddenly.
Address thee now, for thou sall gang
And beir thy lady company.
Fra she be gone, heartless am I;
For why? Thou art with her possess.
Therefore, my heart, go hence in hy,
And bide with her thou luvē best.

Though this belappit body here
Be bound to servitude and thrall,
My faithful heart is free inteir,
And mind to serve my lady at all.

Wald God that I were perigall (1)
Under that redolent rose to rest!
Yet at the least, my heart, thou sall
Abide with her thou luvē best.

Sen in your garth (2) the lily whyte
May not remain among the lave,
Adien the flower of hail deilyte;
Adien the succour that may me save;
Adien the fragrant balmie snail, (3)
And lamp of ladies lustiest!
My faithful heart she sall it have,
To bide with her it luvē best.

Deplore, ye ladies clear of hue,
Her absence, sen she must depart;
And specially ye lovers true,
That wounded be with luvē dart;
For ye sall want you of ane heart
As well as I, therefore, at last,
Do go with mine, with mind inward,
And bide with her thou luvē best.

SIR RICHARD MAITLAND.

SIR RICHARD MAITLAND of Lethington (1496-1586), father of the Secretary Lethington of Scottish history, relieved the duties of his situation, as a judge and statesman, in advanced life, by composing some moral and conversational pieces, and collecting, into the well-known manuscript which bears his name, the best productions of his contemporaries. These literary avocations were chiefly pursued in his elegant retirement at Lethington, East Lothian, where a daughter acted as amanuensis to the aged poet. His familiar style reminds us of that of Lyndsay.

Satire on the Town Ladies.

Some wiffs of the borrowstoun
Sae wonder vain are, and wantoun,
In warid they wait not (4) what to weir:

On clathis they ware (5) mony a crown;
And all for newfangelness of geir. (6)

1 Compent; had it in my power.
2 Spend.

3 Garden.
6 Attire.

5 Embrace.

4 Wot or know not.

And of fine silk their furrit clogkis,
With hingan sleeves, like gell pokis;
Nae preaching will gar them forbear
To weir all thing that sin provokis;
And all for newfangledness of geir.

Their wilcoats maun weel be hewit,
Broudred richt braid, with psaments sewit.
I trow wha wald the matter speir,
That their gudemen had cause to rue it,
That evir their wifs wore sic geir.

Their woven hose of silk are shawin,
Barrit aboon with talsels drawin;
With gartens of ane new maneir,
To gar their courtlines be knawin;
And all for newfangledness of geir.

Sometime they will beir up their gowd,
To shaw their wilcoat hingan down;
And sometime baith they will upbeir,
To shaw their hose of black or brown;
And all for newfangledness of geir.

Their collars, carcats, and haunce bel-
dle! (1)
With velvet hat heigh on their heidls,
Cordit with gold like ane yonkeir,
Braidit about with golden threidls;
And all for newfangledness of geir.

Their shoon of velvet, and their mid-
dles! (2)

In kirk they are not content of stailis,
The sermon when they sit to heir,
But carries cushoons like vain fells;
And all for newfangledness of geir.

And some will spend mair, I hear say,
In spice and drugs in ane day,
Nor wald their mothers in ane year;
Whilk will gar mony pack decay.
When they see vainly waste their geir.

Leave, burges men, or all be lost,
On your wifs to mak sic cost,
Whilk may gar all your bairns bleir. (3)
She that may not want wine and roast,
Is able for to waste some geir.

Between them and nobles of blinde,
Nae differance but ane velvet hinde!
Their camrock curchies are as deir,
Their other clathis are as gude,
And they as costly in other geir.

Of burges wifs though I speak plain,
Some landwart ladies are as vain,
As by their clathing may appear,
Wearing gayer nor them may gain,
On ower vain clathis wasting geir.

ALEXANDER MONTGOMERY.

ALEXANDER MONTGOMERY was known as a poet in 1568; but his principal work, 'The Cherry and the Slae,' was not published before 1597. 'The Cherry and the Slae' is an allegorical poem, representing virtue and vice. The allegory is poorly managed; but some of Montgomery's descriptions are lively and vigorous; and the style of verse adopted in this poem was afterwards copied by Burns. Diverged of some of the antique spelling, parts of the poem seem as modern, and as smoothly versified, as the Scottish poetry of a century and a half later.

The cushat crouds, the corbie cries,
The cuckoo conks, the prattling pyes
To geck there they begin;
The jayron of the jangling jays,
The cralking craws and keckling kayn,
They deave't me with their din.
The painted pawn with Argus eyes
Can on his May-cock call;
The turtle walls on withered trees,
And Echo answers all,

Repeating, with greeting,
How fair Narcissus fell,
By lying and spying
His shadow in the well.

I saw the hurcheon and the hare
In hidlings hirpling here and there,
To make their morning range.
The con, the cuning, and the cat,
Whose dainty downs with dew were wat,

1 Reads for the throat. 2 Slippers without quarters, then worn by persons of rank.
3 Cry till their eyes become red.

* Burns, in describing the opening scene of his *Foly Fair*, has:
The hares were hirpling down the fars.

With stiff mustachios strange.
 The hart, the hind, the doe, the roe,
 The founmart and false fox;
 The bearded buck clamb up the brae
 With blisy hairs and brocks;
 Some feeding, some dreading
 The hunters subtle snares,
 With skipping and tripping.
 They played them all in pairs.

The air was sober, saft, and sweet,
 Nae misty vapours, wind, nor weat,

But quiet, calm, and clear,
 To foster Flora's fragrant flowers,
 Whereon Apollo's paramours
 Had trinkled mony a tear;
 The which like silver shakers shined,
 Embroidering Beauty's bed,
 Wherewith their heavy heads declined
 In May's colours clad.
 Some knoping, some dropping
 Of balmy liquor sweet,
 Excelling and smelling
 Through Phoebus' wholesome heat,

ALEXANDER HUME.

ALEXANDER HUME, who died, minister of Logie, in 1609, published a volume of 'Hymns or Sacred Songs' in the year 1599. He was of the Humes of Polwarth, and, previous to turning clergyman, had studied the law, and frequented the court; but in his latter years, he was a stern and even gloomy Puritan. The most finished of his productions is a description of a summer's day, which he calls the 'Day Estival.' The various objects of external nature, characteristic of a Scottish landscape, are painted with truth and clearness, and a calm devotional feeling is spread over the poem. It opens as follows:

O perfect light, which shed away
 The darkness from the light,
 And set a ruler o'er the day,
 Another o'er the night;

Thy glory, when the day forth flies,
 More vively does appear,
 Nor at mid-day unto our eyes
 The shining sun is clear.

The shadow of the earth anon
 Removes and drawis by,
 Syne in the east, when it is gone,
 Appears a clearer sky.

Whilk soon perceive the little larks,
 The lapwing and the snipe;
 And tune their song like Nature's clerks,
 O'er meadow, mulr, and stripe.

The summer day of the poet is one of unclouded splendour:

The time so tranquil is and clear,
 That nowhere shall ye find,
 Save on a high and barren hill,
 An air of passing wind.

All trees and simples, great and small,
 That balmy leaf do bear;

Than they were painted on a wall,
 No more they move or stir.

The rivers fresh, the caller streams
 O'er rocks can swiftly rin,
 The water clear like crystal beams,
 And makes a pleasant din.

The condition of the Scottish labourer would seem to have been then more comfortable than at present, and the climate of the country warmer, for Hume describes those working in the fields as stopping at mid-day, 'noon meat and sleep to take,' and refreshing themselves with 'caller wine' in a cave, and 'sallads steeped in oil.' As the poet lived four years in France previous to his settling in Scotland, in mature life, we suspect he must have been drawing on his continental recollections for some of the features in this picture. At length 'the gloaming comes, the day is spent,' and the poet concludes in a strain of pious gratitude and delight:

F. L. v. 1—9

What pleasure, then, to walk and see
End-lang a river clear,
The perfect form of every tree
Within the deep appear.

The salmon out of cruives and creels,
Upbaild into scouts,
The bells and circles on the wells
Through leaping of the trout.

O sure it were a seemly thing,
While all is still and calm,

The praise of God to play and sing,
With trumpet and with shalm.

Through all the land great is the gild
Of rustic folks that cry;
Of bleating a sheep fra they be killed
Of calves and rowting kye.

All labourers draw hame at even,
And can to others say,
Thanks to the gracious God of heaven,
Whilk sent this summer day.

KING JAMES VI.

In 1585, the Scottish sovereign, KING JAMES VI. ventured into the magic circle of poesy himself, and published a volume, entitled 'Essayes of a Prentice in the Divine Art of Poesie.' Also, 'Ane Short Treatise containing some Rewlis and Cautelis to be Observit and Eschewit in Scottis Poesie.' Kings are generally, as Milton has remarked, though strong in legions, but weak at arguments, and the 'rules and cautelis' of the royal author are puerile and ridiculous. His majesty's verses, considering that he was only in his nineteenth year, are more creditable to him, and we shall quote one, in the original spelling, from the volume alluded to:

Ane Schort Poems on Tyme.

As I was pausing in a morning aire,
And could not sleip nor nawyis take me rest,
Furth for to walk, the morning was so faire,
Athort the fields, it seemed to me the best,
The East was cleare, whereby belyve I goot
That fyrie Titan cumming was in sight,
Obecuring chaste Diana by his light.

Who by his rising in the azure skyes,
Did dewlie helpe all thame on earth to dwell,
The balmie dew through birning drouth be dryis,
Which made the soile to savour sweet and smelt,
By dew that on the night before downe fell,
Which then was soukit up by the Delphicnes belt
Up in the aire: it was so light and weil.

Whose hie ascending in his purpoure chere
Provokit all from Morpheus to flee;
As beasts to feld, and birds to sing with beir,
Men to their labour, blisse as the bee;
Yet idle men devyysing did I see
How for to drive the tyme that did them irk,
By sindrie pastymes, quhile that it grew mirk.

Then woundred I to see them seik a wyle
So willingly the precious tyme to tine:
And how they did themselis so farr begyle,
To fushe of tyme, which of itself is tyme.
Fra tyme be past to call it backward syne
Is bot in vaine: therefore men could be warr,
To sleuth the tyme that flees fra them so farr,

For what hath man bot tyme into this lyfe,
Which gives him dayis his God aright to know?
Wherefore then sould we be at sic a stryfe,
So spedelle our selfis for to withdraw
Evin from the tyme, which is on nowayes slaw
To fle from us, suppose we fled it nocht?
More wyse we were, if we the tyme had socht.

But sen that tyme is sic a precious thing,
I wald we sould bestow it into that
Which were most pleasour to our heavenly King.
Flee ydiltith, which is the greatest lat;
Bot, sen that death to all is destinat,
Let us employ that tyme that God hath send us,
In doing weill, that good men may commend us.

EARL OF ANCRUM—EARL OF STIRLING.

Two Scottish noblemen of the court of James were devoted to letters—namely, the EARL OF ANCRUM (1678–1654) and the EARL OF STIRLING (1580–1610). The first was a younger son of Sir Andrew Ker of Ferniehurst, and he enjoyed the favour of both James and Charles I. The following sonnet by the earl was addressed to Drummond the poet in 1624. It shews how much the union of the crowns under James had led to the cultivation of the English style and language:

Sonnet in Praise of a Solitary Life.

Sweet solitary life! lovely, dumb joy,
That need'at no warungs how to grow more wise,
By other men's mishape, nor the annoy
Which from sore wrongs done to one's self doth rise.
The morning's second mansion, truth's first friend,
Never acquainted with the world's vain broils,
When the whole day to our own use we spend,
And our dear time no fierce ambition spoils.
Most happy state, that never tak'et revenge
For injuries received, nor dost fear
The court's great earthquake, the griev'd truth of change,
Nor none of falsehood's savoury lies dost hear;
Nor knows hope's sweet disease that charms our sense,
Nor its sad cure—dear-bought experience!

The Earl of Stirling—William Alexander of Menstrie, created a peer by Charles I.—was a more prolific poet. In 1637, he published a complete edition of his works, in one volume folio, with the title of 'Recreations with the Muses,' consisting of tragedies, a heroic poem, a poem addressed to Prince Henry (the favourite son of King James), another heroic poem, entitled 'Jonathan,' and a sacred poem, in twelve parts, on the 'Day of Judgment.' One of the Earl of Stirling's tragedies is on the subject of Julius Caesar. It was first published in 1606, and contains several passages resembling part of Shakspeare's tragedy of the same name, but it has not been ascertained which was first published. The genius of Shakspeare did not disdain to gather hints and expressions from obscure authors, the lesser lights

of the age; and a famous passage in the 'Tempest' is supposed—though somewhat hypercritically—to be also derived from the Earl of Stirling. In the play of 'Darius,' there occurs the following reflection:

Let Greatness of her glassy sceptres vaunt,
Not sceptres, no, but reeds, soon bruised, soon broken :
And let this wordly pomp our wits enchant,
All fades, and scarcely leaves behind a token.

The lines of Shakspeare will instantly be recalled :

And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,
Leave not a rack behind !

None of the productions of the Earl of Stirling touch the heart or entrance the imagination. He has not the humble but genuine inspiration of Alexander Hume. Yet we must allow him to have been a calm and elegant poet, with considerable fancy, and an ear for metrical harmony. The following is one of his best sonnets :

I swear, Aurora, by thy starry eyes
And, by those golden locks, whose lock none slips,
And by the coral of thy rosy lips,
And by the naked snows which beauty dyes ;
I swear by all the jewels of thy mind,
Whose like yet never worldly treasure bought,
Thy solid judgment, and thy generous thought,
Which in this darkened age have clearly shined ;
I swear by those, and by my spotless love,
And by my secret, yet most fervent fires,
That I have never nursed but chaste desires,
And such as modesty might well approve.
Then, since I love those virtuous parts in thee,
Shouldst thou not love this virtuous mind in me ?

The lady whom the poet celebrated under the name of Aurora, did not accept his hand, but he was married to a daughter of Sir William Erskine. The earl concocted an enlightened scheme for colonising Nova Scotia, which was patronized by the king, yet was abandoned from the difficulties attending its accomplishment. Stirling held the office of secretary of state for Scotland for fifteen years, from 1626 to 1641—a period of great difficulty and delicacy, when Charles attempted to establish Episcopacy in the north. He realised an amount of wealth unusual for a poet, and employed part of it in building a handsome mansion in Stirling, which still remains, the memorial of a fortune so different from that of the ordinary children of the muse.

An excellent edition of the works of the Earl of Stirling has been published by Maurice, Ogle, and Co. Glasgow, 1871.

WILLIAM DRUMMOND.

A greater poet flourished in Scotland at the same time with Stirling—namely, WILLIAM DRUMMOND of Hawthornden (1583-1619). Familiar with classic and English poetry, and imbued with true lite-

rary taste and feeling, Drummond soared above a mere local or provincial fame, and was associated in friendship and genius with his great English contemporaries. His father, Sir John Drummond, was gentleman-usher to King James; and the poet seems to have inherited his reverence for royalty. No author of any note, excepting, perhaps, Dryden, has been so lavish of adulation as Drummond. Having studied civil law for four years in France, the poet succeeded, in 1610, to an independent estate, and took up his residence at Hawthornden. If beautiful and romantic scenery could create or nurse the genius of a poet, Drummond was peculiarly blessed with means of inspiration. In all Scotland, there is no spot more finely varied—more rich, graceful, or luxuriant—than the cliffs, caves, and wooded banks of the river Esk, and the classic shades of Hawthornden. In the immediate neighbourhood is Roslin Chapel, one of the most interesting of ruins; and the whole course of the stream and the narrow glen is like the groundwork of some fairy dream. The first publication of Drummond was in 1613, 'Tears on the Death of Mæliades,' or Henry, Prince of Wales. In 1616 appeared a volume of 'Poems,' of various kinds, but chiefly of love and sorrow. The death of a lady to whom he was betrothed affected him deeply, and he sought relief in change of scene and the excitement of foreign travel. On his return, after an absence of some years, he happened to meet a young lady named Logan, who bore so strong a resemblance to the former object of his affections, that he solicited and obtained her hand in marriage. Drummond's feelings were so intense on the side of the royalists, that the execution of Charles is said to have hastened his death, which took place at the close of the same year, December, 1649. Drummond was intimate with Ben Jonson and Drayton; and his acquaintance with the former has been rendered memorable by a visit paid to him at Hawthornden, by Jonson, in the autumn or winter of 1618. On the 25th of September of that year, the magistrates of Edinburgh conferred the freedom of the city on Jonson, and on the 26th of October following he was entertained by the civic authorities to a banquet, which, as appears from the treasurer's accounts, cost £321, 6s. 4d. Scots money. During Jonson's stay at Hawthornden, the Scottish poet kept notes of the opinions expressed by the great dramatist, and chronicled some of his personal failings. For this his memory has been keenly attacked and traduced. It should be remembered that his notes were private memoranda, never published by himself; and, while their truth has been partly confirmed from other sources, there seems no malignity or meanness in recording faithfully his impressions of one of his most distinguished contemporaries. In 1617 was published Drummond's finest poem, 'Forth Feasting, a Panegyric to the King's Most Excellent Majesty,' congratulating James on his revisiting his native country of Scotland. The poetry of Drummond has singular sweetness and harmony of versification. He was of the school of Spenser, but less *ethereal* in

thought and imagination. He excelled in the heroic couplet, afterwards the most popular of English measures. His sonnets are of a still higher cast, have fewer conceits, and more natural feeling, elevation of sentiment, and grace of expression. Drummond wrote a number of madrigals, epigrams, and other short pieces, some of which are coarse and licentious. The general purity of his language, the harmony of his verse, and the play of fancy, in all his principal productions, are his distinguishing characteristics. With more energy and force of mind, he would have been a greater favourite with Ben Jonson—and with posterity. Drummond wrote several pieces in prose, the chief of which are 'The History of the Five Jameses,' and 'A Cypress Grove'—the latter not unlike the works of Jeremy Taylor in style and imagery.

The River of Forth Feasting.

What blustering noise now interrupts my sleeps?
 What echoing shouts thus cleave my crystal deeps,
 And seem to call me from my watery court?
 What melody, what sounds of joy and sport,
 Are conveyed hither from each night-born spring?
 With what loud murmurs do the mountains ring,
 Which in unusual pomp on tiptoes stand,
 And, full of wonder, overlook the land?
 Whence come these glittering throngs, these meteors bright,
 This golden people glancing in my sight?
 Whence doth this praise, applause, and love arise?
 What loadstar draweth us all eyes?
 Am I awake, or have some dreams conspired
 To mock my sense with what I most desired?
 View I that living face, see I those looks,
 Which with delight were wont t' amaze my brooks?
 Do I behold that worth, that man divine,
 This age's glory, by these banks of mine?
 Then and I true what I long wished in vain;
 My much-beloved prince is come again.
 So unto them whose zenith is the pole,
 When six black months are past, the sun does roll:
 So aft' a tempest to sea-tossed wights,
 Fair Helen's brothers shew their clearing lights:
 So comes Arabia's wonder from her woods,
 And far, far off is seen by Memphis' floods;
 The feathered sylvas, cloud-like, by her fly,
 And with triumphing plaudits beat the sky;
 Nile marvels, Scap's priests entranced rave,
 And in Mygdonian stone her shape engrave;
 In lasting cedars they do mark the time
 In which Apollo's bird came to their clime.
 Let mother-earth now deck'd with flowers be seen,
 And sweet-breathed zephyrs curl the meadows green:
 Let heaven weep rubies in a crimson shower,
 Such as on India's shores they used to pour;
 Or with that golden storm the fields adorn
 Which Jove rained when his blue-eyed maid was born.
 May never hours the web of day outweave;
 May never Night rise from her sable cave!
 Swell proud, my billows; faint not to declare

Your joys as ample as their causes are :
 For murmurs hoarse, sound like Arion's harp,
 Now delicately flat, now sweetly sharp ;
 And you, my nymphs, rise from your moist repair,
 Strew all your springs and grots with lilies fair.
 Some swiftest-footed, get them hence, and pray
 Our floods and lakes may keep this holiday ;
 Whate'er beneath Albania's hills do run,
 Which see the rising or the setting sun,
 Which drink stern Granpus' mistis, or Ochil's snows :
 Stone-rolling Tay ; Tyne, tortoise-like that flows ;
 The pearly Don, the Dces, the fertile Spey ;
 Wild Severn, which doth see our longest day ;
 Ness, smoking sulphur ; Leve, with mountains crowned ;
 Strange Lomond, for his floating isles renowned ;
 The Irish Rian, Ken, the silver Ayr,
 The snaky Doon, the Orr with rushy hair,
 The crystal-streaming Nith, loud-bellowing Clyde ;
 Tweed, which no more our kingdoms shall divide ;
 Rank-swelling Annan, l'd with curled streams,
 The Esk, the Solway, where they lose their names ;
 To every one proclaim our joys and feasts,
 Our triumphs ; bid all come and be our guests ;
 And as they meet in Neptune's azure hall,
 Bid them bid sea-gods keep this festival ;
 This day shall by our currents be renowned ;
 Our hills about shall still this day resound :
 Nay, that our love more to this day appear,
 Let us with it henceforth begin our year.
 To virgins, flowers ; to sun-burnt earth, the rain ;
 To mariners, fair winds amidst the main ;
 Cool shades to pilgrims, which hot glances burn,
 Are not so pleasing as thy blest return,
 That day, dear Prince.

Epitaph on Prince Henry.

Stay, passenger ; see where inclosed lies
 The paragon of Princes, fairest fraine
 Time, nature, place, could shew to mortal eyes,
 In worth, wit, virtue, miracle of fame :
 At least that part the earth of him could claim
 This marble holds—hard like the Destinies—
 For as to his brave spirit, and glorious name,
 The one the world, the other fills the skies.
 Th' immortal amaranthus, princely rose ;
 Sad violet, and that sweet flower that bears
 In sanguine spots the tenor of our woes,
 Spread on this stone, and wash it with your tears ;
 Then go and tell from Gades unto Inde
 You saw where Earth's perfections were confined.

To his Lute.

My lute, be as thou wert when thou didst grow,
 With thy green mother in some shady grove,
 When immelodious winds but made thee move,
 And birds their ramage (1) did on thee bestow.

* Milton has copied this image in his *Lycidas* :

Inwrought with figures dim, and on the edge
 Like to that sanguine flower, inscribed with woe.

1 Warbling (from *ramage*, French).

Since that dear voice which did thy sounds approve,
Which went in such harmonious strains to flow,
Is rapt from earth to tune those spheres above,
What art thou but a harbinger of woe ?
Thy pleasing no...s be pleasing notes no more,
But orphan wailings to the fainting ear,
Each stroke a sigh, each sound draws forth a tear ;
For which be silent as in woods before :
Or if that any hand to touch thee deign,
Like widowed turtle still her loss complain.

The Praise of a Solitary Life.

Thrice happy he who, by some shady grove,
Far from the clamorous world, doth live his own.
Thou solitary, who is not alone,
But doth converse with that eternal love.
O how more sweet is bird's harmonious moan,
Or the hoarse sobbings of the widowed dove,
Than those smooth whisperings near a prince's throne,
Which good make doubtful, do the evil approve !
O how more sweet is Zephyr's wholesome breath,
And sighs embalmed which new-born flowers unfold,
Than that applause vain honour doth bequeath !
How sweet are streams to poison drank in gold !
The world is full of horrors, troubles, slights :
Woods' harmless shades have only true delights.

To a Nightingale.

Sweet bird ! that sing'st away the early hours
Of winters past, or coming, void of care.
Well pleased with delights which present are,
Fair seasons, budding sprays, sweet-smelling flowers,
To rocks, to springs, to rills from leafy bowers,
Thou thy Creator's goodness dost declare,
And what dear gifts on thee he did not spare,
A stain to human sense in sin that lowers.
What soul can be so sick which by thy songs—
Attired in sweetness—sweetly is not driven
Quite to forget earth's turmoils, spite, and wrongs,
And lift a reverend eye and thought to heaven ?
Sweet artless songster ! thou my mind dost raise
To airs of spheres—yes, and to angels' lays.

Sonnets.

In Mind's pure glass when I myself behold,
And lively see how my best days are spent,
What clouds of care above my head are rolled,
What coming ill, which I cannot prevent :
My course begun, I, wearied, do repent,
And would embrace what reason oft hath told ;
But scarce thus think I, when love hath controlled
All the best reasons reason could invent.
Though sure I know my labour's end is grief,
The more I strive, that I the more shall pine,
That only death shall be my last relief :
Yet when I think upon that face divine,
Like one with arrow shot, in laughter's place,
Maugre my heart, I joy in my disgrace.
I know that all beneath the moon decays,

And what by mortals in this world is brought
 In Time's great periods, shall return to nought;
 The fairest states have fatal nights and days.
 I know that all the Muses' heavenly lays
 With toll of sprite which are so dearly bought,
 As idle sounds, of few or none are sought,
 That there is nothing lighter than vain praise.
 I know frail beauty's like the purple flower,
 To which one morn oft birth and death affords,
 That love a jarring is of mind's accords,
 Where sense and will bring under reason's power:
 Know what I list, all this cannot me move,
 But that, alas! I both must write and love.

SIR ROBERT AYTON.

SIR ROBERT AYTON, a Scottish courtier and poet (1570-1638), enjoyed, like Drummond, the advantages of foreign travel and acquaintance with English poets. The few pieces of his composition are in pure English, and evince a smoothness and delicacy of fancy that have rarely been surpassed. The poet was a native of Fifeshire, son of Ayton of Kinaldie. James I. appointed him one of the gentlemen of the bed-chamber, and private secretary to his queen, besides conferring upon him the honour of knighthood. Ben Jonson seemed proud of his friendship, for he told Drummond that Sir Robert loved him (Jonson) dearly.

On Woman's Inconstancy.

I loved thee once, I'll love no more;
 Thine be the grief as is the blame;
 Thou art not what thou wast before,
 What reason I should be the same?
 He that can love unloved again,
 Hath better store of love than brain:
 God send me love my debts to pay,
 While unthrifts fool their love away.

Nothing could have my love o'erthrown,
 If thou hadst still continued mine;
 Yes, if thou hadst remained thy own.
 I might perchance have yet been thine.
 But thou thy freedom did recall,
 That it thou mightst elsewhere en-
 thrall;
 And then how could I but disdain
 A captive's captive to remain?

When new desires had conquered thee,
 And changed the object of thy will,
 It had been lethargy in me,
 Not constancy, to love thee still.
 Yes, it had been a sin to go
 And prostitute affection so,
 Since we are taught no prayers to say
 To such as must to others pray.

Yet do thou glory in thy choice,
 Thy choice of his good-fortune boast;
 I'll neither grieve nor yet rejoice,
 To see him gain what I have lost;
 The height of my disdain shall be,
 To laugh at him, to blush for thee;
 To love thee still, but go no more
 A beggar at a beggar's door.

The Forsaken Mistress.

I do confess thou'rt smooth and fair,
 And I might have gone near to love thee;
 Had I not found the slightest prayer
 That lips could speak had power to move thee;
 But I can let thee now alone,
 As worthy to be loved by none.

I do confess thou'rt sweet, yet find
 Thee such an unthrift of thy sweets,
 Thy favours are but like the wind,

Which kisses everything it meets,
And since thou canst love more than one,
Thou'rt worthy to be loved by none.

The morning rose, that untouched stands,
Armed with her briars, how sweet she smells !
But plucked and strained through ruder hands,
Her sweet no longer with her dwells ;
But scent and beauty both are gone,
And leaves fall from her, one by one.

Such fate, ere long, will thee betide,
When thou hast handled been a while,
Like fair flowers to be thrown aside ;
And thou shalt sigh, when I shall smile,
To see thy love to every one
Hath brought thee to be loved by none.*

GEORGE BUCHANAN—DR. ARTHUR JOHNSTON.

Two Scottish authors of this period distinguished themselves by their critical excellence and poetical fancy in the Latin language. By early and intense study, they acquired all the freedom and fluency of natives in this learned tongue, and have become known to posterity as the Scottish Virgil and the Scottish Ovid. We allude to GEORGE BUCHANAN (1506-1582) and DR. ARTHUR JOHNSTON (1587-1641). The former is noticed among our prose authors. His great work is his paraphrase of the Psalms, part of which was composed in a monastery in Portugal, to which he had been confined by the Inquisition, about the year 1550. He afterwards pursued the sacred strain in France; and his task was finished in Scotland, when Mary had assumed the duties of sovereignty. Buchanan superintended the studies of that unfortunate princess, and dedicated to her one of the most finished and beautiful of his productions, the 'Epithalamium,' composed on her first nuptials. The character and works of Buchanan, who was equally distinguished as a jurist, a poet, and a historian, exhibit a rare union of philosophical dignity and research with the finer sensibilities and imagination of the poet.—Arthur Johnston was born at Caskieben, near Aberdeen. He studied medicine at Padua, and resided for about twenty years in France. On his return to Britain, he obtained the patronage of Archbishop Laud, and was appointed physician to Charles I. He died at Oxford in 1641. Johnston wrote a number of Latin elegies and epigrams, a paraphrase of the Song of Solomon, a collection of short poems (published in 1637) entitled 'Musæ Aulicæ,' and (his greatest work, as it was that of

* It is not certain that this beautiful song—which Burns destroyed by rendering into Scotch—was actually the composition of Ayton. It is printed anonymously in Playford's *Ayres and Dialogues*, 1699. It is a suspicious circumstance, that in Watson's *Collection of Scottish Poems* (1766-11), where several poems by Sir Robert are printed, with his name, in a cluster, this is inserted at a different part of the work, without his name. But the internal evidence is strongly in favour of Sir Robert Ayton. Aubrey, in praising Ayton, says: 'Mr. John Dryden has seen verses of his, some of the best of that age, printed with some other verses.' The poems of Ayton, with a memoir, were published by Dr. Charles Rogers in 1871.

Buchanan) a complete version of the Psalms. He also edited and contributed largely to the '*Deliciae Poetarum Scotorum*,' a collection of congratulatory poems by various authors, which reflected great honour on the taste and scholarship of the Scottish nation. Critics have been divided as to the relative merits of Buchanan and Johnston. The following is the testimony of Mr. Hallam: 'The Scots certainly wrote Latin with a good ear and considerable elegance of phrase. A sort of critical controversy was carried on in the last century as to the versions of the Psalms by Buchanan and Johnston. Though the national honour may seem equally secure by the superiority of either, it has, I believe, been usual in Scotland to maintain the older poet against all the world. I am, nevertheless, inclined to think that Johnston's Psalms, all of which are in elegiac metre, do not fall short of those of Buchanan, either in elegance of style or correctness of Latinity. In the 137th, with which Buchanan has taken much pains, he may be allowed the preference, but not at a great interval, and he has attained this superiority by too much diffuseness.'

DRAMATISTS.

Notwithstanding the greatness of the name of Spenser, it is not in general veneration that the poetical strength of the age is chiefly manifested. Towards the latter part of the reign of Elizabeth, the dramatic form of composition and representation, coinciding with that love of splendour, chivalrous feeling and romantic adventure which animated the court, attracted nearly all the poetical genius of England.

It would appear that, at the dawn of modern civilisation, most countries of Christian Europe possessed a rude kind of theatrical entertainment, consisting, not in those exhibitions of natural character and incident which constituted the plays of ancient Greece and Rome, but in representations of the principal supernatural events of the Old and New Testament, and of the history of the saints, whence they were denominated 'Miracles,' or 'Miracle Plays.' Originally, they appear to have been acted by, and under the immediate management of, the clergy. A miracle play, upon the story of St. Katherine, and in the French language, was acted at Dunstable in 1119, and such entertainments may have previously existed in England. From the year 1268 to 1577, they were performed almost every year in Chester; and there were few large cities which were not then regaled in a similar manner; even in Scotland they were not unknown. The most sacred persons, not excluding the Deity, were introduced into these rude dramas.

About the reign of Henry VI. persons representing sentiments and abstract ideas, such as Mercy, Justice, Truth, began to be introduced

into the miracle plays, and led to the composition of an improved kind of drama, entirely or chiefly composed of such characters, and termed 'Moral Plays.' These were certainly a great advance upon the miracles, as they all endeavoured to convey sound moral lessons, and at the same time gave occasion to some poetical and dramatic ingenuity, in delineating the characters, and assigning appropriate speeches to each. The character of Satan was still retained; and being represented in grotesque habiliments, and perpetually beaten by an attendant character, called the *Vice*, served to enliven what must have been at the best a sober, though well-meant entertainment. The 'Cradle of Security,' 'Hit the Nail on the Head,' 'Impatient Poverty,' and the 'Marriage of Wisdom and Wit,' are the names of moral plays which enjoyed popularity in the reign of Henry VIII. It was about this time that acting first became a distinct profession; both miracles and moral plays had previously been represented by clergymen, school-boys, or the members of trading incorporations, and were only brought forward occasionally, as part of some public or private festivity.

As the introduction of allegorical representations had been an improvement upon those plays which consisted of scriptural characters only, so was the introduction of historical personages an improvement upon those which employed only a set of impersonated ideas. It was soon found that a real human being, with a human name, was better calculated to awaken the sympathies, and keep alive the attention of an audience, and not less to impress them with moral truths, than a being that only represented an idea of the mind. The substitution of these for the symbolical characters gradually took place during the earlier part of the sixteenth century; and thus, with some aid from Greek dramatic literature, which now began to be studied, and from the improved theatres of Italy and Spain, the genuine English drama took its rise.

HEYWOOD AND BALE.

As specimens of something between the moral plays and the modern drama, the 'Interludes' of JOHN HEYWOOD may be mentioned. Heywood was supported at the court of Henry VIII. partly as a musician, partly as court jester, and partly as a writer of plays. His dramatic compositions, some of which were produced before 1531, generally represented ludicrous familiar incidents in a style of the broadest and coarsest farce, yet with no small degree of skill and talent. One, called the 'Four P.'s, turns upon a dispute between a Palmer, a Pardoner, a Poticary, and a Pedler—who are the only characters—as to which shall tell the grossest falsehood: an accidental assertion of the Palmer, that he never saw a woman out of patience in his life, takes the rest off their guard, all of whom declare it to be the greatest lie they ever heard, and the settlement of the question is thus brought about amidst much mirth. Three of Heywood's interludes

are dated 1533—namely: the ‘Play of Love;’ ‘Johan the Husband, Tyb the Wife, and St. Johan the Prester;’ and ‘The Pardoner and the Frere.’ Another is entitled ‘Of Gentylnes and Nobyltye,’ 1535. The dramatist was author of an allegorical poem, ‘The Spider and the Fly,’ 1536—the spider representing the Protestants, and the fly the Catholics. A ‘Dialogue on English Proverbs,’ 1546, and a ‘Dialogue of Wit and Folly’ (first printed by the Percy Society in 1846), with ballads and other pieces in verse; pamphlets containing 600 ‘Epigrams,’ &c., proceeded from the pen of Heywood. After the death of Queen Mary in 1558, he retired to Mechlin in Brabant (being a zealous Roman Catholic, and fearing persecution) and there he died in 1565.

Another writer of dramatic productions was BISHOP BALE (1495–1563), who was among the first to present a species of mixed drama in which historical characters and incidents were introduced. All Bale’s plays were designed to promote the cause of the Reformation; four of them are extant, and one, ‘Kynge Johan,’ was published in 1838 from the manuscript in the library of the Duke of Devonshire. This ancient drama was probably first performed in the time of Edward VI.; and it embodies a portion of our national annals in the reign of King John, with the abstract impersonations common to the miracle and moral plays. Incidents from classic history—as ‘Appius and Virginia’—were also, at an earlier period, introduced on the stage.

The regular drama, from its very commencement, was divided into comedy and tragedy, the elements of both being found quite distinct in the rude entertainments above described, not to speak of the precedents afforded by Greece and Rome.

UDALL AND STILL.

Of comedy, which was an improvement upon the interludes, and may be more remotely traced in the ludicrous parts of the moral plays, the earliest specimen that has yet been found bears the title of ‘Roister Doister,’ and was the production of NICOLAS UDALL, born in Hampshire about 1504, and successively master of Eton College, rector of Braintree, prebend of Windsor, rector of Calborne, and master of Westminster School. He died in December 1556. His comedy was written before the close of the reign of Edward VI. in 1553. The scene is in London, and the characters, thirteen in number, exhibit the manners of the middle orders of the people of that day. It is divided into five acts, and the plot is amusing and well constructed. Mr. J. Payne Collier, who has devoted years of anxious study to the history and illustration of dramatic literature, has discovered four acts of a comedy, which he assigns to the year 1560. This play is entitled ‘Mesogonus,’ and bears to be written by ‘Thomas Rychardea.’ The scene is laid in Italy, but the manners are English, and the character of the domestic fool, so important in the old com-

edy, is fully delineated.—The next in point of time is 'Gammer Gurton's Needle,' supposed to have been written about 1565, or still earlier, by JOHN STILL, a native of Grantham, Lincolnshire, born in 1543, and who was successively master of St. John's and Trinity Colleges, Cambridge, vice-chancellor of the university there, and bishop of Bath and Wells. He died in 1607. His play is a piece of low rustic humour, the whole turning upon the loss and recovery of the needle with which Gammer Gurton was mending the breeches of her man Hodge. But it is cleverly hit off, and contains a few well-sketched characters.

The language of 'Roister Doister' and of 'Gammer Gurton's Needle' is in long and irregularly measured rhyme, of which a specimen may be given from a speech of Dame Custance in the former play, respecting the difficulty of preserving a good reputation :

Lord, how necessary it is now of days
That each body live uprightly all manner ways,
For let never so little a gap be open,
And be surc of this, the worst shall be spoken.
How innocent stand I in this for deed or thought,
And yet see what mistrust towards me it hath wrought,
But thou, Lord, knowest all folke's thoughts and eke intents,
And thou art the deliverer of all innocents.

The comedy of 'Gammer Gurton's Needle' is much inferior to 'Roister Doister' both in plot and dialogue, but contains a drinking song that is worth both dramas :

Jolly Good Ale and Old.

I cannot eat but little meat,
My stomach is not good ;
But sure I think that I can drink
With him that wears a hood.
Though I go bare, take ye no care,
I nothing am a-cold ;
I stuff my skin so full within
Of jolly good ale and old.
Back and side go bare, go bare ;
Both foot and hand go cold ;
But, belly, God send thee good ale
enough,
Whether it be new or old.

I love no roast but a nut-brown toast,
And a crab laid in the fire ;
And little bread shall do me stead ;
Much bread I nought desire.
No frost, no snow, no wind, I trow,
Can hurt me if I wold,
I am so wrapped, and thoroughly lapped,
Of jolly good ale and old.
Back and side, &c.

And Tib, my wife, that as her life
Loveth well good ale to seek,
Full oft drinks she, till ye may see
The tears run down her cheek ;
Then doth she troul to me the bowl,
Even as a maltworm should,
And saith, ' Sweetheart, I took my part
Of this jolly good ale and old.'
Back and side, &c.

Now let them drink till they nod and
wink,
Even as good fellows should do ;
They shall not miss to have the bliss
Good ale doth bring men to.
And all poor souls that have scoured
bowls,
Or have them lustily trouled,
God save the lives of them and their
wives,
Whether they be young or old,
Back and side, &c.

NORTON—EDWARDS—WHETSTONE.

Tragedy, of later origin than comedy, came directly from the more elevated portions of the moral plays, and from the pure models of Greece and Rome. The earliest known specimen of English tragedy is entitled 'Gorboduc, or Ferrex and Porrex,' performed before Queen Elizabeth at Whitehall, by members of the Inner Temple, on the 18th January 1561-2. It seems to be settled by Mr. Collier that the first three acts of this tragedy were written by THOMAS NORTON, and the last two by SACKVILLE, LORD BUCKHURST, of whose poetical work, the 'Induction,' we have already spoken. Norton was a barrister, and associated with Sternhold and Hopkins in the translation of the Psalms. The tragedy of 'Gorboduc' is founded on a fabulous incident in early British history, and is full of slaughter and civil broils. It is written, however, in regular blank verse, consists of five acts, and observes some of the more useful rules of the classic drama of antiquity, to which it bears resemblance in the introduction of a chorus—that is, a person or persons whose business it was to intersperse the play with moral observations and inferences, referring to the action of the drama, and generally expressed in lyrical stanzas. It may occasion some surprise that the first English tragedy should contain lines like the following:

ACASTUS. Your grace should now, in these grave years of yours,
Have found ere this the price of mortal joys;
How short they be, how fading here in earth:
How full of change, how little our estate,
Of nothing sure save only of the death,
To whom both man and all the world doth owe
Their end at last: neither should nature's power
In other sort against your heart prevail,
Than as the naked hand whose stroke assays
The armed breast where force doth light in vain.

GORBODUC. Many can yield right sage and grave advice
Of patient sprite to others wrapped in woe,
And can in speech both rule and conquer kind,
Who, if by proof they might feel nature's force,
Would shew themselves men as they are indeed,
Which now will needs be gods.

Or this passage on the ravages of civil war:

And thou, O Britain, whilom in renown,
Whilom in wealth and fame, shall thus be torn,
Dismembered thus, and thus be rent in twain,
Thus wasted and defaced, spoiled and destroyed:
These be the fruits your civil wars will bring!
Hereto it comes when kings will not consent
To grave advice, but follow wilful will.
This is the end when in fond princes' hearts
Flattery prevails and sage rede [counsel] hath no place.
These are the plagues when murder is the mean
To make new heirs unto the royal crown.
Thus wreak the gods, when that the mother's wrath
Nought but the blood of her own child may 'suage.
These mischiefs spring when rebels will arise

To work revenge and judge their prince's fact.
 This, this ensues when noble men do fall
 In loyal truth, and subjects will be kings.
 And this doth grow when, lo! unto the prince
 Whom death or sudden hap of life bereaves,
 No certain heir remains.

In this style the tragedy is constructed. There is a want of passion and incident, but still proof of the great advance of the drama.

Not long after the appearance of 'Gorboduc,' both tragedies and comedies had become common. RICHARD EDWARDS (*circa* 1523-1566), a member of Lincoln's Inn, enjoyed a high reputation as a dramatic poet. His classical drama of 'Damon and Pythias,' and another play by him, entitled 'Palamon and Arcite,' were both performed before Queen Elizabeth—the latter at Oxford in 1566, when the crowd was so great that part of the building fell, and several persons were killed. This drama was inferior to 'Gorboduc,' inasmuch as it carried an admixture of vulgar comedy, and was written in rhyme. In the same year, two plays, respectively styled the 'Supposes' and 'Jocasta'—the one, a comedy adapted from Ariosto; the other, a tragedy from Euripides—were acted in Gray's Inn Hall. A tragedy, called 'Tancered and Gismunda,' composed by five members of the Inner Temple, and presented there before the queen in 1568, was the first English play taken from an Italian novel. Various dramatic pieces now followed; and between the years 1568 and 1590, no less than fifty-two dramas were acted at court under the superintendence of the Master of the Revels. Under the date of 1578, we have the play of 'Promos and Cassandra,' by GEORGE WHEATSTONE, on which Shakspeare founded his 'Measure for Measure.' Wheatstone was an extensive miscellaneous writer, who lived in the latter half of the sixteenth century, but neither the time nor the place of his birth is known. He is said to have been an unsuccessful courtier, then a soldier, serving with Sir Philip Sidney at Zutphen, afterwards a farmer, next engaged in Sir Humphry Gilbert's expedition to Newfoundland in 1583, and finally a littérateur, seizing upon every passing event as a subject for his pen. His 'Promos and Cassandra' was a translation, with pieces of poetry interspersed, of one of the 'Hundred Tales' of the Italian novelist, Giraldo Cinthio.

In February 1562, mention is made of an historical play under the name of 'Julius Cæsar.' Other historical plays were also produced; and the 'Troublesome Reign of King John,' the 'Famous Victories of Henry V.,' and the 'Chronicle History of Leir, King of England,' formed the quarry from which Shakspeare constructed his dramas on the same events.

The first regularly licensed theatre in London was opened at Blackfriars in 1576; and in ten years it is mentioned by Secretary Walsingham that there were two hundred players in and near the metropolis. This was probably an exaggeration; but it is certain there were five public theatres open about the commencement of Shakspeare's career.

and several private or select establishments. Curiosity is naturally excited to learn something of the structure and appearance of the buildings in which his immortal dramas first saw the light, and where he unwillingly made himself a 'mote to the view,' in his character of actor. The theatres were constructed of wood, of a circular form, open to the weather, excepting over the stage, which was covered with a thatched roof. Outside, on the roof, a flag was hoisted during the time of performance, which commenced at three o'clock, at the third *sounding* or flourish of trumpets. The cavaliers and fair dams of the court of Elizabeth sat in boxes below the gallery, or were accommodated with stools on the stage, where some of the young gallants also threw themselves at length on the rush-strewn floor, while their pages handed them pipes and tobacco, then a fashionable and highly prized luxury. The middle classes were crowded in the pit, or *yard*, which was not furnished with seats. Movable scenery was first introduced by Davenant after the Restoration,* but rude imitations of towers, woods, animals, or furniture, served to illustrate the scene. To point out the place of action, a board containing the name, painted or written in large letters, was hung out during the performance. Anciently, an allegorical exhibition, called the 'Dumb Show,' was exhibited before every act, and gave an outline of the action or circumstances to follow. Shakspeare has preserved this peculiarity in the play acted before the king and queen in 'Hamlet,' but he never employs it in his own dramas. Such machinery, indeed, would be incompatible with the increased action and business of the stage, when the miracle plays had given place to the 'pomp and circumstance' of historical dramas, and the bustling liveliness of comedy. The chorus was longer retained, and appears in Marlowe's 'Faustus' and in 'Henry VI.' Actresses were not seen on the stage till after the Restoration, and the female parts were played by boys, or delicate-looking young men. This may perhaps palliate the grossness of some of the language put into the mouths of females in the old plays, while it serves to point out still more clearly the depth of that innate *sensé* of beauty and excellence which prompted the exquisite pictures of loveliness and perfection in Shakspeare's female characters. At the end of each performance, the clown, or buffoon actor of the company, recited or sung a rhyming medley called a *jig*, in which he often contrived to introduce satirical allusions to public men or events; and before dismissing the audience, the actors knelt in front of the stage, and offered up a prayer for the queen. Reviewing these and arrangements of the old theatres, Mr. Dyce happily remarks:

* The air-blest castle, round whose wholesome crest
The martlet, guest of summer, chose her nest—
The forest-walks of Arden's fair domain,
Where Jacques fed his solitary vein;
No pencil's aid as yet had dared supply,
Seen only by the intellectual eye.—C. LAMB.

'What a contrast between the almost total want of scenery in those days and the splendid representations of external nature in our modern play-houses! Yet perhaps the decline of the drama may in a great measure be attributed to this improvement. The attention of an audience is now directed rather to the efforts of the painter than to those of the actor, who is lost amid the marvellous effects of light and shade on our gigantic stages.'

The only information we possess as to the payment of dramatic authors at this time is contained in the memoranda of Philip Henslowe, a theatrical manager, preserved in Dulwich College, and quoted by Malone and Collier. Before the year 1600, the price paid by Henslowe for a new play never exceeded £8; but after this date, perhaps in consequence of the exertions of rival companies, larger sums were given, and prices of £20 and £25 are mentioned. The proceeds of the second day's performance were afterwards added to the author's emoluments. Furnishing prologues for new plays, the prices of which varied from five to twenty shillings, was another source of gain; but the proverbial poverty of poets seems to have been exemplified in the old dramatists, even when they were actors as well as authors. The shareholders of the theatre derived considerable profits from the performances, and were occasionally paid for exhibitions in the houses of the nobility. Nearly all the dramatic authors preceding and contemporary with Shakspeare were men who had received a learned education at the university of Oxford or Cambridge. A profusion of classical imagery abounds in their plays, but they did not copy the severe and correct taste of the ancient models. They wrote to supply the popular demand for novelty and excitement—for broad farce or superlative tragedy—to introduce the coarse raillery or comic incidents of low life—to dramatise a murder, or embody the vulgar idea of oriental bloodshed and splendid extravagance. 'If we seek for a poetical image,' says a writer on our drama, 'a burst of passion, a beautiful sentiment, a trait of nature, we seek not in vain in the works of our very oldest dramatists. But none of the predecessors of Shakspeare must be thought of along with him, when he appears before us like Prometheus, moulding the figures of men, and breathing into them the animation and all the passions of life.'* Among the immediate predecessors of the great poet are some worthy of separate notice. A host of *playwrights* abounded, and nearly all of them have touches of that happy poetic diction, free, yet choice and select, which gives a permanent value and interest to these elder masters of English poetry.

JOHN LYLX.

JOHN LYLX, born in Kent in 1553 or 1554, produced nine plays between the years 1579 and 1600. They were mostly written for court

* *Blackwood's Magazine*, vol. ii. from 'Essays on the Old Drama,' said to have been contributed by Henry Mackenzie, author of the *Man of Feeling*.

entertainments, and performed by the scholars of St. Paul's. He was educated at Magdalen Hall, Oxford; and many of his plays are on mythological subjects, as 'Sappho and Phaon,' (1584), 'Endymion' (1591), the 'Maid's Metamorphosis,' 'Galathea' (1592), 'Midas' (1592), 'Mother Bombie' (1594), &c. His style is affected and unnatural, yet, like his own Niobe in the 'Metamorphosis,' oftentimes he had sweet thoughts, sometimes hard conceits; betwixt both a kind of yielding.' Queen Elizabeth is said to have patronised Lyly; but in a petition for the office of Master of the Revels, he tells the queen: 'For these ten years I have attended with an unwearied patience, and now I know not what crab took me for an oyster, that in the midst of your sunshine, of your most gracious aspect, hath thrust a stone between the shells to eat me alive that only live on dead hopes.' There was probably real feeling in the following speech which Lyly puts into the mouth of his Phaon, a poor ferryman, in his comedy of 'Sappho and Phaon':

PHAON. Thou art a ferryman, Phaon, yet a freeman; possessing for riches content, and for honours quiet. Thy thoughts are no higher than thy fortunes, nor thy desires greater than thy calling. Who climeth, standeth on glass, and falleth on thorn. Thy heart's thirst is satisfied with thy hand's thrift, and thy gentle labours in the day turn to sweet slumbers in the night. As much doth it delight thee to rule thy oar in a calm stream, as it doth Sappho to sway the sceptre in her brave court. Envy never casteth her eye low, ambition pointeth always upward, and revenge basketh only at stars. Thou farest delicately, if thou have a fare to buy anything. Thine angle is ready, when thy oar is idle; and as sweet is the fish which thou gettest in the river, as the fowl which others buy in the market. Thou needest not fear poison in thy glass, nor treason in thy guard. The wind is thy greatest enemy, whose might is withstood by policy. O sweet life! seldom found under a golden covert, often under a thatched cottage.

This affords a favourable specimen of Lyly's affected poetical prose. By his 'Euphues,' or the 'Anatomy of Wit,' he exercised a powerful though injurious influence on the fashionable literature of his day, in prose composition as well as in discourse. His plays were not important enough to found a school. Hazlitt was a warm admirer of Lyly's 'Endymion,' but evidently from the feelings and sentiments it awakened, rather than the poetry. 'I know few things more perfect in characteristic painting,' he remarks, 'than the exclamation of the Phrygian shepherds, who, afraid of betraying the secret of Midas's ears, fancy that "the very reeds bow down as though they listened to their talk;" nor more affecting in sentiment than the apostrophe addressed by his friend Eumenides to Endymion, on waking from his long sleep: "Behold the twig to which thou laigest down thy head is now become a tree."' There are finer things in the 'Metamorphosis,' as where the prince laments Eurymene lost in the woods:

Adorned with the presence of my love,
The woods I fear such secret power shall prove,
As they 'll shut up each path, hide every way,
Because they still would have her go astray,
And in that place would always have her seen,
Only because they would be ever green,

And keep the winged choristers still there,
To banish winter clean out of the year.

Or the song of the fairies :

By the moon we sport and play ;
With the night begins our day :
As we dance the dew doth fall ;
Trip it, little urchins all.
Lightly as the little bee,
Two by two, and three by three,
And about go we, and about go we.

The genius of Lyly was essentially lyrical. The songs in his plays seem to flow freely from nature. The following exquisite little pieces are in his drama of 'Alexander and Campaspe,' performed before the queen in 1584.

Cupid and Campaspe.

Cupid and my Campaspe played
At cards for kisses ; Cupid paid.
He stakes his quiver, bow, and arrows,
His mother's doves and team of sparrows ;
Loses them too, then down he throws
The coral of his lip, the rose
Growing on 's cheek, but none knows
how ;

With these the crystal of his brow,
And then the dimple of his chin ;
All these did my Campaspe win ;
At last he set her both his eyes ;
She won, and Cupid blind did rise.
O Love, hath she done this to thee ?
What shall, alas, become of me !

Song

O cruel Love ! on thee I lay
My curse, which shall strike blind the day ;
Never may sleep, with velvet hand,
Charm thine eyes with sacred wand ;
Thy goalers shall be hopes and fears ;
Thy prison-mates groans, sighs, and
tears ;
Thy play, to wear out weary times,
Fantastic passions, vows, and rhymes.
Thy bread be frowns, thy drink be gall,

Such as when you Phao call ;
The bed thou lieest on be despair,
Thy sleep fond dreams, thy dreams long
care.
Hope, like thy fool, at thy bed's head,
Mocks thee till madness strike thee dead.
As, Phao, thou dost me with thy proud
eyes ;
In thee poor Sappho lives, for thee she
dies.

Song.

What bird so sings, yet so does wall ?
O 'tis the ravished nightingale—
Jug, jug, jug, jug—teru—sue cries,
And still her woes at midnight rise.
Brave prick-song ! who is't now we hear ?
None but the lark so shrill and clear ;

Now at heaven's gate she claps her wings,
The morn not waking till she sings.
Hark ! hark ! but what a pretty note,
Poor Robin Redbreast tunes his throat ;
Hark ! how the jolly cuckoo sings
'Cuckoo !' to welcome in the spring.

GEORGE PEELE.

GEORGE PEELE held the situation of city poet and conductor of pageants for the court. In 1584 his 'Arraignment of Paris,' a court show, was represented before Elizabeth. The author was then a young man, who had recently left Christ Church, Oxford. In 1593, Peele gave an example of an English historical play in 'Edward I.' The style of this piece is turgid and monotonous ; yet in the following allusion to England, we see something of the high-sounding kingly speeches in Shakespeare's historical plays :

Apostrophe to England.

Illustrious England, ancient seat of kings,
 Whose chivalry hath royalised thy fame,
 That, sounding bravely through terrestrial vale,
 Proclaiming conquests, spoils and victories,
 Rings glorious echoes through the farthest world !
 What warlike nation, trained in feats of arms—
 What barbarous people, stubborn, or untamed—
 What climate under the meridian signs,
 Or frozen zone under his brumal stage,
 Ere has not quaked and trembled at the name
 Of Britain and her mighty conquerors ?
 Her neighbour realms, as Scotland, Denmark, France,
 Awed with her deeds, and jealous of her arms,
 Have begged defensive and offensive leagues.
 Thus Europe, rich and mighty in her kings,
 Hath feared brave England, dreadful in her kings.
 And now, to eternise Albion's champions,
 Equivalent with Trojan's ancient fame,
 Comes lovely Edward from Jerusalem,
 Veering before the wind, ploughing the sea ;
 His stretched sails filled with the breath of men,
 That through the world admire his manliness.
 And lo, at last arrived in Dover road,
 Longshank, your king, your glory, and our son,
 With troops of conquering lords and warlike knights,
 Like bloody crested Mars, o'erlooks his host,
 Higher than all his army by the head,
 Marching along as bright as Phœbus' eyes !
 And we, his mother, shall behold our son,
 And England's peers shall see their sovereign.

Peele was also author of the 'Old Wives' Tale,' a legendary story, part in prose, and part in blank verse, which afforded Milton a rude outline of his fable of 'Comus.' The 'Old Wives' Tale' was printed in 1595, as acted by 'the Queen's Majesty's Players.' The greatest work of Peele is his Scripture drama, the 'Love of King David and Fair Bethsabe,' with the tragedy of 'Absalom,' which Campbell terms 'the earliest fountain of pathos and harmony that can be traced in our dramatic poetry.' The date of representation of this drama is not known ; it was not printed till 1593, after Shakspeare had written some of his finest comedies, and opened up a fountain compared with which the feeble tricklings of Peele were wholly insignificant. It is not probable that Peele's play was written before 1590, as one passage in it seems a direct plagiarism from the 'Faery Queen' of Spenser. We may allow Peele the merit of a delicate poetical fancy and smooth musical versification. The defect of his blank verse is its want of variety : the art of varying the pauses and modulating the verse without the aid of rhyme had not yet been generally adopted. In 'David and Bethsabe,' this monotony is less observable, because his lines are smoother, and there is a play of rich and luxurious fancy in some of the scenes.

Prologus to King David and Fair Bethsabe.

Of Israel's sweetest singer now I sing,
 His holy style and happy victories;
 Whose Muse was dipt in that inspiring dew,
 Archangels 'stilled from the breath of Jove,
 Decking her temples with the glorious flowers
 Heaven rained on tops of Sion and Mount Sinal.
 Upon the bosom of his ivory lute
 The cherubim and angels laid their breasts;
 And when his consecrated fingers strack
 The golden wires of his ravishing harp,
 He gave alarm to the host of heaven,
 That, winged with lightning, brake the clouds, and cast
 Their crystal armour at his conquering feet.
 Of this sweet poet, Jove's musician,
 And of his beauteous son, I press to sing;
 Then help, divine Adonai, to conduct,
 Upon the wings of my well-tempered verse,
 The hearers' minds above the towers of heaven,
 And guide them so in this thrice haughty flight,
 Their mounting feathers scorch not with the fire
 That none can temper but thy holy hand:
 To thee for succour flies my feeble Muse,
 And at thy feet her iron pen doth use.

BETHSABE and her maid bathing. King David above. The Song.

Hot sun, cool fire, tempered with sweet air,
 Black shade, fair nurse, shadow my white hair.
 Shine, sun; burn, fire; breathe, air, and ease me;
 Back shade, fair nurse, shroud me and please me;
 Shadow—my sweet nurse—keep me from burning,
 Make not my glad cause, cause of mourning.
 Let not my beauty's fire
 In flame unstaïd desire.
 Nor pierce any bright eye
 That wandereth lightly.

BETHSABE. Come, gentle Zephyr, tricked with those perfumes,
 That erst in Eden sweetened Adam's love,
 And stroke my bosom with the silken fan:
 This shade—sun-proof—is yet no proof for thee;
 Thy body, smoother than this waveless spring,
 And purer than the substance of the same,
 Can creep through that his lances (1) cannot pierce
 Thou and thy sister, soft and sacred Air,
 Goddess of life and governess of health,
 Keeps every fountain fresh and arbour sweet;
 No brazen gate her passage can repulse,
 Nor bushy thicket bar thy subtle breath.
 Then deck thee with thy loose delightful robes,
 And on thy wings bring delicate perfumes,
 To play the wanton with us through the leaves.

DAVID. What tunes, what words, what looks, what wonders pierce
 My soul, incensed with a sudden fire!
 What tree, what shade, what spring, what paradise,
 Enjoys the beauty of so fair a dame?
 Fair Eva, placed in perfect happiness,
 Lending her praise-notes to the liberal heavens,
 Struck with the accents of archangels' tunes,

1 The sun's rays.

Wrought not more pleasure to her husband's thoughts
 Than this fair woman's words and notes to mine.
 May that sweet plain that bears her pleasant weight,
 Be still enamelled with discoloured flowers ;
 That precious fount bear sand of purest gold ;
 And for the pebble, let the silver streams
 That pierce earth's bowels to maintain the source,
 Play upon rubies, sapphires, chrysolites ;
 The brim let be embraced with golden curls
 Of moss, that sleeps with sound the waters make
 For joy to feed the fount with their recourse ;
 Let all the grass that beautifies her bower
 Bear manna every morn, instead of dew ;
 Or let the dew be sweeter far than that
 That hangs like chains of pearl on Hermon hill,
 Or balm which tricked from old Aaron's beard.

Enter CUSAY.

See, Cusay, see the flower of Israel,
 The fairest daughter that obeys the king,
 In all the land the Lord subdued to me.
 Fairer than Isaac's lover at the well,
 Brighter than inside bark of new-hewn cedar,
 Sweeter than flames of fine perfumed myrrh ;
 And comelier than the silver clouds that dance
 On Zephyr's wings before the King of heaven.

CUSAY. Is it not Bethsabe the Hethite's wife,
 Urias, now at Rabath siege with Joab ?

DAV. Go now and bring her quickly to the king ;
 Tell her, her graces hath found grace with him.

CUS. I will, my lord.

[Exit.]

DAV. Bright Bethsabe shall wash in David's bower
 In water mixed with purest almond flower,
 And bathe her beauty in the milk of kids ;
 Bright Bethsabe gives earth to my desires,
 Verdure to earth, and to that verdure flowers,
 To flowers sweet odours, and to odours wings,
 That carry pleasures to the hearts of kings. . .
 Now comes my lover tripping like the roe,
 And brings my longings tangled in her hair :
 To 'joy her love I'll build a kingly bower,
 Seated in hearing of a hundred streams,
 That, for their homage to her sovereign joys,
 Shall, as the serpents fold into their nests,
 In oblique turnings wind the nimble waves
 About the circles of her carious walks,
 And with their murmur summon easeful Sleep,
 To lay his golden sceptre on her brows.

Charles Lamb says justly, that the line, 'seated in hearing of a hundred streams,' is the best in the above passage. It is indeed a noble poetical image.

Parable of Nathan and David.

NATHAN. Thus Nathan saith unto his lord the king :
 There were two men both dwellers in one town :
 The one was mighty, and exceeding rich
 In oxen, sheep, and cattle of the field :
 The other poor, having nor ox, nor calf,
 Nor other cattle, save one little lamb,

Which he had bought, and nourished by his hand;
 And it grew up, and fed with him and his,
 And ate and drank as he and his were wont,
 And in his bosom slept, and was to him
 As was his daughter or his dearest child.—
 There came a stranger to this wealthy man,
 And he refused and spared to take his own,
 Or of his store to dress or make his meat,
 But took the poor man's sheep, partly poor man's store;
 And drest it for this stranger in his house.
 What, tell me, shall be done to him for this?

DAVID. Now, as the Lord doth live, this wicked man
 Is judged, and shall become the child of death;
 Fourfold to the poor man he shall restore,
 That without mercy took his lamb away.

NATH. THOU ART THE MAN, AND THOU HAST JUDGED THYSELF.—
 David, thus saith the Lord thy God by me:
 I thee anointed king in Israel,
 And saved thee from the tyranny of Saul;
 Thy master's house I gave thee to possess,
 His wives unto thy bosom I did give,
 And Juda and Jerusalem withal:
 And might, thou know'st, if this had been too small,
 Have given thee more.
 Wherefore, then, hast thou gone so far astray,
 And hast done evil, and sinned in my sight?
 Urias thou hast killed with the sword,
 Yea, with the sword of the uncircumcised
 Thou hast him slain; wherefore, from this day forth,
 The sword shall never go from thee and thine:
 For thou hast ta'en this Hethite's wife to thee;
 Wherefore, behold, I will, saith Jacob's God,
 In thine own house stir evil up to thee;
 Yea, I before thy face will take thy wives,
 And give them to thy neighbour to possess.
 This shall be done to David in the day,
 That Israel openly may see thy shame.

DAV. Nathan, I have against the Lord, I have
 Sinned, O sinned grievously, and lo!
 From heaven's throne doth David throw himself,
 And groan and grovel to the gates of hell.

NATH. David, stand up; thus saith the Lord by me:
 David the king shall live, for he hath seen
 The true repentant sorrow of thy heart;
 But for thou hast in this misdeed of thine
 Stirred up the enemies of Israel
 To triumph and blaspheme the Lord of Hosts,
 And say: 'He set a wicked man to reign
 Over his loved people and his tribes';
 The child shall surely die, that erst was born,
 His mother's sin, his kingly father's scorn.

DAV. How just is Jacob's God in all his works!
 But must it die, that David loveth so? . . .
 Mourn, Israel, and weep in Zion gates;
 Wither, ye cedar trees of Lebanon;
 Ye sprouting almonds with your flowing tops,
 Droop, drown, and drench in Hebron's fearful streams!

SONG.—*Cupid's Curse. From the 'Arraignment of Paris.'*

CENONE—PARIS.

CENONE. Fair, and fair, and twice so fair,
As fair as any may be,
The fairest Shepherd on our green,
A love for any lady.

They that do change old love for new,
Pray gods they change for worse.

BOTH. { Fair, and fair, &c. } (repeated).
{ Fair, and fair, &c. }

PARIS. Fair, and fair, and twice so fair,
As fair as any may be,
Thy love is fair for thee alone,
And for no other lady.

CEN. My love can pipe, my love can
sing,

My love can many a pretty thing,
And of his lovely praises ring
My merry, merry, merry, roundelays.

CEN. My love is fair, my love is gay,
And fresh as bin the flowers in May,
And of my love my roundelay,
My merry, merry, merry roundelay,
Concludes with Cupid's curse :

Amen to Cupid's curse:
They that do change old love for new,
I pray gods they change for worse.

BOTH. { Fair, and fair, &c. } (repeated).
{ Fair, and fair, &c. }

Peele died before 1599, and seems, like most of his dramatic brethren, to have led an irregular life, in the midst of severe poverty. A volume of 'Merry Conceited Jests,' said to have been by him, was published after his death in 1607, which, if even *founded* on fact, shews that he was not scrupulous as to the means of relieving his wants.

THOMAS KYD.

In 1583, THOMAS KYD produced his play of 'Hieronimo' or 'Jeronimo,' and some years afterwards a second part to it, under the title of 'The Spanish Tragedy, or Hieronimo is Mad Again.' This second part is supposed to have gone through more editions than any play of the time. Ben Jonson was afterwards engaged to make additions to it, when it was revived in 1601, and further editions in 1602. These new scenes are said by Lamb to be 'the very salt of the old play,' and so superior to Jonson's acknowledged works, that he attributes them to Webster, or some 'more potent spirit' than Ben. This seems refining too much in criticism. Kyd, like Marlowe, often verges upon bombast, and 'deals largely in blood and death.' Nothing seems to be known of his personal history.

HIERONIMO mad, for the loss of his murdered son.

HIERONIMO. My son ! and what's a son ?
A lump bred up in darkness, and doth serve
To balance those light creatures we call women ;
And at the nine months' end creeps forth to light.
What is there yet in a son,
To make a father dote, rave, or run mad ?
Being born, it pouts, cries, and breeds teeth.
What is there yet in a son ?
He must be fed, be taught to go, and speak.
Ay, or yet ? why might not a man love a calf as well ?
Or melt in passion o'er a frisking kid, as for a son ?
Methinks a young bacon,
Or a fine little smooth horse-coit,
Should move a man as much as doth a son ;

For one of these, in very little time,
 Will grow to some good use ; whereas a son
 The more he grows in stature and in years,
 The more unsquared, unlevelled he appears ;
 Reckons his parents among the rank of fools,
 Strikes cares upon their heads with his mad riots,
 Makes them look old before they meet with age ;
 This is a son ; and what a loss is this, considered truly !
 Oh, but my Horatio grew out of reach of those
 Inflation humours ; he loved his loving parents :
 He was my comfort, and his mother's joy,
 The very arm that did hold up our house—
 Our hopes were stored up in him ;
 None but a damned murderer could hate him,
 He had not seen the back of nineteen years,
 When his strong arm unhorse the proud prince Balthazar ;
 And his great mind, too full of honour, took
 To mercy that vallant but ignoble Portuguese.
 Well, Heaven is Heaven still !
 And there is Nemesis, and furies,
 And things called whips,
 And they sometimes do meet with murderers ;
 They do not always 'scape—that's some comfort.
 Ay, ay, ay, and then time steals on, and steals, and steals
 Till violence leaps forth, like thunder
 Wrapt in a ball of fire,
 And so doth bring confusion to them all.

[Exit.]

JAQUES and PEDRO, Servants.

JAQUES. I wonder, Pedro, why our master thus
 At midnight sends us with our torches light,
 When nun and bird and beast are all at rest,
 Save those that watch for rape and bloody murder.

PEDRO. O Jaques, know thou that our master's mind
 Is much distract since his Horatio died :
 And, now his aged years should sleep in rest,
 His heart in quiet, like a desperate man
 Grows lunatic and childish for his son :
 Sometimes, as he doth at his table sit,
 He speaks as if Horatio stood by him ;
 Then starting in a rage, falls on the earth,
 Cries out : ' Horatio, where is my Horatio ?'
 So that with extreme grief, and cutting sorrow,
 There is not left in him one inch of man.
 See, here he comes.

HIERONIMO enters.

HIER. I pry through every crevice of each wall,
 Look at each tree, and search through every brake,
 Beat on the bushes, stamp our grandame earth,
 Dive in the water, and stare up to heaven ;
 Yet cannot I behold my son Horatio.
 How now, who's there, sprites, sprites ?

PED. We are your servants that attend you, sir.

HIER. What make you with your torches in the dark ?

PED. You bid us light them, and attend you here.

HIER. No, no ; you are deceived : not I ; you are deceived,
 Was I so mad to bid you light your torches now ?
 Light me your torches at the mid of noon,
 When as the sun-god rides in all his glory ;
 Light me your torches then.

PED. Then we burn daylight.

HIER. Let it be burned : Night is a murderous slut,
That would not have her treasons to be seen :
And yonder pale-faced Hecate there, the moon,
Doth give consent to that is done in darkness.
And all those stars that gaze upon her face,
Are aglets (1) on her sleeve, pins on her train :
And those that should be powerful and divine,
Do sleep in darkness when they most should shine.

PED. I'roveke them not, fair sir, with tempting words.
The heavens are gracious ; and your miseries
And sorrow make you speak you know not what.

HIER. Villain ! thou fleest : and thou doest nought
But tell me I am mad : thou fleest ; I am not mad :
I know thee to be Pedro ; and he, Jaques.
I'll prove it to thee ; and were I mad, how could I ?
Where was she the same night when my Horatio was murdered ?
She should have shone : search thou the book.
Had the moon shone in my boy's face, there was a kind of grace,
That I know, nay, I do know had the murderer seen him,
His weapon would have fallen, and cut the earth.
Had he been framed of nought but blood and death.
Alack ! when mischief doth it knows not what,
What shall we say to mischief ?

ISABELLA, *his wife, enters.*

ISABELLA. Dear Hieronimo, come in a-doors.
O seek not means to increase thy sorrow.

HIER. Indeed, Isabella, we do nothing here.
I do not cry ; ask Pedro and Jaques :
Not I indeed ; we are very merry, very merry !

ISA. How ? he merry here, he merry here ?
Is not this the place, and this the very tree,
Where my Horatio died, where he was murdered ?

HIER. Was, do not say what : let her weep it out.
This was the tree ; I set it of a kernel ;
And when our hot Spain could not let it grow,
But that the infant and the human sap
Began to wither, duly twice a morning
Would I be sprinkling it with fountain water ;
At last it grew and grew, and bore and bore :
Till at length it grew a gallows, and did bear our son.
It bore thy fruit and mine. O wicked, wicked plant !
See who knocks there. *[One knocks within at the door.]*

PED. It is a painter, sir.

HIER. Bid him come in, and paint some comfort,
For surely there's none lives but painted comfort.
Let him come in : one knows not what may chance.
God's will that I should set this tree ! but even so
Masters ungrateful servants rear from nought,
And then they hate them that did bring them up.

The Painter enters.

PAINTER. God bless you, sir.

HIER. Wherefore ? why, thou scornful villain ?
How, where, or by what means should I be blest ?

ISA. What wouldst thou have, good fellow ?

PAINT. Justice, madam.

HIER. O ambitious beggar, wouldst thou have that
That lives not in the world ?

Why, all the undelved mines cannot buy
 An ounce of justice, 'tis a jewel so inestimable.
 I tell thee, God hath engrossed all justice in his hands,
 And there is none but what comes from him.

PAIN. O then, I see that God must right me for my murdered son.

HIER. How! was thy son murdered?

PAIN. Ay, sir; no man did hold a son so dear.

HIER. What, not as thine? that's a lie,

As massy as the earth. I had a son,
 Whose least unvalued hair did weigh
 A thousand of thy sons, and he was murdered.

PAIN. Alas, sir, I had no more but he.

HIER. Nor I, nor I; but this same one of mine
 Was worth a legion. But all is one.

Pedro Jaques, go in a-doors; Isabella, go;

And this good fellow here and I

Will range this hideous orchard up and down,
 Like two she-lions, 'reaved of their young.

Go in a-doors, I say,

[Exeunt.]

THOMAS NASH.

THOMAS NASH, a live^v satirist, who amused the town with his attacks on Gabriel Harvey and the Puritans, wrote a comedy called 'Summer's Last Will and Testament,' which was exhibited before Queen Elizabeth in 1592. He was also concerned with Marlowe in writing the tragedy of 'Dido, Queen of Carthage.' He was imprisoned for being the author of a satirical play, never printed, called the 'Isle of Dogs.' Another piece of Nash's, entitled the 'Supplication of Pierce Penniless to the Devil,' was printed in 1592, which was followed next year by 'Christ's Tears over Jerusalem.' Nash was a native of Lowestoft, in Suffolk, and was born about the year 1564; he was of St. John's College, Cambridge. He died about the year 1600, after a 'life spent,' he says, 'in fantastical satirism, in whose veins heretofore I misspent my spirit, and prodigally conspired against good hours.' He was the Churchill of his day, and was much famed for his satires. One of his contemporaries remarks of him in a happy couplet:

His style was witty, though he had some gall;
 Something he might have mended, so may all.

Return from Parnassus.

The versification of Nash is hard and monotonous. The following is from his comedy of 'Summer's Last Will and Testament,' and is a favourable specimen of his blank verse: great part of the play is in prose:

I never loved ambitiously to climb,
 Or thrust my hand too far into the fire,
 To be in heaven sure is a blessed thing;
 But, Atlas-like, to prop heaven on one's back,
 Cannot but be more labour than delight,
 Such is the state of men in honour placed;
 They are gold vessels made for servile uses;
 High trees that keep the weather from low houses,

But cannot shield the tempest from themselves
 I love to dwell betwixt the hills and dales,
 Neither to be so great as to be envied,
 Nor yet so poor the world should pity me.

In 'Pierce Penniless,' Nash draws a harrowing picture of the despair of a poor scholar:

Ah, worthless wit! to train me to this woe:
 Deceitful arts that nourish discontent:
 Ill thrive the folly that bewitched me so!
 Vain thoughts, adieu! for now I will repent—
 And yet my wants persuade me to proceed,
 For none take pity of a scholar's need.
 Forgive me, God, although I curse my birth,
 And ban the air wherein I breathe a wretch,
 Since misery hath daunted all my mirth,
 And I am quite undone through promise' breach;
 Ah, friends!—no friends that then ungente frown
 When changing fortune casts us headlong down.

On this subject, Nash was always fluent. He was an author by profession—careless, jovial, and dissipated—alternating between riotous excess and sject misery. His ready and pungent pen was at the service of any patron or cause that would pay, but he was generally in want. In his 'Pierce Penniless,' he thus paints his situation in 1592: 'Having spent many years in studying how to live, and lived a long time without money; having tired my youth with folly, and surfeited my mind with vanity, I began at length to look back to repentance, and addressed my endeavours to prosperity; but all in vain. I sat up late and rose early, contended with the cold and conversed with scarcity; for all my labours turned to loss: my vulgar muse was despised and neglected; my pains not regarded, or slightly rewarded; and I myself in prime of my best wit, laid open to poverty.'

The condition of the times Nash describes as lamentable. 'Men of art,' he says, 'must seek alms of cormorants, and those that deserve best, to be kept under by dunces, who count it a policy to keep them bare, because they should follow their books the better.' But he is quite willing to let himself out to one of these wealthy dunces: 'Gentles, it is not your lay chronographers, that write of nothing but mayors and sheriffs, and the Dear Year and the Great Frost, that can enlow your names with never-dated glory, for they want the wings of choice words to fly to heaven, which we have; they cannot sweeten a discourse, or wrest admiration from mere reading, as we can, reporting the meanest accident. Poetry is the honey of all flowers, the quintessence of all sciences, the marrow of all wits, and the very phrase of angels: how much better is it, then, to have an eloquent lawyer to plead one's case than a strutting townsman, who loses himself in his tale, and does nothing but make legs; so much it is better for a nobleman or gentleman to have his honour's story related and his deeds emblazoned by a poet than a citizen. . . . For my part, I do challenge no praise of learning to

myself, yet have I worn a gown in the university; but this I dare presume, that if any Mæcenæus bind me to him by his bounty, or extend some sound liberality to me worth the speaking of, I will do him as much honour as any poet of my beardless years shall in England. Not that I am so confident what I can do, but that I attribute so much to my thankful mind above others, which would enable me, I am persuaded, to work miracles. On the contrary side, if I be evil-treated, or sent away with a flea in mine ear, let him look that I'll rail on him soundly, not for an hour or a day while the injury is fresh in my memory, but in some elaborate polished poem, which I will leave to the world when I am dead, to be a living image to all ages of his beggarly parsimony and ignorant illiberality: and let him not, whatsoever he be, treasure the weight of my words by this book, where I write *quicquid in buccam veniret*, as fast as my hand can trot; but I have terms, if I be vexed, laid in steep in aquafortis and gunpowder, that shall rattle through the skies, and make an earthquake in a peasant's ears.

The works of this formidable satirist are numerous—as, 'Return of the Renowned Cavaliero Pasquil of England' (1589); 'Strange Newes of the Intercepting Certain Letters' (1591)—another fling at Harvey; 'Martin's Month's Mind' (1589); 'Pasquil's Apology' (1590); 'The Terrors of the Night, or a Discourse of Apparitions' (1594); &c. The least valuable of his productions are his attempts at the drama, but the stage offered attractions at that period which were irresistible to a needy author.

ROBERT GREENE.

ROBERT GREENE, a more distinguished dramatist, is believed to have been born at Norwich, about the year 1560. He was a graduate of St. John's College, Cambridge, 1578, but took his degree of M.A. at Clare Hall in 1583. In his work, 'The Repentance of Robert Greene' (1592), the unfortunate dramatist confesses his early iniquities. 'Being at the university of Cambridge,' he says, 'I light among wags as lewd as myself, with whom I consumed the flower of my youth, who drew me to travel into Italy and Spain, in which places I saw and practised such villainy as is abominable to declare. Thus by their counsel I sought to furnish myself with coin, which I procured by cunning sleights from my father and my friends, and my mother pampered me so long, and secretly helped me to the oil of angels; so that being then conversant with notable braggarts, boon-companions, and ordinary spendthrifts, that practised sundry superficial studies, I became as a scion grafted into the same stock, whereby I did absolutely participate of their nature and qualities. At my return into England, I ruffled out in my silks, in the habit of Malcontent, and seemed so discontent that no place would please me to abide in, nor no vocation cause me to stay myself in; but after I had by degrees proceeded master of arts (1583), I left the university,

and away to London, where—after I had continued some short time, and driven myself out of credit with sundry of my friends—I became an author of plays and a penner of love-pamphlets, so that I soon grew famous in that quality, that who, for that trade, known so ordinary about London as Robt. Greene? Young yet in years, though old in wickedness, I began to resolve that there was nothing bad that was profitable; whereupon I grew so rooted in all mischief, that I had as great a delight in wickedness as sundry have in godliness, and as much felicity I took in villainy as others had in honesty.’ This account is amply borne out by contemporary testimony, especially by that of Gabriel Harvey, who has painted Greene in the darkest colours. In the midst of his dissipation, however, Greene lost none of his facility for literary composition. His first performance, ‘*Mamlia*,’ appeared in 1583; and before his death on the 3d of September 1592, he had produced above forty plays, poems, and tales. His works were highly popular, and were eagerly bought up by all classes. The most creditable of his prose works are short tales and romances, interspersed with poetry—as ‘*Pandosto, the Triumph of Time*, or the *History of Dorastus and Faunla*’ (1589); the ‘*History of Arbasto, King of Denmark*,’ ‘*A Pair of Turtle Doves*, or the *Tragical History of Bellora and Fidelio*,’ ‘*Menaphon*,’ &c. Others relate to his own history and adventures—as ‘*Greene’s Never too Late*, or a *Power of Experience*,’ ‘*Greene’s Mourning Garment*,’ ‘*Greene’s Farewell to Folly*,’ ‘*The Repentance of Robert Greene*,’ &c. A third class of his performances disclosed the writer’s peculiar knowledge of all town vices and villainies—as ‘*A Notable Discovery of Cozenage*,’ ‘*Coney-catching*,’ ‘*The Black Book’s Messenger*,’ &c. The plays of Greene are—‘*Orlando Furioso*,’ a tragedy; ‘*Friar Bacon and Friar Bungay*,’ ‘*Alphonsus, King of Arragon*,’ ‘*James IV*,’ ‘*George-a-Green, the Pinner of Wakefield*,’ and a ‘mystery play,’ written in conjunction with Lodge, called ‘*A Looking-glass for London and England*.’ Amidst a good deal of bombast and extravagance, there is genuine poetry in these plays. Some of the verses scattered through the tales are also remarkable for sweetness of expression and ornate diction. In his ‘*Pandosto*,’ from which Skakspere took the plot of his ‘*Winter’s Tale*,’ are the following lines:

Ah, were she pitiful as she is fair,
Or but as mild as she is seeming so,
Then were my hopes greater than my despair—
Then all the world were heaven, nothing woe,
Ah, were her heart relenting as her hand,
That seems to melt e’en with the mildest touch,
Then knew I where to seat me in a land
Under the wide heavens, but yet not such.
So as she shews, she seems the budding rose,
Yet sweeter far than is an earthly flower:
Sovereign of beauty, like the spray she grows,
Compassed she is with thorns and cankered flowers;
Yet, were she willing to be plucked and worn,
She would be gathered though she grew on thorn.

The blank verse of Greene approaches next to that of Marlowe, though less energetic. His imagination was lively and discursive, fond of legendary lore, and filled with classical images and illustrations. In his 'Orlando,' he thus apostrophises the evening star:

Fair queen of love, thou mistress of delight,
Thou gladsome lamp that wait'st on Phœbe's train,
Spreading thy kindness through the jarring orbs,
That in their union praise thy lasting powers;
Thou that hast stayed the fiery Phlegon's course,
And made'st the coachman of the glorious wain
To droop in view of Daphne's excellence;
Fair pride of morn, sweet beauty of the even,
Look on Orlando languishing in love.
Sweet solitary groves, whereas the nymphs
With pleasure laugh to see the satyrs play,
Witness Orlando's faith unto his love.
Tried she these lawns?—kind Flora boast thy pride:
Seek she for shades?—spread, cedars, for her sake.
Fair Flora, make her couch amidst thy flowers.
Sweet crystal springs,
Wash ye with roses when she longs to drink.
Ah thought, my heaven! Ah heaven, that knows my thought!
Smile, joy in her that my content hath wrought.

Passages like this prove that Greene succeeds well, as Hallam remarks, 'in that florid and gay style, a little redundant in images, which Shakspeare frequently gives to his princes and courtiers, and which renders some unimpassioned scenes in the historic plays effective and brilliant.' Professor Tieck gives him the high praise of possessing 'a happy talent, a clear spirit, and a lively imagination.' His comedies have a good deal of boisterous merriment and farcical humour. George-a-Green is a shrewd Yorkshireman, who meets with the kings of Scotland and England, Robin Hood, Maid Marian, &c., and who, after various tricks, receives the pardon of King Edward:

George-a-Green, give me thy hand: there is
None in England that shall do thee wrong.
Even from my court I came to see thyself,
And now I see that fame speaks nought but truth.

The following is a specimen of the simple humour and practical jokes in the play; it is in a scene between George and his servant:

JENKIN. This fellow comes to me,
And takes me by the bosom: 'You slave,'
Said he, 'hold my horse, and look
He takes no cold in his feet.'
'No, marry, shall he, sir,' quoth I;
'I'll lay my cloak underneath him.'
I took my cloak, spread it all along,
And set his horse on the midst of it.
GEORGE. Thou clown, didst thou set his horse upon thy cloak?
JENKIN. Ay, but mark how I served him.
Madge and he were no sooner gone down into the ditch,
But I plucked out my knife, cut four holes in my cloak,
And made his horse stand on the bare ground.

'Friar Bacon and Friar Bungay' is Greene's best comedy. His friars are conjurers, and the piece concludes with one of their pupils being carried off to hell on the back of one of Friar Bacon's devils. Mr. Collier thinks this was one of the latest instances of the devil being brought upon the stage *in propria persona*. The play was acted in 1591, but may have been produced a year or two earlier.

In some hour of repentance, when death was nigh at hand, Greene wrote a tract, called 'A Groat's Worth of Wit, bought with a Million of Repentance,' in which he deplores his fate more feelingly than Nash, and also gives ghostly advice to his acquaintances 'that spend their wit in making plays.' The first he styles 'thou famous gracer of tragedians,' and he accuses him of atheism: 'why should thy excellent wit, His gift, be so blinded, that thou shouldst give no glory to the giver?' The allusion here is clearly to Marlowe, whom all his contemporaries charge with atheism. The second dramatist is addressed as 'Young Juvenal, that biting satirist that lastly with me together writ a comedy: sweet boy, might I advise thee, be advised, and get not many enemies by bitter words; inveigh against vain men, for thou canst do it—no man better, no man so well.' Lodge is supposed to be the party here addressed. Finally, Greene counsels another dramatist, 'no less deserving than the other two,' and who was like himself 'driven to extreme shifts,' not to depend on so mean a stay as the stage. Peele is evidently this third party. Greene then glances at Shakspeare: 'For there is an upstart crow beautified with our feathers, that, with his *tiger's heart wrapt in a player's hide*, supposes he is as well able to bombast out a blank verse as the best of you; and being an absolute Johannes Fac-totum, is, in his own conceit, the only *Shake-scene* in a country.' The punning allusion to Shakspeare is palpable: the expressions, 'tiger's heart,' &c. are a parody on the line in 'Henry VI.' part third—

O tiger's heart, wrapt in a woman's hide!

The 'Winter's Tale' is believed to be one of Shakspeare's late dramas, not written till long after Greene's death; consequently, if this be correct, the unhappy man could not allude to the plagiarism of the plot from his tale of 'Pandosto.' Some forgotten play of Greene and his friend may have been alluded to; perhaps the old dramas on which Shakspeare constructed his 'Henry VI.' for in one of these the line 'O tiger's heart,' &c. also occurs. These old plays, however, seem above the pitch of Greene in tragedy. Shakspeare was certainly indebted to Marlowe, one of the dramatists thus addressed by Greene. The 'Groat's Worth of Wit' was published after Greene's death by a brother-dramatist, Henry Chettle, who, in the preface to a subsequent work, apologised indirectly for the allusion to Shakspeare. 'I am as sorry,' he says, 'as if the original fault had been my fault, because myself have seen his demeanour no less civil than his excellent in the quality he professes. Besides, divers of worship have re-

ported his uprightness of dealing, which argues his honesty, and his facetious grace in writing, that approves his art.' This is a valuable statement—full justice is done to Shakspeare's moral worth and civil deportment, and to his respectability as an actor and author. Chetle's apology or explanation was made in 1593.

The conclusion of Greene's 'Groat's Worth of Wit' contains more pathos than all his plays; it is a harrowing picture of genius debased by vice, and sorrowing in repentance:

But now return I again to you three [Marlowe, Lodge, and Peele], knowing my misery is to you no news: and let me heartily entreat you to be warned by my harms. Delight not, as I have done, in irreligious oaths, despise drunkennes, fly lust, abhor those epicures whose loose life hath made religion loathsome to your care; and when they soothe you with terms of mastership, remember Robert Greene, whom they have often flattered—perishes for want of comfort. Remember, gentlemen, your lives are like so many light-tapers that are with care delivered to all of you to maintain; these, with wind-puffed wrath, may be extinguished, with drunkennes put out, with negligence let fall. The fire of my light is now at the last snuff. My hand is tired, and I forced to leave where I would begin; desirous that you should live, though himself be dying.—ROBERT GREENE.

His death was wretched in the extreme. Having, at a supper where Nash was a guest, indulged to excess in pickled herrings and Rhenish wine, he contracted a mortal illness, under which he continued for a month, supported by a poor charitable cordwainer; and he was buried the day after his death in the New Churchyard near Bedlam, the cost of his funeral being 6s. 4d. Harvey says Green's corpse was decked by the cordwainer's wife with 'a garland of bays, pursuant to his last request.'

Content—A Sonnet.

Sweet are the thoughts that savour of content:
The quiet mind is richer than a crown:
Sweet are the nights in careless slumber spent:
The poor estate scorns Fortune's angry frown.
Such sweet content, such minds, such sleep, such bliss,
Beggars enjoy, when princes oft do miss.
The homely house that harbours quiet rest,
The cottage that affords no pride nor care,
The mean, that grees with country music best,
The sweet consort of mirth's and music's fare.
Obscured life sets down a type of bliss;
A mind content both crown and kingdom is.

Sephestia's Song to her Child, after escaping from Shipwreck.

Mother's wag, pretty boy,	The wanton smiled, father wept,
Father's sorrow, father's joy,	Mother cried, baby leapt;
When thy father first did see	More he crowed, more he cried,
Such a boy by him and me,	Nature could not sorrow hide;
He was glad, I was woe,	He must go, he must kiss
Fortune changed made him so;	Child and mother, baby bless,
When he had left his pretty boy,	For he left his pretty boy,
Last his sorrow, first his joy.	Father's sorrow, father's joy,
Weep not, my wanton, smile upon my	Weep not, my wanton, smile upon my
knee;	knee;
When thou art old, there's grief enough	When thou art old, there's grief enough
for thee	for thee.

The Shepherd and his Wife.

It was near a thicket shade,
That broad leaves of beech had made,
Joining all their tops so nigh,
That scarce Phœbus in could pry;
Where sat the swain and his wife,
Sporting in that pleasing life,
That Corydon commendeth so.
All other lives to over-go.
He and she did rit and keep
Flocks of kids and flocks of sheep:
He upon his pipe did play,
She tuned voice unto his lay.
And, for you might her housewife know,
Voice did sing and fingers sew.
He was young, his coat was green,
With welts of white seamed between.
Turned over with a flap,
That breast and bosom in did wrap,
Skirts side and plighted free,
Seemly hanging to his knee,
A whittle with a silver chape;
Cloak was russet, and the cape
Served for a bonnet oft,
To shroud him from the wet aloft:
A leather scrip of colour red,
With a button on the head;
A bagge full of country whig,
By the shepherd's side did lig:
And in a little bush hard by,
There the shepherd's dog did lie,
Who, while his master gan to sleep,
Well could watch both kids and sheep.
The shepherd was a frolic swain,

For though his pærel was but plain,
Yet do the authors soothly say,
His colour was both fresh and gay;
And in their writs plain discuss,
Fairer was not Tityrus,
Nor Menalcas, whom they call
The alderleefest (1) swain of all!
Seeming him was his wife,
Both in line and in life.
Fair she was, as fair might be,
Like the roses of the tree;
Buxom, blithe, and young, I ween,
Beauteous, like a summer's queen;
For her cheeks were ruddy hued,
As if lilies were imbrued
With drops of blood to make the white,
Please the eye with more delight.
Love did lie within her eyes,
In ambush for some wanton prize;
A lecher lass than this had been,
Corydon had never seen.
Nor was Phillis, that fair May,
Half so gaudy or so gay.
She wore a chaplet on her head;
Her cassock was of scarlet red,
Long and large as straight as bent;
Her middle was both small and gent.
A neck as white as whales' bone,
Compast with a lace of stone;
Fine she was, and fair she was,
Brighter than the brightest glass;
Such a shepherd's wife as she
Was not more in Thestylis.

Philador, seeing this couple sitting thus lovingly, noted the concord of country amity, and began to conjecture with himself, what a sweet kind of life those men use, who were by their birth too low for dignity, and by their fortunes too simple for envy; well, he thought to fall in prattle with them, had not the shepherd taken his pipe in hand, and begun to play, and his wife to sing out, this roundelay:

Ah! what is love? It is a pretty thing,
As sweet unto a shepherd as a king,
And sweeter too:
For kings have cares that wait upon a crown:
And cares can make the sweetest cares to frown:
Ah then, ah then,
If country loves such sweet desires gain,
What lady would not love a shepherd swain?
His flocks are folded; he comes home at night
As merry as a king in his delight,
And merrier too:
For kings bethink them what the state require,
Where shepherds, careless, carol by the fire:
Ah then, ah then,
If country loves such sweet desires gain,
What lady would not love a shepherd swain?

1 Alder, of all; alderleefest, or alderledest, dearest of all.

He kisseth first, then sits as blithe to eat
His cream and curd, as doth the king his meat.

And blither too :

For kings have often fears when they sup,
Where shepherds dread no poison in their cup :

Ah then, ah then,

If country loves such sweet desires gain,
What lady would not love a shepherd swain ?

Upon his couch of straw he sleeps as sound
As doth the king upon his beds of down,

More sounder too :

For cares cause kings full oft their sleep to spill,
Where weary shepherds lie and snort their fill :

Ah then, ah then,

If country loves such sweet desires gain,
What lady would not love a shepherd swain ?

Thus with his wife he spends the year as blithe
As doth the king at every tide or syth, (1)

And blither too :

For kings have wars and broils to take in hand;
When shepherds laugh, and love upon the land :

Ah then, ah then,

If country loves such sweet desires gain,
What lady would not love a shepherd swain ?

THOMAS LODGE.

THOMAS LODGE is usually classed among the precursors of Shakspeare; he was a poor dramatist. He wrote one tragedy, 'The Wounds of Civil War, lively set forth in the True Tragedies of Marius and Sylla,' 1594. This is in blank verse, but without modulation, and the play is heavy and uninteresting. The 'mystery-play,' 'A Looking-glass for London and England,' written by Lodge and Greene, is directed to the defence of the stage. It applies the scriptural story of Nineveh to the City of London, and amidst drunken buffoonery and clownish mirth, contains some powerful satirical writing.

CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE.

The greatest of Shakspeare's precursors in the drama was CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE—a fiery imaginative spirit, who first imparted consistent character and energy to the stage, in connection with a high-sounding and varied blank verse. Marlowe was born at Canterbury, and baptised on the 26th of February 1563-4. He was the son of a shoemaker, but through the aid of some local patron—supposed to be Sir Roger Manwood, chief baron of the Exchequer, on whom he wrote a Latin epitaph—he was admitted into the King's School of Canterbury, founded for the education of fifty scholars, who received each a stipend of £4 per annum, and retained their scholarships for five years. From this institution Marlowe was enabled to proceed, in 1581, to Bennet College, Cambridge, where he took the degree of B.A. in 1583, and that of M.A. in 1587. Previous to this, he is sup-

1 Syth, or stith, Sax. time.

posed to have written his tragedy of 'Tamburlaine the Great,' which was successfully brought out on the stage, and long continued a favourite. Shakespeare makes ancient Pistol quote, in ridicule, part of this play:

Holla, ye pampered jades of Asia, &c.

But, amidst the rant and fustian of 'Tamburlaine,' there are passages of great beauty and wild grandeur, and the versification justifies the compliment afterwards paid by Ben Jonson, in the words, 'Marlowe's mighty line.' His lofty blank verse is one of his most characteristic features. His second play, the 'Life and Death of Dr. Faustus,' exhibits a far wider range of dramatic power than his first tragedy. The hero studies necromancy, and makes a solemn disposal of his soul to Lucifer, on condition of having a familiar spirit at his command, and unlimited enjoyment for twenty-four years; during which period Faustus visits different countries, 'cails up spirits from the vasty deep,' and revels in luxury and splendour. At length the time expires, the bond becomes due, and a party of evil spirits enter, amidst thunder and lightning, to claim his forfeited life and person. Such a plot afforded scope for deep passion and variety of adventure, and Marlowe has constructed from it a powerful though irregular play. Scenes and passages of terrific grandeur and the most thrilling agony, are intermixed with low humour and preternatural machinery, often ludicrous and grotesque. The ambition of Faustus is a sensual, not a lofty ambition. A feeling of curiosity and wonder is excited by his necromancy and his strange compact with Lucifer; but we do not fairly sympathise with him till all his disguises are stripped off, and his meretricious splendour is succeeded by horror and despair. Then, when he stands on the brink of everlasting ruin, waiting for the fatal moment, imploring, yet distrusting repentance, a scene of enchainment interest, fervid passion, and overwhelming pathos, carries captive the sternest heart, and proclaims the full triumph of the tragic poet.

Scenes from Marlowe's Faustus.

FAUSTUS—WAGNER, his Servant.

FAUSTUS. Say, Wagner, thou hast perused my will.

How dost thou like it?

WAGNER. Sir, so wondrous well,

As in all humble duty I do yield

My life and lasting service for your love.

[Exit.

Three Scholars Enter.

FAUST. Gramercy, Wagner.

Welcome, gentlemen.

FIRST SCHOLAR. Now, worthy Faustus, methinks your looks are changed.

FAUST. O gentlemen.

SECOND SCHOLAR. What ails Faustus?

FAUST. Ah, my sweet chamber-fellow, had I lived with thee, then had I lived still, but now must die eternally. Look, sirs, comes he not? comes he not?

FIRST SCH. O my dear Faustus, what imports this fear?

Sec. Sch. Is all our pleasure turned to melancholy?

THIRD SCHOLAR. He is not well with being over-solitary.

Sec. Sch. If it be so, we will have physicians, and Faustus shall be cured.

FIRST SCH. 'Tis but a surfeit, sir; fear nothing.

FAUST. A surfeit of a deadly sin, that hath damned both body and soul.

Sec. Sch. Yet, Faustus, look up to heaven, and remember mercy is infinite.

FAUST. But Faustus's offence can ne'er be pardoned. The serpent that tempted Eve may be saved, but not Faustus. O gentlemen, hear me with patience, and tremble not at my speeches. Though my heart pant and quiver to remember that I have been a student here these thirty years, oh, would I had ne'er seen Wittenberg, never read book! and what wonders have I done, all Germany can witness, yea, all the world: for which Faustus hath lost both Germany and the world; yea, heaven itself—heaven the seat of God, the throne of the blessed, the kingdom of joy—and must remain in hell for ever. Hell, O hell, for ever. Sweet friends, what shall become of Faustus being in hell for ever?

Sec. Sch. Yet, Faustus, call on God.

FAUST. Oh God, whom Faustus hath abjured? on God, whom Faustus hath blasphemed? O my God, I would weep, but the devil draws in my tears. Gosh forth blood instead of tears, yea, life and soul! Oh, he stays my tongue: I would lift up my hands, but see, they hold 'em, they hold 'em!

SCHOLARS. Who, Faustus?

FAUST. Why, Lucifer and Mephistophilla. O gentlemen, I gave them my soul for my cunning.

SCHOLARS. O God forbid!

FAUST. God forbid it indeed, but Faustus hath done it; for the vain pleasure of four-and-twenty years hath Faustus lost eternal joy and felicity. I writ them a bill with mine own blood: the date is expired: this is the time, and he will fetch me.

FIRST SCH. Why did not Faustus tell of this before, that divine might have prayed for thee?

FAUST. Oft have I thought to have done so; but the devil threatened to tear me in pieces if I named God; to fetch me body and soul if I once gave ear to divinity; and now it is too late. Gentlemen, away, lest you perish with me.

Sec. Sch. Oh, what may we do to save Faustus!

FAUST. Talk not of me, but save yourselves, and depart.

THIRD SCH. God will strengthen me; I will stay with Faustus.

FIRST SCH. Tempt not God, sweet friend, but let us into the next room and pray for him.

FAUST. Ay, pray for me, pray for me; and what noise soever you hear, come not unto me, for nothing can rescue me.

Sec. Sch. Pray thou, and we will pray, that God may have mercy upon thee.

FAUST. Gentlemen, farewell; if I live till morning, I'll visit you; if not, Faustus is gone to hell.

SCHOLARS. Faustus, farewell.

FAUSTUS, alone.—The Clock strikes Eleven.

FAUST. O Faustus,

Now hast thou but one bare hour to live,

And then thou must be damned perpetually,

Stand still, you ever-moving spheres of heaven,

That time may cease and midnight never come.

Fair Nature's eye, rise, rise again, and make

Perpetual day! or let this hour be but

A year, a month, a week, a natural day,

That Faustus may repent and save his soul.

O lente lente currite, noctis equi.

The stars move still, time runs, the clock will strike,

The devil will come, and Faustus must be damned.

Oh, I will leap to heaven; who pulls me down?

See where Christ's blood streams in the firmament:

One drop of blood will save me: Oh, my Christ,

Bend not my heart for naming of my Christ.
 Yet will I call on him: O spare me, Lucifer.
 Where is it now? 'tis gone!
 And see a threatening arm and angry brow,
 Mountains and hills, come, come, and fall on me.
 And hide me from the heavy wrath of heaven.
 No? then I will headlong run into the earth:
 Gape earth! O no, it will not harbour me.
 You stars that reigned at my nativity,
 Whose influence have smothered death and hell,
 Now draw up Faustus like a foggy mist
 Into the entrails of yon labouring cloud;
 That when you vomit forth into the air,
 My limbs may issue from your smoky mouths,
 But let my soul mount and ascend to heaven.

The Watch strikes.

Oh, half the hour is past: 'twill all be past anon.
 Oh, if my soul must suffer for my sin,
 Impose some end to my incessant pain.
 Let Faustus live in hell a thousand years,
 A hundred thousand, and at the last be saved;
 No end is limited to damned souls.
 Why wert thou not a creature wanting soul?
 Or why is this immortal that thou hast?
 Oh, Pythagoras' metempsychosis, were that true,
 This soul should fly from me, and I be changed
 Into some brutish beast.
 All beasts are happy, for when they die,
 Their souls are soon dissolved in elements;
 But mine must live still to be plagued in hell.
 Cursed be the parents that engendered me!
 No, Faustus, curse thyself, curse Lucifer,
 That hath deprived thee of the joys of heaven.

The Clock strikes Twelve.

It strikes, it strikes; now, body, turn to air,
 Or Lucifer will bear thee quick to hell.

Thunder, and enter the Devils.

O soul, be changed into small water-drops,
 And fall into the ocean: ne'er be found.
 O mercy, Heaven, look not so fierce on me.
 Adders and serpents, let me breathe a while:
 Ugly hell, gape not; come not, Lucifer:
 I'll burn my books: O Mephistophilis!

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Scholars.

FIRST SCH. Come, gentlemen, let us go visit Faustus,
 For such a dreadful night was never seen
 Since first the world's creation did begin;
 Such fearful shrieks and cries were never heard:
 Pray Heaven the Doctor have escaped the danger.

SEC. SCH. O help us, heavens! see, here are Faustus' limbs,
 All torn asunder by the hand of death.

THIRD SCH. The devil whom Faustus served hath torn him thus:
 For 'twixt the hours of twelve and one, methought
 I heard him shriek and call aloud for help;
 At which some time the house seemed all on fire
 With dreadful horror of these damned fiends.

Suo. Son. Well, gentlemen, though Faustus' end be such
 As every Christian heart laments to think on;
 Yet, for he was a scholar once admired
 For wondrous knowledge in our German schools,
 We'll give his mangled limbs due burial:
 And all the scholars, clothed in mourning black,
 Shall wait upon his heavy funeral.

[Exeunt.]

CHORUS. Cut is the branch that might have grown full straight,
 And burned is Apollo's laurel bough
 That sometimes grew within this learned man:
 Faustus is gone! Regard his hellish fall,
 Whose fiendful fortune may exhort the wise
 Only to wonder at unlawful things;
 Whose deepness doth entice such forward wits
 To practise more than heavenly power permits.

The classical taste of Marlowe is evinced in the fine apostrophe to Helen of Greece, whom the spirit Mephistophilis conjures up 'between two Cupids,' to gratify the sensual gaze of Faustus:

Was this the face that launched a thousand ships
 And burned the topless towers of Ilium?
 Sweet Helen, make me immortal with a kiss!
 Her lips suck forth my soul—see where it flies.
 Come, Helen, come, give me my soul again:
 Here will I dwell, for heaven is in these lips,
 And all is dross that is not Helena.
 I will be Paris, and for love of thee,
 Instead of Troy shall Wittenberg be sacked;
 And I will combat with weak Menelaus.
 And wear thy colours on my plumed crest:
 Yea, I will wound Achilles in the heel,
 And then return to Helen for a kiss.
 Oh, thou art fairer than the evening air,
 Clad in the beauty of a thousand stars!
 Brighter art thou than flaming Jupiter
 When he appeared to hapless Semele;
 More lovely than the monarch of the sky
 In wanton Arethusa's azure arms;
 And none but thou shalt be my paramour.

Before 1593, Marlowe produced three other dramas—the 'Jew of Malta,' the 'Massacre at Paris,' and a historical play, 'Edward II.' The more malignant passions of the human breast have rarely been represented with such force as they are in the Jew.

Passages from the 'Jew of Malta.'

In one of the early scenes, Barabas the Jew is deprived of his wealth by the governor of Malta. While being comforted in his distress by two Jewish friends, he thus denounces his oppressors:

The plagues of Egypt, and the curse of heaven,
 Earth's barrenness, and all men's hatred
 Inflict upon them, thou great *Primus Motor*!
 And here, upon my knees, striking the earth,
 I ban their souls to everlasting pains
 And extreme tortures of the fiery deep,
 That thus have dealt with me in my distress.

So deeply have his misfortunes imbittered his life, that he would have it appear he is tired of it:

And henceforth wish for an eternal night,
That clouds of darkness may inclose my flesh,
And hide these extreme sorrows from mine eyes.

But when his comforters are gone, he throws off the mask of sorrow to show his real feelings, which suggest to him schemes of the subtlest vengeance. With the fulfilment of these, the rest of the play is occupied, and when, having taken terrible vengeance on his enemies, he is overmatched himself, he thus confesses his crimes, and closes his career.

Then, Barabas, breathe forth thy latest fate,
And in the fury of thy torments, strive
To end thy life with resolution :
Know, governor, 'tis I that slew thy son ;
I framed the challenge that did make them meet.
Know, Calymath, I aimed thy overthrow ;
And had I but escaped this stratagem,
I would have brought confusion on you all,
Damned Christian dogs, and Turkish infidels.
But now begins the extremity of heat
To pinch me with intolerable pangs.
Die, life ; fly, soul ; tongue, curse thy all, and die.

[*Exit.*

'Edward II' is greatly superior to the two plays mentioned in connection with it : it is a noble drama, with ably drawn characters and splendid scenes. Another tragedy, 'Lust's Dominion,' was published long after Marlowe's death, with his name, as author, on the title-page. Mr. Collier has shewn that this play, as it was then printed, was a much later production, and was probably written by Dekker and others. It contains passages and characters, however, characteristic of Marlowe's style, and he may have written the original outline. The old play of 'Taming of a Shrew,' printed in 1594, contains numerous lines to be found also in Marlowe's acknowledged works, and hence it has been conjectured that he was its author. Great uncertainty hangs over many of the old dramas, from the common practice of managers of theatres employing different authors, at subsequent periods, to furnish additional matter for established plays. Even 'Faustus' was dressed up in this manner : In 1597—four years after Marlowe's death—Dekker was paid 20s. for making additions to this tragedy ; and in other five years, Birde and Rowley were paid £4 for further additions to it. Another source of uncertainty as to the paternity of old plays, was the unscrupulous manner in which booksellers appropriated any popular name of the day, and affixed it to their publications. In addition to the above dramatic productions, Marlowe joined with Nash in writing the tragedy of 'Dido, Queen of Carthage,' and translated part of 'Hero and Leander'—afterwards completed by Chapman—and the 'Elegies' of Ovid. The latter was so licentious as to be burned by order of the Archbishop of Canterbury, yet they were often reprinted, in defiance of the ecclesiastical interdict. Poor Marlowe lived, as he wrote, wildly : he was accused of entertaining atheistical opinions, a charge brought against him equally by his associates and by rigid moral censors. He evidently felt what he makes his own 'Tamburlaine' express :

Nature that formed us of four elements,
 Warring within our breasts for regiment,
 Doth teach us all to have aspiring minds:
 Our souls, whose faculties can comprehend,
 The wondrous architecture of the world,
 And measure every wandering planet's course,
 Still climbing after knowledge infinite,
 And always moving as the restless spheres,
 Will us to wear ourselves, and never rest
 Until we reach the ripest fruit of all.

Marlowe came to an early and singularly unhappy end. He was stabbed in an affray in a tavern at Deptford, and buried on the 1st of June, 1593, the parish register recording that he was 'slain by Francis Archer.' Marlowe had raised his poinard against his antagonist—whom Meres and Anthony Wood describe as 'a serving-man, a rival of his lewd love'—when the other seized him by the wrist, and turned the dagger, so that it entered Marlowe's own head, 'in such sort that, notwithstanding all the means of surgery that could be brought, he shortly after died of his wound.' Thus, condemned by the serious and puritanical, and stained with follies, while his genius was rapidly maturing and developing its magnificent resources, Marlowe fell a victim to an obscure and disgraceful brawl. The last words of Greene's address to him a year or two before are somewhat ominous: 'Refuse not (with me) till this last point of extremity; for little knowest thou how in the end thou shalt be visited.' The warning was

Like the sad presaging raven, that tolls
 The sick man's passport in her hollow beak,
 And in the shadow of the silent night
 Doth shake contagion from her sable wings.

Jew of Malta.

The finest compliment paid to the genius of this unfortunate poet was by his contemporary and fellow-dramatist, Michael Drayton:

Next Marlowe, bathed in the Thespian springs
 Had in him those brave translunary things
 That the first poets had: his raptures were
 All air and fire, which made his verses clear;
 For that fine madness still he did retain,
 Which rightly should possess a poet's brain.

The great success of Marlowe's plays, and the popularity of Alleyn, the principal actor in them, must have influenced Shakespeare in no small degree; and he fortunately possessed in Burbage a tragic performer capable of embodying his finest conceptions and dividing the applause of the town. Marlowe's Jew was, in a certain sense, the prototype of Shylock, and his historical plays the foundation of Shakespeare's first efforts in the same popular walk of the drama. There could never have been any serious or continued rivalry between the poets, even if death had not prevented it; but there may have been a short period when Shakespeare looked with envy and admira-

tion on the wild, irregular, and towering genius that, 'with no middle flight,' successfully soared

Above the Aonian mount, while it pursued
Things unattempted yet in prose or rhyme.

Originality, that first attribute of genius, belongs, in an eminent degree, to the ill-fated Marlowe. We subjoin part of the death-scene of Edward II. in his historical drama, a scene which, Charles Lamb says, 'moves pity and terror beyond any scene, ancient or modern.' It may challenge comparison with Shakspeare's death of Richard II.; but Marlowe could not interest us in his hero as the great dramatist does in the gentle Richard.

Scene from Marlowe's 'Edward II.'

Scene—Berkeley Castle. The King is left alone with LIGHTBORN, a steward.

EDWARD. Who's there? what light is that? wherefore com'st thou?
LIGHTBORN. To comfort you, and bring you joyful news.

EDW. Small comfort finds poor Edward in thy looks!

VILLAIN. I know thou com'st to murder me.

LIGHT. To murder you, my most gracious lord!

Far is it from my heart to do you harm.

The queen sent me to see how you were used,

For she relents at this your misery:

And what eyes can refrain from shedding tears,

To see a king in this most pitious state.

EDW. Weep'st thou already? list a while to me,

And then thy heart, were it as Gurney's (1) is,

Or as Matrevis' (1) hewn from the Caucasus,

Yet will it melt, ere I have done my tale.

This dungeon where they keep me is a sink

Wherein the filth of all the castle falls.

LIGHT. O villains!

EDW. And there, in mire and puddle, have I stood

This ten days' space; and lest that I should sleep,

One plays continually upon a drum.

They give me bread and water, being a king;

So that, for want of sleep and sustenance,

My mind's distemper'd, and my body's numb'd.

And whether I have limbs or no, I know not.

O would my blood drop out from every vein,

As doth this water from my tattered robes!

Tell Isabel, the queen, I looked not thus,

When for her sake I ran at tilt in France,

And there unhorsed the Duke of Cleremont.

LIGHT. O speak no more, my lord! this breaks my heart.

Lie on this bed, and rest yourself a while.

EDW. These looks of thine can harbour nought but death.

I see my tragedy written in thy brows.

Yet stay a while, forbear thy bloody hand,

And let me see the stroke before it comes,

That even then, when I shall lose my life,

My mind may be more steadfast on my God.

LIGHT. What means your highness to mistrust me thus?

EDW. What mean'st thou to discernible with me thus?

1 His keepers.

LIGHT. These hands were never stained with innocent blood,
Nor shall they now be tainted with a king's.

EDW. Forgive my thought, for having such a thought.

One jewel have I left, receive thou this.

Still fear I, and I know not what 's the cause,

But every joint shakes as I give it thee.

Oh, if thou harbour'st murder in thy heart,

Let the gift change thy mind, and save thy soul.

Know that I am a king: Oh, at that name

I feel a hell of grief. Where is my crown?

Gone, gone; and do I still remain alive?

LIGHT. You're overwatched, my lord; lie down and rest.

EDW. But that grief keeps me waken, I should sleep;

For not these ten days have these eyelids closed.

Now as I speak they fall, and yet with fear

Open again. O wherefore sitt'st thou here?

LIGHT. If you mistrust me, I'll be gone, my lord.

EDW. No, no; for if thou mean'st to murder me,

Thou wilt return again; and therefore stay.

LIGHT. He sleeps.

EDW. O let me not die; yet stay, O stay a while.

LIGHT. How now, my lord?

EDW. Something still buzzeth in mine ears,

And tells me if I sleep, I never wake;

This fear is that which makes me tremble thus.

And therefore tell me wherefore art thou come?

LIGHT. To rid thee of thy life. *Matrevis, come.*

EDW. I am too weak and feeble to resist:

Assist me, sweet God, and receive my soul.

The following may be taken as a specimen of *Mariowe's* sonorous exaggerated style.

Description of Tamburlaine.

Of stature tall, and straightly fashioned;
Like his desire, lift upwards and divine.
So large of limbs, his joints so strongly knit,
Such breadth of shoulders, as might mainly bear
Old Atlas' burthen. 'Twixt his manly pitch
A pearl more worth than all the world is placed:
Wherein by curious sovereignty of art
Are fixed his piercing instruments of sight:
Whose fiery circles bear encompassed
A heaven of heavenly bodies in their spheres,
That guides his steps and actions to the throne
Where Honour sits invested royally.
Pale of complexion, wrought in him with passion,
Thirsting with sovereignty and love of arms.
His lofty brows in folds do figure death;
And in their smoothness, amity and life.
About them hangs a knot of amber hair,
Wrapped in curls, as fierce Achilles' was;
On which the breath of heaven delights to play,
Making it dance with wanton majesty.
His arms and fingers long and sinewy,
Betokening valour and excess of strength;
In every part proportioned like the man
Should make the world subdued to Tamburlaine. . . .
The first day when he pitched down his tents,
White is their hue; and on his silver crest

A snowy feather spangled white he bears;
 To signify the mildness of his mind,
 That, satiate with spoil, refuseth blood:
 But when Aurora mounts the second time,
 As red as scarlet is his furniture;
 Then must his kindled wrath be quenched with blood,
 Not sparing any that can manage arms:
 But if these threats move not submission,
 Black are his colours, black pavilion,
 His spear, his shield, his horse, his armour, plumes,
 And jetty feathers, menace death and hell;
 Without respect of sex, degree or age,
 He razeth all his foes with fire and sword.

Detached lines and passages in 'Edward II.' possess much poetical beauty. Thus, in answer to Leicester, the king says:

Leicester, if gentle words might comfort me,
 Thy speeches long ago had eased my sorrows;
 For kind and loving hast thou always been.
 The griefs of private men are soon allayed,
 But not of kings. The forest deer being struck,
 Runs to an herb that closeth up the wounds;
 But when the imperial lion's flesh is gored,
 He rends and tears it with his wrathful paw,
 And highly scorning that the lowly earth
 Should drink his blood, mounts up to the air.

Or Mortimer's device for the royal pageant:

A lofty cedar tree fair flourishing,
 On whose top branches eagles perch,
 And by the bark a canker creeps me up,
 And gets unto the highest bough of all.

The following is exactly like a scene from Shakspeare:

The Nobles Remonstrate with Edward II.

EDWARD.—KENT.—YOUNG MORTIMER.—LANCASTER.

YOUNG MORTIMER. Nay, stay my lord: I come to bring you news:
 Mine uncle's taken prisoner by the Scots.

EDWARD. Then ransom him.

LANCASTER. 'Twas in *your* wars; you should ransom him.

Y. MOR. And you *shall* ransom him, or else——

KENT. What! Mortimer, you will not threaten him?

EDW. Quiet yourself; you shall have the broad seal
 To gather for him through the realm.

LANC. Your minion, Gaveston, hath taught you this.

Y. MOR. My lord, the family of the Mortimers
 Are not so poor, but would they sell their land,
 Could levy men enough to anger you.

We never beg, but use such prayers as these.

EDW. Shall I still be taunted thus?

Y. MOR. Nay, now you're here alone, I'll speak my mind.

LANC. And so will I, and then, my lord, farewell.

Y. MOR. The idle triumphs, masques, lascivious shows,
 And prodigal gifts bestowed on Gaveston.

Have drawn thy treasury dry, and made thee weak:
 The murmuring commons, overstretched, break.

LANC. Look for rebellion, look to be deposed:
 Thy garrisons are beaten out of France,

And, lame and poor, lie groaning at the gates.
The wild O'Neil, with swarms of Irish kerns,
Lives uncontrolled within the English pale.
Unto the walls of York the Scots make road,
And unresisted draw away rich spoils.

Y. MOR. The haughty Dane commands the narrow seas,
While in the harbour ride thy ships unrigged.

LANC. What foreign prince sends thee ambassadors?

Y. MOR. Who loves thee but a sort of flatterers?

LANC. Thy gentle queen, sole sister to Valois,
Complains that thou hast left her all forlorn.

Y. MOR. Thy court is naked, being bereft of those

That make a king seem glorious to the world;

I mean the Peers, whom thou shouldst dearly love:

Libels are cast against thee in the street—

Ballads and rhymes made of thy overthrow.

LANC. The northern borderers seeing their houses burned,

Their wives and children slain, run up and down,

Cursing the name of thee and Gaveston.

Y. MOR. When wert thou in the field with banners spread?

But once; and then thy soldiers marched like players

With garish robes, not armour: and thyself

Bedaubed with gold, rode laughing at the rest,

Nodding and shaking of thy spangled crest,

Where women's favours hung like labels down.

LANC. And therefore came it that the fleeing Scots

To England's high disgrace have made this jig:

'Maids of England, sore may you mourn

For your lemans you have lost at Bannockburn,

With a heave and a ho.

What weened the king of England

So soon to have won Scotland

With a rombelow!

Y. MOR. Wigmore shall fly to set my uncle free.

LANC. And when 'tis gone, our swords shall purchase more.

If ye be moved, revenge it if you can;

Look next to see us with our ensigus spread.

[*Exeunt nobles.*]

The works of Marlowe have been edited by the Rev. Alex. Dyce (1859), and by Lieutenant-colonel Francis Cunningham (1869). The latter has added some excellent illustrative and explanatory notes.

The taste of the public for the romantic drama, in preference to the classical, seems now to have been confirmed. An attempt was made, towards the close of Elizabeth's reign, to revive the forms of the classic stage; by DANIEL, who wrote two plays, 'Cleopatra and Philotas,' which are smoothly versified, but undramatic in their character. LADY PEMBROKE co-operated in a tragedy called 'Antony,' written in 1590; and SAMUEL BRANDON produced, in 1598, a tame and feeble Roman play, 'Virtuous Octavia.'

ANTHONY MUNDAY—HENRY CHETTLÉ.

In the throng of dramatic authors, the names of ANTHONY MUNDAY (1554-1633) and HENRY CHETTLÉ (known as author between 1593 and 1603) frequently occur. Munday was an author as early as 1579, and he was concerned in fourteen plays. Francis Meres, in 1598,

calls him the 'best plotter' among the writers for the stage. One of his dramas, 'Sir John Oldcastle,' was written in conjunction with Michael Drayton and others, and was printed in 1600, with the name of Shakspeare on the title-page. 'The Death of Robert, Earl of Huntington,' printed in 1601, was a popular play by Munday, assisted by Chettle, though sometimes ascribed to Thomas Heywood. The pranks of Robin Hood and Maid Marian in merry Sherwood are thus gaily set forth :

Sport in Sherwood.

Wind once more, jolly huntsmen, all your horns,
Whose shrill sound, with the echoing woods' assist,
Shall ring a sad knell for the fearful deer,
Before our feathered shafts, death's winged darts,
Bring sudden summons for their fatal ends. . . .
Give me thy hand ; now God's curse on me light,
If I forsake not grief in grief's despite.
Now make a cry, and yeomen, stand ye round :
I charge ye, never more let woful sound
Be heard among ye ; but whatever fall,
Laugh grief to scorn, and so make sorrow small. . . .
Marian, thou seest, though courtly pleasures want,
Yet country sport in Sherwood is not scant.
For the soul-ravishing delicious sound
Of instrumental music, we have found
The winged quirlsters, with divers notes,
Sent from their quaint recording pretty throats,
On every branch that compasseth our bower,
Without command contenting us each hour.
For arras hangings and rich tapestry,
We have sweet nature's best embroidery.
For thy steel glass, wherein thou wouldest look,
Thy crystal eyes gaze in a crystal brook.
At court, a flower or two did deck thy head,
Now, with whole garlands it is circled ;
For what in wealth we want, we have in flowers,
And what we lose in halls, we find in bowers.

Chettle was engaged in no less than thirty-eight plays between the years 1597 and 1608, four of which have been printed. Mr. Collier thinks he had written for the stage before 1592, when he published Greene's posthumous work, 'A Groat's Worth of Wit.' Among his plays the *names* of which have descended to us, is one on the subject of Cardinal Wolsey, which probably was the original of Shakspeare's 'Henry VIII.' The best drama of this prolific author which we now possess is a comedy called 'Patient Grissell,' taken from Boccaccio. The humble charms of the heroine are thus finely described :

See where my Grissell and her father is ;
Methinks her beauty, shining through those woods,
Seems like a bright star in the sullen night.
How lovely poverty dwells on her back !
Did but the proud world note her as I do,
She would cast off rich robes, forswear rich state,
To clothe her in such poor habiliments.

The names of Haughton, Antony Brewer, Porter, Smith, Hathaway—probably some relation of Shakspeare's wife—Wilson, &c. also occur as dramatic writers. From the diary of Henslowe, it appears that, between 1591 and 1597, upwards of a hundred different plays were performed by *four* of the *ten or eleven* theatrical companies which then existed. Henslowe was originally a pawnbroker, who advanced money and dresses to the players, and he ultimately possessed a large share of the wardrobe and properties of the playhouses with which he was concerned. The name of Shakspeare does not once occur in his diary.

Several good dramas of this golden age have descended to us, the authors of which are unknown. A few of these possess merit enough to have been considered first sketches of Shakspeare, but this opinion has been gradually abandoned by all but one or two German critics. Most of them have been published in Dodsley's 'Collection of Old Plays.' The best are—the 'Merry Devil of Edmonton,' the 'London Prodigal,' the 'Yorkshire Tragedy,' 'Lord Cromwell,' the 'Birth of Merlin,' the 'Collier of Croydon,' 'Mucedorus,' 'Luocrine,' 'Arden of Feversham' the 'Misfortunes of Arithur,' 'Edward III.,' &c. The most correct and regular of these anonymous dramas is 'Arden of Feversham,' a domestic tragedy, founded on a murder which took place in 1551. Alice, the wife of Arden, proves unfaithful, and joins with her paramour Mosbie, and some assassins, in murdering her husband. Tieck has translated this play into German, as a genuine production of Shakspeare, but the style is different. In the earliest acknowledged works of the Warwickshire bard, there is a play of wit, and of what Hallam calls 'analogical imagery,' which is not seen in 'Arden of Feversham,' though it exhibits a strong picture of the passions, and indicates freedom of versification and dramatic art. We subjoin one touching scene between Alice and her paramour—a scene of mutual recrimination, guilt and tenderness :

Scene from Arden of Feversham.

ALICE ARDEN.—MOSBIE.

MOSBIE. How now, Alice! What! sad and passionate?
Make me partaker of thy pensiveness;
Fire divided burns with lesser force,

ALICE. But I will dam that fire in my breast,
Till by the force thereof my part consume.
Ah, Mosbie!

Mos. Such deep pathos, like to a cannon's burst,
Discharged against a ruined wall,
Breaks my relenting heart in thousand pieces.
Ungentle Alice, thy sorrow is my sore;
Thou knowest it well, and 'tis thy policy
To forge distressful looks, to wound a breast
Where lies a heart which dies when thou art sad.
It is not love that loves to anger love.

AL. It is not love that loves to murder love.

Mos. How mean you that ?

AL. Thou know'st how dearly Arden loved me.

Mos. And then—

AL. And then—conceal the rest, for 'tis too bad,
Lest that my words be carried to the wind.
And published in the world to both our shames.
I pray thee, Mosbie, let our spring-time wither ;
Our harvest else will yield but loathsome weeds.
Forget, I pray thee, what has passed betwixt us :
For now I blush and tremble at the thoughts.

Mos. What ! are you changed ?

AL. Ay, to my former happy life again ;
From title of an odious strumpet's name
To honest Arden's wife, not Arden's honest wife
Ha, Mosbie ! 'tis thou hast rified me of that,
And made me slanderous to all my kin.
Even in my forehead is thy name engraven.
A mean artificer, that low-born name !
I was bewitched : wor—worth the hapless hour
And all the causes that enchanted me.

Mos. Nay, if thou can, let me breathe curses forth ;
And if you stand so nicely at your fame,
Let me repent the credit I have lost.
I have neglected matters of import,
That would have 'stated me above thy state ;
For-slowed advantages, and spurned-at time ;
Ay, fortune's right hand Mosbie hath forsook,
To take a wanton giglot by the left.
I left the marriage of an honest maid,
Whose dowry would have weighed down all thy wealth ;
Whose beauty and demeanor far exceeded thee.
This certain good I lost for changing bad,
And wrapt my credit in thy company.
I was bewitched ; that is no theme of thine ;
And thou unhalloved hast enchanted me.
But I will break thy spells and exorcisms,
And put another sight upon those eyes,
That shewed my heart a raven for a dove.
Thou art not fair ; I viewed thee not till now :
Thou art not kind ; till now I knew thee not :
And now the rain hath beaten off thy gilt,
Thy worthless copper shews the counterfeit.
It grieves me not to see how foul thou art,
But mads me that ever I thought thee fair.
Go, get thee gone, a copesmate for thy hinds ;
I am too good to be thy favourite.

AL. Ay, now I see, and too soon find it true,
Which often hath been told me by my friends,
That Mosbie loves me not but for my wealth ;
Which too incredulous I ne'er believed,
Nay, hear me speak. Mosbie, a word or two :
I'll bite my tongue if I speak bitterly.
Look on me, Mosbie, or else I'll kill myself.
Nothing shall hide me from thy stormy look ;
If thou cry war, there is no peace for me.
I will do penance for offending thee ;
And burn this prayer-book, which I here use,
The holy word that has converted me.
See, Mosbie, I will tear away the leaves,
And all the leaves ; and in this golden cover
Shall thy sweet phrases and thy letters dwell,

And thereon will I chiefly meditate,
 And hold no other sect but such devotion.
 Wilt thou not look ? Is all thy love o'erwhelmed ?
 Wilt thou not hear ? what malice stops thy ears ?
 Why speak'st thou not ? what silence ties thy tongue ?
 Thou hast been sighted as the eagle is,
 And heard as quickly as the fearful hare,
 And spoke as smoothly as an orator,
 When I have bid thee hear, or see, or speak :
 And art thou sensible in none of these ?
 Weigh all thy good turns with this little fault,
 And I deserve not Mosbie's muddy looks.
 A fence of trouble is not thickened still :
 Be clear again ; I'll ne'er more trouble thee.

Mos. O fie, no ; I'm a base artificer ;
 My wings are feathered for a lowly flight.
 Mosbie, fie, no ; not for a thousand pound
 Make love to you ; why, 'tis unpardonable.
 We beggars must not breathe where gentles are.

AL. Sweet Mosbie is as gentle as a king,
 And I too blind to judge him otherwise.
 Flowers sometimes spring in fallow lands,
 Weeds in gardens, roses grow on thorns ;
 So whatsoever my Mosbie's father was,
 Himself is valued gently by his worth.

Mos. Ah, how you women can insinuate,
 And clear a trespass with your sweet set tongue.
 I will forget this quarrel, gentle Alice,
 Provided I'll be tempted so no more.

'Arden of Feversham' was first printed in 1592. The 'Yorkshire Tragedy,' another play of the same kind, but apparently more hastily written, was performed in 1694, and four years afterwards printed with Shakspeare's name. Both Dyce and Collier, able dramatic antiquaries and students, are inclined to the opinion that this drama contains passages which only Shakspeare could have written. But in lines like the following—though smooth and natural, and quoted as the most Shaksperian in the play—we miss the music of the great dramatist's thoughts and numbers. It is, however, a forcible picture of a luckless, reckless gambler :

Picture of a Gambler.

What will become of us ! All will away !
 My husband never ceases in expense,
 Both to consume his credit and his house ;
 And 'tis set down by Heaven's just decree,
 That Riot's child must needs be Beggary.
 Are these the virtues that his youth did promise ?
 Dice and voluptuous meetings, midnight revels,
 Taking his bed with surfeits, ill besecming
 The ancient honour of his house and name ?
 And this not all, but that which kills me most,
 When he recounts his losses and false fortunes,
 The weakness of his state, so much dejected,
 Not as a man repentant, but half mad.
 His fortunes cannot answer his expense.
 He sits and sullenly locks up his arms,

Forgetting Heaven, looks downward, which makes him
Appear so dreadful, that he frights my heart;
Walks heavily, as if his soul were earth;
Not penitent for those his sins are past,
But vexed his money cannot make them last
A fearful melancholy, ungodly sorrow!

WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

We have seen that Greene, Peele, and Marlowe prepared in some degree the way for Shakspeare. They had given a more settled and scholastic form to the drama, and assigned it a permanent place in the national literature. They adorned the stage with more variety of character and action, with deep passion, and true poetry. The latter, indeed, was tinged with incoherence and extravagance, but the sterling ore of genius was, in Marlowe at least, abundant. Above all, they had familiarised the public ear to the use of blank verse. The last improvement was the greatest; for even the genius of Shakspeare would have been cramped and confined, if it had been condemned to move only in the fetters of rhyme. The quick interchange of dialogue, and the various nice shades and alternations of character and feeling, could not have been evolved in dramatic action, except in that admirable form of verse which unites rhythmical harmony with the utmost freedom, grace and flexibility. When Shakspeare, therefore, appeared conspicuously on the horizon, the scene may be said to have been prepared for his reception. The Genius of the Drama had accumulated materials for the use of the great poet, who was to extend her empire over limits not yet recognised, and invest it with a splendour which the world had never seen before.

The few incidents known of Shakspeare's life are chiefly derived from legal documents. The fond idolatry with which he is now regarded was only turned to his personal history at a late period, when little could be gathered even by the most enthusiastic collector. WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE was born at Stratford-on-Avon, in the county of Warwick, in April 1564. There is a pleasant and poetical tradition, that he was born on the 23d of the month, the anniversary of St. George, the tutelar saint of England; but all we know with certainty is, that he was baptised on the 26th. His father, John Shakspeare, is traced to a family occupying land at Snitterfield, near Warwick. He settled in the town of Stratford, became a woolcomber or glover, and elevated his social position by marriage with a rustic heiress, Mary Arden, possessed of an estate worth about £120 per annum of our present money. The poet's father rose to be high-bailiff and chief alderman of Stratford; but in 1578, he is found mortgaging his wife's inheritance, and, from entries in the town-books, is supposed to have fallen into comparative poverty. William was the eldest of six surviving children, and after some education at the grammar-school, he is said to have been brought home to assist at

his father's business. There is a blank in his history for some years; but doubtless he was engaged, whatever might be his circumstances or employment, in treasuring up materials for his future poetry. The study of man and of nature, facts in natural history, the country, the fields, and the woods, would be gleaned by familiar intercourse and observation among his fellow-townsmen, and in rambling over the beautiful valley of the Avon. It has been conjectured that he was some time in a lawyer's office, as his works abound in technical legal phrases and illustrations. This has always seemed to us highly probable. The London players were also then in the habit of visiting Stratford; Thomas Green, an actor, was a native of the town; and Burbage, the greatest performer of his day—the future Richard, Hamlet, and Othello—was originally from Warwickshire. Who can doubt, then, that the high-bailiff's son, from the years of twelve to twenty, was a frequent and welcome visitant *behind the scenes*—that he there imbibed the tastes and feelings which coloured all his future life—and that he there felt the first stirrings of his immortal dramatic genius. We are persuaded that he had begun to write long before he left Stratford, and had most probably sketched, if not completed, his 'Venus and Adonis,' and the 'Lucrece.' The amount of his education at the grammar-school has been made a question of eager scrutiny and controversy. Ben Jonson says he had 'little Latin, and less Greek.' This is not denying that he had some. Many Latinised idioms and expressions are to be found in his plays. The choice of two classical subjects for his early poetry, and the numerous felicitous allusions in his dramas to the mythology of the ancients, shew that he was imbued with the spirit and taste of classical literature, and was a happy student, if not a critical scholar. His mind was too comprehensive to degenerate into pedantry; but when, at the age of four or five and twenty, he took the field of original dramatic composition, in company with the university-bred authors and wits of his times, he soon distanced them all, in correctness as well as facility, in the intellectual richness of his thoughts and diction, and in the wide range of his acquired knowledge. It may be safely assumed, therefore, that at Stratford he was a hard, though perhaps an irregular student. The precocious maturity of Shakspeare's passions hurried him into a premature marriage. On the 28th of November 1582, he obtained a licence at Worcester, legalising his union with Anne Hathaway, *with once asking of the bans*. Two of his neighbours became security in the sum of £40, that the poet would fulfil his matrimonial engagement, he being a minor, and unable, legally, to contract for himself. Anne Hathaway was seven years older than her husband. She was the daughter of a 'substantial yeoman' of the village of Shottery, about a mile from Stratford. The poet's daughter, Susanna, was christened on the 26th of May 1583, six months after the marriage. In a year and a half two other children, twins, were born to Shakspeare, who had no family afterwards. We may readily sup-

pose that the small town of Stratford did not offer scope for the ambition of the poet, now arrived at early manhood, and feeling the ties of a husband and a father. He removed to London in 1586 or 1587. It has been said that his departure was hastened by the effects of a lampoon he had written on a neighbouring squire, Sir Thomas Lucy of Charlecote, in revenge for Sir Thomas prosecuting him for deer-stealing. The story is inconsistent in its details. Part of it must be untrue; it was never recorded against him in his lifetime; and the whole may have been built upon the opening scene in the 'Merry Wives of Windsor'—not written till after Sir Thomas Lucy's death—in which there is some wanton wit on the armorial bearings of the Lucy family.* As an actor, Shakspeare is spoken favourably of by Lodge; and in 1603, when a new patent was granted to the Blackfriars Company by King James, the poet's name appears second in the list; but the source of his unexampled success was his immortal dramas, the delight and wonder of his age—

That so did take Eliza and our James,

as Ben Jonson has recorded, and as is confirmed by many authorities. Up to 1611, the whole of Shakspeare's plays—thirty-seven in number, according to the first folio edition—are supposed to have been produced. With the nobles, the wits, and poets of his day, he was in familiar intercourse. 'The gentle Shakspeare,' as he was usually styled, was throned in all hearts. But notwithstanding his brilliant success in the metropolis, the poet early looked forward to a permanent retirement to the country. He visited Stratford once a year; and when wealth flowed in upon him, he purchased property in his native town and its vicinity. In 1597, he paid £60 for New Place,

* Mr. Washington Irving, in his *Sketch-book*, thus adverts to Charlecote and the deer-stealing affair:

'I had a desire to see the old family seat of the Lucys at Charlecote, and to ramble through the park where Shakspeare, in company with some of the roysters of Stratford, committed his youthful offence of deer-stealing. In this hare-brained exploit, we are told that he was taken prisoner, and carried to the keeper's lodge, where he remained all night in doleful captivity. When brought into the presence of Sir Thomas Lucy, his treatment must have been falling and humiliating; for it so wrought upon his spirit, as to produce a rough pasquinade, which was affixed to the park-gate at Charlecote.

'This flagitious attack upon the dignity of the knight incensed him, that he applied to a lawyer at Warwick to put the severity of the laws in force against the rhyming deer-stealer. Shakspeare did not wait to brave the united puissance of a knight or the shire and a country attorney.

'I now found myself among the noble avenues of oaks and elms, whose vast size bespoke the growth of centuries. . . . It was from wandering in early life among this rich scenery, and about the romantic solitude of the adjoining park of Fulbroke, which then formed a part of the Lucy estate, that some of Shakspeare's commentators have supposed he derived his noble forest meditations of Jacques, and the enchanting woodland pictures in *As You Like It*. . . . [The house] is a large building of brick, with stone quoins, and is in the Gothic style of Queen Elizabeth's day, having been built in the first year of her reign. The exterior remains very nearly in its original state, and may be considered a fair specimen of the residence of a wealthy country gentleman of those days. . . . The front of the house is completely in the old style—with stone-shafted casements, a great bow-window of heavy stone-work, and a portal with armorial bearings over it, carved in stone. . . . The Avon, which winds through the park, makes a bend just at the foot of a gently sloping bank which sweeps round the rear of the house. Large herds of deer were reposing upon its borders.'

the principal house in Stratford; in 1602, he gave £320 for 197 acres of land adjoining to his purchase; and in 1605, he paid £440 for the lease of the tithes of Stratford. The produce of his lands he no doubt disposed of like the ordinary lords of the soil, and Mr. Halliwell, in his life of Shakspeare (1848), shews that in 1604 the poet brought an action against Philip Rogers for £1, 15s. 10d. for malt sold and delivered to him. The latest entry of his name among the king's players is in 1604, but he was living in London in 1609. The year 1612 has been assigned as the date of his final retirement to the country. In the fulness of his fame, with a handsome competency, and before age had chilled the enjoyment of life, the poet returned to his native town, to spend the remainder of his days among the quiet scenes and the friends of his youth. His parents were both dead, but their declining years had been gladdened by the prosperity of their illustrious son. His family appears to have had a leaning towards the Puritans, and in the town-chamberlain's accounts for 1614, there is a record of a present of sack and claret, 'given to a preacher at New Place.' Preachers of all sects, if good men, would be welcome to the poet's hospitality! Four years were spent by Shakspeare in this dignified retirement, and the history of literature scarcely presents another such picture of calm felicity and satisfied ambition. He died on the 23d of April, 1616, having just completed his fifty-second year. His widow survived him seven years. His two daughters were both married—his only son Hamnet had died in 1596—and one of them had three sons; but all these died without issue, and there now remains no lineal representative of the great poet.

Of the recent Shakspearian researches, we must say with regret, in the words of Mr. Hallam, 'no letter of his writing, no record of his conversation, no character of him drawn with any fulness by a contemporary, has been produced.' The 'Calendars of the State Papers,' published under the authority of the Master of the Rolls, shew that in the list of trained soldiers of the hundred of Barlichway, in Warwickshire, in September 1605, was a William Shakspeare*. The militia bands were at that time—the agitated year of the Gunpowder Plot—formed in order to repress an expected rising in the midland shires, and as the poet was then a considerable landholder in his native county, he may have been enrolled as one of its military defenders. To know positively that the 'gentle Shakspeare' had borne arms, and, like Ben Jonson, 'shouldered a pike,' as one of the Warwickshire public force, would be a curious and suggestive fact in his personal history. In June 1838, an autograph signature of the poet to a mortgage deed of a house in Blackfriars, dated March 11, 1612-13, was sold in London to the curators of the British Museum for three

* See *Calendar of State Papers, Domestic Series, of the Reign of James I. 1603 to 1610*, preserved in the State Paper Department of H.M.'s Public Record Office. Edited by Mary Anne Everett Green (1837). The publication of these calendars will be invaluable to future historians and biographers.

hundred guineas—unquestionably the largest sum ever given for a mere autograph. From none of the few signatures of the poet can we ascertain with any degree of certainty how he spelled his surname. The three signatures in the will are all indistinct. Neither of his parents, it is now proved, could write, as deeds are extant to which John and Mary Shakspeare affix their marks.

In 1832, Mr. Collier published a volume of 'Notes and Emendations' of the plays of Shakspeare, derived from a corrected copy of the second edition in 1632, which had apparently belonged to one Thomas Perkins. Certain other documents relating to the dramatist and his plays, purporting to be found in the library at Bridgewater House, in the Audit Office, and at Dulwich College, have also been published. But it seems to be satisfactorily proved that all these are modern fabrications, executed, in some respects, with ingenuity and skill.

Shakspeare, it is believed, like his contemporary dramatists, began his career as an author by altering the works of others, and adapting them for the stage. The extract from Greene's 'Groat's Worth of Wit,' which we have given in the life of that unhappy author, shews that he had been engaged in this subordinate literary labour before 1592. Three years previous to this, Nash had published an address to the students of the two universities, in which there is a remarkable passage: 'It is,' he says, 'a common practice now-a-days, among a sort of shifting companions, that run through every art, and thrive by none, to leave the trade of "Noverint," whereto they were born, and busy themselves with the endeavours of art, that could scarce Latinise their neck-verse if they should have need; yet English Seneca, read by candle-light, yields many good sentences, as *blood is a beggar*, and so forth; and if you entreat him far in a frosty morning, he will afford you whole "Hamlets," I should say handfuls, of tragical speeches.' The term 'Noverint' was applied to lawyers' clerks, so called from the first word of a Latin deed of those times, equivalent to the modern commencement of 'Know all men,' &c. It appears from the title-page to the first edition of 'Hamlet,' in 1604, that, like 'Romeo and Juliet,' and the 'Merry Wives of Windsor,' it had been enlarged to almost twice its original size. It seems scarcely probable that the great dramatist should not have commenced writing before he was twenty-seven. Some of his first drafts, as we have seen, he subsequently enlarged and completed; others may have sunk into oblivion, as being judged unworthy of resuscitation or improvement in his riper years. 'Pericles' is supposed to be one of his earliest adaptations. Dryden, indeed, expressly states it to be the first birth of his muse; but two if not three styles are distinctly traceable in this play, and the first two acts look like the work of Greene or Peele. 'Titus Andronicus' resembles the style of Marlowe, and if written by Shakspeare, as distinct contemporary testimony affirms, it must have been a very youthful production. The 'Taming of the

'Shrew' is greatly indebted to an old play on the same subject, and must also be referred to the same period. It is doubtful whether Shakspeare wrote any of the first part of 'Henry VI.' The second and third parts are modelled on two older plays, the 'Contention of York and Lancaster,' and the 'True Tragedy of the Duke of York.' Whether these old dramas were early sketches of Shakspeare's own, cannot now be ascertained; they contain the death-scene of Cardinal Beaufort, the last speech of the Duke of York, and the germs of that vigorous delineation of character and passion completed in 'Richard III.' We know no other dramatist of that early period, excepting Marlowe, who could have written those powerful sketches. From the old plays, Shakspeare borrowed no less than 1771 entire lines, and nearly double that number are merely alterations. Hence it has been supposed that Shakspeare's property in the second and third parts of 'Henry VI.' was only in the additions and alterations he introduced. Whole lines in the old plays are identical with passages in Marlowe's 'Edward II.:' and there seems no reason to doubt that Marlowe and Greene were the original authors, and that Shakspeare had remodelled their plays, to fit them for his theatre, retaining what was popular, and improving what was defective. Thus the charge of plagiarism brought by Greene against our great dramatist stands explained and reconciled with probability, if not with fact, though we must remember that it was Shakspeare's first editors, not himself, that claimed for him the sole authorship of 'Henry VI.' as of the other plays.

The gradual progress of Shakspeare's genius is supposed to have been not unobserved by Spenser. In 1594 or 1595, the venerable poet wrote his pastoral, entitled 'Colin Clout's Come Home Again,' in which he commemorates his brother-poets under feigned names. The gallant Raleigh is the Shepherd of the Ocean, Sir Philip Sidney is Astrophel, and other living authors are characterised by fictitious appellations. He concludes as follows:

And then, though last, not least, is Aëtion:
A gentler shepherd may nowhere be found,
Whose muse, full of high thoughts' invention,
Doth, like himself, heroically sound.

The sonorous and chivalrous-like name of Shakspeare seems here designated. The poet had then published his two classical poems, and probably most of his English historical plays had been acted. The supposition that Shakspeare was meant, is at least a pleasing one. We love to figure Spenser and Raleigh sitting under the 'shady alders' on the banks of Mulla, reading the manuscript of the 'Faery Queen;' but it is not less interesting to consider the great poet watching the dawn of that mighty mind which was to eclipse all its contemporaries. A few years afterwards, in 1598, we meet with an important notice of Shakspeare by Francis Meres, a contemporary author. 'As Plautus and Seneca,' he says, 'are accounted the best

for comedy and tragedy among the Latins, so Shakspeare, among the English, is the most excellent in both kinds for the stage; for comedy, witness his 'Gentleman of Verona,' his 'Errors,' his 'Love's Labour Lost,' his 'Love's Labour Won' (or 'All's Well that Ends Well') his 'Midsummer Night's Dream,' and his 'Merchant of Venice'; for tragedy, his 'Richard II.' 'Richard III.' 'Henry IV.' 'King John,' 'Titus Andronicus,' and his 'Romeo and Juliet.' This was indeed a brilliant contribution to the English drama, throwing Greene, Peele, and Marlowe immeasurably into shade and far transcending all the previous productions of the English stage. The harvest, however, was not yet half reaped—the glorious intellect of Shakspeare was still forming, and his imagination nursing those magnificent conceptions which were afterwards embodied in the 'Lear,' the 'Macbeth,' 'Othello,' and 'Tempest' of his tragic muse.

The chronology of Shakspeare's plays has been arbitrarily fixed by Malone and others, without adequate authority. 'Macbeth' is put down to 1606, though we only know that it existed in 1610. 'Henry VIII.' is assigned to 1608, yet it is mentioned by Sir Henry Wotton as a *new play* in 1613, and we know that it was produced with unusual scenic decoration and splendour in that year. The Roman plays were undoubtedly among his latest works. The 'Tempest' has been usually considered the last, but on no decisive authority. Adopting this popular belief, Campbell has remarked, that the 'Tempest' has a 'sort of sacredness' as the last drama of the great poet, who, as if conscious that this was to be the case, has 'been inspired to typify himself as a wise, potent, and benevolent magician.'

There seems no good reason for believing that Shakspeare did not continue writing on to the period of his death in 1616; and such a supposition is countenanced by a tradition thus recorded in the diary of the Rev. John Ward, A.M. vicar of Stratford-on-Avon, extending from 1648 to 1679. 'I have heard,' says the careless and incurious vicar, who might have added largely to our stock of Shakspearian facts, had he possessed taste, acuteness, or industry—'I have heard that Mr. Shakspeare was a natural wit, without any art at all. He frequented the plays all his younger time, but in his elder days lived

Stratford, and supplied the stage with two plays every year, and for it had an allowance so large, that he spent at the rate of one thousand pounds a year, as I have heard. Shakspeare, Drayton, and Ben Jonson had a merry-meeting, and, it seems, drank too hard, for Shakspeare died of a fever there contracted.' We place no great reliance on this testimony, either as to facts, literary or personal. Those who have studied the works of the great dramatist, and marked his successive approaches to perfection, must see that he united the closest study to the keenest observation; that he attained to the highest pitch of dramatic art, and the most accurate philosophy of the human mind; and that he was, as Schlegel has happily remarked, 'a profound artist, and not a blind and wildly luxuriant genius.'

Coleridge boasted of being the first in time who publicly demonstrated to the full extent of the position, that the supposed irregularity and extravagances of Shakspeare were the 'mere dreams of a pedantry that arraigned the eagle because it had not the dimensions of the swan.' He maintains, with his usual fine poetical appreciation and feeling, that that law of unity which has its foundations, not in the factitious necessity of custom, but in nature itself, *the unity of feeling*, is everywhere, and at all times, observed by Shakspeare in his plays. 'Read "Romeo and Juliet"—all is youth and spring; youth with its follies, its virtues, its precipitancies; spring with its odours, its flowers, and its transiency; it is one and the same feeling that commences, goes through, and ends the play' This unity of action, or of character and interest, conspicuous in Shakspeare, Coleridge illustrates by an image drawn, with the taste of a poet, from external nature. 'Whence arises the harmony that strikes us in the wildest natural landscapes—in the relative shapes of rocks—the harmony of colours in the heaths, ferns, and lichens—the leaves of the beech and the oak—the stems and the rich brown branches of the birch and other mountain trees, varying from verging autumn to returning spring—compared with the visual effect from the greater number of artificial plantations? From this—that the natural landscape is effected, as it were, by a single energy modified *ab intra* in each component part.' In working out his conceptions, either of character or passion, we conceive Shakspeare to have laboured for ultimate and lasting fame, not immediate theatrical effect. His audiences must often have been unable to follow his philosophy, his subtle distinctions, and his imagery. The actors must have been equally unable to give effect to many of his personations. He was apparently indifferent to both—at least in his great works—and wrote for the mind of the universe. There was, however, always enough of ordinary nature, of pomp, or variety of action, for the multitude; and the English historical plays, connected with national pride and glory, must have rendered their author popular.

Eleven of the dramas were printed during Shakspeare's life, probably from copies piratically obtained. It was the interest of the managers that new and popular pieces should not be published; but we entertain the most perfect conviction, that the poet intended all his original works, as he had revised some, for publication. The 'Merry Wives of Windsor' is said to have been written in fourteen days, by command of Queen Elizabeth, who wished to see Falstaff in love. Shakspeare, however, was anxious for his fame, as well as eager to gratify the queen: when the temporary occasion was served, he returned to his play, filled up his first imperfect outline, and heightened the humour of the dialogue and character. Let not the example of this greatest name in English literature be ever quoted to support the false opinion, that excellence can be attained without study and labour.

In 1623 appeared the first collected edition of Shakspeare's dramatic works—seven years after his own death, and six months after that of his widow, who may have had a life-interest in the plays. The whole were contained in one folio volume, and a preface and dedication were supplied by the poet's fellow-comedians, Hemming and Con-dell.

The plots of Shakspeare's dramas were nearly all borrowed, some from novels and romances, others from legendary tales, and some from older plays. In his Roman subjects, he followed North's translation of Plutarch's 'Lives;' his English historical plays are chiefly taken from Holinshed's 'Chronicle.' From the latter source he also derived the plot of 'Macbeth.' A very cursory perusal will display the gradual progress and elevation of his art. In the 'Two Gentlemen of Verona,' and the earlier comedies, we see the timidity and immaturity of youthful genius; a half-formed style, bearing frequent traces of that of his predecessors; fantastic quibbles and conceits—which he never wholly abandoned; only a partial development of character; a romantic and playful fancy; but no great strength of imagination, energy, or passion. In 'Richard II. and III.' the creative and master mind are visible in the delineation of character. In the 'Midsummer Night's Dream,' the 'Merchant of Venice,' 'Romeo and Juliet,' &c., we find the ripened poetical imagination, prodigality of invention, and a searching, meditative spirit. These qualities, with a finer vein of morality and contemplative philosophy, pervade 'As You Like It' and the 'Twelfth Night.' In 'Henry IV.' the 'Merry Wives,' and 'Measure for Measure,' we see his inimitable powers of comedy, full formed, revelling in an atmosphere of joyous life, and fresh as if from the hand of nature. He took a loftier flight in his classical dramas, conceived and finished with consummate taste and freedom. In his later tragedies—'Lear,' 'Hamlet' (in its improved form), 'Othello,' 'Macbeth,' and the 'Tempest'—all his wonderful faculties and acquirements are found combined—his wit, pathos, passion, and sublimity—his profound knowledge and observation of mankind, mellowed by a refined humanity and benevolence—his imagination richer from skilful culture and added stores of information—his unrivalled language (like 'light from heaven')—his imagery and versification.

That Shakspeare deviated from the dramatic unities of time, place, and action laid down by the ancients, and adopted by the French theatre, is well known and needs no defence. In his tragedies, he amply fulfils what Aristotle admits to be the end and object of tragedy, to beget admiration, terror, or sympathy. His mixture of comic with tragic scenes is sometimes a blemish, but it was the fault of his age; and if he had lived to edit his works, some of these incongruities would doubtless have been expunged. But, on the whole, such blending of opposite qualities and characters is accordant with the actual experience and vicissitudes of life. No course of events,

however tragic in its results, moves on in measured, unvaried solemnity, nor would the English taste tolerate this stately French style. The great preceptress of Shakspeare was Nature; he spoke from her inspired dictates, 'warm from the heart, and faithful to its fires,' and in his disregard of classic rules, pursued at will his winged way through all the labyrinths of fancy and of the human heart. These celestial flights, however, were regulated, as we have said, by knowledge and taste. Mere poetical imagination might have created a Caliban, or evoked the airy spirits of the enchanted island and the Midsummer Dream; but to delineate a Desdemona or Imogen, a Miranda or Viola, the influence of a pure and refined spirit, cultivated and disciplined by 'gentle arts,' and familiar by habit, thought, and example, with the better parts of wisdom and humanity, were indispensably requisite. Peele or Marlowe might have drawn the forest of Arden, with its woodland glades, but who but Shakspeare could have supplied the *moral beauty* of the scene—the refined simplicity and gaiety of Rosalind, the philosophic meditations of Jaques, the true wisdom, tenderness, and grace, diffused over the whole of that antique half-courtly and half-pastoral drama. These and similar personations, such as Benedict and Beatrice, Mercutio, &c., seem to us even more wonderful than the loftier characters of Shakspeare. No types of them could have existed but in his own mind. The old drama and the chroniclers furnished the outlines of his historical personages, though destitute of the heroic ardour and elevation which he breathed into them. Plutarch and the poets kindled his classic enthusiasm and taste; old Chapman's Homer perhaps rolled its majestic cadences over his ear and imagination; but characters in which polished manners and easy grace are as predominant as wit, reflection, or fancy, were then unknown to the stage, as to actual life. They are among the most perfect creations of his genius, and, in reference to his taste and habits, they are valuable materials for his biography.

In judgment, Shakspeare excels his contemporary dramatists as much as in genius, but at the same time it must be confessed that he also partakes of their errors. To be unwilling to acknowledge any faults in his plays, is, as Hallam remarks, 'an extravagance rather derogatory to the critic than honourable to the poet.' Fresh from the perusal of any of his works, and under the immediate effects of his inspirations—walking, as it were, in a world of his creating, with beings familiar to us almost from infancy—it seems like sacrilege to breathe one word of censure. Yet truth must admit that some of his plays are hastily and ill constructed as to plot; that his proneness to quibble and play with words is brought forward in scenes where this peculiarity constitutes a positive defect; that he is sometimes indelicate where indelicacy is least pardonable, and where it jars most painfully with the associations of the scene; and that his style is occasionally stiff, turgid, and obscure, chiefly because it is at once highly figurative and condensed in expression. Ben Jonson has touched freely, but with manliness and fairness, on these defects:

'I remember,' he says, 'the players have often mentioned it as an honour to Shakspeare, that in his writing—whatever he penned—he never blotted out a line. My answer hath been, would he had blotted out a thousand! which they thought a malevolent speech. I had not told posterity this, but for their ignorance who chose that circumstance to commend their friend by wherein he most failed, and to justify mine own candour; for I loved the man, and do honour his memory on this side idolatry as much as any. He was indeed honest, and of an open and free nature; had an excellent phantasy, brave notions, and gentle expressions, wherein he flowed with that facility, that sometimes it was necessary he should be stopped, *suffragandus erat*, as Augustus said of Haterius. His wit was in his own power; would the rule of it had been so too! Many times he fell into those things could not escape laughter, as when he said, in the person of Cæsar, one speaking to him: "Cæsar, thou dost me wrong," he replied: "Cæsar did never wrong but with just cause," and such like, which were ridiculous.* But he redeemed his vices with his virtues. There was ever more in him to be praised than to be pardoned.'

The first edition of Shakspeare was published, as already stated, in 1623. A second edition was published in 1633, the same as the first, excepting that it was more disfigured with errors of the press. A third edition was published in 1614, and a fourth in 1685. The public admiration of this great English classic now demanded that he should receive the honours of a commentary; and Rowe, the poet, gave an improved edition in 1709. Pope, Warburton, Johnson, Chalmers, Stevens, and others successively published editions of the poet, with copious notes. In our own day, editions by Collier, Knight, Singer, Halliwell, Dyce, and others have appeared. The critics of the great poet are innumerable, and they bid fair, like Banquo's progeny, to 'stretch to the crack of doom.' The scholars of Germany have distinguished themselves by their philosophical and critical dissertations on the genius of Shakspeare. There never was an author, ancient or modern, whose works have been so carefully analysed and illustrated, so eloquently expounded, or so universally admired.

He so sepulchred in such pomp does lie,
That kings, for such a tomb, would wish to die.

Milton on Shakspeare, 1650.

The difficulty of making selections from Shakspeare must be obvious. If of character, his characters are as numerous and diversified as those in human life; if of style, he has exhausted all styles, and has one for each description of poetry and action; if of wit, humour, satire, or pathos, where shall our choice fall, where all are so abundant? We have felt our task to be something like being deputed to search in some magnificent forest for a handful of the finest leaves or plants, and as if we were diligently exploring the world of woodland beauty to accomplish faithfully this hopeless adventure. Happily, Shakspeare is in all hands, and a single leaf will recall the fertile and majestic scenes of his inspiration.

* Jonson's allusion is to the following line in the third act of *Julius Cæsar*:

Know, Cæsar doth not wrong, nor without cause
Will he be thus seduced.

The passage was probably altered by Ben's suggestion, or, still more likely, it was corrupted by the blunder of the player. But Mr. Halliwell's remark on the point is worthy of notice: 'If *wrong* is taken in the sense of injury or harm, as Shakspeare sometimes uses it, there is no absurdity in the line.'

Garden Scene in Romeo and Juliet.

ROMEO. He jests at scars that never felt a wound.—

(Juliet appears above, at a window.)

But, soft! what light through yonder window breaks!

It is the east, and Juliet is the sun!—

Arise, fair sun, and kill the envious moon,

Who is already sick and pale with grief,

That thou her maid art far more fair than she;

Be not her maid, since she is envious;

Her vestal livery is but sick and green,

And none but fools do wear it; cast it off.—

It is my lady; O! it is my love;

O that she knew she were I—

She speaks, yet she says nothing. What of that?

Her eye discourses; I will answer it.—

I am too bold; 'tis not to me she speaks:

Two of the fairest stars of all the heaven,

Having some business, do entreat her eyes

To twinkle in their spheres till they return.

What if her eyes were there, they in her head?

The brightness of her cheek would shame those stars,

As daylight doth a lamp; her eyes in heaven

Would through the airy region stream so bright,

That birds would sing, and think it were not night.

See, how she leans her cheek upon her hand!

O that I were a glove upon that hand,

That I might touch that cheek!

JULIET. Ah me!

ROM. She speaks.

Oh, speak again, bright angel! for thou art

As glorious to this sight, being o'er my head,

As is a winged messenger of heaven

Unto the white-upturned, wond'ring eyes

Of mortals, that fall back to gaze on him,

When he bestrides the lazy-pacing clouds,

And sails upon the bosom of the air.

JUL. O Romeo, Romeo! wherefore art thou Romeo?

Deny thy father, and refuse thy name:

Or if thou wilt not, be but sworn my love,

And I'll no longer be a Capulet.

ROM. Shall I hear more, or shall I speak at this?

JUL. 'Tis but thy name that is my enemy:

Thou art thyself though, not a Montague.

What's Montague? It is nor hand, nor foot,

Nor arm, nor face—nor any other part

Belonging to a man. O, be some other name!

What's in a name? That which we call a rose,

By any other name would smell as sweet.

So Romeo would, were he not Romeo called,

Retain that dear perfection which he owes,

Without that title. Romeo, doff thy name;

And for that name, which is no part of thee,

Take all myself!

ROM. I take thee at thy word:

Call me but love, and I'll be new baptised;

Henceforth I never will be Romeo.

JUL. What man art thou, that thus, bescreened in night,

So stumblest on my counsel?

ROM. By a name

I know not how to tell thee who I am:

My name, dear saint, is hateful to myself.

Because it is an enemy to thee.

Had I it written, I would tear the word.

JUL. My ears have yet not drunk a hundred words

Of that tongue's uttering, yet I know the sound.

Art thou not Romeo, and a Montague?

ROM. Neither, fair saint, if either thee dislike.

JUL. How cam'st thou hither, tell me, and wherefore?

The orchard walls are high, and hard to climb;

And the place death, considering who thou art,

If any of my kinsmen find thee here.

ROM. With love's light wings did I o'er-perch these walls,

For stony limits cannot hold love out;

And what love can do, that dares love attempt:

Therefore thy kinsmen are no let to me.

JUL. If they do see thee, they will murder thee.

ROM. Alack! there lies more peril in thine eyes

Than twenty of their swords; look thou sweet,

And I am proof against their enmity.

JUL. I would not for the world they saw thee here.

ROM. I have night's cloak to hide me from their eyes;

And but thou love me, let them find me here;

My life were better ended by their hate,

Than death prorogued, wanting of thy love.

JUL. By whose direction found'st thou out this place?

ROM. By love, that first did prompt me to inquire;

He lent me counsel, and I lent him eyes.

I am no pilot; yet, wert thou as far

As that vast shore wash'd with the farthest sea,

I would adventure for such merchandise.

JUL. Thou know'st the mask of night is on my face,

Else would a maiden blush bepaint my cheek

For that which thou hast heard me speak to-night.

Fain would I dwell on form; fain, fain deny

What I have spoke—but farewell compliment!

Dost thou love me? I know thou wilt say—Ay;

And I will take thy word. Yet, if thou swear'st,

Thou may'st prove false: at lover's perjuries,

They say, Jove laughs. O, gentle Romeo!

If thou dost love, pronounce it faithfully;

Or, if thou think'st I am too quickly won,

I'll frown and be perverse, and say thee nay,

So thou wilt woo: but, else, not for the world.

In truth, fair Montague, I am too fond,

And therefore thou may'st think my 'haviour light;

But trust me, gentleman, I'll prove more true

Than those that have more coying to be strange.

I should have been more strange, I must confess,

But that thou overheard'st, ere I was 'ware,

My true love's passion; therefore pardon me,

And not impute this yielding to light love,

Which the dark night hath so discovered.

ROM. Lady, by yonder blessed moon I swear,

That tips with silver all these fruit-tree tops—

JUL. O swear not by the moon, the inconstant moon,

That monthly changes in her circled orb:

Lest that thy love prove likewise variable.

ROM. What shall I swear by?

JUL. Do not swear at all;

Or, if thou wilt, swear by thy gracious self,

Which is the god of my idolatry,

And I'll believe thee.

ROM. If my heart's dear love—

JUL. Well, do not swear. Although I joy in thee,
I have no joy of this contract to-night;
It is too rash, too unadvised, too sudden;
Too like the lightning, which doth cease to be,
Ere one can say, It lightens! Sweet, good night!
This bud of love, by summer's ripening breath,
May prove a beauteous flower, when next we meet.
Good-night, good-night—as sweet repose and rest
Come to thy heart, as that within my breast!

Act II. sc. 2.

Moonlight, with Fine Music.

LORENZO. The moon shines bright: in such a night as this,
When the sweet wind did gently kiss the trees,
And they did make no noise; in such a night,
Trollius, methinks, mounted the Trojan walls,
And sighed his soul towards the Grecian tents,
Where Cressid lay that night.

JESSICA. In such a night
Did Thisbe fearfully o'ertrip the dew;
And saw the lion's shadow ere himself,
And ran dismayed away.

LOU. In such a night
Stood Dido, with a willow in her hand,
Upon the wild sea-banks, and waft her love
To come again to Carthage.

JES. In such a night
Medea gathered the enchanted herbs
That did renew old Æson.

LOU. In such a night
Did Jessica steal from the wealthy Jew,
And with an untrifling love did run from Venice,
As far as Belmont.

JES. In such a night
Did young Lorenzo swear he loved her well;
Stealing her soul with many vows of faith,
And ne'er a true one.

LOU. In such a night
Did pretty Jessica, like a little shrew,
Slander her love, and he forgave it her. . . .
How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank!
Here will we sit, and let the sounds of music
Creep in our ears; soft stillness and the night
Become the touches of sweet harmony.
Sit, Jessica. Look how the floor of heaven
Is thick inlaid with patines of bright gold;
There's not the smallest orb which thou behold'st,
But in his motion like an angel sings,
Still quiring to the young-eyed cherubins;
Such harmony is in immortal souls;
But whilst this muddy vesture of decay
Doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear it.

Enter Musicians.

Come, ho, and wake Diana with a hymn:
With sweetest touches pierce your mistress' ear,
And draw her home with music.

JES. I'm never merry when I hear sweet music.

LOU. The reason is, your spirits are attentive;
For do but note a wild and wanton herd,
Or race of youthful and unhandled colts,

Fetching mad bounds, bellowing, and neighing loud—
 Which is the hot condition of their blood—
 If they perchance but hear a trumpet sound,
 Or any air of music touch their ears,
 You shall perceive them make a mutual stand,
 Their savage eyes turned to a modest gaze,
 By the sweet power of music. Therefore, the poet
 Did feign that Orpheus drew trees, stones, and floods ;
 Since nought so stockish, hard, and full of rage,
 But music for the time doth change his nature.
 The man that hath no music in himself,
 Nor is not moved with concord of sweet sounds,
 Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils ;
 The motions of his spirit are dull as night,
 And his affections dark as Erebus :
 Let no such man be trusted.

Merchant of Venice, Act V. sc. 1.

Ghost-scenes in Hamlet.

HAMLET. The air bites shrewdly ; it is very cold.
 HORATIO. It is a nipping and an eager air.
 HAM. What hour now ?
 HOR. I think it lacks of twelve.
 MARCELLUS. No, it is struck.
 HOR. Indeed ? I heard it not. It then draws near the season
 Wherein the spirit held his wont to walk. [*Noise of warlike music within.*]
 What does this mean, my lord ?
 HAM. The king doth wake to-night, and takes his rouse,
 Keeps wassail, and the swaggering up-spring reels ;
 And as he drains his draughts of Rhenish down,
 The kettle-drum and trumpet thus braw out
 The triumph of his plodge.
 HOR. Is it a custom ?
 HAM. Ay, marry, is 't :
 But to my mind—though I am native here,
 And to the manner born—it is a custom
 More honoured in the breach than the observance.
 This heavy-headed revel, east and west,
 Makes us traduced, and taxed of other nations ;
 They clepe us drunkards, and with swinish phrase
 Soil our addition ; and, indeed, it takes
 From our achievements, though performed at height,
 The pith and marrow of our attribute.
 So, oft it chances in particular men,
 That for some vicious mole of nature in them,
 As in their birth (wherein they are not guilty,
 Since nature cannot choose his origin),
 By the o'ergrowth of some complexion,
 Oft breaking down the pales and forts of reason ;)
 Or by some habit, that too much o'er-leavens
 The form of plausive manners ; that these men,
 Carrying, I say, the stamp of one defect ;
 Being nature's livery, or fortune's star,
 Their virtues else, be they as pure as grace,
 As infinite as man may undergo,
 Shall in the general censure take corruption
 From that particular fault : The dram of base)
 Doth all the noble substance often dout,
 To his own scandal.

Enter Ghost.

HOR. Look, my lord, it comes !

HAM. Angels and ministers of grace defend us !—
Be thou a spirit of health, or goblin damned,
Bring with thee airs from heaven, or blasts from hell,
Be thy intents wicked, or charitable,
Thou com'st in such a questionable shape,
That I will speak to thee. I'll call thee, Hamlet,
King, Father, Royal Dane ; Oh, answer me ;
Let me not burst in ignorance ! but tell
Why thy canonised bones, hearsed in death,
Have burst their cerements ! why the sepulchre,
Wherein we saw thee quietly inurned,
Hath oped his ponderous and marble jaws,
To cast thee up again ! What may this mean,
That thou, dead corse, again, in complete steel,
Revisit'st thus the glimpses of the moon,
Making night hideous ; and we fools of nature,
So horribly to shake our disposition,
With thoughts beyond the reaches of our souls ?
Say, why is this ? Wherefore ? What should we do ?

[*Ghost beckons Hamlet.*]

HOR. It beckons you to go away with it,
As if it some impartment did desire
To you alone.

MAR. Look, with what courteous action
It waves you off to a removed ground :
But do not go with it.

HOR. No, by no means.

HAM. It will not speak : then I will follow it.

HOR. Do not, my lord.

HAM. Why, what should be the fear ?
I do not set my life at a pin's fee ;
And, for my soul, what can it do to that,
Being a thing immortal as itself ?
It waves me forth again.—I'll follow it.

[*Holding Hamlet.*]

HOR. What if it tempt you toward the flood, my lord,
Or to the dreadful summit of the cliff,
That beetles o'er his base into the sea ;
And there assume some other horrible form,
Which might deprive your sovereignty of reason,
And draw you into madness ? Think of it.
The very place puts toys of desperation,
Without more motive, into every brain,
That looks so many fathoms to the sea,
And hears it roar beneath.

HAM. It waves me still.—Go on, I'll follow thee.

Act I. sc. 4.

Hamlet's Soliloquy on Death.

To be, or not to be, that is the question—
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer
The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune,
Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,
And, by opposing, end them ? To die—to sleep—
No more ; and, by a sleep, to say we end
The heart-ache, and the thousand natural shocks
That flesh is heir to—'tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wished. To die—to sleep—
To sleep !—perchance to dream !—ay, there's the rub !
For in that sleep of death what dreams may come,

When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,
 Must give us pause. There's the respect
 That makes calamity of so long life :
 For who would bear the whips and scorns of time,
 The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,
 The pangs of despised love, the law's delay,
 The insolence of office, and the spurns
 That patient merit of the unworthy takes,
 When he himself might his quietus make
 With a bare bodkin ? Who would fardels bear,
 To groan and sweat under a weary life ;
 But that the dread of something after death—
 That undiscovered country, from whose bourne
 No traveller returns—puzzles the will,
 And makes us rather bear those ills we have,
 Than fly to other that we know not of ?
 Thus conscience does make cowards of us all ;
 And thus the native hue of resolution
 Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought ;
 And enterprises of great pith and moment,
 With this regard, their currents turn awry,
 And lose the name of action.

Act III. sc. 1.

Mark Antony over Cæsar's Body.

ANTONY. Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears.
 I come to bury Cæsar, not to praise him.
 The evil that men do lives after them ;
 The good is oft interred with their bones ;
 So let it be with Cæsar. Noble Brutus
 Hath told you Cæsar was ambitious ;
 If it were so, it was a grievous fault,
 And grievously hath Cæsar answered it.
 Here, under leave of Brutus, and the rest—
 For Brutus is an honourable man,
 So are they all, all honourable men—
 Come I to speak in Cæsar's funeral,
 He was my friend, faithful and just to me ;
 And Brutus says he was ambitious ;
 And Brutus is an honourable man.
 He hath brought many captives home to Rome,
 Whose ransoms did the general coffers fill.
 Did this in Cæsar seem ambitious ?
 When that the poor have cried, Cæsar hath wept ;
 Ambition should be made of sterner stuff :
 Yet Brutus says he was ambitious ;
 And Brutus is an honourable man.
 You all did see that on the Lupercal
 I thrice presented him a kingly crown,
 Which he did thrice refuse. Was this ambition ?
 Yet Brutus says he was ambitious ;
 And, sure, he is an honourable man.
 I speak not to disprove what Brutus spoke ;
 But here I am to speak what I do know.
 You all did love him once, not without cause :
 What cause withholds you then to mourn for him ?
 O judgment, thou art fled to brutish beasts,
 And men have lost their reason !—Bear with me :
 My heart is in the coffin there with Cæsar,
 And I must pause till it come back to me.

1st CIT. Methinks there is much reason in his sayings.

3d CIT. If thou consider rightly of the matter,
 Caesar has had great wrong.

8d CIT. Has he, masters? I fear there will a worse come in his place.

4th CIT. Marked ye his words? He would not take the crown;
 Therefore, 'tis certain he was not ambitious.

1st CIT. If it be found so, some will dear abide it.

2d CIT. Poor soul! his eyes are red as fire with weeping.

3d CIT. There's not a nobler man in Rome than Antony.

4th CIT. Now mark him, he begins again to speak.

ANT. But yesterday, the word of Caesar might
 Have stood against the world; now lies he there,
 And none so poor to do him reverence.

Oh, masters! if I were disposed to stir
 Your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage,
 I should do Brutus wrong, and Cassius wrong,
 Who, you all know, are honourable men.
 I will not do them wrong: I rather choose
 To wrong the dead, to wrong myself and you,
 Than I will wrong such honorable men.

But here 's a parchment, with the seal of Caesar:
 I found it in his closet; 'tis his will.

Let but the commons hear this testament—

Which, pardon me, I do not mean to read—
 And they would go and kiss dead Caesar's wounds,
 And dip their napkins in his sacred blood;

Yea, beg a hair of him for memory,
 And, dying, mention it within their wills,
 Bequeathing it, as a rich legacy,
 Unto their issue.

4th CIT. We'll hear the will; read it, Mark Antony.

ALL. The will! the will! We will hear Caesar's will!

ANT. Have patience, gentle friends! I must not read it:
 It is not meet you know how Caesar loved you.

You are not wood, you are not stones, but men;
 And, being men, hearing the will of Caesar,
 It will inflame you, it will make you mad.

'Tis good you know not that you are his heirs;
 For if you should, oh, what would come of it!

4th CIT. Read the will! we will hear it, Antony:
 You shall read us the will; Caesar's will!

ANT. Will you be patient? will you stay a while?
 I have o'ershot myself to tell you of it.

I fear I wrong the honourable men
 Whose daggers have stabbed Caesar. I do fear it.

4th CIT. They were traitors. Honourable men!

ALL. The will! the testament!

2d CIT. They were villains, murderers! The will! Read the will!

ANT. You will compel me, then, to read the will?
 Then make a ring about the corpse of Caesar,
 And let me shew you him that made the will.

Shall I descend? And will you give me leave?

ALL. Come down.

2d CIT. Descend.

[He comes down from the pulpit.]

8d CIT. You shall have leave.

4th CIT. A ring! Stand round.

1st CIT. Stand from the hearse, stand from the body.

2d CIT. Room for Antony—most noble Antony!

ANT. Nay, press not so upon me: stand far off.

ALL. Stand back! room! bear back!

ANT. If you have tears, prepare to shed them now.
 You all do know this mantle: I remember

The first time ever Caesar put it on ;
 'Twas on a summer's evening, in his tent ;
 That day he overcame the Nervii.
 Look ! In this place ran Cassius' dagger through ;
 See, what a rent the envious Casca made !
 Through this, the well-beloved Brutus stabbed ;
 And, as he plucked his cursed steel away,
 Mark how the blood of Caesar followed it !
 As rushing out of doors, to be resolved
 If Brutus so unkindly knocked, or no ;
 For Brutus, as you know, was Caesar's angel :
 Judge, O you Gods, how dearly Caesar loved him !
 This was the most unkindest cut of all ;
 For when the noble Caesar saw him stab,
 Ingratitude, more strong than traitors' arms,
 Quite vanquished him : then burst his mighty heart ;
 And, in his mantle muffling up his face,
 Even at the base of Pompey's statue,
 Which all the while ran blood, great Caesar fell.
 Oh, what a fall was there, my countrymen !
 Then I, and you, and all of us fell down,
 Whilst bloody treason flourish'd over us.
 Oh, now you weep ; and I perceive you feel
 The dint of pity : these are gracious drops.
 Kind souls ! What ! weep you when you but behold
 Our Caesar's vesture wounded ? Look you here !
 Here is himself, marred, as you see, with traitors.

1st Cit. O piteous spectacle !

2d Cit. O noble Caesar !

3d Cit. O woful day !

4th Cit. O traitors ! villains !

1st Cit. O most bloody sight !

2d Cit. We will be revenged !

kill—slay ! Let not a traitor live ! *Revenge ! About—seek—burn—fire—*
Julius Caesar, Act III. sc. 2.

Bolingbroke's Entry into London.

DUKE OF YORK and the DUCHESS.

DUCH. My lord, you told me you would tell the rest,
 When weeping made you break the story off
 Of our two cousins coming into London.

YORK. Where did I leave ?

DUCH. At that stop, my lord,
 Where rude misgoverned hands, from windows' tops,
 Threw dust and rubbish on King Richard's head.
 YORK. Then as I said, the duke, great Bolingbroke—
 Mounted upon a hot and fiery steed,
 Which his aspiring rider seemed to know—
 With slow, but stately pace, kept on his course,
 While all tongues cried : God save thee, Bolingbroke !
 You would have thought the very windows spake,
 So many greedy looks of young and old
 Through casements darted their desiring eyes
 Upon his visage ; and that all the walls,
 With painted imagery, had said at once :
 Jesu preserve thee ! welcome, Bolingbroke !
 Whilst he, from one side to the other turning,
 Bare-headed, lower than his proud steed's neck,
 Bespoke them thus : I thank you, countrymen.
 And thus still doing, thus he passed along.

DUCH. Alas, poor Richard ! where rode he the whilst ?

YORK. As in a theatre, the eyes of men,
 After a well-graced actor leaves the stage,
 Are idly bent on him that enters next,
 Thinking his prattle to be tedious :
 Even so, or with much more contempt, men's eyes
 Did scowl on Richard ; no man cried : God save him ;
 No joyful tongue gave him his welcome home :
 But dust was thrown upon his sacred head ;
 Which with such gentle sorrow he shook off—
 His face still combating with tears and smiles,
 The badges of his grief and patience—
 That had not God, for some strong purpose, steel'd
 The hearts of men, they must perforce have melted,
 And barbarism itself have pitied him. *King Richard II. Act V. sc. 2.*

Fear of Death.

Ay, but to die, and go we know not where ;
 To lie in cold obstruction, and to rot ;
 This sensible warm motion to become
 A kneaded clod ; and the delighted spirit
 To bathe in fiery floods, or to reside
 In thrilling regions of thick-ribbed ice ;
 To be imprison'd in the viewless winds,
 And blown with restless violence round about
 The pendent world ; or to be worse than worst
 Of those, that lawless and incertain thoughts
 Imagine howling : 'tis too horrible !
 The weariest and most loathed worldly life,
 That age, ache, penury, and imprisonment
 Can lay on nature, is a paradise
 To what we fear of death. *Measure for Measure, Act III. sc. 1.*

Perseverance.

Time hath, my lord, a wallet at his back,
 Wherein he puts alms for Oblivion,
 A great-sized monster of ingratitude :
 Those scraps are good deeds past, which are devoured
 As fast as they are made, forgot as soon
 As done. Perseverance, dear my lord,
 Keeps honour bright : to have done, is to hang
 Quite out of fashion, like a rusty mail
 In monumental mockery. Take the instant way,
 For honour travels in a strait so narrow,
 Where but one goes abreast : Keep, then, the path ;
 For Emulation hath a thousand sons,
 That one by one pursue : if you give way,
 Or hedge aside from the direct forthright,
 Like to an entered tide, they all rush by,
 And leave you hindmost :—
 Or, like a gallant horse, fall'n in first rank,
 Lie there for pavement to the abject rear,
 O'er-run and trampled on : then what they do in present,
 Though less than yours in past, must o'ertop yours ;
 For Time is like a fashionable host,
 That slightly shakes his parting guest by the hand,
 And with his arms outstretched, as he would fly,
 Grasps in the comer : Welcome ever smiles,
 And Farewell goes out sighing. Oh ! let not Virtue seek
 Remuneration for the thing it was ; for beauty, wit,
 High birth, vigour of bone, desert in service,
 Love, friendship, charity, are subjects all

To envious and calumniating Time.
 One touch of nature makes the whole world kin—
 That all with one consent praise new-born gawds,
 Though they are made and moulded of things past,
 And give to dust that is a little gilt,
 More laud than gilt o'erdusted :
 The present eye raises the present object.

Troilus and Cressida, Act III. sc. 2.

Mercy.

The quality of mercy is not strained ;
 It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven
 Upon the place beneath. It is twice blessed ;
 It blesseth him that gives, and him that takes :
 'Tis mightiest in the mightiest ; it becomes
 The throned monarch better than his crown :
 His sceptre shews the force of temporal power,
 The attribute to awe and majesty,
 Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings.
 But mercy is above the sceptred sway ;
 It is enthroned in the hearts of kings ;
 It is an attribute to God himself ;
 And earthly power doth then shew likest God's,
 When mercy seasons justice. Therefore, Jew,
 Though justice be thy plea, consider this—
 That, in the course of justice, none of us
 Should see salvation ; we do pray for mercy ;
 And that same prayer doth teach us all to render
 The deeds of mercy.

Merchant of Venice, Act IV. sc. 1.

The Forest of Arden.

DUKE, senior, AMIENS, and other Lords.

DUKE. Now, my co-mates and brothers in exile,
 Hath not old custom made this life more sweet
 Than that of painted pomp ? Are not these woods
 More free from perill than the envious court ?
 Here feel we but the penalty of Adam,
 The seasons' difference ; as, the icy fang,
 And churlish chiding of the winter's wind ;
 Which, when it bites and blows upon my body,
 Even till I shrink with cold, I smile, and say :
 This is no flattery : these are counsellors
 That feelingly persuade me what I am.
 Sweet are the uses of adversity,
 Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,
 Wears yet a precious jewel in his head ;
 And this our life, exempt from public haunt,
 Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
 Sermons in stones, and good in everything.
 I would not change it !

AMIENS. Happy is your grace,
 That can translate the stubbornness of fortune
 Into so quiet and so sweet a style !

DUKE. Come, shall we go and kill us venison ?
 And yet it irks me, the poor dappled fools,
 Being native burghers of this desert city,
 Should, in their own confines, with forked heads,
 Have their round haunches gored.

FIRST LORD. Indeed, my lord,
 The melancholy Jaques grieves at that ;

And, in that kind, swears you do more usurp
 Than doth your brother that hath banished you.
 To-day, my lord of Amiens and myself
 Did steal behind him, as he lay along
 Under an oak, whose antique root peeps out
 Upon the brook that brawls along this wood;
 To the which place a poor sequestered stag,
 That from the hunters' aim had ta'en a hurt,
 Did come to languish: and, indeed, my lord,
 The wretched animal heaved forth such groans,
 That their discharge did stretch his leathern coat
 Almost to bursting; and the big round tears
 Coursed one another down his innocent nose
 In piteous chase; and thus the hairy fool
 Much marked of the melancholy Jaques,
 Stood on the extremest verge of the swift brook,
 Augmenting it with tears.

DUKE. But what said Jaques?
 Did he not moralise this spectacle?

FIRST LORD. O yes, into a thousand smiles.
 First, for his weeping in the needless stream—
 'Poor deer,' quoth he, 'thou mak'st a testament
 As worldlings do, giving thy sum of more
 To that which had too much.' Then, being alone,
 Left and abandoned of his velvet friends;
 'Tis right,' quoth he; 'thus misery doth part
 The flux of company.' Anon, a careless herd,
 Full of the pasture, jumps along by him,
 And never stays to greet him: 'Ay,' quoth Jaques,
 'Sweep on, you fat and greasy citizens;
 'Tis just the fashion: Wherefore do you look
 Upon that poor and broken bankrupt there?'

As You Like It, Act II sc. 1.

The World Compared to a Stage.

All the world's a stage,
 And all the men and women merely players;
 They have their exits and their entrances,
 And one man in his time plays many parts,
 His acts being seven ages. At first, the infant,
 Mewling and puking in his nurse's arms;
 And then, the whining school-boy, with his satchel
 And shining morning face, creeping like snail
 Unwillingly to school. And then, the lover,
 Sighing like furnace, with a woeful ballad
 Made to his mistress' eyebrow. Then the soldier,
 Full of strange oaths, and bearded like the pard,
 Jealous in honour, sudden and quick in quarrel;
 Seeking the bubble reputation
 Even in the cannon's mouth. And then, the justice,
 In fair round belly, with good capon lined,
 With eyes severe, and beard of formal cut,
 Full of wise saws and modern instances;
 And so he plays his part. The sixth age shifts
 Into the lean and slippered pantaloons,
 With spectacles on nose, and pouch on side;
 His youthful hose well saved, a world too wide
 For his shrunk shanks; and his big manly voice,
 Turning again towards childish treble, pipes
 And whistles in his sound. Last scene of all,

That ends this strange eventful history,
Is second childishness, and mere oblivion :
Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans everything. *Ibid. Act II. sc. 7.*

Oberon's Vision.

OSWALD. My gentle Puck, come hither : Thou remember'st
Since once I sat upon a promontory,
And heard a mermaid, on a dolphin's back,
Uttering such dulcet and harmonious breath,
That the rude sea grew civil at her song,
And certain stars shot madly from their spheres,
To hear the sea-maid's music.

PUCK. I remember.

OSW. That very time I saw (but thou couldst not),
Flying between the cold moon and the earth,
Cupid all armed ; a certain aim he took
At a fair vestal, throned by the west ;
And loosed his love-shaft smartly from his bow,
As it should pierce a hundred thousand hearts :
But I might see young Cupid's fiery shaft
Quenched in the chaste beams of the watery moon ;
And the imperial votaries pressed on,
In maiden meditation, fancy-free.
Yet marked I where the bolt of Cupid fell :
It fell upon a little western flower—
Before, milk-white ; now, purple with love's wound—
And maidens call it love-in-idleness.
Fetch me that flower ; the herb I shewed thee once ;
The juice of it on sleeping eyelids laid,
Will make or man or woman madly dote
Upon the next live creature that it sees.
Fetch me this herb : and be thou here again,
Ere the Leviathan can swim a league.

PUCK. I'll put a girdle round about the earth
In forty minutes. *A Midsummer Night's Dream, Act II. sc. 2.*

BEN JONSON.

The second name in the dramatic literature of this period has been generally assigned to BEN JONSON, though some may be disposed to claim it for the more Shakspearian genius of Beaumont and Fletcher. Jonson was born nine years after Shakspeare—in 1573—and appeared as a writer for the stage in his twentieth year. His early life was full of hardship and vicissitude. His father, a clergyman in Westminster—a member of a Scottish family from Annandale—died before the poet's birth, and his mother marrying again, Ben was brought from Westminster School, and put to the employment of his stepfather, which was that of a bricklayer. Disliking the occupation, Jonson enlisted as a soldier, and served in the Low Countries. He is reported to have killed one of the enemy in single combat, in the view of both armies, and to have otherwise distinguished himself for his youthful bravery. As a poet, Jonson afterwards reverted with pride to his conduct as a soldier. On his return, he is said to have entered St John's College, Cambridge ; but his stay there must have been short—if he

ever was enrolled of the university—for, about the age of twenty, he is found married, and an actor in London. Ben made his *debut* at a low theatre near Clerkenwell, and, as his opponents afterwards reminded him, failed completely as an actor. At the same time, he was engaged in writing for the stage, either by himself or conjointly with others. He quarrelled with another performer, and on their fighting a duel with swords, Jonson had the misfortune to kill his antagonist, and was severely wounded himself. He was committed to prison on a charge of murder, but was released without a trial. On regaining his liberty, he commenced writing for the stage, and produced, in 1598, his 'Every Man in his Humour.' The scene was laid in Italy, but the characters and manners depicted in the piece were English; and Jonson afterwards recast the whole, and transferred the scene to England. In its revised form, 'Every Man in his Humour' was brought out at the Globe Theatre in 1598, and Shakespeare was one of the performers in the play. He had himself produced some of his finest comedies by this time, but Jonson was no imitator of his great rival, who blended a spirit of poetical romance with his comic sketches, and made no attempt to delineate the domestic manners of his countrymen. Jonson opened a new walk in the drama; he felt his strength, and the public cheered him on with its plaudits. Queen Elizabeth patronised the new poet, and ever afterwards he was 'a man of mark and likelihood.' In 1599, appeared his 'Every Man out of his Humour,' a less able performance than its predecessor. 'Cynthia's Revels' and the 'Poetaster' followed, and the fierce rivalry and contention which clouded Jonson's after-life seem to have begun about this time. He had attacked Marston and Dekker, two of his brother-dramatists, in the 'Poetaster.' Dekker replied with spirit in his 'Satiromastix,' and Ben was silent for two years, 'living upon one Townsend, and scorning the world,' as is recorded in the diary of a contemporary. In 1603, he tried 'if tragedy had a more kind aspect,' and produced his classic drama of 'Sejanus.' Shortly after the accession of King James, a comedy called 'Eastward Hoe' was written conjointly by Jonson, Chapman, and Marston. Some passages in this piece reflected on the Scottish nation; and the matter was represented to the king by one of his courtiers—Sir James Murray—in so strong a light, that the authors were thrown into prison, and threatened with the loss of their ears and noses. They were not tried; and when Ben was set at liberty, he gave an entertainment to his friends—Selden and Camden being of the number. His mother was present on this joyous occasion, and she produced a paper of poison, which, she said, she intended to have given her son in his liquor, rather than he should submit to personal mutilation and disgrace, and another dose which she intended afterwards to have taken herself. The old lady must, as Whalley remarks, have been more of an antique Roman than a Briton. Jonson's own conduct in this affair was noble and spirited. He had no considerable

share in the composition of the piece, and was, besides, in such favour, that he would not have been molested; 'but this did not satisfy him,' says Gifford; 'and he, therefore, with a high sense of honour, voluntarily accompanied his two friends to prison, determined to share their fate.' We cannot now ascertain what was the mighty satire that moved the patriotic indignation of James; it was doubtless softened before publication; but in some copies of 'Eastward Hoe' (1605), there is a passage in which the Scots are said to be 'dispersed over the face of the whole earth;' and the dramatist sarcastically adds: 'But as for them, there are no greater friends to Englishmen and England, *when they are out on't*, in the world than they are; and, for my part, I would a hundred thousand of them were there [in Virginia] for we are all one countrymen now, you know, and we should find ten times more comfort of them there than we do here.' The offended nationality of James must have been laid to rest by the subsequent adulation of Jonson in his court-masks, for he eulogised the vain and feeble monarch as one that would raise the glory of England more than Elizabeth! Jonson's three great comedies—'Volpone, or the Fox;' 'Epicene, or the Silent Woman;' and the 'Alchemist'—were his next serious labours; his second classical tragedy, 'Catiline,' appeared in 1611. His fame had now reached its highest elevation: but he produced several other comedies, and a vast number of court entertainments, ere his star began sensibly to decline. In 1618, Jonson made a journey *on foot* to Scotland, where he had many friends. He was well received by the Scottish gentry, and was so pleased with the country, that he meditated a poem, or drama, on the beauties of Loch Lomond. The last of his visits was made to Drummond of Hawthornden, with whom he lived three weeks; and Drummond kept notes of his conversation, which, in a subsequent age, were communicated to the world. In conclusion, Drummond entered on his journal the following character of Ben himself:

'He is a great lover and praiser of himself; a contemner and scorner of others; given rather to lose a friend than a jest; jealous of every word and action of those about him, especially after drink, which is one of the elements in which he liveth; a dissembler of ill parts which reign in him; a bragger of some good that he wanteth; thinketh nothing well but what either he himself or some of his friends and countrymen hath said or done; he is passionately kind and angry; careless either to gain or keep; vindictive, but, if well answered, at himself; for any religion, as being versed in both;* interpreteth best sayings and deeds often to the worst; oppressed with

* Drummond here alludes to Jonson having been at one period of his life a Roman Catholic. When in prison, after killing the actor, a priest converted him to the Church of Rome, and he continued a member of it for twelve years. At the expiration of that time, he returned to the Protestant communion. As a proof of his enthusiastic temperament, it is mentioned that Jonson drank out the full cup of wine at the communion-table, in token of his reconciliation with the Church of England.

fantasy, which hath ever mastered his reason, a general disease in many poets.'

This character, it must be confessed, is far from being a flattering one; and probably it was, unconsciously, overcharged, owing to the recluse habits and staid demeanour of Drummond. We believe it, however, to be substantially correct. Inured to hardships and to a free, boisterous life in his early days, Jonson seems to have contracted a roughness of manner and habits of intemperance which never wholly left him. Priding himself immoderately on his classical acquirements, he was apt to slight and condemn his less learned associates; while the conflict between his limited means and his love of social pleasures, rendered him too often severe and saturnine in his temper. Whatever he did was done with labour, and hence was highly prized. His contemporaries seemed fond of mortifying his pride, and he was often at war with actors and authors. With the celebrated Inigo Jones, who was joined with him in the preparation of the court-masks, Jonson waged a long and bitter feud, in which both parties were to blame. When his better nature prevailed, and exorcised the demon of envy or spleen, Jonson was capable of a generous warmth of friendship, and of just discrimination of genius and character.

In 1619, on the death of Daniel, Jonson was appointed poet-laureate, and received a pension of a hundred marks. His literary reputation, his love of conviviality, and his high colloquial powers, rendered his society much courted, and he became the centre of a band of wits and revellers. Sir Walter Raleigh had founded a club, known to all posterity as the Mermaid Club, at which Jonson, Shakespeare, Beaumont and Fletcher, and other poets, exercised themselves with 'wit-combats' more bright and genial than their wine.* One of the favourite haunts of these bright-minded men was the Falcon Tavern, near the theatre in Bankside, Southwark, of which a sketch has been preserved. The latter days of Jonson were dark and painful. Attacks of palsy confined him to his house, and his necessities compelled him to write for the stage when his pen had lost its vigour, and wanted the charm of novelty. In 1630, he produced his comedy, the 'New Inn,' which was unsuccessful on the stage. The king sent him a present of £100, and raised his laureate pension to the same sum per annum, adding a yearly tierce of Canary wine. Next year, however, we find Jonson, in an 'Epistle Mendicant,' soliciting assistance from the lord-treasurer. He continued writing to the last.

* Many were the wit-combats betwixt Shakespeare and Ben Jonson, which two I beheld like a Spanish great galleon and an English man-of-war: Master Jonson, like the former, was built far higher in learning; solid, but slow in his performances. Shakespeare, with the English man-of-war, lesser in bulk, but lighter in sailing, could turn with all tides, tack about and take advantage of all winds, by the quickness of his wit and invention. — *Julius's Worthies*

Besides the Mermaid, Jonson was a great frequenter of a club called the Apollo, at the Old Devil Tavern, Temple Bar, for which he wrote rules—*Leges Convivales*—and penned a welcome over the door of the room to all those who approved of the 'true Phœbian liquor.' Ben's rules, it must be said, discountenanced excess.

Dryden has styled the later works of Jonson his *dotages*; some are certainly unworthy of him, but the *Sad Shepherd*, which he left unfinished, exhibits the poetical fancy of a youthful composition. He died in 1637, and was buried in Westminster Abbey, where a square stone, marking the spot where the poet's body was disposed vertically, was long afterwards shewn, inscribed only with the words, 'O RARE BEN JONSON !'

Jonson founded a style of regular English comedy, massive, well compacted, and fitted to endure, yet not very attractive in its materials. His works, altogether, consists of about fifty dramatic pieces, but by far the greater part are masks and interludes. His principal comedies are: 'Every Man in his Humour,' 'Volpone,' the 'Silent Woman,' and the 'Alchemist.' His Roman tragedies may be considered literal impersonations of classic antiquity, 'robust and richly graced,' yet stiff and unnatural in style and construction. They seem to bear about the same resemblance to Shakspeare's classic dramas that sculpture does to actual life. The strong delineation of character is the most striking feature in Jonson's comedies. The voluptuous Volpone is drawn with great *breadth* and freedom; and generally his portraits of eccentric characters—men in whom some peculiarity has grown to an egregious excess—are ludicrous and impressive. His scenes and characters shew the labour of the artist, but still an artist possessing rich resources; an acute and vigorous intellect; great knowledge of life, down to its lowest descents; wit, lofty declamation, and a power of dramatizing his knowledge and observation with singular skill and effect. His pedantry is often misplaced and ridiculous; when he wishes to satirise his opponents of the drama, he lays the scene in the court of Augustus, and makes himself speak as Horace. In one of his Roman tragedies, he prescribes for the composition of a *mucus*, or wash for the face! His comic theatre is a gallery of strange, clever, original portraits, powerfully drawn, and skilfully disposed, but many of them repulsive in expression, or so exaggerated as to look like caricatures or libels on humanity. We have little deep passion or winning tenderness to link the beings of his drama with those we love or admire, or to make us sympathise with them as with existing mortals. The charm of reality is generally wanting, or, when found, is not a pleasing reality. When the great artist escapes entirely from his elaborate wit and personified humours into the region of fancy—as in the lyrical passages of 'Cynthia,' 'Epicene,' and the whole drama of the 'Sad Shepherd'—we are struck with the contrast it exhibits to his ordinary manner. He thus presents two natures: one hard, rugged, gross, and sarcastic—'a mountain belly and a rocky face,' as he described his own person; the other, airy, fanciful, and graceful, as if its possessor had never combated with the world and its bad passions, but nursed his understanding and his fancy in poetical seclusion and contemplation.

The Fall of Catiline.

PETREIUS. The straits and needs of Catiline being such
 As he must fight with one of the two armies
 That then had near inclosed him, it pleased Fate
 To make us the object of his desperate choice,
 Wherein the danger almost poised the honour:
 And, as he rose, the day grew black with him,
 And Fate descended nearer to the earth,
 As if she meant to hide the name of things
 Under her wings, and make the world her quarry.
 At this we roused, lest one small minute's stay
 Had left it to be inquired what Rome was;
 And (as we ought) armed in the confidence
 Of our great cause, in form of battle stood,
 Whilst Catiline came on, not with the face
 Of any man, but of a public ruin:
 His countenance was a civil war itself;
 And all his host had, standing in their looks,
 The paleness of the death that was to come;
 Yet cried they out like vultures, and urged on,
 As if they would precipitate our fates.
 Nor stayed we longer for 'em, but himself
 Struck the first stroke, and with it fled a life,
 Which out, it seemed a narrow neck of land
 Had broke between two mighty seas, and either
 Flowed into other; for so did the slaughter;
 And whirled about, as when two violent tides
 Meet and not yield. The Furies stood on hill
 Circling the place, and trembling to see men
 Do more than they; whilst Pity left the field,
 Grieved for that side, that in so bad a cause
 They knew not what a crime their valour was.
 The Sun stood still, and was, behind the cloud
 The battle made, seen sweating, to drive up
 His frightened horse, whom still the noise drove backward:
 And now had fierce Enyo, like a flame,
 Consumed all it could reach, and then itself,
 Had not the fortune of the commonwealth
 Come, Pallas-like, to every Roman thought;
 Which Catiline seeing, and that now his troops
 Covered the earth they'd fought on with their trunks,
 Ambitious of great fame, to crown his ill,
 Collected all his fury, and ran in—
 Armed with a glory high as his despair—
 Into our battle, like a Libyan lion
 Upon his hunters, scornful of our weapons,
 Careless of wounds, plucking down lives about him,
 Till he had circled in himself with Death:
 Then fell he too, to embrace it where it lay.
 And as in that rebellion 'gainst the gods,
 Minerva holding forth Medusa's head,
 One of the giant brethren felt himself
 Grow marble at the killing sight: and now,
 Almost made stone, began to inquire what flint,
 What rock, it was that crept through all his limbs;
 And, ere he could think more, was that he feared:
 So Catiline, at the sight of Rome in us,
 Became his tomb; yet did his look retain
 Some of his fierceness, and his hands still moved
 As if he laboured yet to grasp the state

With those rebellious parts.

CARO. A brave bad death!

Had this been honest now, and for his country,
As 'twas against it, who had e'er fallen greater?

Catiline, Act V. sc. 6.

Love.—From the 'New Inn.'

LOVEL and HOST of the New Inn.

LOVEL. There is no life on earth but being in love!
There are no studies, no delights, no business,
No intercourse, or trade of sense, or soul.
But what is love! I was the laziest creature,
The most unprofitable sign of nothing.
The veriest drone, and slept away my life
Beyond the dormouse till I was in love!
And now I can outwake the nightingale,
Outwatch an usurer, and outwalk him too,
Stalk like a ghost that haunted 'bout a treasure;
And all that fancied treasure, it is love!

HOST. But is your name Love-ill, sir, or Love-well?
I would know that.

LOV. I do not know't myself
Whether it is. But it is love hath been
The hereditary passion of our house,
My gentle host, and, as I guess, my friend;
The truth is, I have loved this lady long,
And impotently, with desire enough,
But no success: for I have still forborne
To express it in my person to her.

HOST. How then?

LOV. I have sent her toys, verses, and anagrams,
Trials of wit, mere trifles, she has commended,
But knew not whence they came, nor could she guess.

HOST. This was a pretty riddling way of wooing!

LOV. I oft have been, too, in her company,
And looked upon her a whole day, admired her,
Loved her, and did not tell her so; loved still,
Looked still, and loved; and loved and 'looked and sighed;
But, as a man neglected, I came off,
And unregarded.

HOST. Could you blame her, sir,
When you were silent, and not said a word?

LOV. Oh, but I loved the more; and she might read it
Best in my silence, had she been——

HOST. As melancholic

As you are! Pray you, why would you stand mute, sir?

LOV. O thereon hangs a history! mine host.
Did you e'er know or hear of the Lord Beaufort,
Who served so bravely in France? I was his page,
And, ere he died, his friend: I followed him
First in the wars, and in the times of peace
I waited on his studies; which were right.
He had no Arthurs, nor no Rosiclers,
No Knights of the Sun, nor Amadis de Gauls,
Primallions, and Pantagruels, public nothings;
Abortives of the fabulous dark cloister,
Sent out to poison courts, and infect manners:
But great Achilles', Agamemnon's acts,
Sage Nestor's counsels, and Ulysses' sleights,

Tydidæ's fortune, as Homer wrought them
 In his immortal phant'ry, for examples
 Of the heroic virtue. Or, as Virgil,
 That master of the Epic poem, limned
 Pious Æneas, his religious prince,
 Bearing his aged parent on his shoulders,
 Rapt from the flames of Troy, with his young son.
 And these he brought to practice and to use.
 He gave me first my breeding, I acknowledge,
 Then showered his bounties on me, like the Hours,
 That open-handed sit upon the clouds,
 And press the liberality of Heaven
 Down to the laps of thankful men! But then
 The trust committed to me at his death
 Was above all, and left so strong a tie
 On all my powers, as Time shall not dissolve,
 Till it dissolve itself, and bury all!
 The care of his brave heir and only son:
 Who, being a virtuous, sweet, young, hopeful lord,
 Hath cast his first affections on this lady.
 And though I know, and may presume her such,
 As out of humour, will return no love,
 And therefore might indifferently be made
 The courting stock for all to practise on,
 As she doth practise on us all to scorn:
 Yet out of a religion to my charge,
 And debt professed, I have made a self-decree,
 Ne'er to express my person, though my passion
 Burn me to cinders.

The New Inn, Act. I. sc. 1.

A Simpleton and a Braggadocio.

Bobadil, the braggadocio, in his mean and obscure lodging, is visited by Matthew, the simpleton.

MATTHEW. Save you, sir; save you, captain.

BOBADIL. Gentle Master Matthew! Is it you, sir? Please you to sit down.

MAT. Thank you, good captain; you may see I am somewhat audacious.

BOB. Not so, sir. I was requested to supper last night by a sort of gallants, where you were wished for, and drunk to, I assure you.

MAT. Vouchsafe me, by whom, good captain?

BOB. Marry, by young Wellbred and others.—Why, hostess, a stool here for this gentleman.

MAT. No haste, sir; 'tis very well.

BOB. Body o' me!—It was so late ere we parted last night, I can scarce open my eyes yet; I was but new risen, as you came. How passes the day abroad, sir?—you can tell.

MAT. Faith, some half hour to seven. Now, trust me, you have an exceeding fine lodging here, very neat and private!

BOB. Ay, sir. Sit down, I pray you. Master Matthew, in any case, possesses no gentleman of our acquaintance with notice of my lodging.

MAT. Who! I, sir?—no.

BOB. Not that I need to care who know it, for the cabin is convenient, but in regard I would not be too popular, and generally visited as some are.

MAT. True, captain; I conceive you.

BOB. For, do you see, sir, by the heart of valour in me (except it be to some peculiar and choice spirits, to whom I am extraordinarily engaged, as yourself, or so), I could not extend thus far.

MAT. O Lord, sir! I resolve so.

BOB. I confess I love a cleanly and quiet privacy, above all the tumult and roar of fortune. What new book ha' you there? What! Go by, Hieronymo! (1)

1 Or Jeronimo, an old play by Kyd.

MAT. Ay; did you ever see it acted? Is 't not well penned?

BOB. Well penned! I would fain see all the poets of these times pen such another play as that was!—they 'll prate and swagger, and keep a str. of art and device, when (as I am a gentleman), read 'em, they are the most shallow, pitiful, barren fellows that live upon the face of the earth again. [*While MASTER MATTHEW reads, BOBADIL makes himself ready.*]

MAT. Indeed; here are a number of fine speeches in this book. 'O eyes, no eyes, but fountains fraught with tears!' There 's a conceit!—fountains fraught with tears! 'O life, no life, but lively form of death!' another. 'O world, no world, but mass of public wrongs!' a third. 'Confused and filled with murder and misdeeds!' a fourth. 'O the Muses! Is 't not excellent? Is 't not simply the best that ever you heard, captain? Ha! how do you like it?'

BOB. 'Tis good.

MAT. 'To thee, the purest object to my sense,
The most refined essence heaven covers,
Send I these lines, wherein I do commence
The happy state of turtle-billing lovers.
If they prove rough, unpolished, harsh, and rude,
Haste made the waste. Thus mildly I conclude.'

BOB. Nay, proceed, proceed. Where 's this?

MAT. This, sir? a toy o' mine own, in my nonage; the infancy of my Muses. But when will you come and see my study? Good faith, I can shew you some very good things I have done of late.—That boot becomes your leg passing well, captain, methinks.

BOB. So, so; it 's the fashion gentlemen now use.

MAT. Troth, captain, and now you speak o' the fashion, Master Wellbred's elder brother and I are fallen out exceedingly. This other day, I happened to enter into some discourse of a hanger, which, I assure you, both for fashion and workmanship, was most peremptory beautiful and gentleman-like; yet he condemned and cried it down for the most pled and ridiculous that ever he saw.

BOB. Squire Downright, the half-brother, was 't not?

MAT. Ay, sir, he.

BOB. Hang him, rook! he! why, he has no more judgment than a malt-horse. By St. George, I wonder you 'd lose a thought upon such an animal; the most peremptory absurd clown of Christendom, this day, he is holden. I protest to you, as I am a gentleman and a soldier, I ne'er changed words with him like. By his discourse, he should eat nothing but hay; he was born for the manger, pannier, or pack-saddle! He has not so much as a good phrase in his belly, but all old iron and rusty proverbs!—a good commodity for some smith to make hobnails of.

MAT. Ay, and he thinks to carry it away with his manhood still, where he comes: he brags he will gi' me the bastinado, as I hear.

BOB. How? he the bastinado? How came he by that word, trow?

MAT. Nay, indeed, he said cudgel me; I termed it so for my more grace.

BOB. That may be, for I was sure it was none of his word. But when? when said he so?

MAT. Faith, yesterday, they say; a young gallant, a friend of mine, told me so.

BOB. By the foot of Pharaoh, and 'twere my case now, I should send him a char-tel presently. The bastinado! A most proper and sufficient dependance, warranted by the great Caranza. Come hither; you shall char-tel him; I 'll shew you a trick or two, you shall kill him with at pleasure; the first stoccata, if you will, by this air.

MAT. Indeed; you have absolute knowledge! 't the mystery, I have heard, sir.

BOB. Of whom?—of whom ha' you heard it, I beseech you?

MAT. Troth, I have heard it spoken of divers, that you have very rare, and un-in-one-breath-utter-able skill, sir.

BOB. By Heaven! no, not I; no skill! 't the earth; some small rudiments! 't the sciences, as to know my time, distance, or so: I have protest it more for noblemen and gentlemen's use than mine own practice, I assure you.—Hostess, accommodate us with another bed-staff here quickly; lend us another bed-staff: the woman does not understand the words of action.—Look you, sir, exalt not your point above this state, at any hand, and let your poniard maintain your defence, thus (Give it the gentleman, and leave us); so, sir. Come on. O twine your body more about, that you

may fall to a more sweet, comely, gentleman-like guard ; so, indifferent : hollow your body more, sir, thus : now, stand fast o' your left leg, note your distance, keep your due proportion of time. Oh, you disorder your point most irregularly !

MAT. How is the bearing of it now, sir ?

BOB. Oh, out of measure ill : a well-experienced hand would pass upon you at pleasure.

MAT. How mean you, sir, pass upon me.

BOB. Why, thus, sir (make a thrust at me)—(MASTER MATTHEW pushes at BOBADIL) ; come in upon the answer, control your point, and make a full career at the body ; the best practised gallants of the time name it the passado ; a most desperate thrust, believe it !

MAT. Well, come, sir.

BOB. Why, you do not manage your weapon with any facility or grace to invite me ! I have no spirit to play with you ; your dearth of judgment renders you tedious.

MAT. But one venne, sir.

BOB. Venue ! fie ; most gross denomination as ever I heard. Oh, the stoccata, while you live, sir, note that. Come, put on your cloak, and we'll go to some private place where you are acquainted—some tavern or so—and have a bit. I'll send for one of these fencers, and he shall breathe you, by my direction, and then I will teach you your trick ; you shall kill him with it at the first, if you please. Why, I will learn you by the true judgment of the eye, hand, and foot, to control any enemy's point i' the world. Should your adversary confront you with a pistol, 'twere nothing, by this hand ; you should, by the same rule, control his ballet, in a line, except it were half-shot, and spread.—What money ha' you about you, Master Matthew ?

MAT. Faith, I ha' not past a two shillings, or so.

BOB. 'Tis somewhat with the least ; but come ; we will have a bunch of radish, and salt to taste our wine, and a pipe of tobacco, to close the orifice of the stomach ; and then we'll call upon young Wellbred : perhaps we shall meet the Corydon his brother there, and put him to the question. *Every Man in his Humour*, Act. I. sc. 1.

Bobadil's Plan for Saving the Expense of an Army.

BOBADIL. I will tell you, sir, by the way of private, and under seal, I am a gentleman, and live here obscure, and to myself ; but were I known to her majesty and the lords (observe me), I would undertake, upon this poor head and life, for the public benefit of the state, not only to spare the entire lives of her subjects in general, but to save the one-half, nay, three parts of her yearly charge in holding war, and against what enemy soever. And how would I do it, think you ?

E. KNOWELL. Nay, I know not, nor can I conceive.

BOB. Why, thus, sir. I would select nineteen more, to myself, throughout the land ; gentlemen they should be of good spirit, strong and able constitution ; I would choose them by an instinct, a character that I have : and I would teach these nineteen the special rules—as your punto, your revero, your stoccata, your imbroccato, your passado, your montanto—till they could all play very near, or altogether as well as myself. This done, say the enemy were forty thousand strong, we twenty would come into the field the tenth of March, or thereabouts ; and we would challenge twenty of the enemy ; they could not in their honour refuse us ; well, we would kill them : challenge twenty more, kill them ; twenty more, kill them ; twenty more, kill them too ; and thus would we kill every man his twenty a day, that's twenty score ; twenty score, that's two hundred ; two hundred a day, five days a thousand ; forty thousand ; forty times five, five times forty, two hundred days kills them all up by computation. And this will I venture my poor gentleman-like carcass to perform, provided there be no treason practised upon us, by fair and discreet manhood ; that is, civilly by the sword.

Ibid. Act IV. sc. 5.

Advice to a Reckless Youth.

What would I have you do ? I'll tell you, knavesman :
Learn to be wise, and practise how to thrive ;
That would I have you do ; and not to spend
Your coin on every bauble that you fancy,

Or every foolish brain that humours you.
 I would not have you to invade each place,
 Nor thrust yourself on all societies,
 Till men's affections, or your own desert,
 Should worthily invite you to your rank.
 He that is so disrespectful in his courses,
 Oft sells his reputation at cheap market.
 Nor would I you should melt away yourself
 In flashing travesty, lest, while you affect
 To make a blaze of gentry to the world,
 A little puff of scorn extingulish it,
 And you be left like an unsavoury snuff,
 Whose property is only to offend.
 I'd ha' you sober, and contain yourself;
 Not that your sail be bigger than your boat;
 But moderate your expenses now (at first).
 As you may keep the same proportion still.
 Nor stand so much on your gentility,
 Which is an airy and mere borrowed thing,
 From dead men's dust and bones; and none of yours,
 Except you make, or hold it.

Ibid. Act I., sc. II

The Alchemist.

SIR EPICURE MAMMON.—SURLY, his Friend.

MAMMON. Come on, sir. Now you set your foot on shore
 In *novo orbe*. Here's the rich Peru:
 And there within, sir, are the golden mines,
 Great Solomon's Ophir! He was sailing to 't
 Three years, but we have reached it in ten months.
 This is the day wherein to all my friends
 I will pronounce the happy word, Be rich.
 This day you shall be *spectatissimist*.
 You shall no more deal with the hollow die
 Or the frail card. No more be at charge of keeping
 The livery punk for the young heir, that must
 Seal at all hours in his shirt. No more,
 If he deny, ha' him beaten to 't, as he is
 That brings him the commodity. No more
 Shall thirst of satin, or the covetous hunger
 Of velvet entrails for a rude-spun cloak
 To be displayed at Madam Augusta's, make
 The sons of Sword and Hazard fall before
 The golden calf, and on their knees whole nights
 Commit idolatry with wine and trumpets;
 Or go a-feasting after drum and ensign.
 No more of this. You shall start up young viceroys,
 And have your punks and punketees, my Surly:
 And unto thee I speak it first, Be rich.—
 Where is my Subtle there? within, ho!

FACE (*answers from within*). Sir, he will come to you by and by.

MAM. That's his fire-drake,
 His Lungs, his Zephyrus, he that puffs his coals
 Till he firks Nature up in her own centre.
 You are not faithful, sir. This night I'll change
 All that is metal in thy house to gold:
 And early in the morning will I send
 To all the plumbers and the pewterers,
 And buy their tin and lead up; and to Lothbury,
 For all the copper.

SURLY. What, and turn that too?

MAM. Yes, and I'll purchase Devonshire and Cornwall,

And make them perfect Indies! You admire now?

SUN. No, faith.

MAM. But when you see the effects of the great medicines—
Of which one part projected on a hundred
Of Mercury, or Venus, or the Moon,
Shall turn it to as many of the Sun,
Nay, to a thousand, so *ad infinitum*—
You will believe me.

SUN. Yes, when I see 't, I will. . . .

MAM. Ha! why,

Do you think I fable with you? I assure you,
He that has once the flower of the Sun,
The perfect Ruby, which we call Elixir,
Not only can do that, but by its virtue
Can confer honour, love, respect, long life,
Give safety, valour, yea, and victory,
To whom he will. In eight-and-twenty days
I'll make an old man of fourscore a child.

SUN. No doubt; he's that already.

MAM. Nay, I mean,

Restore his years, renew him like an eagle,
To the fifth age; make him get sons and daughters,
Young giants, as our philosophers have done—
The ancient patriarchs afore the flood—
By taking, once a week, on a knife's point,
The quantity of a grain of mustard of it,
Become stout Marses, and beget young Cupids.

SUN. The decayed vestals of Plokt-hatch would thank you,
That keep the fire alive there.

MAM. 'Tis the secret

Of nature naturised 'gainst all infections,
Cures all diseases, coming of all causes;
A month's grief in a day; a year's in twelve;
And of what age soever, in a month:
Past all the doses of your drugging doctors.
I'll undertake withal to fright the plague
Out o' the kingdom in three months.

SUN. And I'll

Be bound the players shall sing your praises, then,
Without their poets.

MAM. Sir, I'll do 't. Meantime,
I'll give away so much unto my man,
Shall serve the whole city with preservative
Weekly: each house his dose, and at the rate—

SUN. As he that built the water-work does with water!

MAM. You are incredulous.

SUN. Faith, I have a humour,
I would not willingly be gulled. Your Stone
Cannot transmute me.

MAM. Pertinax Sully,

Will you believe antiquity? records?
I'll shew you a book, where Moses, and his sister,
And Solomon, have written of the art;
Ay, and a treatise penned by Adam.

SUN. How?

MAM. Of the Philosopher's Stone, and in High Dutch.

SUN. Did Adam write, sir, in High Dutch?

MAM. He d'd;

Which proves it was the primitive tongue.

SUN. What paper?

MAM. On cedar-board.

SUN. O that, indeed, they say,

Will last 'gainst worms.

MAM. 'Tis like your Irish wood
'Gainst cobwebs. I have a piece of Jason's fleece, too,
Which was no other than a book of Alchemy,
Writ in large sheepskin, a good fat ram-vellum.
Such was Pythagoras' thigh, Pandora's tub,
And all that fable of Medea's charms,
The manner of our work: the bulls, our furnace,
Still breathing fire: our *Argent-vive*, the Dragon:
The Dragon's teeth, Mercury sublimate,
That keeps the whiteness, hardness, and the biting:
And they are gathered into Jason's helm
(Th' alembic), and then sowed in Mars his field,
And thence sublimed so often, till they are fixed.
Both this, the Hesperian garden, Cadmus' story,
Jove's shower, the boon of Midas, Argus' eyes,
Boccace his Demagorgon, thousands more,
All abstract riddles of our Stone. -

The Alchemist, Act II. sc. 1.

THE COURT-MASKS OF THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

The courts of Elizabeth and James I. were long enlivened by the peculiar theatrical entertainment called the mask—a combination of scenery, music, and poetry. The origin of the mask is to be looked for in the 'revs' and 'shows' which, during the fourteenth, fifteenth, and sixteenth centuries, were presented on high festive occasions at court, in the inns of the lawyers, and at the universities, and in these mysteries and moralities which were the precursors of the legitimate drama. Henry VIII. in his earlier and better days had frequent entertainments, consisting of a set of masked and gaily dressed characters, or of such representations as the following: In the hall of the palace at Greenwich, a castle was reared, with numerous towers and gates, and every appearance of preparation for a long siege, and inscribed *La Forteresse Dangereuse*; it was defended by six richly dressed ladies; the king and five of his courtiers then entered in the disguise of knights, and attacked the castle, which the ladies, after a gallant resistance, surrendered, the affair concluding with a dance of the ladies and knights. Here there was nothing but scenery and pantomime; by and by, poetical dialogue, song, and music, were added; and when the mask had reached its height in the reigns of James and the First Charles, it employed the finest talent of the country in its composition, and, as Bacon remarks, being designed for princes, was by princes played.

Masks were generally prepared for some remarkable occasion, as a coronation, the birth of a young prince or noble, a peer's marriage, or the visit of some royal personage of foreign countries; and they usually took place in the hall of the palace. Many of them were enacted in that banqueting-room at Whitehall through which a prince, who often took part in them, afterwards walked to the scaffold. Allegory and mythology were the taste of the age; we must allow for the novelty of classical imagery and characters at that period, and it may be only a kind of prejudice, or the effect of fashion, which makes us

so rigorously banish from our literature allusions to the poetic creations of Grecian antiquity; while we contentedly solace ourselves in contemplating, through what are called historical novels, the much ruder, and perhaps not more truly represented, personages of the middle ages. The *action* of a mask was always something short and simple; and it is easy to see that, excepting where very high poetical and musical talent was engaged, the principal charm must have lain in the elegance of the dresses and decorations, and the piquancy of a constant reference from the actors in their assumed, to the actors in their real characters. Usually, besides gods, goddesses, and nymphs from classical antiquity, there were such personages as Night, Day, Beauty, Fortitude, and so forth; but though the persons of the drama were thus removed from common life, the reference of the whole business of the scene to the occasion which had called it forth, was as direct as it could well be, and even ludicrously so, particularly when the object was to pay a compliment to any of the courtly audience. This, however, was partly justified by the private character of the entertainment; and it is easy to conceive that, when a gipsy stepped from the scene, and, taking the king's hand, assigned him all the good-fortune which a loyal subject should wish to a sovereign, there would be such a marked increase of *sensation* in the audience, as to convince the poet that there lay the happiest stroke of his art.

Mr. Collier, in his 'Annals of the Stage,' has printed a document which gives a very distinct account of the court-mask, as it was about the time when the drama arose in England—namely, in the early years of Elizabeth. That princess, as is well known, designed an amicable meeting with Mary Queen of Scots, which was to have taken place at Nottingham Castle, in May 1562, but was given up in consequence, as is believed, of the jealousy of Elizabeth regarding the superior beauty of Mary. A mask was devised to celebrate the meeting and entertain the united courts, and it is the poet's scheme of this entertainment, docketed by Lord Burleigh, to which reference is now made. The mask seems to have been simply an *acted allegory, relating to the circumstances of the two queens*; and it throws a curious light not only upon the taste, but upon the political history of the period. We give the programme of the first night.

'First, a prison to be made in the hall, the name whereof is *Extreme Oblivion*, and the keeper's name thereof *Argus*, otherwise called *Circumspection*; then a mask of ladies to come in after this sort:

'First, Pallas, riding upon a unicorn, having in her hand a standard, on which is to be painted two ladies' hands, knit in one fast within the other, and over the hands, written in letters of gold, *Fides*.

'Then the two ladies riding together—the one upon a golden lion, with a crown of gold on his head; the other upon a red lion, with the like crown of gold; signifying two virtues; that is to say, the lady on the golden lion is to be called *Prudentia*, and the lady on the red lion *Temperantia*.

'After this, to follow six or eight ladies, maskers, bringing in captive *Discord* and *False Report*, with ropes of gold about their necks. When these have marched about the hall, then Pallas to declare before the queen's majesty, in verse, that the goddess, understanding the noble meeting of these two queens, hath willed her to declare unto them that those two virtues, *Prudentia* and *Temperantia*, have made great and long suit unto Jupiter that it would please him to give unto them *False Report* and *Discord*, to be punished as they think good; and that those ladies have now in their presence determined to commit them fast bound unto the aforesaid prison of *Extreme Oblivion*, there to be kept by the aforesaid jailer *Argus*, otherwise *Circumspection*, for ever, unto whom *Prudentia* shall deliver a lock, whereupon shall be written *In Eternum*. Then *Temperantia* shall likewise deliver unto *Argus* a key, whose name shall be *Nunquam*, signifying that, when *False Report* and *Discord* are committed to the prison of *Extreme Oblivion*, and locked there everlastingly, he should put in the key to let them out *nunquam* [never]; and when he hath so done, then the trumpets to blow, and the English ladies to take the nobility of the strangers, and dance.'

On the second night a castle is presented in the hall, and *Peace* comes in riding in a chariot drawn by an elephant, on which sits *Friendship*. The latter pronounces a speech on the event of the preceding evening, and *Peace* is left to dwell with *Prudence* and *Temperance*. The third night shewed *Disdain* on a wild boar, accompanied by *Prepensed Malice*, as a serpent, striving to procure the liberation of *Discord* and *False Report*, but opposed successfully by *Courage* and *Discretion*. At the end of the fight, 'Disdain shall run his ways, and escape with life, but *Prepensed Malice* shall be slain; signifying that some ungodly men may still disdain the perpetual peace made between these two virtues; but as for their prepensed malice, it is easy trodden under these ladies' feet.' The second night ends with a flowing of wine from conduits, 'during which time the English lords shall mask with the Scottish ladies: the third night terminates by the six or eight lady-maskers singing a song 'as full of harmony as may be devised.' The whole entertainment indicates a sincere desire of reconciliation on the part of Elizabeth; but the first scene—a prison—seems strangely ominous of the events which followed six years after.

The mask, as has been stated, attained the zenith of its glory in the reign of James I.—the most festive reign in England between those of Henry VIII. and Charles II. The queen, the princess, and nobles and ladies of the highest rank, took parts in them, and they engaged the genius of Jonson and Inigo Jones, one as poet, and the other as machinist, while no expense was spared to render them worthy of the place, the occasion, and the audience. It appears from the accounts of the Master of the Revels, that no less than £4215 was lavished on these entertainments in the first six years of the king's

reign. Jonson himself composed twenty-three masks; and Dekker, Middleton, and others of the leading dramatic authors, Shakspeare alone excepted, were glad to contribute in this manner to the pleasures of a court from which they derived their best patronage and support.

The marriage of Lord James Hay to Anne, daughter and heir of Lord Denny (January 6, 1601), was distinguished at Court (Whitehall) by what was called the *Memorable Mask*, the production of Dr. Thomas Campion, an admired musician as well as poet of that day, now forgotten. On this occasion, the great hall of the palace was fitted up in a way that shews the mysteries of theatrical scenery and decoration to have been better understood, and carried to a greater height, in that age than is generally supposed. One end of the hall was set apart for the audience, having the king's seat in the centre; next to it was a space for ten concerted musicians—base and mean lutes, a bandora, a double sackbut, a harpsichord, and two treble violins—besides whom there were nine violins, three lutes, six cornets, and six chapel-singers. The stage was concealed by a curtain resembling dark clouds, which being withdrawn, disclosed a green valley with green round about it, and in the midst of them nine golden clouds of fifteen feet high. The bower of Flora was on their right, the house of Night on the left; between them a hill hanging like a cliff over the grove. The bower of Flora was spacious, garnished with flowers and flowery branches, with lights among them; the house of Night, ample and stately, with black columns studded with golden stars; while about it were placed on wires, artincial bats and owls continually moving. As soon as the king entered the great hall, the haut-boys were heard from the top of the hill and from the wood, till Flora and Zephyrus were seen busily gathering flowers from the bower, throwing them into baskets which two sylvans held, attired in changeable taffety. Besides two other allegorical characters, *Night* and *Hesperus*, there were nine maskers, representing Apollo's knights, and personated by young men of rank.

After songs and recitative, the whole vale was suddenly withdrawn, and a hill with Diana's tree discovered. *Night* appeared in her house with *Nine Hours*, apparelled in large robes of black taffety, painted thick with stars; their hair long, black, and spangled with gold; on their heads, coronets of stars, and their faces black. Every Hour bore in his hand a black torch painted with stars, and lighted.

NIGHT. Vanish, dark vales; let Night in glory shine,
As she doth burn in rage; come, leave our shrine,
You black-haired Hours, and guide us with your lights;
Flora hath wakened wide our drowsy sprites.
See where she triumphs, see her flowers are thrown,
And all about the seeds of malice sown.
Despiteful Flora, is 't not enough of grief,
That Cynthia's robbed, but thou must grace the thief?
Oe didst not hear Night's sovereign queen (1) complain

Hymen had stolen a nymph out of her train.
 And snatched her here, plighted henceforth to be
 Love's friend and stranger to virginity?
 And mak'st thou sport for this?

FLORA. Be mild, stern Night;
 Flora doth honour Cynthia and her right; . . .
 The nymph was Cynthia's while she was her own,
 But now another claims in her a right,
 By fate reserved thereto, and wise foresight.

ZEPHYRUS. Can Cynthia one kind virgin's loss bemoan?
 How, if perhaps she brings her ten for one?

After some more such dialogue, in which Hesperus takes part, Cynthia is reconciled to the loss of her nymph; the trees sink, by means of machinery, under the stage, and the maskers come out of their tops to fine music. Dances, processions, speeches, and songs follow, the last being a duet between a Sylvan and an Hour, by the way of tenor and bass.

SYLVAN. Tell me, gentle Hour of Night,
 Wherein dost thou most delight?

HOURL. Not in sleep. SYL. Wherein, then?

HOURL. In the frolic view of men.

SYL. Lov'st thou music? HOURL. Oh, 'tis sweet.

SYL. What's dancing? HOURL. Even the mirth of feet.

SYL. Joy you in fairies and in elves?

HOURL. We are of that sort ourselves.

But, Sylvan, say, why do you love
 Only to frequent the grove?

SYL. Life is fullest of content,
 Where delight is innocent.

HOURL. Pleasure must vary, not be long;
 Come, then, let's close and end our song.

Then the maskers made an obeisance to the king, and attended him to the banqueting-room.

The masks of Jonson contain a great deal of fine poetry, and even the prose descriptive parts are remarkable for grace and delicacy of language—as, for instance, where he speaks of a sea at the back of a scene catching 'the eye afar off with a wandering beauty.' In that which was produced at the marriage of Ramsay, Lord Haddington, to Lady Elizabeth Ratcliff, the scene presented a steep red cliff, topped by clouds, allusive to the red cliff from which the lady's name was said to be derived; before which were two pillars charged with spoils of love, 'amongst which were old and young persons bound with roses, wedding-garments, rocks, and spindles, hearts transfixed with arrows, others flaming, virgins' girdles, garlands, and worlds of such like.' Enter Venus in her chariot, attended by the Graces, and delivers a speech expressive of her anxiety to recover her son Cupid, who has run away from her. The Graces then make proclamation as follows:

FIRST GRACE.
 Beauties, have you seen this toy,
 Called Love, a little boy,
 Almost naked, wanton, blind;
 Cruel now, and then as kind?

If he be amongst ye, say;
 He is Venus' runaway.
 SECOND GRACE.
 She that will but now discover
 Where the winged wag doth hover,

Shall to-night receive a kiss,
How or where herself would wish ;
But who brings him to his mother,
Shall have that kiss, and another.

THIRD GRACE.

He hath marks about him plenty ;
You shall know him among twenty.
All his body is a fire,
And his breath a flame entire,
That, being, shot like lightning in,
Wounds the heart, but not the skin.

FIRST GRACE.

At his sight the sun hath turned,
Neptune in the waters burned ;
Hell hath felt a greater heat ;
Jove himself forsook his seat ;
From the centre to the sky
Are his trophies reared high.

SECOND GRACE.

Wings he hath, which, though ye clip,
He will leap from lip to lip,
Over liver, lights, and heart,
But not stay in any part ;
And if chance his arrow misses,
He will shoot himself in kisses.

THIRD GRACE.

He doth bear a golden bow,
And a quiver hanging low,
Full of arrows, that outbrave
Dian's shafts ; where, if he have
Any head more sharp than other,
With that first he strikes his mother.

FIRST GRACE.

Still the fairest are his fuel.
When his days are to be cruel,
Lovers' hearts are all his food,
And his baths their warmest blood ; [son,
Nought but wounds his hands doth sea-
And he hates none like to Reason.

SECOND GRACE.

Trust him not ; his words, though sweet,
Seldom with his heart do meet.
All his practice is deceit ;
Every gift it is a bait ;
Not a kiss but poison bears ;
And most treason in his tears.

THIRD GRACE.

Idle minutes are his reign ;
Then the straggler makes his gain.
By presenting maids with toys,
And would have ye think them joys ;
'Tis the ambition of the elf
To have all childish as himself.

FIRST GRACE.

If by these ye please to know him,
Beauties, be not nice, but shew him

SECOND GRACE.

Though ye had a will to hide him,
Now, we hope, ye'll not abide him.

THIRD GRACE.

Since you hear his falsest play
And that he's Venus' runaway.

Cupid enters, attended by twelve boys, representing ' the Sports and pretty Lightnesses that accompany Love,' who dance; and then Venus apprehends her son; and a dialogue ensues between them and Hymen. Vulcan afterwards appears, and, claiming the pillars as his workmanship, strikes the red cliff, which opens, and shews a large luminous sphere containing the astronomical lines and signs of the zodiac. He makes a quaint speech, and presents the sphere as his gift to Venus on the triumph of her son. The Lesbian god and his consort retire amicably to their chariot, and the piece ends by the singing of an epithalamium, interspersed with dances of maskers:

Up, youths and virgins, up, and praise
The god, whose nights outshine his days ;
Hymen, whose hallowed rites
Could never boast of brighter lights ;
Whose bands pass liberty.
Two of your troop, that with the morn were free,
Are now waged to his war :
And what they are,
If you'll perfection see,
Yourselves must be.

Shine, Hesperus, shine forth, thou wished star !

What joy, what honours can compare
 With holy nuptials, when they are
 Made out of equal parts
 Of years, of states, of hands, of hearts !
 When in the happy choice
 The spouse and sponesd have foremost voice !
 Such, glad of Hymen's war,
 Live what they are,
 And long perfections see ;
 And such ours be.
 Shine, Hesperus, shine forth, thou wished star !

FRANCIS BEAUMONT—JOHN FLETCHER.

The literary partnerships of the drama which we have had occasion to notice were generally brief and incidental, confined to a few scenes or a single play. In BEAUMONT and FLETCHER, we have the interesting spectacle of two young men of high genius, of good birth and connections, living together for ten years, and writing in union a series of dramas, passionate, romantic, and comic, thus blending together their genius and their fame in indissoluble connection. Shakspeare was undoubtedly the inspirer of these kindred spirits. They appeared when his genius was in its meridian splendour, and they were completely subdued by its overpowering influence. They reflected its leading characteristics, not as slavish copyists, but as men of high powers and attainments, proud of borrowing inspiration from a source which they could so well appreciate, and which was at once ennobling and inexhaustible. Francis Beaumont was the son of Judge Beaumont, a member of an ancient family settled at Grace Dieu, in Leicestershire. He was born in 1556, and educated at Cambridge. He became a student of the Inner Temple, probably to gratify his father, but does not seem to have prosecuted the study of the law. He was married to the daughter and co-heiress of Sir Henry Isley of Kent, by whom he had two daughters. He died before he had completed his thirtieth year, and was buried March 9, 1615-16, at the entrance to St. Benedict's Chapel, Westminster Abbey.—John Fletcher was the son of Dr. Richard Fletcher, bishop of Bristol, and afterwards of Worcester. He was born ten years before his friend, in 1576, and he survived him ten years, dying of the Great Plague in 1625, and was buried in St. Mary Overy's Church, Southwark, on the 19th of August.

The dramas of Beaumont and Fletcher are fifty-two in number. The greater part of them were not printed till 1647, and it is impossible to assign the respective dates to each. Dryden mentions that 'Philaster' was the first play that brought them into esteem with the public, though they had written two or three before. It is improbable in plot, but interesting in character and situations. The jealousy of Philaster is forced and unnatural; the character of Euphrasia, disguised as Bellario, the page, is a copy from Viola, yet there is something peculiarly delicate in the following account of her hopeless attachment to Philaster :

Extracts from 'Philaster.'

My father oft would speak
 Your worth and virtue ; and, as I did grow
 More and more apprehensive, I did thirst
 To see the man so praised ; but yet all this
 Was but a maiden longing, to be lost
 As soon as found ; till, sitting in my window,
 Printing my thoughts in lawn, I saw a god,
 I thought—but it was you—enter our gates.
 My blood flew out, and back again as fast
 As I had puff'd it forth and suck'd it in
 Like breath. Then was I call'd away in haste
 To entertain you. Never was a man
 Heaved from a sheep-cote to a sceptre rais'd
 So high in thoughts as I : you left a kiss
 Upon these lips then, which I mean to keep
 From you for ever. I did hear you talk,
 Far above singing ! After you were gone,
 I grew acquainted with my heart, and search'd
 What stirr'd it so. Alas ! I found it love ;
 Yet far from lust ; for could I but have liv'd
 In presence of you, I had had my end.
 For this I did delude my noble father
 With a feign'd pilgrimage, and dress'd myself
 In habit of a boy ; and for I knew
 My birth no match for you, I was past hope
 Of having you. And, understanding well
 That when I made discovery of my sex,
 I could not stay with you. I made a vow,
 By all the most religious things a maid
 Could call together, never to be known,
 Whilst there was hope to hide me from men's eyes,
 For other than I seem'd, that I might ever
 Abide with you : then sat I by the fount
 Where first you took me up.

Act V. sc. 5.

Philaster had previously described his finding the disguised maiden
 by the fount, and the description is highly poetical and picturesque :

Hunting the buck,
 I found him sitting by a fountain-side,
 Of which he borrow'd some to quench his thirst,
 And paid the nymph again as much in tears.
 A garland lay him by, made by himself,
 Of many several flowers, bred in the bay,
 Stuck in that mystic order, that the rareness
 Delighted me : But ever when he turn'd
 His tender eyes upon them he would weep,
 As if he meant to make them grow again.
 Seeing such pretty helpless innocence
 Dwell in his face, I asked him all his story.
 He told me that his parents gentle died,
 Leaving him to the mercy of the fields,
 Which gave him roots : and of the crystal springs,
 Which did not stop their courses ; and the sun,
 Which still, he thank'd him, yielded him his light.
 Then took he up his garland, and did shew
 What every flower, as country people hold,
 Did signify ; and how all, order'd thus,
 Expressed his grief ; and to my thoughts did read
 The prettiest lecture of his country art
 That could be wish'd ; so that methought I could

Have studied it. I gladly entertained him,
Who was as glad to follow.

Act I. sc. 2.

The 'Maid's Tragedy,' supposed to be written about the same time, is a drama of a powerful but unpleasing character. The purity of female virtue in Amintor and Aspatia, is well contrasted with the guilty boldness of Evadne; and the rough soldier-like bearing and manly feeling of Melantius, render the selfish sensuality of the king more hateful and disgusting. Unfortunately, there is much licentiousness in this fine play—whole scenes and dialogues are disfigured by this master-vice of the theatre of Beaumont and Fletcher. Their dramas are 'a rank unweeded garden,' which grew only the more disorderly and vicious as it advanced to maturity. Fletcher must bear the chief blame of this defect, for he wrote longer than his associate, and is generally understood to have been the most copious and fertile composer. Before Beaumont's death, they had, in addition to 'Philaster,' and the 'Maid's Tragedy,' produced 'King and no King,' 'Bonduca,' the 'Laws of Candy' (tragedies); and the 'Woman-hater,' the 'Knight of the Burning Pestle,' the 'Honest Man's Fortune,' the 'Coxcomb,' and the 'Captain' (comedies.) Fletcher afterwards produced three tragic dramas and nine comedies, the best of which are: the 'Chances,' the 'Spanish Curate,' the 'Beggars Bush,' and 'Rule a Wife and Have a Wife.' He also wrote an exquisite pastoral drama, the 'Faithful Shepherdess,' which Milton followed pretty closely in the design, and partly in the language and imagery, of 'Comus.' A higher, though more doubtful honour has been assigned to the twin authors; for Shakspeare is said to have assisted them in the composition of one of their works, the 'Two Noble Kinsmen,' and his name is joined with Fletcher's on the title-page of the first edition. The bookseller's authority in such matters is of no weight; and it seems unlikely that our great poet, after the production of some of his best dramas, should enter into a partnership of this description. The 'Two Noble Kinsmen' is certainly not superior to some of the other plays of Beaumont and Fletcher.

The genius of Beaumont is said to have been more correct, and more strongly inclined to tragedy, than that of his friend. The later works of Fletcher are chiefly of a comic character. His plots are sometimes inartificial and loosely connected, but he is always lively and entertaining. There is a rapid succession of incidents, and the dialogue is witty, elegant, and amusing. Yet no one ever recollects the plots of their dramas. Shakspeare's are ineffably stamped on the memory, but those of Beaumont and Fletcher seem 'writ in water.' Dryden considered that they understood and imitated the conversation of gentlemen much better than Shakspeare; and he states that their plays were, in his day, the most pleasant and frequent entertainments of the stage—'two of theirs being acted through the year, for one of Shakspeare's or Jonson's.' It was different some forty years previous to this. In 1627, the King's Company *brided* the

Master of the Revels with £5, to interfere in preventing the players of the theatre called the Red Bull from performing the dramas of Shakespeare. One cause of the preference of Beaumont and Fletcher may have been the licence of their dramas (suited to the perverted taste of the court of Charles II.), and the spirit of intrigue which they adopted from the Spanish stage, and naturalized on the English. 'We cannot deny,' remarks Hallam, 'that the depths of Shakspeare's mind were often unfathomable by an audience; the bow was drawn by a matchless hand, but the shaft went out of sight. All might listen to Fletcher's pleasing, though not profound or vigorous language; his thoughts are noble, and tinged with the ideality of romance; his metaphors vivid, though sometimes too forced; he possesses the idiom of English without much pedantry, though in many passages he strains it beyond common use; his versification, though studiously irregular, is often rhythmical and sweet; yet we are seldom arrested by striking beauties. Good lines occur in every page, fine ones but rarely. We lay down the volume with a sense of admiration of what we have read, but little of it remains distinctly in the memory. Fletcher is not much quoted, and has not even afforded copious materials to those who cull the beauties of ancient lore.' His comic powers are certainly far superior to his tragic. Massinger impresses the reader more deeply, and has a moral beauty not possessed by Beaumont and Fletcher, but in comedy he falls infinitely below them. Though their characters are deficient in variety, their knowledge of stage-effect and contrivance, their fertility of invention, and the airy liveliness of their dialogue, give the charm of novelty and interest to their scenes. Macaulay considers that the models which Fletcher had principally in his eye, even for his most serious and elevated compositions, were not Shakspeare's tragedies, but his comedies. 'It was these, with their idealised truth of character, their poetic beauty of imagery, their mixture of the grave with the playful in thought, their rapid yet skilful transitions from the tragic to the comic in feeling; it was these, the pictures in which Shakspeare had made his nearest approach to portraying actual life, and not those pieces in which he transports the imagination into his own vast and awful world of tragic action, and suffering, and emotion—that attracted Fletcher's fancy, and proved congenial to his cast of feeling.' This observation is strikingly just, applied to Shakspeare's mixed comedies or plays, like the 'Twelfth Night,' the 'Winter's Tale,' 'As You Like It,' &c. The rich and genial comedy of Falstaff, Shallow, and Slender was not imitated by Fletcher. His 'Knight of the Burning Pestle' is an admirable burlesque of the false taste of the citizens of London for chivalrous and romantic adventures, without regard to situation or probability. On the whole, the dramas of Beaumont and Fletcher impress us with a high idea of their powers as poets and dramatists. The vast variety and luxuriance of their genius seem to elevate them above Jonson, though they were destitute of his regular-

ity and solidity, and to place them on the borders of the 'magic circle' of Shakspeare.

The confidence and buoyancy of youth are visible in their productions. They had not tasted of adversity, like Jonson or Massinger; and they had not the profoundly meditative spirit of their great master, cognizant of all human feelings and sympathies; life was to them a scene of enjoyment and pleasure, and the exercise of their genius a source of refined delight and ambition. They were gentlemen who wrote for the stage as gentlemen have rarely done before or since.

Generosity of Cæsar.

Ptolemy, king of Egypt, having secured the head of Pompey, comes with his friends Achoreus and Photinus to present it to Cæsar, as a means of gaining his favour. To them enter Cæsar, Antony, Dolabella, and Sceva.

PHOTINUS. Do not shun me, Cæsar.
From kingly Ptolemy I bring this present,
The crown and sweat of thy Phœasian labour,
The goal and mark of high ambitious honour.
Before, thy victory had no name, Cæsar;
Thy travel, and thy loss of blood, no recompense;
Thou dream'dst of being worthy, and of war.
And all thy furious conflicts were but slumbers:
Here they take life; here they inherit honour,
Grow fixed, and shoot up everlasting triumphs.
Take it, and look upon thy humble servant,
With noble eyes look on the princely Ptolemy,
That offers with this head, most mighty Cæsar,
What thou wouldst once have given for—all Egypt.
ACHOREUS. Nor do not question it, most royal conqueror,
Nor discount the benefit that meets thee,
Because 'tis easily got, it comes the safer:
Yet, let me tell thee, most imperious Cæsar,
Though he opposed no strength of swords to win this,
Nor laboured through no showers of darts and lances,
Yet here he found a fort, that faced him strongly,
An inward war: He was his grandsire's guest,
Friend to his father, and when he was expelled
And beaten from this kingdom by strong hand,
And had none left him to restore his honour,
No hope to find a friend in such a misery,
Then in stopt Pompey, took his feeble fortune.
Strengthened and cherished it, and set it right again:
This was a love to Cæsar.

SCEVA. Give me hate, gods!

PHO. This Cæsar may account a little wicked;
But yet remember, if thine own hands, conqueror,
Had fallen upon him, what it had been then;
If thine own sword had touched his throat, what that way!
He was thy son-in-law; there to be tainted
Had been most terrible! Let the worst be rendered,
We have deserved for keeping thy hands innocent.

CÆSAR. O Sceva, Sceva, see that head! See, captains,
The head of godlike Pompey!

SCE. He was basely ruined;
But let the gods be grieved that suffered it,
And be you Cæsar.

CÆSAR. O thou conqueror,
Thou glory of the world once, now the pity;

Thou awe of nations, wherefore didst thou fall thus?
 What poor fate followed thee and plucked thee on
 To trust thy sacred life to an Egyptian?
 The life and light of Rome to a blind stranger,
 That honourable war ne'er taught a nobleness,
 Nor worthy circumstance shewed what a man was?
 That never heard thy name sung but in banquets,
 And loose lascivious pleasures? to a boy,
 That had no faith to comprehend thy greatness,
 No study of thy life to know thy goodness?
 And leave thy nation, nay, thy noble friend,
 Leave him distracted, that in tears falls with thee,
 In soft relenting tears? Hear me, great Pompey;
 If thy great spirit can hear, I must ask thee!
 Thou hast most unnobly robbed me of my victory,
 My love and mercy.

ANTONY. Oh, how brave these tears shew!
 How excellent is sorrow in an enemy!

DOLABELLA. Glory appears not greater than this goodness.

CÆSAR. Egyptians, dare ye think your highest pyramids,
 Built to outdure the sun, as you suppose,
 Where your unworthy kings lie raked in ashes,
 Are monuments fit for him? No, brood of Nilus,
 Nothing can cover his high fame but heaven;
 No pyramids set off his memories,
 But the eternal substance of his greatness,
 To which I leave him. Take the head away,
 And, with the body, give it noble burial:
 Your earth shall now be blessed to hold a Roman,
 Whose braveries all the world's earth cannot balance.

SCB. [*Aside.*] If thou be'st thus loving, I shall honour thee;
 But great men may dissemble, 'tis held possible,
 And be right glad of what they seem to weep for;
 There are such kind of philosophers. Now do I wonder
 How he would look if Pompey were alive again;
 But how he'd set his face.

CÆSAR. You look now, king,
 And you that have been agents in this glory,
 For our especial favour?

PTOLEMY. We desire it.

CÆSAR. And doubtless you expect rewards?

SCB. Let me give 'em.

I'll give 'em such as Nature never dreamed of;
 I'll beat him and his agents in a mortar,
 Into one man, and that one man I'll bake them.

CÆSAR. Peace!—I forgive you all; that's recompense.
 You're young and ignorant; that pleads your pardon;
 And fear, it may be, more than hate, provoked you.
 Your ministers, I must think, wanted judgment,
 And so they erred: I'm bountiful to think this,
 Believe me most bountiful. Be you most thankful;
 That bounty share amongst ye. If I knew what
 To send you for a present, king of Egypt,
 I mean a head of equal reputation,
 And that you loved, though 'twere your brightest sister's—
 But her you hate—I would not be behind you.

PTOL. Hear me, great Cæsar!

CÆSAR. I have heard too much;
 And study not with smooth shows to invade
 My noble mind, as you have done my conquest:
 You're poor and open. I must tell you roundly,
 That man that could not recompense the benefit,

The great and bounteous services of Pompey,
 Can never dote upon the name of Caesar.
 Though I had hated Pompey, and allowed his ruin,
 I gave you no commission to perform it.
 Hasty to please in blood are seldom trusty;
 And, but I stand environed with my victories,
 My fortune never failing to befriend me,
 My noble strengths, and friends about my person,
 I durst not try you, nor expect a courtesy,
 Above the pious love you shewed to Pompey.
 You've found me merciful in arguing with ye;
 Swords, hangmen, fires, destructions of all natures,
 Demolishments of kingdoms, and whole ruins,
 Are wont to be my orators. Turn to tears,
 You wretched and poor reeds of sunburnt Egypt,
 And now you've found the nature of a conqueror,
 That you cannot decline, with all your flatteries,
 That where the day gives light, will be himself still;
 Know how to meet his worth with humane courtesies;
 Go, and embalm those bones of that great soldier,
 Howl round about his pile, fling on your spices,
 Make a Sabeian bed, and place this phoenix
 Where the hot sun may emulate his virtues,
 And draw another Pompey from his ashes
 Divinely great, and fix him 'mongst the worthies!

PROL. We will do all.

CAESAR. You've robbed him of those tears
 His kindred and his friends kept sacred for him,
 The virgins of their funeral lamentations;
 And that kind earth that thought to cover him—
 His country's earth—will cry out 'gainst your cruelty,
 And weep unto the ocean for revenge,
 Till Nilus raise his seven heads and devour ye!
 My grief has stopt the rest! When Pompey lived,
 He used you nobly; now he's dead, use him so.

The False One, Act II. sc 1.

Grief of Aspatia for the Marriage of Aminor and Eadna.

EVADNE, ASPATIA, DULA, and other Ladies.

EVADNE. Would thou couldst instil
 one of thy mirth into Aspatia.

(*To Dula.*)

ASPATIA. It were a timeless smile should prove my cheek;
 It were a sifter hoar for me to laugh,
 When at the altar the religious priest
 Were pacifying the offended powers
 With sacrifice, than now. This should have been
 My night, and all your hands have been employed
 In giving me a spotless offering
 To young Aminor's bed, as we are now
 For you: pardon, Evadne; would my worth
 Were great as yours, or that the king, or he,
 Or both thought so! Perhaps he found me worthless;
 But till he did so, in these ears of mine—
 These credulous ears—he poured the sweetest words
 That art or love could frame.

EVAD. Nay, leave this sad talk, madam.

ASP. Would I could, then should I leave the cause.
Lay a garland on my heaves of the dismal yew.

EVAD. That's one of your sad songs, madam.

ASP. Believe me, 'tis a very pretty one.

EVAD. How is it, madam?

SONG.

ASPATIA. Lay a garland on my hearse
Of the dismal yew ;
Maidens, willow branches bear ;
Say I died true.
My love was false, but I was firm,
From my hour of birth :
Upon my buried body, lie
Lightly, gentle earth !

Madam, good-night ; may no discontent
Grow 'twixt your love and you ; but if there do,
Inquire of me, and I will guide your moan ;
Teach you an artificial way to grieve,
To keep your sorrow waking. Love your lord
No worse than I ; but if you love so well,
Alas ! you may displease him ; so did I.
This is the last time you shall look on me :
Ladies, farewell ; as soon as I am dead.
Come all, and watch one night about my hearse ;
Bring each a mournful story and a tear
To offer at it when I go to earth :
With flattering ivy clasp my coffin round,
Write on my brow my fortune, let my bier
Be borne by virgins that shall sing by course
The truth of maids and perjuries of men.

EVAD. Alas ! I pity thee.

ASP. Go, and be happy in your lady's love ;
May all the wrongs that you have done to me
Be utterly forgotten in my death.
I'll trouble you no more, yet I will take
A parting kiss, and will not be denied.
You'll come, my lord, and see the virgins weep
When I am laid in earth, though you yourself
Can know no pity : thus I wind myself
Into this willow garland, and am prouder
That I was once your love—though now refused—
Than to have had another true to me.

[*A minister enters.*
[*To Aspinth.*

The Maid's Tragedy, Act II. sc. 1.

Palamon and Arcite, Captives in Greece.

PALAMON. How do you, noble cousin ?

ARCITE. How do you, sir ?

PAL. Why, strong enough to laugh at misery,
And bear the chance of war yet ; we are prisoners,
I fear for ever, cousin.

ARO. I believe it,

And to that destiny have patiently
Laid up my hour to come.

PAL. Oh, cousin Arcite,

Where is Thebes now ? where is our noble country ?
Where are our friends and kindreds ? Never more
Must we behold those comforts, never see
The hardy youths strive for the games of honour,
Hung with the painted favours of their ladies,
Like tall ships under sail ; then start amongst them,
And as an east wind leave them all behind us
Like lazy clouds, whilst Palamon and Arcite,
Even in the wagging of a wanton leg,
Outstrip the people's praise, won the garlands
Ere they have time to wish them ours. Oh, never
Shall we two exercise, like twins of honour,

Our arms again, and feel our fiery horses
Like proud seas under us ; our good swords now—
Better the red-eyed god of war he'er wore—
Ravished our sides, like age, must run to rust,
And deck the temples of those gods that hate us ;
These hands shall never draw them out like lightning
To blast whole armies more !

ARC. No, Palamon,
Those hopes are prisoners with us ; here we are,
And here the graces of our youths must wither
Like a too timely spring ; here age must find us,
And—which is heaviest—Palamon, unmarried ;
The sweet embraces of a loving wife
Loaden with kisses, armed with thousand Cupids,
Shall never clasp our necks ! no issue know us,
No figures of ourselves shall we e'er see,
To glad our age, and like young eagles teach them
Boldly to gaze against bright arms, and say,
‘ Remember what your fathers were, and conquer !’
The fair-eyed maids shall weep our banishments,
And in their songs curse ever-blinded Fortune,
Till she for shame see what a wrong she has done
To youth and nature : This is all our world :
We shall know nothing here but one another ;
Here nothing but the clock that tells our woes.
The vine shall grow, but we shall never see it :
Summer shall come, and with her all delights,
But dead-cold winter must inhabit here still.

PAL. 'Tis too true, Arcite. To our Theban hounds,
That shook the aged forest with their echoes,
No more now must we halloo ; no more shake
Our pointed javeline, whilst the angry swine
Flies like a Parthian quiver from our rages,
Struck with our well-steeled darts ! All valiant uses—
The food and nourishment of noble minds—
In us two here shall perish : we shall die—
Which is the curse of honour—lastly,
Children of grief and ignorance.

ARC. Yet, cousin,
Even from the bottom of these miseries,
From all that fortune can inflict upon us,
I see two comforts rising, two mere blessings,
If the gods please to hold hers : a brave patience,
And the enjoying of our griefs together.
Whilst Palamon is with me, let me perish
If I think this our prison !

PAL. Certainly
'Tis a main goodness, cousin, that our fortunes
Were twined together, 'tis most true, two souls
Put in two noble bodies, let them suffer
The gall of hazard, so they grow together,
Will never sink ; they must not ; say they could,
A willing man dies sleeping, and all 's done.

ARC. Shall we make worthy uses of this place
That all men hate so much ?

PAL. How, gentle cousin ?

ARC. Let's think this prison a holy sanctuary,
To keep us from corruption of worse men !
We are young, and yet desire the ways of honour,
That liberty and common conversation,
The poison of pure spirits, might—like women—
Woo us to wander from. What worthy blessing

Can be, but our imaginations
 May make it ours? And here being thus together,
 We are an endless mine to one another;
 We are one another's wife, ever begetting
 New births of love; we are father, friends, acquaintance;
 We are, in one another, families;
 I am your heir, and you are mine; this place
 Is our inheritance; no hard oppressor
 Dare take this from us: here, with a little patience,
 We shall live long, and loving; no surfeits seek us;
 The hand of war hurts none here, nor the seas
 Swallow their youth. Were we at liberty,
 A wife might part us lawfully, or business;
 Quarrels consume us; envy of ill men
 Crave our acquaintance; I might sicken, cousin,
 Where you should never know it, and so perish
 Without your noble hand to close mine eyes,
 Or prayers to the gods: a thousand chances
 Were we from hence, would sever us.

PAL. You have made me—
 I thank you, cousin Arcite!—almost wanton
 With my captivity: what a misery
 It is to live abroad, and everywhere!
 'Tis like a beast, methinks! I find the court here,
 I'm sure, a more content; and all those pleasures,
 That woo the wiles of men to vanity,
 I see through now; and am sufficient
 To tell the world, 'Tis but a gaudy shadow,
 That old Time, as he passes by, takes with him.
 What had we been, old in the court of Creon,
 Where sin is justice, lust and ignorance
 The virtues of the great ones? Cousin Arcite,
 Had not the loving gods found this place for us,
 We had died, as they do, ill old men, unwep'd,
 And had their epitaphs, the people's curses.
 Shall I say more?

ARC. I would hear you still.

PAL. You shall.
 Is there record of any two that loved
 Better than we do, Arcite?

ARC. Sure there cannot.

PAL. I do not think it possible our friendship
 Should ever leave us.

ARC. Till our deaths it cannot;
 And after death our spirits shall be led
 To those that love eternally.

The Two Noble Kinsmen, Act II. sc. 1.

Pastoral Love.—From the 'Faithful Shepherdess'.

CLORIN and a SATYR with basket of fruit.

SATYR. Through yon same bending plain
 That slings his arms down to the main,
 And through these thick woods, have I run,
 Whose bottom never kissed the sun,
 Since the lusty spring began.
 All to please my master Pan,
 Have I trotted without rest,
 To get him fruit; for at a feast
 He entertains, this coming night,
 His paramour the Syrinx bright:
 But behold a fairer sight!
 By that heavenly form of thine,

[Shouting CLORIN.]

Brightest fair, thou art divine,
 Sprung from great immortal race
 Of the gods : for in thy face
 Shines more awful majesty
 Than dull weak mortality
 Dare with misty eyes behold,
 And live : therefore, on this mould
 Lowly do I bend my knee,
 In worship of thy deity.
 Deign it, goddess, from my hand
 To receive whate'er this land
 From her fertile womb doth send
 Of her choice fruits ; and but lend
 Belief to that the Satyr tells,
 Fairer by the famous wells,
 To this present day ne'er grew,
 Never better, nor more true.
 Here be grapes whose lusty blood,
 Is the learned poets' good,
 Sweeter yet did never crown
 The head of Bacchus ; nuts more brown
 Than the squirrel whose teeth crack them ;
 Deign, O fairest fair, to take them :
 For these, black-eyed Driope
 Hath oftentimes commanded me
 With my clasped knee to climb :
 See how well the lusty time
 Hath decked their rising cheeks in red,
 Such as on your lips is spread.
 Here be berries for a queen,
 Some be red, some be green :
 These are of that luscious meat
 The great god Pan himself doth eat :
 All these, and what the woods can yield,
 The hanging mountain or the field,
 I freely offer, and ere long
 Will bring you more, more sweet and strong ;
 Till when, humbly leave I take,
 Lest the great Pan do awake,
 That sleeping lies in a deep glade,
 Under a broad beech's shade.
 I must go, I must run,
 Swifter than the fiery sun.

[Exit.

CLORIN. And all my fears go with thee.
 What greatness, or what private hidden power,
 Is there in me to draw submission
 From this rude man and beast ?—sure I am mortal ;
 The daughter of a shepherd ; he was mortal,
 And she that bore me mortal ; prick my hand
 And it will bleed ; a fever shakes me, and
 The self-same wind that makes the young lambs shrink,
 Makes me a-cold : my fear says I am mortal :
 Yet I have heard—my mother told it me—
 And now I do believe it, if I keep
 My virgin flower uncropt, pure, chaste, and fair,
 No goblin, wood-god, fairy, elf, or fiend,
 Satyr, or other power that haunts the groves,
 Shall hurt my body, or by vain illusion
 Draw me to wander after idle fires,
 Or voices calling me in dead of night
 To make me follow, and so tole me on
 Through mire and standing pools, to find my ruin.

Else why should this rough thing, who never knew
 Manners nor smooth humanity, whose h:ats
 Are rougher than himself, and more misshapen,
 Thus mildly kneel to me? Sure there's a power
 In that great name of Virgin, that binds fast
 All rude uncivil bloods, all appetites
 That break their confines. Then, strong Chastity,
 Be thou my strongest guard; for here I'll dwell
 In opposition against fate and hell!

PERIGOT and AMORET appoint to meet at the Virtuous Wall.

PERIGOT. Stay, gentle Amoret, thou fair-browed maid,
 Thy shepherd prays thee stay, that holds thee dear,
 Equal with his soul's good.

AMORET. Speak, I give
 Thee freedom, shepherd, and thy tongue be still
 The same it ever was, as free from ill
 As he whose conversation never knew
 The court or city: be thou ever true.

PERI. When I fall off from my affection,
 Or mingle my clean thoughts with ill desires,
 First let our great God cease to keep my flocks,
 That being left alone without a guard,
 The wolf, or winter's rage, summer's great heat,
 And want of water, rota, or what to us
 Of ill is yet unknown, fall speedily,
 And in their general ruin let me go.

AMO. I pray thee, gentle shepherd, wish not so:
 I do believe thee, 'tis as hard for me
 To think thee false, and harder than for thee
 To hold me foul.

PERI. Oh, you are fairer far
 Than the chaste blushing morn, or that fair star
 That guides the wandering seamen through the deep,
 Straighter than straightest pine upon the steep
 Head of an aged mountain, and more white
 Than the new milk we strip before daylight
 From the full-freighted bags of our fair flocks.
 Your hair more beautiful than those hanging locks
 Of young Apollo.

AMO. Shepherd, be not lost,
 Y' are sailed too far already from the coast
 Of our discourse.

PERI. Did you not tell me once
 I should not love alone, I should not lose
 Those many passions, vows, and holy oaths,
 I've sent to heaven? Did you not give your hand,
 Even that fair hand, in hostage? Do not then
 Give back again those sweets to other men
 You yourself vowed were mine.

AMO. Shepherd, so far as maiden's modesty
 May give assurance, I am once more thine.
 Once more I give my hand; be ever free
 From that great foe to faith, foul jealousy,

PERI. I take it as my best good; and desire,
 For stronger confirmation of our love,
 To meet this happy night in that fair grove,
 Where all true shepherds have rewarded been
 For their long service. Say, sweet, shall it hold?

AMO. Dear friend, you must not blame me if I make
 A doubt of what the silent night may do—
 Maids must be fearful.

PERI. Oh, do not wrong my honest simple truth ;
 Myself and my affections are as pure
 As those chaste flames that burn before the shrine
 Of the great Dian : only my intent
 To draw you thither was to plight our troths,
 With interchange of mutual chaste embraces,
 And ceremonious tying of ourselves.
 For to that holy wood is consecrate
 A Virtuous Well, about whose flowery banks
 The nimble-footed fairies dance their rounds
 By the pale moonshine, dipping oftentimes
 Their stolen children, so to make them free
 From dying flesh and dull mortality.
 By this fair fount hath many a shepherd sworn
 And given away his freedom, many a troth
 Been plight, which neither Envy nor old Time
 Could ever break, with many a chaste kiss given
 In hope of coming happiness : by this
 Fresh fountain many a blushing maid
 Hath crowned the head of her long-loved shepherd
 With gaudy flowers, whilst he happy sung
 Lays of his love and dear captivity.

Act 1. sc. 2.

The lyrical pieces scattered throughout Beaumont and Fletcher's plays are generally in the same graceful and fanciful style as the poetry of the 'Faithful Shepherdess.' Some are here subjoined:

Melancholy.—From 'Nice Valour.'

Hence, all you vain delights,
 As short as are the nights
 Wherein you spend your folly !
 There's nought in this life sweet,
 If man were wise to see 't,
 But only melancholy !

Welcome, folded arms, and fixed eyes,
 A sigh that piercing mortifies,
 A look that 's fastened to the ground,
 A tongue chained up, without a sound !

Fountain heads, and pathless groves,
 Places which pale passion loves !
 Moonlight walks, when all the fowls
 Are warmly poised, save bats and owls !
 A midnight bell, a parting groan !
 These are the sounds we feed upon ;
 Then stretch your bones in a still gloomy
 valley :
 Nothing's so dainty-sweet as lovely mel-
 ancholy.

Song.—From the 'False One.'

Look out, bright eyes, and bless the air !
 Even in shadows you are fair.
 Shut-up beauty is like fire,
 That breaks out clearer still and higher.
 Though your beauty be confined,

And soft Love a prisoner bound,
 Yet the beauty of your mind
 Neither check nor chain hath found.
 Look out nobly, then, and dare
 Even the fetters that you wear !

The Power of Love.—From 'Valentinian.'

Hear ye, ladies that despise
 What the mighty Love has done ;
 Fear examples, and be wise :
 Fair Callisto was a nun :
 Leda, sailing on the stream,
 To deceive the hopes of man,
 Love accounting but a dream,
 Doted on a silver swan ;
 Danse in a brazen tower,
 Where no love was, loved a shower.

Hear ye, ladies that are coy,
 What the mighty Love can do ;
 Fear the fierceness of the boy :
 The chaste moon he makes to woo ;
 Vesta, kindling holy fires,
 Circled round about with spies,
 Never dreaming loose desires,
 Doting at the altar dies ;
 Ilion, in a short hour, higher
 He can build, and once more fire.

To Sleep.—From the same.

Care-charming Sleep, thou easer of all woes,
 Brother to Death, sweetly thyself dispose
 On this afflicted prince: fall like a cloud
 In gentle showers; give nothing that is loud
 Or painful to his slumbers; easy, sweet (light?),
 And as a purling stream, thou son of Night,
 Pass by his troubled senses, sing his pain
 Like hollow murmuring wind, or silver rain.
 Into this prince, gently, oh, gently slide,
 And kiss him into slumbers like a bride!

Song to Pan, at the Conclusion of the 'Faithful Shepherdess.'

All ye woods, and trees, and bowers,
 All ye virtues and ye powers
 That inhabit in the lakes,
 In the pleasant springs or brakes,
 Move your feet
 To our sound,
 Whilst we greet
 All this ground,
 With his honour and his name
 That defends our flocks from blame.

He is great and he is just,
 He is ever good, and must
 Thus be honoured. Daffodilies,
 Roses, pinks, and loved lilies,
 Let us sing,
 Whilst we sing,
 Ever holy,
 Ever holy,
 Ever honoured, ever young!
 Thus great Pan is ever sung.

From 'Rollo.'

Take, O take those lips away,
 That so sweetly were forsworn;
 And those eyes, the break of day,
 Lights that do mislead the morn;
 But my kisses bring again,
 Seals of love, though sealed in vain.

Hide, O hide those hills of snow,
 Which thy frozen bosom bears,
 On whose tops the pinks that grow
 Are yet of those that April wears;
 But first set my poor heart free,
 Bound in those icy chains by thee.

GEORGE CHAPMAN.

GEORGE CHAPMAN, the translator of Homer, wrote early and copiously for the stage. His first play, the 'Blind Beggar of Alexandria,' was printed in 1598, the same year that witnessed Ben Jonson's first and masterly dramatic effort. Previous to this, Chapman had translated part of the 'Iliad;' and his lofty fourteen-syllable rhyme, with such lines as the following, would seem to have promised a great tragic poet:

From his bright helm and shield did burn a most unwearied fire,
 Like rich Autumnus' golden lamp, whose brightness men admire,
 Past all the other host of stars, when with his cheerful face,
 Fresh washed in lofty ocean waves, he doth the sky enchain.

The beauty of Chapman's compound Homeric epithets, as *far-shooting* Phoebus, the *ever-living* gods, the *many-headed* hill, *silver-footed* Thetis, the *triple-feathered* helm, the *fair-haired* boy, *high-walled* Thebes, the *strong-winged* lance, &c. bear the impress of a poetical imagination, chaste yet luxuriant. But however spirited and lofty as a translator, Chapman proved but a heavy and clumbersome dramatic writer. He continued to supply the theatre with tragedies and comedies up to 1620 or later; yet of the sixteen that have descended to us, not one possesses the creative and vivifying power of dramatic

genius. In didactic observation and description he is sometimes happy, and hence he has been praised for possessing 'more thinking' than most of his contemporaries of the buskined muse. His judgment, however, vanished in action, for his plots are unnatural, and his style was too hard and artificial to admit of any nice delineation of character. His extravagances are also as bad as those of Marlowe, and are seldom relieved by poetic thoughts or fancy. The best known plays of Chapman are 'Eastward Hoe'—written in conjunction with Jonson and Marston—'Bussy d'Ambois,' 'Byron's Conspiracy,' 'All Fools,' and the 'Gentleman Usher.' In a sonnet prefixed to 'All Fools,' addressed to Sir T. Walsingham, Chapman states that he was 'marked by age for aims of greater weight.' This play was printed in 1605. It contains the following fanciful lines :

I tell thee love is Nature's second sun,
 Causing a spring of virtues where he shines :
 And as without the sun, the world's great eye,
 All colours, beauties both of art and nature,
 Are given in vain to men ; so, without love
 All beauties bred in women are in vain,
 All virtues bred in men lie buried ;
 For love informs them as the sun doth colours.

In 'Bussy d'Ambois' is the following invocation to a Spirit of Intelligence, which has been highly lauded by Charles Lamb :

I long to know
 How my dear mistress fares, and be informed
 What hand she now holds on the troubled blood
 Of her incensed lord. Methought the spirit,
 When he had uttered his perplexed preface,
 Threw his changed count'nance headlong into clouds.
 His forehead bent, as he would hide his face :
 He knocked his chin against his darkened breast,
 And struck a churlish silence through his powers.
 Terror of darkness ! O thou king of flames !
 That with thy music-footed horse dost strike
 The clear light out of crystal on dark earth ;
 And hurl'st instinctive fire about the world :
 Wake, wake the drowsy and enchanted night
 That sleeps with dead eyes in this heavy riddle.
 Or thou, great prince of shades, where never sun
 Sticks his far-darted beams ; whose eyes are made
 To see in darkness, and see ever best
 Where sense is blindest ; open now the heart
 Of thy abashed oracle, that, for fear
 Of some ill it includes, would fain lie hid :
 And rise thou with it in thy greater light.

In the same play are the following lines :

False Greatness.

As cedars beaten with continual storms,
 So great men flourish ; and do imitate
 Unakifull statuaries, who suppose,
 In forming a Colossus, if they make him
 Straddle enough, strut, and look big, and gape,
 Their work is goodly : so men merely great,
 In their affected gravity of voice,

Sourness of countenance, manners' cruelty,
 Authority, wealth, and all the spawn of fortune,
 Think they bear all the kingdom's worth before them;
 Yet differ not from those colossic statues,
 Which, with heroic forms without o'erspread,
 Within are nought but mortar, flint, and lead.

The life of Chapman was a scene of content and prosperity. He was born at Hitching Hill, in Hertfordshire, in 1557; was educated both at Oxford and Cambridge; enjoyed the royal patronage of King James and Prince Henry, and the friendship of Spenser, Jonson, and Shakspeare. He was temperate and pious, and, according to Oldys, 'preserved in his conduct the true dignity of poetry, which he compared to the flower of the sun, that disdains to open its leaves to the eye of a smoking taper.' The life of this venerable scholar and poet closed in 1631, at the ripe age of seventy-seven.

Chapman's Homer is a wonderful work, considering the time when it was produced, and the continued spirit which is kept up. Chapman had a vast field to traverse, and though he trod it hurriedly and negligently, he preserved the fire and freedom of his great original. Pope and Waller both praised his translation, and perhaps it is now more frequently in the hands of scholars and poetical students than the more polished and musical version of Pope. Chapman's translations consist of the 'Iliad' (which he dedicated to Prince Henry), the 'Odyssey' (dedicated to the royal favourite, Carr, Earl of Somerset), and the 'Georgics of Hesiod,' which he inscribed to Lord Bacon. A version of 'Hero and Leander,' left unfinished by Marlowe, was completed by Chapman, and published in 1606.

THOMAS DEKKER.

THOMAS DEKKER appears to have been an industrious author, and Collier gives the names of above twenty plays which he produced, either wholly or in part. He was connected with Jonson in writing for the Lord Admiral's theatre, conducted by Henslowe; but Ben and he became bitter enemies; and the former, in his 'Poetaster,' performed in 1601, has satirised Dekker under the character of Crispinus, representing himself as Horace! Jonson's charges against his adversary are 'his arrogancy and impudence in commending his own things, and for his translating.' The origin of the quarrel does not appear, but in an apologetic dialogue added to the 'Poetaster,' Jonson says:

Whether of malice, or of ignorance,
 Or itch to have me their adversary, I know not,
 Or all these mixed; but sure I am, three years
 They did provoke me with their petulant styles
 On every stage.

Dekker replied by another drama, 'Satiromastix, or the Untrussing the Humorous Poet,' in which Jonson appears as Horace junior. There is more raillery and abuse in Dekker's answer than wit or

poetry, but it was well received by the play-going public. Jonson had complained that his lines were often maliciously misconstrued and misapplied, complacently remarking :

The error is not mine, but in their eye
That cannot take proportions.

Dekker replies happily to this querulous display of egotism :

Horace ! to stand within the shot of galling tongues
Proves not your guilt ; for could we write on paper
Made of these turning leaves of heaven, the clouds,
Or speak with angels' tongues, yet wise men know
That some would shake the head, though saints should sing :
Some snakes must hiss, because they're born with stings.

Be not you grieved
If that which you mould fair, upright, and smooth,
Be screwed awry, made crooked, lame, and vile,
By racking comments.
So to be bit it rankles not, for Innocence
May with a feather brush off the foul wrong.
But when your dastard wit will strike at men
In corners, and in riddles fold the vices
Of your best friends, you must not take to heart
If they take off all gilding from their pills,
And only offer you the bitter core.

Dekker's 'Fortunatus, or the Wishing-cap,' and the 'Honest Whore,' are his best. The latter was a great favourite with Hazlitt, who says it unites 'the simplicity of prose with the graces of poetry.' The poetic diction of Dekker is choice and elegant, but he often wanders into absurdity. Passages like the following would do honour to any dramatist. Of Patience :

Patience ! why, 'tis the soul of peace :
Of all the virtues, 'tis nearest kin to heaven :
It makes men look like gods. The best of men
That e'er wore earth about him was a sufferer,
A soft, meek, patient, humble tranquil spirit ;
The first true gentleman that ever breathed.

The contrast between female honour and shame :

Nothing did make me, when I loved them best,
To loathe them more than this : when in the street
A fair, young, modest damsel I did meet ;
She seemed to all a dove when I passed by,
And I to all a raven : every eye
That followed her, went with a bashful glance :
At me each bold and jeering countenance
Darted forth scorn : to her, as if she had been
Some tower unvanquished, would they all vail ;
'Gainst me sworn Rumour hoisted every sail ;
She, crowned with reverend praises, passed by them ;
I, though with face masked, could not 'scape the ham ;
For, as if heaven had set strange marks on such,
Because they should be pointing-stocks to man,
Drest up in civillest shape, a courtesan,
Let her walk saint-like, noteless, and unknown,
Yet she's betrayed by some trick of her own.

The picture of a lady seen by her lover :

My Infelice's face, her brow, her eye,
The dimple on her cheek : and such sweet skill
Hath from the cunning workman's pencil down,
These lips look fresh and lively as her own ;
Seeming to move and speak. Alas ! now I see
The reason why foud women love to buy
Adulterate complexion : here 'tis read :
False colours last after the true be dead.
Of all the roses grafted on her cheeks,
Of all the graces dancing in her eyes,
Of all the music set upon her tongue,
Of all that was past woman's excellence,
In her white bosom ; look, a painted board
Circumscribes all ! Earth can no bliss afford ;
Nothing of her but this ! This cannot speak ;
It has no lap for me to rest upon ;
No lip worth tasting. Here the worms will feed,
As in her coffin. Hence, then, idle art.
True love's best pictured in a true love's heart.
Here art thou drawn, sweet maid, till this be dead,
So that thou livest twice, twice art buried.
Thou figure of my friend, lie there !

Picture of Court-life.—From 'Old Fortunatus.'

For still in all the regions I have seen,
I scorned to crowd among the muddy throng
Of the rank multitude, whose thickened breath—
Like to condensed fog—do choke that beauty,
Which else would dwell in every kingdom's cheek.
No ; I still boldly stept into their courts :
For there to live 'tis rare, O 'tis divine !
There shall you see faces angelical ;
There shall you see troops of chaste goddesses,
Whose starlike eyes have power—might they still shine—
To make night day, and day more crystalline.
Near these you shall behold great heroes,
White-headed councillors, and jovial spirits,
Standing like fiery cherubim to guard
The monarch, who in godlike glory sits
In midst of these, as if this deity
Had with a look created a new world,
The standers-by being the fair workmanship.

AND. Oh, how my soul is rapt to a third heaven !
I'll travel sure, and live with none but kings.

AMR. But tell me, father, have you in all courts
Beheld such glory, so majestic,
In all perfection, no way blemished ?

FOR. In some courts shall you see Ambition
Sit, piecing Dædalus's old waxen wings ;
But being clapt on, and they about to fly,
Even when their hopes are busied in the clouds,
They melt against the sun of Majesty,
And down they tumble to destruction.
By travel, boys, I have seen all these things.
Fantastic Compliment stalks up and down,
Trickt in outlandish feathers ; all his words,
His looks, his oaths, are all ridiculous,
All apish, childish, and Italianate.

Dekker is supposed to have died about the year 1641. His life seems to have been spent in irregularity and poverty. According to Oldys, he was three years in the King's Bench prison. In one of his own beautiful lines, he says :

We ne'er are angels till our passions die.

But the old dramatists lived in a world of passion, of wild revelry, alternating with want and despair :

JOHN WEBSTER.

JOHN WEBSTER, the 'noble-minded,' as Hazlitt designates him, lived and died about the same time as Dekker, with whom he wrote in the conjunct authorship then so common. His original dramas are the 'Duchess of Malfi,' 'Guise, or the Massacre of France,' the 'Devil's Law-case,' 'Appius and Virginia,' and the 'White Devil, or Vittoria Corombona.' Webster, it has been said, was clerk of St. Andrew's Church, Holborn; but Mr. Dyce, his editor and biographer, searched the registers of the parish for his name without success. The 'White Devil' and the 'Duchess of Malfi' have divided the opinion of critics as to their relative merits. They are both powerful dramas, though filled with 'supernumerary horrors.' The former was not successful on the stage, and the author published it with a dedication, in which he states, that 'most of the people that come to the playhouse resemble those ignorant asses who, visiting stationers' shops, their use is not to inquire for good books, but new books.' He was accused, like Jonson, of being a slow writer, but he consoles himself with the example of Euripides, and confesses that he did not write with a goose-quill winged with two feathers. In this slighted play there are some exquisite touches of pathos and natural feeling. The grief of a group of mourners over a dead body is thus described :

I found them winding of Marcello's corse,
And there is such a solemn melody
Tween doleful songs, tears, and sad elegies,
Such as old grandames watching by the dead
Were wont to outwear the nights with; that, believe me,
I had no eyes to guide me forth the room,
They were so overcharged with water.

The funeral dirge for Marcello; sung by his mother, possesses, says Charles Lamb, 'that intenseness of feeling which seems to resolve itself into the elements which it contemplates.'

Call for the robin-redbreast and the wren,
Since o'er shady groves they hover,
And with leaves and flowers do cover
The friendless bodies of unburied men.
Call unto his funeral dole
The ant, the field-mouse, and the mole,
To raise him hillocks that shall keep him warm,
And, when gay tombs are robbed, sustain no harm,
But keep the wolf far thence, that's foe to men,
For with his nails he'll dig them up again.

The 'Duchess of Malfi' abounds more in the *terrible* graces. It turns on the mortal offence which the lady gives to her two proud brothers, Ferdinand, Duke of Calabria, and a cardinal, by indulging in a generous though infatuated passion for Antonio, her steward.

'This passion,' Mr. Dyce justly remarks, 'a subject most difficult to treat, is managed with infinite delicacy; and, in a situation of great peril for the author, she condescends without being degraded, and declares the affection with which her dependent had inspired her without losing anything of dignity and respect.' The last scenes of the play are conceived in a spirit which every intimate student of our elder dramatic literature must feel to be peculiar to Webster. The duchess, captured by Bosola, is brought into the presence of her brother in an imperfect light, and is taught to believe that he wishes to be reconciled to her.

Scene from the 'Duchess of Malfi.'

FERDINAND. Where are you?

DUCHESS. Here, sir.

FERD. This darkness suits you well.

DUCH. I would ask you pardon.

FERD. You have it;

For I account it the honourablest revenge,
Where I may kill, to pardon. Where are your cubs?

DUCH. Whom?

FERD. Call them your children,
For, though our national law distinguish bastards
From true legitimate issue, compassionate nature
Makes them all equal.

DUCH. Do you visit me for this?

You violate a sacrament o' th' church,
Will make you howl in hell for 't.

FERD. It had been well

Could you have lived thus always: for, indeed,
You were too much i' th' light—but no more;

I come to seal my peace with you. Here's a hand

[*Gives her a dead man's hand.*]

To which you have vowed much love: the ring upon 't
You gave.

DUCH. I affectionately kiss it.

FERD. Pray do, and bury the print of it in your heart.

I will leave this ring with you for a love-token;
And the hand, as sure as the ring; and do not doubt
But you shall have the heart too: when you need a friend,
Send to him that owed it, and you shall see
Whether he can aid you

DUCH. You are very cold:

I fear you are not well after your travel.

Ha! lights! O horrible!

FERD. Let her have lights enough.

[*Exit.*]

DUCH. What witchcraft doth he practise, that he hath left
A dead man's hand here?

Here is discovered, behind a traverse, the artificial figures of ANTONIO and his children, appearing as if they were dead.

BOSOLA. Look you, here's the piece from which 'twas ta'en.
He doth present you this sad spectacle,
That, now you know directly they are dead,

Hereafter you may wisely cease to grieve
For that which cannot be recovered.

DUCH. There is not between heaven and earth one wish
I stay for after this.

Afterwards, by a refinement of cruelty, the brother sends a troop of madmen from the hospital to make a concert round the duchess in prison. After they have danced and sung, Bosola enters, disguised as an old man.

Death of the Duchess.

DUCH. Is he mad too?

Bos. I am come to make thy tomb.

DUCH. Ha! my tomb?

Thou speak'st as if I lay upon my death-bed,
Gasping for breath: Dost thou perceive me sick?

Bos. Yes, and the more dangerously, since thy sickness is insensible.

DUCH. Thou art not mad sure: dost know me?

Bos. Yes.

DUCH. Who am I?

Bos. Thou art a box of wormseed; at best but a salvatory of green mummy. What's this flesh? a little crudded milk, fantastical puff-paste. Our bodies are weaker than those paper-prisons boys use to keep flies in; more contemptible, since ours is to preserve earth-worms. Didst thou ever see a lark in a cage? Such is the soul in the body: this world is like her little turf of grass; and the heaven o'er our heads, like her looking-glass, only gives us a miserable knowledge of the small compass of our prison.

DUCH. Am not I thy duchess?

Bos. Thou art some great woman, sure, for riot begins to sit on thy forehead—clad in gray hairs—twenty years sooner than on a merry milkmaid's. Thou sleepest worse, than if a mouse should be forced to take up her lodging in a cat's ear: a little infant that breeds its teeth, should it lie with thee, would cry out, as if thou wert the more unquiet bedfellow.

DUCH. I am Duchess of Malfi still.

Bos. That makes thy sleeps so broken.

Glories, like glow-worms, afar off shine bright;

But, looked to near, have neither heat nor light.

DUCH. Thou art very plain.

Bos. My trade is to flatter the dead, not the living.

I am a tomb-maker.

DUCH. And thou comest to make my tomb?

Bos. Yes.

DUCH. Let me be a little merry.

Of what stuff wilt thou make it?

Bos. Nay, resolve me first: of what fashion?

DUCH. Why, do we grow fantastical in our death-bed?

Do we affect fashion in the grave?

Bos. Most ambitiously. Princes' images on their tombs do not lie as they were wont, seeming to pray up to heaven; but with their hands under their cheeks (as if they died of the toothache): they are not carved with their eyes fixed upon the stars; but as their minds were wholly bent upon the world, the self-same way they seem to turn their faces.

DUCH. Let me know fully, therefore, the effect

Of this thy dismal preparation,

This talk, fit for a charnel.

Bos. Now I shall.

[*A coffin, cords, and a bell produced.*]

Here is a present from your princely brothers;

And may it arrive welcome, for it brings

Last benefit, last sorrow.

DUCH. Let me see it.

I have so much obedience in my blood,

I wish it in their veins to do them good.

Bos. This is your last presence-chamber.

CARLOLA. O my sweet lady.

DUCH. Peace! it affrights not me.

Bos. I am the common bellman,
That usually is sent to condemned persons
The night before they suffer.

DUCH. Even now thou saidst

Thou wast a tomb-maker.

Bos. 'Twas to bring you

By degrees to mortification : Listen.

DIGGE.

Hark! now every thing is still;
This screech-o-vl, and the whistler shrill,
Call upon our dame aloud,
And bid her quickly don her shroud.
Much you had of land and rent;
Your length in clay's now competent.
A long war disturbed your mind;
Here your perfect peace is signed.
Of what is 't fools make such vain keeping?
Sin, their conception: their birth, weeping;
Their life, a general mist of error;
Their death, a hideous storm of terror.
Strew your hair with powder sweet,
Don clean linen, bathe your feet:
And—the foul fiend more to check—
A crucifix let bless your neck.
'Tis now full tide 'tween night and day:
End your groan, and come away.

CAR. Hence, villains, tyrants, murderers! Alas!
What will you do with my lady? Call for help.

DUCH. To whom; to our next neighbours? They are mad folks.
Farewell, Carlola.

I pray thee look thou giv'st my little boy
Some syrup for his cold: and let the girl
Say her prayers ere she sleep.—Now what you please.
What death?

Bos. Strangling. Here are your executioners.

DUCH. I forgive them.

The apoplexy, catarrh, or cough o' the lungs,
Would do as much as they do.

Bos. Doth not death fright you?

DUCH. Who would be afraid on 't,
Knowing to meet such excellent company
In th' other world.

Bos. Yet, methinks,

The manner of your death should much afflict you:
This cord should terrify you.

DUCH. Not a whit.

What would it pleasure me to have my throat cut
With diamonds? or to be smothered
With cassia? or to be shot to death with pearls?
I know death hath ten thousand several doors
For men to take their exits; and 'tis found
They go on such strange geometrical hinges.
You may open them both ways: any way—for heaven sake—
So I were out of your whispering. Tell my brothers
That I perceive death—now I'm well awake—
Best gift is they can give or I can take.
I would fain put off my last woman's fault;
I'd not be tedious to you.

Pull, and pull strongly, for your able strength
 Must pull down heaven upon me.
 Yet stay; heaven gates are not so highly arched
 As princes' palaces; they that enter there
 Must go upon their knees. Come violent death,
 Serve for mandragora to make me sleep.
 Go, tell my brothers, when I am laid out.
 They then may feed in quiet. *[They strangle her, kneeling.]*

FERDINAND enters.

FERD. Is she dead?

BOA. She is what you would have her.

Fix your eye here.

FERD. Constantly.

BOA. Do you not weep?

Other sins only speak; murder shriek out.

The element of water moistens the earth.

But blood flies upwards, and bedews the heavens.

FERD. Cover her face: mine eyes dazzle: she died young.

BOA. I think not so: her infelicity

Seemed to have years too many.

FERD. She and I were twins:

And should I die this instant, I had lived

Her time to a minute.

THOMAS MIDDLETON.

A conjecture that an old neglected drama by THOMAS MIDDLETON supplied the witchcraft scenery and part of the lyrical incantations of 'Macbeth,' has kept alive the name of this poet. So late as 1778, Middleton's play, the 'Witch,' was first published by Reed from the author's manuscript. It is possible that the 'Witch' may have preceded 'Macbeth,' but as the latter was written in the fulness of Shakspeare's fame and genius, we think it is more probable that the inferior author was the borrower. He may have seen the play performed, and thus caught the spirit and words of the scenes in question; or, for aught we know, the 'Witch' may not have been written till after 1623, when Shakspeare's first folio appeared. We know that after this date Middleton was writing for the stage, as, in 1624, his play, 'A Game at Chess,' was brought out, and gave great offence at court, by bringing on the stage the king of Spain, and his ambassador, Gondomar. The latter complained to King James of the insult, and Middleton—who at first 'shifted out of the way'—and the poor players were brought before the privy-council. They were only reprimanded for their audacity in 'bringing modern Christian kings upon the stage.' If the dramatic sovereign had been James himself, nothing less than the loss of ears and noses would have appeased offended royalty! Middleton wrote about twenty plays: In 1603, we find him assisting Dekker at a court-pageant, and he was afterwards concerned in different pieces with Rowley, Webster, and other authors. He would seem to have been well known as a dramatic writer. On Shrove-Tuesday, 1617, the London apprentices, in an idle riot, demolished the Cockpit Theatre; and an old ballad, describing the circumstance, states:

Books old and young on heap they flung,
And burned them in the blaze—
Tom Dekker, Heywood, Middleton,
And other wandering crazys.

In 1620, Middleton was made chronologer, or city poet, of London, an office afterwards held by Ben Jonson, and which expired with Settle in 1724 * He died in July 1627 The dramas of Middleton have no strongly marked character; his best is 'Women, beware of Women,' a tale of love and jealousy, from the Italian. The following sketch of married happiness is delicate, and finely expressed:

Happiness of Married Life.

How near am I now to a happiness
That earth exceeds not! not another like it:
The treasures of the deep are not so precious,
As are the concealed comforts of a man
Locked up in woman's love. I scent the air
Of blessings when I come but near the house,
What a delicious breath marriage sends forth!
The violet bed's not sweeter. Honest wedlock
Is like a banqueting-house built in a garden,
On which the spring's chaste flowers take delight
To cast their modest odours: when hase lust,
With all her powders, paintings, and best pride,
Is but a fair house built by a ditch-side.

Now for a welcome,
Able to draw men's envies upon man:
A kiss now that will hang upon my lip
As sweet as morning-dew upon a rose,
And full as long!

The 'Witch' is also an Italian plot; but the supernatural agents of Middleton are the old witches of legendary story, not the dim, mysterious, unearthly beings that accost Macbeth on the blasted heath The 'Charm-song' is much the same in both:

The Witches going about the Caldron.

Black spirits and white; red spirits and gray;
Mingle, mingle, mingle, you that mingle may.
Titty, Tiffin, keep it stiff in;
Firedrake, Puckey, make it lucky;
Liard, Robin, you must bob in;
Round, around, around, about, about;
All ill come running in: all good keep out!
1st WITCH. Here's the blood of a bat.
HECATE. Put in that; oh, put in that.
2D WITCH. Here's libbard's bane.
HEC. Put it in again.
1st WITCH. The juice of toad, the oil of adder.
2D WITCH. Those will make the younker madder.
ALL. Round, around, around, &c.

* The salary given to the city poet is incidentally mentioned by Jonson in a letter soliciting assistance from the Earl of Newcastle in 1631. 'Yesterday the barbarous Court of Aldermen have withdrawn their chandlery pension for verjuice and mustard—£3 8s. 8d.'

The flight of the witches by moonlight is described with a wild gusto and delight: if the scene was written before 'Macbeth,' Middleton deserves the credit of true poetical imagination:

Enter HECATE, STADLIN, HOPPO, and other Witches.

HEC. The moon's a gallant; see how brisk she rides!

STADLIN. Here's a rich evening, Hecate.

HEC. Ay, is 't not, wenches,

To take a journey of five thousand miles?

HOPPO. Ours will be more to-night.

HEC. Oh, it will be precious. Heard you the owl yet?

STAD. Briefly in the copse,

As we came through now.

HEC. 'Tis high time for us then.

STAD. There was a bat hung at my lips three times

As we came through the woods, and drank her fill;

Old Puckle saw her.

HEC. You are fortunate still.

The very screech-owl lights upon your shoulder,

And woos you like a pigeon. Are you furnished?

Have you your ointments?

STAD. All.

HEC. Prepare to flight then:

I'll overtake you swiftly.

STAD. Hie, then, Hecate:

We shall be up betimes.

HEC. I'll reach you quickly.

[They ascend.

Enter FIRESTONE.

FIRESTONE. They are all going a-birding to-night. They talk of fowls! 't air that fly by day: I'm sure they'll be a company of foul sluts there to-night. If we have not mortality afear'd, I'll be hang'd, for they are able to putrefy it to infect a whole region. She spies me now.

HEC. What! Firestone, our sweet son?

FIRE. A little sweeter than some of you; or a dunghill were too good for one.

HEC. How much hast there?

FIRE. Nineteen, and all brave plump ones; besides six lizards and three serpentine eggs.

HEC. Dear and sweet boy! What herbs hast thou?

FIRE. I have some mar-martin and mandragon.

HEC. Mar-martin and mandragora thou wouldst say.

FIRE. Here's pannax too. I thank thee; my pan aches, I am sure, with kneeling down to cut 'em.

HEC. And Selago.

Hedge hyssop too! How near he goes my cuttings!

Were they all cropt by moonlight?

FIRE. Every blade of 'em, or I'm a mooncalf, mother.

HEC. Hie thee home with 'em.

Look well to th' house to-night; I am for aloft.

FIRE. Aloft, quoth you? I would you would break your neck once, that I might have all quickly. *[Aside.]*—Hark, hark, mother! they are above the steeple already, flying over your head with a noise of musicians.

HEC. They are, indeed. Help me! help me! I'm too late else.

Song.

In the air above.

Come away, come away,

Hecate, Hecate, come away.

HEC. I come, I come, I come, I come;

With all the speed I may;

With all the speed I may.
Where's Stadlin?

[*Above.*] Here.

Hec. Where's Puckle?

[*Above.*] Here.

And Hoppo too, and Helliwain too:
We lack but you, we lack but you.
Come away, make up the count.

Hec. I will but 'noint, and then I mount.

[*A Spirit descends in the shape of a cat.*]

[*Above.*] There's one come down to fetch his ducs;

A kiss, a coll, a sip of blood;
And why thou stay'st so long, I muse, I muse,
Since th' air 's so sweet and good.

Hec. Oh, art thou come.

What news, what news?

SPIRIT. All goes still to our delight.

Either come, or else

Refuse, refuse.

Hec. Now, I am furnished for the flight.

FIRE. Hark, hark! The cat sings a brave treble in her own language.

Hec. [*Ascending with the Spirit.*] Now I go, now I fly,

Malkin, my sweet spirit, and I.

Oh, what dainty pleasure 'tis

To ride in the air,

When the moon shines fair,

And sing and dance, and toy and kiss!

Over woods, high rocks, and mountains,

Over seas, our mistresses' fountains,

Over steep towers and tarrets,

We fly by night, 'mongst troops of spirits.

No ring of bells to our ears sounds;

No howls of wolves, no yelp of hounds;

No, not the noise of waters' breach,

Or cannon's roar our height can reach.

[*Above.*] No ring of bells, &c.

JOHN MARSTON.

JOHN MARSTON, a rough and vigorous satirist and dramatic writer, of whom little is known, produced his 'Malcontent,' a comedy, prior to 1600; his 'Antonio and Mellida,' a tragedy, in 1603; the 'In-satiate Countess,' 'What You Will,' and other plays, written between the latter date and 1634, when he died. He was also connected with Jonson and Chapman in the composition of the unfortunate comedy, 'Eastward Hoe.' In his subsequent quarrel with Jonson, Marston was satirised by Ben in his 'Poetaster,' under the name of Demetrius. Marston was author of two volumes of miscellaneous poetry, translations, and satires, one of which ('Pigmalion's Image') was ordered to be burned for its licentiousness. Mr Collier, who states that Marston seems to have attracted a good deal of attention in his own day, quotes from a contemporary diary the following anecdote: 'Nov. 21, 1602.—Jo. Marston, the last Christmas, when he danced with Alderman More's wife's daughter, a Spaniard born, fell into a strange commendation of her wit and beauty. When he had done, she thought to pay him home, and told him she thought he

was a poet. " 'Tis true," said he, " for poets feign and lie ; and so did I when I commended your beauty, for you are exceeding foul." This coarseness seems to have been characteristic of Marston : his comedies contain strong, biting satires ; but he is far from being a moral writer. Hazlitt says his *forte* was not sympathy either with the stronger or softer emotions, but an impatient scorn and bitter indignation against the vices and follies of men, which vented itself either in comic irony or in lofty invective. The following humorous sketch of a scholar and his dog is worthy of Shakspeare :

I was a scholar : seven useful springs
Did I deflower in quotations
Of crossed opinions 'bout the soul of man ;
The more I learnt, the more I learnt to doubt.
Delight, my spaniel, slept whilst I banished leaves,
Tossed o'er the dunce, pored on the old print
Of titled words : and still my spaniel slept.
Whilst I wasted lamp-oil, baited my flesh,
Shrunk up my veins : and still my spaniel slept
And still I held converse with Zabarell,
Aquinas, Scotus, and the murky saw
Of Antick Donate : still my spaniel slept.
Still on went I ; first, *an est animus* ;
Then, as it were mortal. O hold, hold ; at that
They're at brain buffets, fell by the ears amain
Pell-mell together : still my spaniel slept.
Then, whether 'twere corporeal, local, fixt,
Ex traduce, but whether 't had free-will
Or no, hot philosophers
Stood banding factions, all so strongly propt ;
I staggered, knew not which was firmer part,
But thought, quoted, read, observed, and pried,
Stuff noting-books : and still my spaniel slept.
At length he waked, and yawned ; and, by yon sky,
For aught I know, he knew as much as I.

*From 'Antonio and Mellida.'—The Prologue. **

The rawish dank of clumsy winter ramps
The fluent summer's vein ; and drizzling sleek
Chilleth the wan, bleak cheek of the numbed earth,
While snarling gusts nibble the juiceless leaves
From the naked shudd'ring branch, and peels the skin
From off the soft and delicate aspects.
O now methinks a sullen tragic scene
Would suit the time with pleasing congruence.
May we be happy in our weak devoir,
And all part pleased in most wished content.
But sweat of Hercules can ne'er beget
So blest an issue. Therefore we proclaim,
If any spirit breathes within this round
Uncapable of weighty passion—
As from his birth being hugged in the arms,
And nuzzled 'twixt the breasts of Happiness—

* This prologue, for its passionate earnestness, and for the tragic note of preparation which it sounds, might have preceded one of those old tales of Thebes, or Pelops' line, which Milton has so highly commended, as free from the common error of the poets in his days. " of intermixing comic stuff with tragic sadness and gravity, brought in without discretion corruptly to gratify the people." "—It is as solemn a preparative as the "warlike voice which he who saw th' Apocalypse heard cry."—CHARLES LAAR.

Who winks and shuts his apprehension up
 From common sense of what men were, and are ;
 Who would not know what men must be : let such
 Hurry amain from our black-visaged shows ;
 We shall affright their eyes. But if a breast,
 Nailed to the earth with grief ; if any heart,
 Pierced through with anguish, pant within this ring ;
 If there be any blood, whose heat is choked
 And stifled with true sense of misery :
 If sought of these strains fill this consort up,
 They arrive most welcome. O that our power
 Could lacquey or keep wing with our desires :
 That with unused poize of stile and sense
 We might weigh masey in judicious scale !
 Yet here's the prop that doth support our hopes :
 When our scenes fault, or invention halts,
 Your favour will give crutches to our faults.

ANTONIO, son to ANDRUGIO, Duke of Genoa, whom PIERO, the Venetian prince, and father-in-law to ANTONIO, has cruelly murdered, kills PIERO's little son, JULIO, as a sacrifice to the ghost of ANDRUGIO.—The scene, a Church-yard: the time, Mid-night.

JULIO.—ANTONIO.

JULIO. Brother Antonio, are you here i' faith ?
 Why do you frown ? Indeed my sister said,
 That I should call you brother, that she did.
 When you were married to her. Buss me : good truth,
 I love you better than my father, 'deed.
 ANTONIO. Thy father ? gracious, O bounteous heaven,
 I adore thy justice. *Venit in nostras manus*
Tandem vindicta, venit et tota quidem.

JUL. Truth, since my mother died, I loved you best.
 Something hath angered you : pray you, look merrily.

ANT. I will laugh, and dimple my thin cheek
 With capering joy ; chuck, my heart doth leap
 To grasp thy bosom. Time, place, and blood,
 How fit you close together ! heaven's tones
 Strike not such music to immortal souls,
 As your accordance sweets my breast withal.
 Methinks I pace upon the front of Jove,
 And kick corruption with a scornful heel,
 Gripping this flesh, disdain mortality.
 O that I knew which joint, which side, which limb
 Were father all, and had no mother in it ;
 That I might rip it vein by vein, and carve revenge
 In bleeding traces : but since 'tis mixed together,
 Have at adventure, pell-mell, no reverse.
 Come hither, boy ; this is Andrugio's hearse.

JUL. O God, you'll hurt me. For my sister's sake,
 Pray, you don't hurt me. And you kill me, 'deed
 I'll tell my father.

ANT. Oh, for thy sister's sake, I flag revenge.

[ANDRUGIO'S ghost cries 'Revenge.'

ANT. Stay, stay, dear father, fright mine eyes no more.
 Revenge as swift as lightning, bursteth forth
 And clears his heart. Come, pretty, tender child,
 It is not thee I hate, or thee I kill.
 Thy father's blood that flows within thy veins,
 Is it I loathe ; is that, revenge must suck.
 I love thy soul : and were thy heart lapt up
 In any flesh but in Piero's blood,

I would thus kiss it: but, being his, thus, thus,
And thus I'll punch it. Abandon fears:
Whilst thy wounds bleed, my brows shall gush out tears.

JUL. So you will love me, do even what you will.

[Dies.

ANT. Now barks the wolf against the full-cheek moon;
Now lions' half-clam'd entrails roar for food;
Now croaks the toad, and night-crows screech aloud,
Fluttering 'bout casements of departing souls!
Now gape the graves, and through their yawns let loose
Imprisoned spirits to revisit earth:
And now, swart Night, to swell thy hour out,
Behold I spurt warm blood in thy black eyes.

[From under the earth a groan.

How! not, thou putry mould; groan not, ye graves;
Be dumb, all breath. Here stands Andrugio's son,
Worthy his father. So: I feel no breath;
His jaws are fallen, his dislodged soul is fled.
And now there's nothing but Piero left.
He is all Piero, father all. This blood,
This breast, this heart, Piero all:
Whom thus I mangle, sprits of Julio,
Forget this was thy trunk. I live thy friend.
Mayst thou be twined with the soft'st embrace
Of clear eternity: but thy father's blood
I thus make incense of to Vengeance.

Day Breaking.

See, the dapple gray coursers of the morn
Beat up the light with their bright silver hoofs,
And chase it through the sky.

One who Died, Slandered.

Look on those lips,
Those now lawn pillows, on whose tender softness
Chaste modest Speech, stealing from out his breast,
Had wont to rest itself, as loath to part
From out so fair an inn: look, look, they seem
To stir,
And breathe defiance to black obloquy.

Wherein Fools are Happy.

Even in that, note a fool's beatitude;
He is not capable of paealon;
Wanting the power of distinction,
He bears an unturned sail with every wind:
Blow east, blow west, he steers his course alike.
I never saw a fool lean: the chub-faced fop
Shines sleek with full-crammed fat of happiness:
Whilst studious contemplation sucks the juice
From wizard's cheeks, who making curious search
For nature's secrets, the First Innating Cause
Laughs them to scorn, as man doth busy apes
When they will sany men.

ROBERT TAYLOR—WILLIAM ROWLEY—CYRIL TOURNEUR.

Among the other dramatists at this time may be mentioned ROBERT TAYLOR, author of the 'Hog hath Lost his Pearl;' WILLIAM ROWLEY, an actor and joint-writer with Middleton and Dekker, who produced several plays; CYRIL TOURNEUR, author of two good

dramas, the 'Atheist's Tragedy' and the 'Revenger's Tragedy.' A tragi-comedy, the 'Witch of Edmonton,' is remarkable as having been the work of at least three authors—Rowley, Dekker, and Ford. It embodies, in a striking form, the vulgar superstitions respecting witchcraft, which so long debased the popular mind in England:

Scene from the 'Witch of Edmonton.'

MOTHER SAWYER alone.

SAWYER. And why on me? why should the envious world
Throw all their scandalous malice upon me?
'Cause I am poor, deformed, and ignorant,
And like a bow buckled and bent together
By some more strong in mischiefs than myself;
Must I for that be made a common sink
For all the filth and rubbish of men's tongues
To fall and run into? Some call me witch,
And being ignorant of myself, they go
About to teach me how to be one; urging
That my bad tongue—by their bad usage made so—
Forespeaks their cattle, doth bewitch their corn,
Themselves, their servants, and their babes at nurse;
This they enforce upon me; and in part
Make me to credit it.

BANKS, a Farmer, enters.

BANKS. Out, out upon thee, witch!

SAW. Dost call me witch?

BANKS. I do, witch; I do:

And worse I would, knew I a name more hateful.

What makeest thou upon my ground?

SAW. Gather a few rotten sticks to warm me.

BANKS. Down with them when I bid thee, quickly;

I'll make thy bones rattle in thy skin else.

SAW. You won't! churl, cut-throat, miser! there they be. Would they stack
'cross thy throat, thy bowels, thy maw, thy midriff——

BANKS. Say'st thou me so? Hag, out of my ground.

SAW. Dost strike me slave, curmudgeon? Now thy bones ache, thy joints
cramp, and convulsions stretch and crack thy sinews.

BANKS. Cursing, thou hag? take that, and that. [Exit.

SAW. Strike, do: and withered may that hand and arm,

Whose blows have lamed me, drop from the rotten trunk.

Abuse me! beat me! call me hag and witch!

What is the name? where, and by what art learned?

What spells, or charms, or invocations,

May the thing called Familiar be purchased?

I am shunned

And hated like a sickness; made a scorn

To all degrees and sexes. I have heard old beldams

Talk of familiars in the shape of mice,

Rats, ferrets, weasels, and I wot not what,

That have appeared; and sucked, some say, their blood,

But by what means they came acquainted with them,

I'm now ignorant. Would some power, good or bad,

Instruct me which way I might be revenged

Upon this churl, I'd go out of myself,

And give this fury leave to dwell within.

This ruined cottage, ready to fall with age:

Abjure all goodness, be at hate with prayer,

And study curses, imprecations,

Blasphemous speeches, oaths, detested oaths,
 Or anything that's ill; so I might work
 Revenge upon this miser, this black cur,
 That barks, and bites, and sucks the very blood
 Of me, and of my credit. 'Tis all one
 To be a witch as to be counted one.

A Drowned Soldier—From Tourneur's 'Atheist's Tragedy.'

Walking upon the fatal shore,
 Among the slaughtered bodies of their men,
 Which the full stomach'd sea had cast upon
 The sands, it was my unhappy chance to light
 Upon a face, whose favour, when it liv'd,
 My astonished mind inform'd me I had seen.
 He lay in his armour, as if that had been
 His coffin: and the weeping sea—like one—
 Whose milder temper doth lament the death
 Of him whom in his rage he slew—runs up
 The shore, embraces him, kisses his cheek;
 Goes back again, and forces up the sands
 To bury him; and every time it parts,
 Sheds tears upon him; till at last—as if
 It could no longer endure to see the man
 Whom it had slain, yet loath to leave him—with
 A kind of unresolv'd unwilling pace,
 Winding her waves one in another—like
 A man that folds his arms, or wrings his hands,
 For grief—ebbed from the body, and descends:
 As if it would sink down into the earth,
 And hide itself for shame of such a deed.

An anonymous play, the 'Return from Parnassus,' was acted by the students of St John's College, Cambridge, about the year 1603; it is remarkable for containing criticisms on contemporary authors, all poets. Each author is summoned up for judgment, and dismissed after a few words of commendation or censure. Some of these poetical criticisms are finely written, as well as curious. Of Spenser:

A sweeter swan than ever sung in Po;
 A shriller nightingale than ever blest
 The prouder groves of self-admiring Rome.
 Blithe was each valley, and each shepherd proud
 While he did chant his rural minstrelsy.
 Attentive was full many a dainty ear;
 Nay, hearers hung upon his melting tongue,
 While sweetly of the Faery Queen he sung;
 While to the water's fall he tun'd her fame,
 And in each bark engrav'd Eliza's name.

The following extract introduces us to Marlowe, Jonson, and Shakspeare; but to the last only as the author of the 'Venus' and 'Lucrece.' Ingenioso reads out the names, and Judicio pronounces judgment:

INGENIOSO. Christopher Marlowe.
 JUDICIO. Marlowe was happy in his buskin'd muse;
 Alas! unhappy in his life and end.
 Pity it is that wit so ill should well,
 Wit lent from heaven, but vices sent from hell.
 Iwe. Our theatre hath lost, Pluto hath got,

A tragic penman for a dreary plot.—

Benjamin Jonson.

JUD. The wittiest fellow of a bricklayer in England.

ING. A mere empiric, one that gets what he hath by observation, and makes only nature privy to what he indites; so slow an inventor, that he were better betake himself to his old trade of bricklaying; a blood whore-son, as confident now in making of a book, as he was in times past in laying of a brick.—
William Shakespeare.

JUD. Who loves Adonis' love or Lucrece' rape;

His sweeter verse contains heart-robbing life,

Could but a graver subject him content,

Without love's lazy foolish languishment.

The author afterwards introduces Kempe and Burbage, the actors, and makes the former state, in reference to the university dramatists: 'Why, here's our fellow Shakspeare puts them all down; ay, and Ben Jonson too.' Posterity has confirmed this 'Return from Parnassus.'

GEORGE COOKE—THOMAS NABBES—NATHANIEL FIELD—JOHN DAY—
HENRY GLAPTHORNE—THOMAS RANDOLPH—RICHARD BROME.

A lively comedy, called 'Green's Tu Quoque,' was written by GEORGE COOKE, a contemporary of Shakspeare.—THOMAS NABBES (died about 1645) was the author of 'Microcosmus,' a mask, and of several other plays. In 'Microcosmus' is the following fine song of love:

Welcome, welcome, happy pair,
To these abodes where spicy air
Breathes perfumes, and every sense
Doth find his object's excellence;
Where's no heat, nor cold extreme,
No winter's ice, no summer's scorching beam;
Where's no sun, yet never night,
Day always springing from eternal light.

CHORUS. All mortal sufferings laid aside,
Here in endless bliss abide.

—NATHANIEL FIELD (who was one of the actors in Ben Jonson's 'Poetaster') began to write for the stage about 1609 or 1610, and produced 'Woman is a Weathercock,' 'Amends for Ladies,' &c. He had the honor of being associated with Massinger in the composition of the 'Fatal Dowry.'—JOHN DAY, in conjunction with Chettle, wrote the 'Blind Beggar of Bethnal Green,' a popular comedy, and was also author of two or three other plays, and some miscellaneous poems.—HENRY GLAPTHORNE is mentioned as 'one of the chiefest dramatic poets of the reign of Charles I.' Five of his plays are printed—'Albertus Wallenstein,' the 'Hollander,' 'Argalus and Parthenia,' 'Wit in a Constable,' the 'Lady's Privilege,' &c. There is a certain smoothness and prettiness of expression about Glapthorne, particularly in his 'Albertus,' but he is deficient in passion and energy.—THOMAS RANDOLPH (1605-34) wrote the 'Muses' Looking-glass,' the 'Jealous Lovers,' &c. In an anonymous play, 'Sweetman the Woman-hater,' is the following happy simile:

Justice, like lightning, ever should appear
To few men's ruin, but to all men's fear.

—RICHARD BROME (died 1632), one of the best of the secondary dramatists, produced several plays, the 'Antipodes,' the 'City Wit,' the 'Court Beggar,' &c. Little is known of the personal history of these authors: a few scattered dates usually make up the whole amount of their biography. The public demand for theatrical novelties called forth a succession of writers in this popular and profitable walk of literature, who seem to have discharged their ephemeral tasks, and sunk with their works into oblivion. The glory of Shakspeare has revived some of the number, like halos round his name; and the rich stamp of the age, in style and thought, is visible on the pages of most of them.

PHILIP MASSINGER.

The reign of James produced no other tragic poet equal to PHILIP MASSINGER, an unfortunate author, whose life was spent in obscurity and poverty, and who, dying almost unknown, was buried with no other inscription than the note in the parish register, 'Philip Massinger, a stranger'—meaning he did not belong to the parish. This poet was born about the year 1584, and it is supposed at Salisbury. His father, as appears from the dedication of one of his plays, was in the service of the Earl of Pembroke; and as he was at one time intrusted with letters to Queen Elizabeth, and employed in delicate negotiations by Lord Pembroke, the situation of the elder Massinger must have been a confidential one. Whether Philip ever 'wandered in the marble halls and pictured galleries of Wilton, that princely seat of old magnificence, where Sir Philip Sidney composed his "Arcadia,"' is not known: in 1602, he was entered of Alban Hall, Oxford. He is supposed to have quitted the university abruptly in 1606, and to have commenced writing for the stage. The first notice of him is in Henslowe's diary, about 1614, where he makes a joint application, with N. Field and R. Daborne, for a loan of £5, without which, they say, they *could not be bailed*. Field and Daborne were both actors and dramatic authors. The sequel of Massinger's history is only an enumeration of his plays. He wrote a great number of pieces, of which nineteen have been preserved. The manuscripts of eight of his plays were in existence in the middle of the last century, but they fell into the hands of a certain John Warburton, Somerset herald, who had collected no less than fifty-five genuine unpublished English dramas of the golden period, all of which were destroyed by his cook for culinary purposes. Massinger was found dead in his bed, at his house on the Bankside, one morning in March 1639. The 'Virgin Martyr' (about 1620), the 'Bondman' (1623), the 'Fatal Dowry' (about 1620), the 'New Way to Pay Old Debts' (about 1623), and the 'City Madam' (1632), are his best-known productions. The 'New Way to Pay Old Debts' has kept possession of the stage, chiefly on account of the effective and original

character of Sir Giles Overreach, which has been a favourite with great English actors. A tragedy of Massinger's, entitled 'Believe as you List,' which had been long lost, was discovered in 1844, and was included in the poet's works, by his latest editor, Lieutenant-colonel Cunningham (1868). Massinger's comedy resembles Ben Jonson's, in its eccentric strength and wayward exhibitions of human nature. The greediness of avarice, the tyranny of unjust laws, and the miseries of poverty, are drawn with a powerful hand. The luxuries and vices of a city-life, also, afford Massinger scope for his indignant and forcible invective. Genuine humour or sprightliness he had none. His dialogue is often coarse and indelicate, and his characters in low life too depraved. The tragedies of Massinger have a calm and dignified seriousness, a lofty pride, that impresses the imagination very strongly. His genius was more eloquent and descriptive than impassioned or inventive; yet his pictures of suffering virtue, its struggles and its trials, are calculated to touch the heart, as well as gratefully the taste. His versification is smooth and mellifluous. Owing, perhaps, to the sedate and dignified tone of Massinger's plays, they were not revived after the Restoration. Even Dryden did not think him worthy of mention, or had forgot his works, when he wrote his 'Essay on Dramatic Poesy.'

A Midnight Scene.—From the 'Virgin Martyr.'

ANGELO, an Angel, attends DOROTHEA as a Page.

DOROTHEA. My book and taper.

ANGELO. Here, most holy mistress.

DOR. Thy voice sends forth such music, that I never
Was ravished with a more celestial sound.

Were every servant in the world like thee,
So full of goodness, angels would come down

To dwell with us; thy name is Angelo,
And like that name thou art. Get thee to rest;

Thy youth with too much watching is oppress'd.

ANG. No, my dear lady. I could weary stars,

And force the wakeful moon to lose her eyes,

By my late watching, but to wait on you.

When at your prayers you kneel before the altar,

Methinks I'm singing with some quire in heaven,

So blest I hold me in your company.

Therefore, my most loved mistress, do not bid

Your boy, so serviceable, to get hence;

For then you break his heart.

DOR. Be nigh me still, then.

In golden letters down I'll set that day

Which gave thee to me. Little did I hope

To meet such worlds of comfort in thyself,

This little, pretty body, when I, coming

Forth of the temple, heard my beggar-boy,

My sweet-faced, godly beggar-boy, crave an alms,

Which with glad hand I gave, with lucky hand;

And when I took thee home, my most chaste bosom,

Methought, was filled with no hot wanton fire,

But with a holy flame, mounting since higher,

On wings of cherubims, than it did before.

Ans. Proud am I that my lady's modest eye
So likes so poor a servant.

Dor. I have offered
Handfuls of gold but to behold thy parents.
I would leave kingdoms, were I queen of some,
To dwell with thy good father ; for, the son
Bewitching me so deeply with his presence,
He that begot him must do 't ten times more.
I pray thee, my sweet boy, shew me thy parents ;
Be not ashamed.

Ans. I am not ; I did never
Know who my mother was : but, by yon palace,
Filled with bright heavenly courtiers, I dare assure you,
And pawn these eyes upon it, and this hand,
My father is in heaven : and, pretty mistress,
If your illustrious hour-glass spend his sand
No worse, than yet it doth, upon my life,
You and I both shall meet my father there,
And he shall bid you welcome.

Dor. A blessed day !

*Pride of Sir Giles Overreach in his Daughter—From the 'New Way
to Pay Old Debts.'*

LOVEL.—OVERREACH.

OVERREACH. To my wish : we are private.
I come not to make offer with my daughter
A certain portion : that were poor and trivial :
In one word, I pronounce all that is mine,
In lands or leases, ready coin or goods,
With her, my lord, comes to you ; nor shall you have
One motive to induce you to believe
I live too long, since every year I'll add
Something unto the heap, which shall be yours too.

LOVEL. You are a right kind father.

OVER. You shall have reason
To think me such. How do you like this seat ?
It is well wooded and well watered, the acres
Fertile and rich ; would it not serve for change,
To entertain your friends in a summer's progress ?
What thinks my noble lord ?

LOV. 'Tis a wholesome air,
And well built pile ; and she that's mistress of it,
Worthy the large revenue.

OVER. She the mistress !
It may be so for a time ; but let my lord
Say only that he but like it, and would have it ;
I say, ere long 'tis his.

LOV. Impossible.

OVER. You do conclude too fast ; not knowing me,
Nor the engines that I work by. 'Tis not alone
The Lady Allworth's lands, for those once Wellborn's
(As by her dotage on him I know they will be)
Shall soon be mine ; but point out any man's
In all the shire, and say they lie convenient
And useful for your lordship, and once more,
I say aloud, they are yours.

LOV. I dare not own
What's by unjust and cruel means extorted ;
My fame and credit are more dear to me
Than so to expose 'em to be censured by

The public voice.

OVER. You run, my lord, no hazard :
Your reputation shall stand as fair
In all good men's opinions as now :
Nor can my actions, though condemned for ill,
Cast any foul aspersion upon yours.
For though I do condemn report myself
As a mere sould, I still will be so tender
Of what concerns you in all points of honour,
That the immaculate whiteness of your fame,
Nor your unquestioned integrity,
Shall e'er be sullied with one taint or spot
That may take from your innocence and candour.
All my ambition is to have my daughter
Right honourable ; which my lord can make her :
And might I live to dance upon my knee
A young Lord Lovel, born by her unto you,
I write *nil n'ra* to my proudest hopes.
As for possessions and annual rents,
Equivalent to maintain you in the port
Your noble birth and present state require,
I do remove that burden from your shoulders,
And take it on mine own ; for though I ruin
The country to supply your riotous waste,
The scourge of prodigals (want) shall never find you.

LOV. Are you not frighted with the imprecations
And curses of whole families, made wretched
By your sinister practices ?

OVER. Yes, as rocks are
When foamy billows split themselves against
Their flinty ribs ; or as the moon is moved
When wolves, with hunger pined, howl at her brightness.
I am of a solid temper, and, like thee,
Steer on a constant course : with mine own sword,
If called into the field, I can make that right
Which fearful enemies murmured at as wrong.
Now, for those other piddling complaints,
Breathed out in bitterness ; as, when they call me
Extortioner, tyrant, cormorant, or intruder
On my poor neighbour's right, or grand incloser
Of what was common to my private use ;
Nay, when my ears are pierced with widows' cries,
And undone orphans wash with tears my threshold,
I only think what 'tis to have my daughter
Right honourable ; and 'tis a powerful charm,
Makes me insensible of remorse or pity,
Or the least sting of conscience.

LOV. I admire
The toughness of your nature.

OVER. 'Tis for you,
My lord, and for my daughter, I am marble.

Compassion for Misfortune—From the 'City Madam.'

SIR JOHN FRUGAL.—LUKE FRUGAL.—LORD LACY.

LUKE. No word, sir,
I hope, shall give offence : nor let it relish
Of flattery, though I proclaim aloud,
I glory in the bravery of your mind,
To which your wealth's a servant. Not that riches
Is, or should be, contemned, it being a blessing
Derived from heaven, and by your industry

Pulled down upon you ; but in this, dear sir,
You have many equals : such a man's possessions
Extend as far as yours ; a second hath
His bags as full ; a third in credit flies
As high in the popular voice ; but the distinction
And noble difference by which you are
Divided from them, is, that you are styled
Gentle in your abundance, good in plenty ;
And that you feel compassion in your bowels
Of other's miseries—I have found it, sir ;
Heaven keep me thankful for 't !—while they are cursed
As rigid and inexorable.

SIR JOHN. I delight not
To hear this spoke to my face.

LUKE. That shall not grieve you.
Your affability and mildness, clothed
In the garments of your thankful debtors' breath,
Shall everywhere, though you strive to conceal it,
Be seen and wondered at, and in the act
With a prodigal hand rewarded. Whereas, such
As are born only for themselves, and live so,
Though prosperous in worldly understandings,
Are but like beasts of rapine, that, by odds
Of strength, usurp and tyrannise o'er others
Brought under their subjection. . . .
Can you think, sir,

In your unquestioned wisdom, I beseech you,
The goodness of this poor man sold at an outcry,
His wife turned out of doors, his children forced
To beg their bread ; this gentleman's estate
By wrong extorted, can advantage you ?
Or that the ruin of this once brave merchant,
For such he was esteemed, though now decayed,
Will raise your reputation with good men ?
But you may urge—pray you, pardon me, my seal
Makes me thus bold and vehement—in this
You satisfy your anger and revenge
For being defeated. Suppose this, it will not
Repair your loss, and there was never yet
But shame and scandal in a victory,
When the rebels unto reason, passions, fought it.
Then for revenge, by great souls it was ever
Contemned, though offered ; entertained by none
But cowards, base and abject spirits, strangers
To moral honesty, and never yet
Acquainted with religion.

LORD LACY. Our divines
Cannot speak more effectually.

SIR JOHN. Shall I be
Talked out of my money ?

LUKE. No, sir, but entreated
To do yourself a benefit, and preserve
What you possess entire.

SIR JOHN. How, my good brother ?

LUKE. By making these your beadsmen. When they eat,
Their thanks, next heaven, will be paid to your mercy ;
When your ships are at sea, their prayers will swell
The sails with prosperous winds, and guard them from
Tempests and pirates ; keep your warehouses
From fire, or quench them with their tears.

SIR JOHN. No more.

LUKE. Write you a good man in the people's hearts,
Follow you everywhere.

SIR JOHN. If this could be——

LUKE. It must, or our devotions are but words.
I see a gentle promise in your eye,
Make it a blessed act, and poor me rich
In being the instrument,

SIR JOHN. You shall prevail;
Give them longer day : but, do you hear ? no talk of 't.
Should this arrive at twelve on the Exchange,
I shall be laughed at for my foolish pity,
Which money-men hate deadly.

Unequal Love.—From the 'Great Duke of Florence.'

GIOVANNI, nephew to the Grand-duke, taking leave of LIDIA, daughter of his Tutor,

LIDIA. Must you go, then,
So suddenly ?

GIOVANNI. There's no evasion, Lidia,
To gain the least delay, though I would buy it
At any rate. Greatness, with private men
Esteemed a blessing, is to me a curse ;
And we, whom, for our high births, they conclude
The only freemen, are the only slaves :
Happy the golden mean ! Had I been born
In a poor sordid cottage, not nursed up
With expectation to command a court,
I might, like such of your condition, sweetest,
Have ta'en a safe and middle course, and not,
As I am now, against my choice, compelled
Or to lie grovelling on the earth, or raised
So high upon the pinnacles of state,
That I must either keep my height with danger,
Or fall with certain ruin.

LIDIA. Your own goodness
Will be your faithful guard.

Grov. O Lidia ! For had I been your equal,
I might have seen and liked with mine own eyes,
And not, as now, with others. I might still,
And without observation or envy,
As I have done, continued my delights
With you, that are alone, in my esteem,
The abstract of society : we might walk
In solitary groves, or in choice gardens ;
From the variety of curious flowers
Contemplate nature's workmanship and wonders :
And then, for change, near to the murmur of
Some bubbling fountain, I might hear you sing,
And, from the well-tuned accents of your tongue,
In my imagination conceive
With what melodious harmony a choir
Of angels sing above their Maker's praises.
And then, with chaste discourse, as we returned,
Imp feathers to the broken wings of Time :
And all this I must part from.

CONTARINI. You forget
The haste imposed upon us.

Giov. One word more,
And then I come. And after this, when, with
Continued innocence of love and service,
I had grown ripe for hymeneal joys,

Embracing you, but with a lawful flame,
I might have been your husband.

LIDIA. Sir, I was,

And ever am, your servant ; but it was,
And 'tis far from me in a thought to cherish,
Such saucy hopes. If I had been the heir
Of all the globes and sceptres mankind bows to,
At my best you had deserved me ; as I am,
Howe'er unworthy, in my virgin zeal,
I wish you, as a partner of your bed,
A princess equal to you ; such a one
That may make it the study of her life,
With all the obedience of a wife, to please you ;
May you have happy issue, and I live
To be their humblest handmaid !

Grov. I am dumb, and can make no reply ;

This kiss, bathed in tears,
May learn you what I should say.

JOHN FORD.

Contemporary with Massinger, and possessing kindred tastes and powers, was JOHN FORD (1586-1639). This author wisely trusted to a regular profession, not to dramatic literature, for his support. He was of a good Devonshire family, and bred to the law. His first efforts as a writer for the stage were made in unison with Webster and Dekker. He also joined with the latter, and with Rowley, in composing the 'Witch of Edmonton,' already mentioned, the last act of which seems to be Ford's. In 1628 appeared the 'Lover's Melancholy,' dedicated to his friends of the Society of Gray's Inn. In 1633 were printed his three tragedies, the 'Brother and Sister,' the 'Broken Heart,' and 'Love's Sacrifice.' He next wrote 'Perkin Warbeck,' a correct and spirited historical drama. Two other pieces, 'Fancies Chaste and Noble,' and the 'Lady's Trial,' produced in 1638 and 1639, complete the list of Ford's works. He is supposed to have died shortly after the production of his last play.

A tone of pensive tenderness and pathos, with a peculiarly soft and musical style of blank verse, characterise this poet. The choice of his subjects was unhappy, for he has devoted to incestuous passion the noblest offerings of his muse. The scenes in his 'Brother and Sister,' descriptive of the criminal loves of Annabella and Giovanni, are painfully interesting and harrowing to the feelings, but contain his finest poetry and expression. The old dramatist loved to sport and dally with such forbidden themes, which tempted the imagination, and awoke those slumbering fires of pride, passion, and wickedness that lurk in the recesses of the human heart. They lived in an age of excitement—the newly awakened intellect warring with the senses—the baser parts of humanity with its noblest qualities. In this struggle the dramatic poets were plunged, and they depicted forcibly what they saw and felt. Much as they wrote, their time was not spent in shady retirement ; they flung themselves into the full tide of the passions, sounded its depths, wrestled with its difficulties and defile-

ments, and were borne onwards in headlong career. A few, like poor Marlowe and Greene, sunk early in undeveloped misery, and nearly all were unhappy. This very recklessness and daring, however, gave a mighty impulse and freedom to their genius. They were emancipated from ordinary restraints; they were strong in their sceptic pride and self-will; they surveyed the whole of life, and gave expression to those wild half-shaped thoughts and unnatural promptings, which wiser conduct and reflection would have instantly repressed and condemned. With them, the passion of love was an all-pervading fire, that consumed the decencies of life; sometimes it was gross and sensual, but in other moments imbued with a wild preternatural sweetness and fervour. Anger, pity, jealousy, revenge, remorse, and the other primary feelings and elements of our nature, were crowded into their short existence as into their scenes. Nor was the light of religion quenched: there were glimpses of heaven in the midst of the darkest vice and debauchery. The better genius of Shakspeare lifted him above this agitated region; yet his 'Venus and Adonis,' and the 'Sonnets,' shew that he had been at one time soiled by some of its impurities. Ford was apparently of regular deportment, but of morbid diseased imagination.* His latest biographer (Mr. Hartley Coleridge) suggests, that the choice of horrible stories for his two best plays may have been merely an exercise of intellectual power. 'His moral sense was gratified by indignation at the dark possibilities of sin, and by compassion for rare extremes of suffering.' Ford was destitute of the fire and grandeur of the heroic drama. Charles Lamb ranks him with the first order of poets; but this praise is excessive. Admitting his sway over the tender passions, and the occasional beauty of his language and conceptions, he wants the elevation of great genius. He has, as Hallam remarks, the power over tears; for he makes his readers sympathise even with his vicious characters.

A Dying Bequest.—From the 'Broken Heart.'

CALANTHA.—PENTHEA.

CALANTHA. Being alone, Penthea, you have granted
The opportunity you sought, and might
At all times have commanded.

PENTHEA. 'Tis a benefit.
Which I shall owe your goodness even in death for.
My glass of life, sweet princess, hath few minutes
Remaining to run down; the sands are spent:
For, by an inward messenger, I feel
The summons of departure short and certain.

CAL. You feed too much your melancholy.
PEN. Glories
Of human greatness are but pleasing dreams,
And shadows soon decaying: on the stage

* Some unknown contemporary has preserved a graphic trait of Ford's appearance and reserved deportment:

Deep in a dump John Ford alone was got,
With folded arms and melancholy hat.

Of my mortality my youth hath acted
Some scenes of vanity, drawn out at length ;
By varied pleasures sweetened in the mixture,
But tragical in issue.

CAL. Contemn not your condition for the proof
Of bare opinion only : to what end
Reach all these moral texts ?

PEN. To place before ye
A perfect mirror, wherein you may see
How weary I am of a lingering life,
Who count the best a misery.

CAL. Indeed,
You have no little cause ; yet none so great
As to distrust a remedy.

PEN. That remedy
Must be a winding-sheet, a fold of lead,
And some untrod-on corner in the earth.
Not to detain your expectation, princess,
I have an humble suit.

CAL. Speak, and enjoy it.

PEN. Vouchsafe, then, to be my executrix ;
And take that trouble on ye, to dispose
Such legacies as I bequeath impartially :
I have not much to give, the pains are easy ;
Heaven will reward your piety and thank it,
When I am dead : for sure I must not live ;
I hope I cannot.

CAL. Now beshrew thy sadness ;
Thou turn'st me too much woman.

PEN. Her fair eyes
Melt into passion : then I have assurance
Encouraging my boldness. In this paper
My will was characterized ; which you, with pardon,
Shall now know from mine own mouth.

CAL. Talk on, prithee ;
It is a pretty earnest.

PEN. I have left me
But three poor jewels to bequeath. The first is
My youth ; for though I am much old in griefs,
In years I am a child.

CAL. To whom that ?

PEN. To virgin wives ; such as abuse not wedlock
By freedom of desires, but covet chiefly
The pledges of chaste beds, for ties of love
Rather than ranging of their blood ; and next,
To married maids ; such as prefer the number
Of honourable issue in their virtues,
Before the flattery of delights by marriage ;
May those be ever young.

CAL. A second jewel
You mean to part with ?

PEN. 'Tis my fame ; I trust
By scandal yet untouched ; this I bequeath
To Memory and Time's old daughter, Truth.
If ever my unhappy name find mention,
When I am fallen to dust, may it deserve
Beseeching charity without dishonour.

CAL. How handsomely thou play'st with harmless sport
Of mere imagination ! Speak the last.
I strangely like thy will.

PEN. This jewel, madam,
Is dearly precious to me ; you must use

The best of your discretion, to employ
This gift as I intend it.

CAL. Do not doubt me.

PEN. 'Tis long ago, since first I lost my heart;
Long I have liv'd without it: but instead
Of it, to great Calantha, Sparta's heir,
By service bound, and by affection vow'd,
I do bequeath in holiest rites of love
Mine only brother Ithocles.

CAL. What saidst thou?

PEN. Impute not, heaven-blest lady, to ambition,
A faith as humbly perfect as the prayers
Of a devoted suppliant can endow it:
Look on him, princess, with an eye of pity;
How like the ghost of what he late appeared
He moves before you!

CAL. Shall I answer here,
Or lend my ear too grossly?

PEN. First his heart

Shall fall in cluders, scorched by your disdain,
Ere he will dare, poor man, to ope an eye
On these divine looks, but with low-bent thoughts
Accusing such presumption: as for words,
He dares not utter any but of service;
Yet this lost creature loves you. Be a princess
In sweetness as in blood; give him his doom,
Or raise him up to comfort.

CAL. What new change
Appears in my behavior that thou darest
Tempt my displeasure?

PEN. I must leave the world,
To revel in Elysium; and 'tis just
To wish my brother some advantage here.
Yet let my best hopes, Ithocles is ignorant
Of this pursuit. But if you please to kill him,
Lend him one angry look, or one harsh word,
And you shall soon conclude how strong a power
Your absolute authority holds over
His life and end.

CAL. You have forgot, Penhea,
How still I have a father.

PEN. But remember
I am sister: though to me this brother
Hath been, you know, unkind, O most unkind.
CAL. Christalla, Philema, where are ye?—Lady,
Your check lies in my silence.

Contention of a Bird and a Musician.—From the 'Lover's Melancholy.'*

MENAPHON and AMETHUS.

MENAPHON. Passing from Italy to Greece, the tales
Which poets of an elder time have feigned
To glorify their Tempe, bred in me
Desire of visiting that paradise.
To Thessaly I came; and living private,
Without acquaintance of more sweet companions
Than the old inmates to my love, my thoughts,
I day by day frequented silent groves,
And solitary walks. One morning early
This accident encountered me: I heard

* For an amplification of the subject of this extract, see notice of RICHARD CRANAW.

The sweetest and most ravishing contention,
That art [and] nature ever were at strife in.
AMETHUS. I cannot yet conceive what you infer
By art and nature.

MEN. I shall soon resolve you.
A sound of music touched mine ears, or rather,
Indeed, entranced my soul : As I stole nearer,
Invited by the melody, I saw
This youth, this fair-faced youth, upon his lute,
With strains of strange variety and harmony,
Proclaiming, as it seemed, so bold a challenge
To the clear choristers of the woods, the birds,
That, as they flocked about him, all stood silent,
Wondering at what they heard. I wondered too

AMET. And so do I : good ! on.

MEN. A nightingale,
Nature's best skilled musician, undertakes
The challenge, and for every several strain
The well-shaped youth could touch, she sung her own ;
He could not run division with more art
Upon his quaking instrument, than she,
The nightingale, did with her various notes
Reply to : for a voice, and for a sound,
Amethus, 'tis much easier to believe
That such they were, than hope to hear again.

AMET. How did the rivals part ?

MEN. You term them rightly ;
For they were rivals, and their mistress, Harmony.
Some time thus spent, the young man grew at last
Into a pretty anger, that a bird
Whom art had never taught cliffs, moods, or notes,
Should vie with him for mastery, whose study
Had busied many hours to perfect practice :
To end the controversy, in a rapture
Upon his instrument he plays so swiftly,
So many voluntaries, and so quick,
That there was curiosity and cunning,
Concord in discord, lines of differing method
Meeting in one full centre of delight.

AMET. Now for the bird.

MEN. The bird, ordained to be
Music's first martyr, strove to imitate
These several sounds : which, when her warbling throat
Failed in, for grief, down dropped she on his lute,
And brake her heart ! It was the quaintest sadness,
To see the conqueror upon her hearse,
To weep a funeral elegy of tears ;
That, trust me, my Amethus, I could chide
My own unmanly weakness, that made me
A fellow-mourner with him.

AMET. I believe thee.

MEN. He looked upon the trophies of his art,
Then sighed, then wiped his eyes, then sighed and cried :
' Alas, poor creature ! I will soon revenge
This cruelty upon the author of it :
Henceforth, this lute, guilty of innocent blood,
Shall never more betray a harmless peace
To an untimely end : ' and in that sorrow,
As he was pushing it against a tree,
I suddenly stepped in.

AMET. Thou hast discoursed
A truth of mirth and pity.

THOMAS HEYWOOD.

THOMAS HEYWOOD was one of the most indefatigable of dramatic writers. He had, as he informs his readers, 'an entire hand, or at least a main finger,' in two hundred and twenty plays. He wrote also several prose works besides attending to his business as an actor. Of his huge dramatic library, only twenty-three plays have come down to us, the best of which are: 'A Woman Killed with Kindness,' the 'English Traveller,' 'A Challenge for Beauty,' the 'Royal King and Loyal Subject,' the 'Lancashire Witches,' the 'Rape of Lucrece,' 'Love's Mistress,' &c. The few particulars respecting Heywood's life and history have been gleaned from his own writings and the dates of his plays. The time of his birth is not known; but he was a native of Lincolnshire, and was a fellow of Peter-House, Cambridge: he is found writing for the stage in 1596, and he continued to exercise his ready pen down to the year 1640. In one of his prologues, he thus adverts to the various sources of his multifarious labours:

To give content to this most curious age,
The gods themselves we've brought down to the stage,
And figured them in planets: made even hell
Deliver up the Furies, by no spell
Saving the Muse's rapture—further we
Have trafficked by their help; no history
We have left untrifled; our pens have been dipped
As well in opening each hid manuscript
As tracks more vulgar, whether read or sung
In our domestic or more foreign tongue:
Of fairies, elves, nymphs of the sea and land,
The lawns, the groves, no number can be scanned
Which we have not given feet to.

This was written in 1637, and it shews how eager the playgoing public were then for novelties, though they possessed the theatre of Shakspeare and his contemporaries. The death of Heywood is equally unknown with the date of his birth. As a dramatist, he had a poetical fancy and abundance of classical imagery; but his taste was defective; and scenes of low buffoonery, 'merry accidents, intermixed with apt and witty jests,' deform his pieces. His humour, however, is more pure and moral than that of most of his contemporaries. 'There is a natural repose in his scenes,' says a dramatic critic, 'which contrasts pleasingly with the excitement that reigns in most of his contemporaries. Middleton looks upon his characters with the feverish anxiety with which we listen to the trial of great criminals, or watch their behaviour upon the scaffold. Webster lays out their corpses in the prison, and sings the dirge over them when they are buried at midnight in unhallowed ground. Heywood leaves his characters before they come into these situations. He walks quietly to and fro among them while they are yet at large as members of society; contenting himself with a sad smile at their follies, or with a

frequent warning to them on the consequences of their crimes.' * The following description of Psyche, from 'Love's Mistress,' is in his best manner :

ADMETUS.—ASTIOCHE.—PETRA.

ADMETUS. Welcome to both in one! Oh, can you tell
What fate your sister hath?

BOTH. Psyche is well.

ADM. So among mortals it is often said,
Children and friends are well when they are dead.

ASTIOCHE. But Psyche lives, and on her breath attend
Delights that far surmount all earthly joy;
Music, sweet voices, and ambrosian fare;
Winds, and the light-winged creatures of the air;
Clear channeled rivers, springs, and flowery meads,
Are proud when Psyche wantons on their streams,
When Psyche on their rich embroidery treads,
When Psyche glids their crystal with her beams.
We have but seen our sister, and, behold!
She sends us with our laps full brimmed with gold.

In 1635, Heywood published a poem entitled the 'Hierarchy of Angels.' In this piece he tells us how the names of his dramatic contemporaries were shortened or corrupted in familiar conversation:

Mellifluous Shakspeare whose enchanting quill
Commanded mirth or passion, was but Will;
And famous Jonson, though his learned pen
Be dipped in Castaly, is still but Ben.
Fletcher and Webster, of that learned pack
None of the meanest, was but Jack;
Dekker but Tom, nor May, nor Middleton,
And he's but now Jack Ford that once was John.

Various songs are scattered through Heywood's neglected plays, some of them easy and flowing:

Song.

Pack, clouds, away, and welcome day;	Wake from thy nest, robin-redbreast;
With night we banish sorrow;	Sing, birds, in every furrow;
Sweet air, blow soft: mount, lark, aloft,	And from each bill let music shrill
To give my love good-morrow:	Give my fair love good-morrow.
Wings from the wind to please her mind,	Blackbird and thrush in every bush—
Notes from the lark I'll borrow:	Stare, linnet, and cock-sparrow—
Bird, prune thy wing; nightingale, sing,	You pretty elves, amongst yourselves,
To give my love good-morrow.	Sing my fair love good-morrow.
To give my love good-morrow,	To give my love good-morrow,
Notes from them all I'll borrow.	Sing, birds, in every furrow.

Shepherds' Song.

We that have known no greater state	We with the sun our flocks unfold,
Than this we live in, praise our fate;	Whose rising makes their fleeces gold;
For courtly silks in cares are spent.	Our music from the birds we borrow,
When country's russet breeds content.	They bidding us, we, them, good-morrow.
The power of sceptres we admire,	Our habits are but coarse and plain;
But sheep-hooks for our use desire.	Yet they defend from wind and rain:
Simple and low is our condition,	As warm too, in an equal eye,
For here with us is no ambition:	As those be-stained in scarlet dye.

* Henry Mackenzie in *Edinburgh Review*, vol. lxiii.

The shepherd, with his home-spun lass,
 As many merry hours doth pass,
 As courtiers with their costly girls.
 Though richly decked in gold and pearls;
 And, though but plain, to purpose woo,
 Nay, often with less danger too.
 Those that delight in dainties' store,
 One stomach feed at once, no more;

And, when with homely fare we feast,
 With us it doth as well digest;
 And many times we better speed,
 For our wild fruits no surfeits breed.
 If we sometimes the willow wear,
 By subtle swains that dare forswear,
 We wonder whence it comes, and fear
 They've been at court, and learnt it there.

JAMES SHIRLEY.

The last of these dramatists—'a great race,' says Charles Lamb, 'all of whom spoke nearly the same language, and had a set of moral feelings and notions in common'—was JAMES SHIRLEY (1594-1666). Though chronologically belonging to a later period than that of James I. Shirley's plays are of the same general character as those of his predecessors, with perhaps a dash of the gay cavalier spirit, which was reviving. This dramatist was a native of London. Designed for holy orders, he was educated first at Oxford, where Archbishop Laud refused to ordain him, on account of his appearance being disfigured by a mole on his left cheek. He afterwards took the degree of A.M. at Cambridge, and officiated as curate near St. Albans. Like his brother divine and poet, Crashaw, Shirley embraced the communion of the Church of Rome. He lived as a schoolmaster in St. Albans, but afterwards settled in London and became a voluminous dramatic writer. Thirty-nine plays proceeded from his prolific pen; and a modern edition of his works (1833), edited by Gifford, with additions by Dyce, is in six octavo volumes. When the master of the Revels, in 1638, licensed Shirley's play of the 'Young Admiral,' he entered on his books an expression of his admiration of the drama, because it was free from oaths, profaneness, or obscenity; trusting that his approbation would encourage the poet 'to pursue this beneficial and cleanly way of poetry. Shirley is certainly less impure than most of his contemporaries, but he is far from faultless in this respect. His dramas seem to have been tolerably successful. When the civil wars broke out, the poet exchanged the pen for the sword, and took the field under his patron, the Earl of Newcastle. After the cessation of this struggle, a still worse misfortune befell our author in the shutting of the theatres, and he was forced to betake himself to his former occupation of a teacher. The Restoration does not seem to have mended his fortunes. In 1666, the Great Fire of London drove the poet and his family from their house in Whitefriars; and shortly after this event, both he and his wife died on the same day. A life of various labors and reverses thus found a sudden and tragic termination. Shirley's plays have less force and dignity than those of Massinger; less pathos than those of Ford. His comedies have the tone and manner of good society. Campbell has praised his 'polished and refined dialect, the airy touches of his expression, the delicacy of his sentiments, and the beauty of his similes.' He admits, however,

what every reader *feels*, the want in Shirley of any strong passion or engrossing interest. Hallam more justly and comprehensively states: 'Shirley has no originality, no force in conceiving or delineating character, little of pathos, and less, perhaps, of wit; his dramas produce no deep impression in reading, and, of course, can leave none in the memory. But his mind was poetical; his better characters, especially females, express pure thoughts in pure language; he is never tumid or affected, and seldom obscure; the incidents succeed rapidly, the personages are numerous, and there is a general animation in the scenes, which causes us to read him with some pleasure. No very good play, nor possibly any very good scene, could be found in Shirley; but he has many lines of considerable beauty.' Of these fine lines, Dr. Farmer, in his 'Essay on the Learning of Shakspeare,' quoted perhaps the most beautiful, being part of Fernando's description, in the 'Brothers,' of the charms of his mistress:

Her eye did seem to labour with a tear,
Which suddenly took birth, but overweighed
With its own swelling, dropt upon her bosom,
Which, by reflection of her light, appeared
As nature meant her sorrow for an ornament.
After, her looks grew cheerful, and I saw
A smile shoot graceful upward from her eyes,
As if they had gained a victory o'er grief;
And with it many beams twisted themselves,
Upon whose golden threads the angels walk
To and again from heaven.

In the same vein of delicate fancy and feeling is the following passage in the 'Grateful Servant,' where Cleona learns of the existence of Foscari, from her page, Dulcino:

CLEONA. The day breaks glorious to my darkened thoughts.
He lives, he lives yet! Cease, ye amorous fears,
More to perplex me.—Prithee, speak, sweet youth.
How fares my lord? Upon my virgin heart
I'll build a flaming altar, to offer up
A thankful sacrifice for his return
To life and me. Speak, and increase my comforts.
Is he in perfect health?

DULCINO. Not perfect, madam,
Until you bless him with the knowledge of
Your constancy.

CLE. O get thee wings, and fly, then;
Tell him my love doth burn like vestal fire,
Which, with his memory richer than all spices,
Disperses odours round about my soul,
And did refresh it when 'twas dull and sad,
With thinking of his absence.

Yet stay,
Thou goest away too soon. Where is he? speak.

DUL. He gave me no commission for that, lady;
He will soon save that question by his presence.

CLE. Time has no feathers; he walks now on crutches.
Relate his gestures when he gave thee this.
What other words? Did mirth smile on his brow?
I would not for the wealth of this great world

He should suspect my faith. What said he, prithee?

DUL. He said what a warm lover, when desire
Makes eloquent, could speak; he said you were
Both star and pilot.

CLB. The sun's loved flower that shuts his yellow curtain
When he declineth, opens it again
At his fair rising with my parting lord
I closed all my delight; till his approach
It shall not spread itself.

The Prodigal Lady.—From the 'Lady of Pleasure.'

ARETINA and the STEWARD.

STEWARD. Be patient, madam; you may have your pleasure.

ARETINA. 'Tis that I came to town for; I would not
Endure again the country conversation
To be the lady of six shires! The men,
So near the primitive making, they retain
A sense of nothing but the earth; their brains
And barren heads standing as much in want
Of ploughing as their ground; to hear a fellow
Make himself merry and his horse with whistling
Telling's round; (1) t' observe with what solemnity
They keep their wakes, and throw for pewter candlesticks;
How they become the morris, with whose bells
They ring all into Whitsun-ales, and swear
Through twenty scarfs and napkins, till the hobbyhorse
Tire, and the Maid-Marian, dissolved to a jelly,
Be kept for spoon-meat.

STEW. These, with your pardon, are no argument
To make the country life appear so hateful
At least to your particular, who enjoyed
A blessing in that calm, would you be pleased
To think so, and the pleasure of a kingdom:
While your own will commanded what should move
Delights, your husband's love and power joined
To give your life more harmony. You lived there
Secure and innocent, beloved of all;
Praised for your hospitality, and prayed for:
You might be envied, but malice knew
Not where you dwelt.—I would not prophesy,
But leave to your own apprehension
What may succeed your change.

ARET. You do imagine,
No doubt, you have talked wisely, and confuted
London past all defence. Your master should
Do well to send you back into the country,
With title of superintendent ballie.

Enter SIR THOMAS BORNWELL.

BORNWELL. How now, what's the matter?
Angry, sweetheart?

ARET. I am angry with myself,
To be so miserably restrained in things
Wherein it doth concern your love and honour
To see me satisfied.

BORN. In what, Aretina,
Dost thou accuse me? Have I not obeyed
All thy desire against mine own opinion?

1 A favourite though homely dance of those days, taking its title from an actor named St. Leger.

Quitted the country, and removed the hope
Of our return by sale of that fair lordship
We lived in ; changed a calm and retired life
For this wild town, composed of noise and charge ?

• ARBT. What charge more than is necessary
For a lady of my birth and education ?

BORN. I am not ignorant how much nobility
Flows in your blood ; your kinsmen, great and powerful
I th' state ; but with this lose not your memory
Of being my wife. I shall be studious,
Madam, to give the dignity of your birth
All the best ornaments which become my fortune ;
But would not flatter it, to ruin both
And be the fable of the town, to teach
Other men loss of wit by mine, employed
To serve your vast expenses.

ARBT. Am I then
Brought in the balance so, sir ?

BORN. Though you weigh
Me in a partial scale, my heart is honest,
And must take liberty to think you have
Obeyed no modest counsel to effect.
Nay, study, ways of pride and costly ceremony.
Your change of gaudy furniture, and pictures
Of this Italian master, and that Dutchman's ;
Your mighty looking-glasses, like artillery,
Brought home on engines ; the superfluous plate ;
Antique and novel ; vanities of tires ;
Fourscore pound suppers for my lord, your kinsman ;
Banquets for t' other lady, aunt, and cousins ;
And perfumes that exceed all : train of servants,
To stifle us at home and shew abroad,
More motley than the French or the Venetian,
About your coach, whose rude postilion
Must pester every narrow lane, till passengers
And tradesmen curse your choking up their stalls,
And common cries pursue your ladyship
For hindering o' their market.

ARBT. Have you done, sir ?

BORN. I could accuse the gaiety of your wardrobe
And prodigal embroideries, under which
Rich satins, plushes, cloth of silver, dare
Not shew their own complexions ; your jewels,
Able to burn out the spectator's eyes,
And shew like bonfires on you by the tapers :
Something might here be spared, with safety of
Your birth and honour, since the truest wealth
Shines from the soul, and draws up just admirers.
I could urge something more.

ARBT. Pray, do ; I like
Your homily of thrift.

BORN. I could wish, madam,
You would not game so much.

ARBT. A gamester too !

BORN. But are not come to that repentance yet
Should teach you skill enough to raise your profit ;
You look not through the subtlety of cards
And mysteries of dice, nor can you save
Charge with the box, buy petticoats and pearls,
And keep your family by the precious income ;
Nor do I wish you should. My poorest servant
Shall not upbraid my tables, nor his hire,

Purchased beneath my honour. You make play,
Not a pastime, but a tyranny, and vex
Yourself and my estate by 't.

ARET. Good, proceed.

BORN. Another game you have, which consumes more
Your fame than purse; your revels in the night,
Your meetings called the ball, to which appear,
As to the court of pleasure, all your gallants
And ladies, thither bound by a subpoena
Of Venus and small Cupid's high displeasure;
'Tis but the Family of Love translated
Into more costly sin. There was a play on 't,
And had the poet not been bribed to a modest
Expression of your antic gambols in 't,
Some darks had been discovered, and the deeds too;
In time he may repent, and make some blush
To see the second part danced on the stage.
My thoughts acquit you for dishonouring me
By any foul act, but the virtuous know
'Tis not enough to clear ourselves, but the
Suspicious of our shame.

ARET. Have you concluded
Your lecture?

BORN. I have done: and howsoever
My language may appear to you, it carries
No other than my fair and just intent
To your delights, without curb to their modest
And noble freedom.

In the 'Ball,' a comedy partly by Chapman, but chiefly by Shirley, a coxcomb (Bostock), crazed on the point of family, is shewn up in the most admirable manner. Sir Marmaduke Travers, by way of fooling him, tells him that he is rivalled in his suit of a particular lady by Sir Ambrose Lamount.

Scene from the 'Ball.'

BOSTOCK and SIR MARMADUKE.

BOSTOCK. Does she love anybody else?

MARMADUKE. I know not;

But she has half a score upon my knowledge,
Are suitors for her favour.

Bos. Name but one,

And if he cannot shew as many coats—

MAR. He thinks he has good cards for her, and likes
His game well.

Bos. Be an understanding knight,
And take my meaning: if he cannot shew
As much in heraldry—

MAR. I do not know how rich he is in fields,
But he is a gentleman.

Bos. Is he a branch of the nobility?
How many lords can he call cousin?—else
He must be taught to know he has presumed
To stand in competition with me.

MAR. You will not kill him?

Bos. You shall pardon me;

I have that within me must not be provoked;
There be some living now that have been killed
For lesser matters.

MAR. Some living that have been killed?

Bos. I mean some living that have seen examples,
Not to confront nobility; and I
Am sensible of my honour.

MAR. His name is
Sir Ambrose.

Bos. Lamount; a knight of yesterday,
And he shall die to-morrow; name another.

MAR. Not so fast, sir; you must take some breath.

Bos. I care no more for killing half-a-dozen
Knights of the lower house—I mean that are not
Descended from nobility—than I do
To kick any footman; an Sir Ambrose were
Knight of the Sun, king Oberon should not save him,
Nor his queen Mab.

Enter SIR AMBROSE LAMOUNT.

MAR. Unluckily he's here, sir.

Bos. Sir Ambrose,
How does thy knighthood? ha!

AMBROSE. My nymph of honour, well; I joy to see thee.

Bos. Sir Marmaduke tells me thou art suitor to
Lady Lucina.

AMB. I have ambition
To be her servant.

Bos. Hast? thou'rt a brave knight, and I commend
Thy judgment.

AMB. Sir Marmaduke himself leans that way too.

Bos. Why didst conceal it? Come, the more the merrier.
But I could never see you there.

MAR. I hope,
Sir, we may live.

Bos. I'll tell you, gentlemen,
Cupid has given us all one livery;
I serve that lady too; you understand me?
But who shall carry her, the Fates determine;
I could be knighted too.

AMB. That would be no addition to
Your blood.

Bos. I think it would not; so my lord told me;
Thou know'st my lord?—not the earl, my other
Cousin—there's a spark his predecessors
Have matched into the blood; you understand
He put me upon this lady; I proclaim
No hopes; pray let's together, gentlemen;
If she be wise—I say no more; she shall not
Cost me a sigh, nor shall her love engage me
To draw a sword: I have vowed that.

MAR. You did but jest before.

AMB. 'Twere pity that one drop
Of your heroic blood should fall to th' ground:
Who knows but all your cousin lords may die.

MAR. As I believe them not immortal, sir.

AMB. Then you are gulf of honour, swallow all,
May marry some queen yourself, and get princes
To furnish the barren parts of Christendom.

The finest verses of Shirley occur in his play, the 'Contention of Ajax and Ulysses.' They are said to have been greatly admired by Charles II. The thoughts are elevated, and the expression highly poetical:

Death's Final Conquest.

The glories of our birth and state
 Are shadows, not substantial things;
 There is no armour against fate:
 Death lays his icy hands on kings;
 Sceptre and crown
 Must tumble down,
 And in the dust be equal made
 With the poor crooked scythe and spade
 Some men may reap the field,
 And plant fresh laurels where they kill;
 But their strong nerves at last must yield,
 They tame but one another still;
 Early or late,
 They stoop to fate,
 And must give up their murmuring breath,
 When they, pale captives, creep to death.
 The garlands wither on your brow,
 Then boast no more your mighty deeds;
 Upon Death's purple altar, now,
 See where the victor victim bleeds
 All heads must come
 To the cold tomb;
 Only the actions of the just
 Smell sweet and blossom in the dust.

There was a long cessation of the drama during the Civil War and the Commonwealth.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

In Puttenham's 'Art of English Poesy' (1589), is the following 'ditty of Her Majesty's own making, passing sweet and harmonical':

Verses by Queen Elizabeth.

The doubt of future foes exiles my present joy,
 And wit me warns to shun such snares as threaten mine annoy;
 For falsehood now doth flow, and subject faith doth ebb,
 Which would not be if reason ruled, or wisdom weaved the web.
 But clouds of toys untied do cloak aspiring minds,
 Which turn to rain, of late repent, by course of changed winds.
 The top of hope supposed, the root of ruth will be,
 And fruitless all their grafted guiles, as shortly ye shall see;
 Then dazzled eyes with pride which great ambition blinds,
 Shall be unsealed by worthy wights, whose foresight falsehood finds,
 The daughter of debate, that eke discord doth sow,
 Shall reap no grain where former rule hath taught still peace to grow.
 No foreign banished wight shall anchor in this port;
 Our realm it brooks no stranger's force—let them elsewhere resort.
 Our rusty sword with rest shall first his edge employ,
 To poll their tops that seek such change, and gape for future joy.

The Old and Young Courtier.

An old song made by an aged old pate,
 Of an old worshipful gentleman, who had a great estate
 That kept a brave old house at a bountiful rate,
 And an old porter to relieve the poor at his gate;
 Like an old courtier of the queen's,
 And the queen's old courtier.

With an old lady, whose anger one word assuages ;
They every quarter paid their old servants their wages,
And never knew what belonged to coachmen, footmen nor pages,
But kept twenty old fellows with blue coats and badges ;
Like an old courtier, &c.

With an old study filled with learned old books ;
With an old reverend chaplain—you might know him by his looks ;
With an old buttery hatch worn quite off the hooks ;
And an old kitchen, that maintained half-a-dozen old cooks ;
Like an old courtier, &c.

With an old hall, hung about with pikes, guns, and bows,
With old swords and bucklers, that had borne many shrewd blows ;
And an old frieze coat, to cover his worship's trunk hose ;
And a cup of old sherry, to comfort his copper nose ;
Like an old courtier, &c.

With a good old fashion, when Christmas was come,
To call in all his old neighbours with bagpipe and drum,
With good cheer enough to furnish every old room,
And old liquor enough to make a cat speak, and a man dumb ;
Like an old courtier, &c.

With an old falconer, huntsmen, and a kennel full of hounds,
That never hawked nor hunted but on his own grounds ;
Who, like a wise man, kept himself within his own bounds,
And when he died, gave every child a thousand good pounds ;
Like an old courtier, &c.

But to his eldest son his house and lands he assigned,
Charging him in his will to keep the old bountiful mind,
To be good to his old tenants, and to his neighbours to be kind :
But in the ensuing ditty you shall hear how he was inclined ;
Like a young courtier of the king's,
And the king's young courtier.

Like a flourishing young gallant, newly come to his land,
Who keeps a brace of painted madams at his command,
And takes up a thousand pounds upon his father's land,
And gets drunk in a tavern till he can neither go nor stand ;
Like a young courtier, &c.

With a newfangled lady, that is dainty, nice, and spare,
Who never knew what belonged to good housekeeping or care,
Who buys gaudy-coloured fans to play with wanton air,
And seven or eight different dressings of other women's hair ;
Like a young courtier, &c.

With a new-fashioned hall, built where the old one stood,
Hung round with new pictures that do the poor no good,
With a fine marble chimney, wherein burns neither coal nor wood,
And a new smooth shovel-board, whereon no victuals ne'er stood ;
Like a young courtier, &c.

With a new study, stuffed full of pamphlets and plays ;
And a new chaplain, that swears faster than he prays ;
With a new buttery hatch, that opens once in four or five days ;
And a new French cook, to devise kickshaws and toys ;
Like a young courtier, &c.

With a new fashion, when Christmas is drawing on,
On a new journey to London straight we all must begone,
And leave none to keep house but our new porter John,
Who relieves the poor with a thump on the back with a stone ;
Like a young courtier, &c.

With a new gentleman-usber, whose carriage is complete ;
 With a new coachman, footmen, and pages to carry up the meat ;
 With a waiting-gentlewoman, whose dressing is very neat,
 Who, when her lady has dined, lets the servants not eat ;
 Like a young courtier, &c.

With new titles of honour,* bought with his father's old gold,
 For which sundry of his ancestors' old manors are sold ;
 And this is the course most of our new gallants hold,
 Which makes that good housekeeping is now grown so cold
 Among the young courtiers of the king,
 Or the king's young courtiers.

Time's Alteration.

When this old cap was new,
 'Tis since two hundred year ;
 No malice then we knew,
 But all things plenty were :
 All friendship now decays
 (Believe me, this is true) ;
 Which was not in those days
 When this old cap was new.

The nobles of our land
 Were much delighted then
 To have at their command
 A crew of lusty men,
 Which by their coats were known,
 Of tawny, red, or blue,
 With crests on their sleeves shewn,
 When this old cap was new.

Now pride hath banished all,
 Unto our land's reproach,
 When he whose means is small,
 Maintains both horse and coach :
 Instead of a hundred men,
 The coach allows but two ;
 This was not thought on then,
 When this old cap was new.

Good hospitality
 Was cherished then of many ;
 Now poor men starve and die,
 And are not helped by any :
 For charity waxeth cold,
 And love is found in few ;
 This was not in time of old,
 When this old cap was new.

Where'er you travelled then,
 You might meet on the way
 Brave knights and gentlemen,
 Clad in their country gray ;
 That courteous would appear,
 And kindly welcome you ;
 No Puritans then were,
 When this old cap was new.

Our ladies in those days
 In civil habit went ;
 Broad cloth was then worth praise,
 And gave the best content,
 French fashions then were scorned ;
 Fond fangles then none knew ;
 Then modesty women adorned,
 When this old cap was new.

A man might then behold,
 At Christmas, in each hall,
 Good fires to curb the cold,
 And meat for great and small :
 The neighbours were friendly bidden,
 And all had welcome true ;
 The poor from the gates were not children,
 When this old cap was new.

Black jacks to every man
 Were filled with wine and beer
 No pewter pot nor can
 In those days did appear :
 Good cheer in a nobleman's house
 Was counted a seemly show ;
 We wanted no brawn nor souse,
 When this old cap was new.

We took not such delight
 In cups of silver fine ;
 None under the degree of a knight
 In plate drank beer or wine :
 Now each mechanical man
 Hath a cupboard of plate for a show ;
 Which was a rare thing then,
 When this old cap was new.

Then bribery was unborn,
 No simony men did use,
 Christians did usury scorn,
 Devised among the Jews.
 The lawyers to be feed
 At that time hardly knew ;
 For man with man agreed,
 When this old cap was new.

* This is supposed to refer to the creation of baronets by King James in 1611.

No captain then caroused,
Nor spent poor soldier's pay ;
They were not so abused
As they are at this day :
Of seven days they make eight,
To keep from them their due ;
Poor soldiers had their right,
When this old cap was new :

Which made them forward still
To go, although not prest ;
And going with good-will,
Their fortunes were the best.

Our English then in fight
Did foreign foes subdue,
And forced them all to flight,
When this old cap was new.

God save our gracious king,
And send him long to live :
Lord, mischief on them bring
That will not their aims give,
But seek to rob the poor
Of that which is their due :
This was not in time of yore,
When this old cap was new.

There is a Garden in her Face.—From 'An Hour's Recreation in Music,' by Rich. Alison (1806).

There is a garden in her face,
Where roses and white lilies grow ;
A heavenly paradise is that place,
Wherein all pleasant fruits do grow ;
There cherries grow that none may buy,
Till cherry-ripe themselves do cry.

Those cherries fairly do inclose
Of orient pearl a double row,
Which when her lovely laughter shews,
They look like rose-buds filled with snow ;
Yet them no peer nor prince may buy,
Till cherry-ripe themselves do cry.

Her eyes like angels watch them still ;
Her brows like bended bows do stand,
Threatening with piercing frowns to kill
All that approach with eye or hand
These sacred cherries to come nigh,
Till cherry-ripe themselves do cry.

PROSE LITERATURE.

The prose writers of this age rank high in philosophy and solid learning, forming a noble background to the brilliant file of poets. The name of Bacon alone would render it illustrious in the world's history ; but we have also the massive intellect and eloquence of Hooker and Raleigh—the graceful romance of Sir Philip Sidney—the quaint erudition and fancy of Burton—the first valuable fruits of foreign travel and geographical discovery—and the researches of a host of annalists and antiquaries, the careful transmitters of national and legendary lore. Never was the popular mind more pregnant or fertile, though as yet the lighter graces of ease and elegance had not crowned our prose literature.

JOHN FOX.

JOHN FOX, a distinguished English divine and historian, was born at Boston in 1517. He studied at Oxford, where he applied himself with extreme industry and ardour to the study of divinity, and in particular to the investigation of those controverted points which were then engaging so much of the public attention. He became a convert to Protestantism, and, in 1545, was in consequence expelled from his college. After this, being deserted by his friends, he was reduced to great poverty, till a Warwickshire knight engaged him as tutor to his family. Towards the end of the reign of Henry VIII. he went to London, where he might have perished for want, had not relief been administered to him by some unknown person, who seems to have been struck with his wretched appearance when sitting in St Paul's Cathedral. Soon after, he was fortunate enough to obtain employment as tutor in the Duchess of Richmond's family at Reigate, in Surrey, where he continued till the persecutions of Mary's reign made him flee for safety to the continent. Proceeding through Antwerp and Strasburg to Basel, he there supported himself by correcting the press for Oporinus, a celebrated printer. At the accession of Queen Elizabeth, he returned to England, and was kindly received and provided for by the Duke of Norfolk, who had been his pupil at Reigate. Through other powerful friends, he might now have obtained considerable preferment; but entertaining conscientious scruples as to the articles which it was necessary to subscribe, and disapproving of some of the ceremonies of the church, he declined the offers made to him, except that of a prebend in the church of Salisbury, which he accepted with some reluctance. He died in 1587. Fox was the author of a number of Latin treatises, chiefly on theological subjects; but the work on which his fame rests is his *History of the Acts and Monuments of the Church*, popularly denominated *Fox's Book of Martyrs*. This celebrated production, on which the author laboured for eleven years, was published in 1563, under the title of '*Acts and Monuments of these Latter Perillous Days, touching Matters of the Church, wherein are comprehended and described the Great Persecutions and Horrible Troubles that have been wrought and practised by the Romish Prelates, specially in this Realm of England and Scotland, from the Year of our Lord a Thousand, unto the Time now present*,' &c. It was received with great favour by the Protestants, but was bitterly assailed by the Roman Catholics, and charged with gross misstatements. That the author has frequently erred, and, like other controversial writers of the time, sometimes lost his temper, and sullied his pages with coarse language, cannot be denied; he was also extremely credulous; but that he wilfully or malignantly misrepresented facts, no one has been able to prove. As to what he derived from written documents,

Bishop Burnet bears strong testimony in his favour, by declaring that, 'having compared those Acts and Monuments with the records, he had never been able to discover any errors or prevarications in them, but the utmost fidelity and exactness.'

The Death of Queen Anne Boleyn.

In certain records thus we find, that the king, being in his justs at Greenwich, suddenly, with a few persons, departed to Westminster; and the next day after, Queen Anne, his wife, was had to the Tower, with the Lord Rochford, her brother, and certain other, and the nineteenth day after, was beheaded. The words of this worthy and Christian lady, at her death, were these: 'Good Christian people, I am come hither to die; for, according to the law, and by the law, I am judged to death, and therefore I will speak nothing against it. I am come hither to accuse no man, nor to speak anything of that whereof I am accused, and condemned to die; but I pray God save the king, and send him long to reign over you, for a gentler or a more merciful prince was there never; and to me he was a very good, a gentle, and a sovereign lord. And if any person will meddle of my cause, I require them to judge the best. And thus I take my leave of the world, and of you all; and I heartily desire you all to pray for me. The Lord have mercy on me; to God I recommend my soul.' And so she kneeled down, saying: 'To Christ I commend my soul; Jesus, receive my soul,' repeating the same divers times, till at length the stroke was given, and her head was stricken off.

And this was the end of that godly lady and queen. Godly I call her, for sundry respects, whatsoever the cause was, or quarrel objected against her. First, her last words, spoken at her death, declared no less her sincere faith and trust in Christ than did her quiet modesty utter forth the goodness of the cause and matter, whatsoever it was. Besides that, to such as wisely can judge upon cases occurrent, this also may seem to give a great clearing unto her, that the king, the third day after, was married in his whites unto another. Certain this was, that for the rare and singular gifts of her mind, so well instructed, and given toward God, with such a fervent desire unto the truth, and setting forth of sincere religion, joined with like gentleness, modesty, and pity toward all men, there have not many such queens before her borne the crown of England. Principally, this one commendation she left behind her, that, during her life, the religion of Christ most happily flourished, and had a right prosperous course.

Many things might be written more of the manifold virtues, and the quiet moderation of her mild nature; how lowly she would bear, not only to be admonished, but also of her own accord would require her chaplains plainly and freely to tell whatsoever they saw in her amiss. Also, how bountiful she was to the poor, passing not only the poor example of other queens, but also the revenues almost of her estate: inasmuch that the alms which she gave in three quarters of a year, in distribution, is summed to the number of fourteen or fifteen thousand pounds; besides the great piece of money which Her Grace intended to impart into four sundry quarters of the realm, as for a stock, there to be employed to the behoof of poor artificers and occupiers. Again, what a zealous defender she was of Christ's gospel all the world doth know, and her acts do and will declare to the world's end. Amongst which other her acts, this is one, that she placed Master Hugh Latimer in the bishopric of Worcester, and also preferred Dr. Sharton to his bishopric, being then accounted a good man. Furthermore, what a true faith she bore unto the Lord, this one example may stand for many: for that, when King Henry was with her at Woodstock, and there being afraid of an old blind prophecy, for the which neither he nor other kings before him durst hunt in the said park of Woodstock, nor enter into the town of Oxford, at last, through the Christian and faithful counsel of that queen, he was so armed against all infidelity, that both he hunted in the foresaid park, and also entered into the town of Oxford, and had no harm. But because touching the memorable virtues of this worthy queen, partly we have said something before, partly because more also is promised to be declared of her virtuous life (the Lord so permitting), by other who then were about her, I will cease in this matter further to proceed.

A Notable History of William Hunter, a Young Man of 19 years, pursued to Death by Justice Brown, for the Gospel's Sake, worthy of all Young Men and Parents to be read.

In the first year of Queen Mary, William Hunter, apprentice to a silk-weaver in London, was discharged from his master's employment, in consequence of his refusing to attend mass. Having returned to the house of his father at Bruntwood, he attracted the attention of the spiritual authorities by his reading a copy of the Scriptures. He was finally condemned to die for heresy.

In the meantime, William's father and mother came to him, and desired heartily of God that he might continue to the end in that good way which he had begun; and his mother said to him that she was glad that ever she was so happy to bear such a child, which could find in his heart to lose his life for Christ's name sake.

Then William said to his mother: 'For my little pain which I shall suffer, which is but a short braid, Christ hath promised me, mother,' said he, 'a crown of joy: may you not be glad of that, mother?' With that, his mother kneeled down on her knees, saying: 'I pray God strengthen thee, my son, to the end: yea, I think thee as well bestowed as any child that ever I bare.'

At the which words, Master Higbed took her in his arms, saying: 'I rejoyce' (and so said the others) 'to see you in this mind, and you have a good cause to rejoyce.' And his father and mother both said that they were never of other mind, but prayed for him, that as he had begun to confess Christ before men, he likewise might so continue to the end. William's father said: 'I was afraid of nothing, but that my son should have been killed in the prison for hunger and cold, the bishop was so hard to him.' But William confessed, after a month that his father was charged with his board, that he lacked nothing, but had meat and clothing enough, yea, even out of the court, both money, meat, clothes, wood, and coals, and all things necessary.

Thus they continued in their inn, being the Swan in Bruntwood, in a parlour, whither resorted many people of the country, to see those good men which were there; and many of William's acquaintance came to him, and reasoned with him, and he with them, exhorting them to come away from the abomination of popish superstition and idolatry.

Thus passing away Saturday, Sunday, and Monday, on Monday, at night, it happened that William had a dream about two of the clock in the morning, which was this: how that he was at the place where the stake was pight, where he should be burned, which (as he thought in his dream) was at the town's end where the butts (1) stood, which was so indeed; and also he dreamed that he met with his father, as he went to the stake, and also that there was a priest at the stake, which went about to have him recant. To whom he said (as he thought in his dream) how that he bade him away false prophet, and how that he exhorted the people to beware of him and such as he was; which things came to pass indeed. It happened that William made a noise to himself in his dream, which caused M. Higbed and the others to wake him out of his sleep, to know what he lacked. When he awaked, he told them his dream in order as is said.

Now, when it was day, the sheriff, M. Brocket, called on to set forward to the burning of William Hunter. Then came the sheriff's son to William Hunter, and embraced him in his right arm, saying: 'William, be not afraid of these men, which are here present with bows, bills, and weapons, ready prepared to bring you to the place where you shall be burned.' To whom William answered: 'I thank God I am not afraid; for I have cast my count what it will cost me, already.' Then the sheriff's son could speak no more to him for weeping.

Then William Hunter plucked up his gown, and stepped over the parlour ground, and went forward cheerfully, the sheriff's servant taking him by one arm, and his brother by another; and thus going in the way, he met with his father, according to his dream, and he spake to his son, weeping, and saying: 'God be with thee, son William;' and William said: 'God be with you, good father, and be of good comfort, for I hope we shall meet again, when we shall be merry.' His father said: 'I hope so, William,' and so departed. So William went to the place where the stake stood, even according to his dream, whereas all things were very unready. Then

William took a wet broom fagot, and kneeled down thereon, and read the 51st psalm, till he came to these words: 'The sacrifice of God is a contrite spirit; a contrite and a broken heart, O God, thou wilt not despise.'

Then said Master Tyrell of the Bratches, called William Tyrell: 'Thou heest,' said he; 'thou redest false, for the words are, "an humble spirit." But William said: 'The translation saith "a contrite heart." 'Yea,' quoth Mr. Tyrell, 'the translation is false; ye translate books as ye list yourselves, like heretics.' 'Well,' quoth William, 'there is no great difference in those words.' Then said the sheriff: 'Here is a letter from the queen; if thou wilt recant, thou shalt live; if not, thou shalt be burned.' 'No,' quoth William, 'I will not recant, God willing.' Then William rose, and went to the stake, and stood upright to it. Then came one Richard P'ond, a bailiff, and made fast the chain about William.

Then said Master Brown: 'Here is not wood enough to burn a leg of him.' Then said William: 'Good people, pray for me; and make speed, and despatch quickly; and pray for me while ye see me alive, good people, and I will pray for you likewise.' 'How!' quoth Master Brown, 'pray for thee? I will pray no more for thee than I will pray for a dog.' To whom William answered: 'Master Brown, now you have that which you sought for, and I pray God it be not laid to your charge in the last day; howbeit, I forgive you.' Then said Master Brown: 'I ask no forgiveness of thee.' 'Well,' said William, 'if God forgive you not, I shall require my blood at your hands.'

Then said William: 'Son of God, shine upon me!' and immediately the sun in the element shone out of a dark cloud so full in his face that he was constrained to look another way; whereat the people mused, because it was so dark a little time afore. Then William took up a fagot of broom, and embraced it in his arms.

Then this priest which William dreamed of came to his brother Robert with a popish book to carry to William, that he might recant; which book his brother would not meddle withal. Then William, seeing the priest, and perceiving how he would have shewed him the book, said: 'Away, thou false prophet! Beware of them, good people, and come away from their abominations, lest that you be partakers of their plagues.' Then quoth the priest: 'Look how thou burnest here; so shalt thou burn in hell.' William answered: 'Thou liest, thou false prophet! Away, thou false prophet! away!'

Then there was a gentleman which said: 'I pray God have mercy upon his soul.' The people said: 'Amen, Amen.'

Immediately fire was made. Then William cast his psalter right into his brother's hand, who said: 'William, think on the holy passion of Christ, and be not afraid of death.' And William answered: 'I am not afraid.' Then lift he up his hands to heaven, and said: 'Lord, Lord, receive my spirit!' And casting down his head again into the smothering smoke, he yielded up his life for the truth, sealing it with his blood to the praise of God.

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY.

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY was born in 1554, at Penshurst, in Kent; and during his studies at Shrewsbury and Oxford, displayed remarkable acuteness of intellect and desire for knowledge. After spending three years on the continent, he returned to England in 1575, and was introduced to the court by his uncle, the Earl of Leicester. At the famous reception given by Leicester to the queen at Kenilworth, in the summer of that year, Sidney was present. In the year 1580, in consequence of a quarrel with the Earl of Oxford, he retired from the court to the seat of his brother-in-law, the Earl of Pembroke, at Wilton, and there composed a pastoral romance, to which, as it was written chiefly for his sister's amusement, he gave the title of 'The Countess of Pembroke's Arcadia.' This production was never finished, and, not having been intended for the press, appeared only in 1590, four years after the author's death. A more complete

edition, differently arranged, was published in 1598. His next work was a tract, entitled 'An Apologie for Poetrie,' first published in 1595, and afterwards reprinted with the title of 'The Defence of Poesie.' In this short treatise Sidney repelled the objections brought by the Puritans of his age against the poets, whom they called 'caterpillars of the commonwealth!' This production, though written with the partiality of a poet, has been deservedly admired for the beauty of its style and general soundness of its reasoning. In 1584, the character of his uncle, the celebrated Earl of Leicester, having been attacked in a publication called 'Leicester's Commonwealth,' Sidney wrote a reply, in which, although the heaviest accusations were passed over in silence, he did not scruple to address his opponent in such terms as the following: 'But to thee I say, thou therein liest in thy throat, which I will be ready to justify upon thee in any place of Europe, where thou wilt assign me a free place of coming, as within three months after the publishing hereof I may understand thy mind.' This performance seems to have proved unsatisfactory to Leicester and his friends, as it was not printed till near the middle of the eighteenth century. In 1583 he was knighted by Queen Elizabeth. Desirous of active employment, Sidney next contemplated an expedition, with Sir Francis Drake, against the Spanish settlements in America; but this intention was frustrated by a peremptory mandate from the queen. In 1585, it is said, he was named one of the candidates for the crown of Poland, at that time vacant; on which occasion Elizabeth again threw obstacles in the way, being afraid 'to lose the jewel of her times.' He was not, however, long permitted to remain unemployed; for, in the same year, Elizabeth having determined to send military assistance to the Protestant inhabitants of the Netherlands, then suffering under the oppressive measures of the Spaniards, he was appointed governor of Flushing, one of the towns ceded to the English in return for this aid. Soon afterwards, the Earl of Leicester, with an army of 6000 men, went over to the Netherlands, where he was joined by Sir Philip as general of the horse. The conduct of the earl in this war was highly imprudent, and such as to call forth repeated expressions of dissatisfaction from his nephew Philip. The military exploits of the latter were highly honourable to him; in particular, he succeeded in taking the town of Axel in 1586. His career, however, was destined to be short; for having, in September of the same year, accidentally encountered a detachment of the Spanish army at Zutphen, he received a wound, which in a few weeks proved mortal. As he was carried from the field, a well-known incident occurred, by which the generosity of his nature was strongly displayed. Being overcome with thirst from excessive bleeding and fatigue, he called for water, which was accordingly brought to him. At the moment he was lifting it to his mouth, a poor soldier was carried by desperately wounded, who fixed his eyes eagerly on the cup. Sidney, observing this, instantly de-

livered the beverage to him, saying: 'Thy necessity is yet greater than mine.' His death, which took place on the 19th of October, 1586, at the early age of thirty-two, was deeply and extensively lamented, both at home and abroad. His bravery and chivalrous magnanimity—his grace and polish of manner—the purity of his morals—his learning and refinement of taste—had procured for him love and esteem wherever he was known. By the direction of Elizabeth, his remains were conveyed to London, and honoured with a public funeral in the cathedral of St. Paul's.

Of the poetry of Sir Philip Sidney, we have spoken in a former page. It is almost exclusively as a prose writer that he deserves honourable mention in a history of English literature; and in judging of his merits, we ought to bear in mind the early age at which he was cut off. His romance of 'Arcadia' was so universally read and admired in the reigns of Elizabeth and her successor, that in 1633 it had reached an eighth edition. Subsequently, however, it fell into comparative neglect, which, during the last century, the contemptuous terms in which it was spoken of by Horace Walpole contributed not a little to perpetuate. By Walpole the work is characterised as 'a tedious, lamentable, pedantic, pastoral romance, which the patience of a young virgin in love cannot now wade through.' And the judgment more recently pronounced by Dr. Drake and Hazlitt is almost equally unfavourable. On the other hand, Sidney has found a fervent admirer in another modern writer, who highly extols the 'Arcadia' in the second volume of the 'Retrospective Review.' A middle course is steered by Dr. Zouch, who, in his Memoirs of Sidney, published in 1808, while he admits that changes in taste, manners, and opinions, have rendered the 'Arcadia' unsuitable to modern readers, maintains that 'there are passages in this work exquisitely beautiful—useful observations on life and manners—a variety and accurate discrimination of characters—fine sentiments expressed in strong and adequate terms—animated descriptions, equal to any that occur in the ancient or modern poets—sage lessons of morality, and judicious reflections on government and policy.' This does more than justice to the 'Arcadia,' and its former high reputation is, doubtless, in a great degree attributable to the personal popularity of its author, and to the scarcity of works of prose fiction in the days of Elizabeth. But to whatever cause the admiration with which it was received may be ascribed, there can hardly be a question, that a work so extensively perused must have contributed not a little to fix the English tongue, and to form that vigorous and imaginative style which characterises the literature of the beginning and middle of the seventeenth century. Notwithstanding the occasional over-inflation and pedantry of his style, Sidney was, what Cowper felicitously calls him, a 'warbler of poetic prose.'

In his personal character, Sidney, like most men of high sensibility and poetic feeling, shewed a tendency to melancholy and solitude.

His chief fault seems to have been impetuosity of temper, an illustration of which has already been given from his reply to 'Leicester's Commonwealth.' The same trait appears in the following letter—containing what proved to be a groundless accusation—which he wrote in 1578 to the secretary of his father, then Lord-deputy of Ireland :

'MR. MOLYNEUX—Few words are best. My letters to my father have come to the eyes of some. Neither can I condemn any but you for it. If it be so, you have played the very knave with me; and so I will make you know, if I have good proof of it. But that for so much as is past. For that is to come, I assure you before God, that if ever I know you do so much as read any letter I write to my father, without his commandment, or my consent, I will thrust my dagger into you. And trust to it, for I speak it in earnest. In the meantime, farewell.'

Of this 'jewel of Queen Elizabeth's reign,' a relic was exhibited before the Wilts Archæological Society at Salisbury in September 1854. Between the leaves of a copy of the 'Arcadia,'—unopened perhaps for a century and a half—in the library at Wilton House, were found wrapped up a lock of Queen Elizabeth's hair, and some complimentary lines addressed by Sidney when very young—if we may rely on the date given—to the Maiden Queen. The hair was soft and bright, of a light-brown colour, inclining to red, and on the paper inclosing it was written : 'This lock of Queen Elizabeth's own hair was presented to Sir Philip Sidney by her Majesty's owne faire hands, on which he made these verses, and gave them to the queen on his bended knee Anno Domini 1573.' And pinned to this was another paper, on which, written in a different hand—said to be Sidney's own—were the verses :

Her inward worth all outward show transcends,
Envy her merits with regret commends;
Like sparkling gems her virtues draw the sight,
And in her conduct she is alwaies bright.
When she imparts her thoughts, her words have force,
And sense and wisdom flow in sweet discourse.

Of the following extracts, three are from Sidney's 'Arcadia,' and the fourth from his 'Defence of Poesie' :

A Tempest.

There arose even with the sun a veil of dark clouds before his face, which shortly, like ink poured into water, had blacked over all the face of heaven, preparing, as it were, a mournful stage for a tragedy to be played on. For, forthwith the winds began to speak louder, and, as in a tumultuous kingdom, to think themselves fittest instruments of commandment; and blowing whole storms of hail and rain upon them, they were sooner in danger than they could almost bethink themselves of change. For then the traitorous sea began to swell in pride against the afflicted navy, under which, while the heaven favoured them, it had lain so calmly; making mountains of itself, over which the tossed and tottering ship should climb, to be straight carried down again to a pit of hellish darkness, with such cruel blows against the sides of the ship, that, which way soever it went, was still in his malice, that there was left neither power to stay nor way to escape. And shortly had it so discovered the loving company, which the day before had tarried together, that most of them never met again, but were swallowed up in his never-satisfied mouth.

Description of Arcadia.

There were hills which garnished their proud heights with stately trees; humble valleys, whose base estate seemed comforted with the refreshing of silver rivers; meadows, enamelled with all sorts of eye-pleasing flowers; thickets, which being lined with most pleasant shade, were witnessed so too, by the cheerful disposition of many well-tuned birds; each pasture stored with sheep, feeding with sober security; while the pretty lambs, with bleating oratory, craved the dam's comfort; here a shepherd's boy piping, as though he should never be old; there a young shepherdless knitting, and withal singing; and it seemed that her voice comforted her hands to work, and her hands kept time to her voice-music.

A Stag Hunt.

Then went they together abroad, the good Kalandar entertaining them with pleasant discoursing—how well he loved the sport of hunting when he was a young man, how much in the comparison thereof he disdained all chamber delights, that the sun (how great a journey soever he had to make) could never prevent him with carelessness, nor the moon, with her sober countenance, dissuade him from watching till midnight for the deer's feeding. O, said he, you will never live to my age, without you keep yourselves in breath with exercise, and in heart with joyfulness; too much thinking doth consume the spirit; and oft it falls out, that, while one thinks too much of his doing, he leaves to do the effect of his thinking. Then spared he not to remember, how much Arcadia was changed since his youth; activity and good fellowship being nothing in the price it was then held in; but, according to the nature of the old-growing world, still worse and worse. Then would he tell them stories of such gallants as he had known; and so, with pleasant company, beguiled the time's haste, and shortened the way's length, till they came to the side of the wood, where the hounds were in couples, staying their coming, but with a whining accent craving liberty; many of them in colour and marks so resembling, that it shewed they were of one kind. The huntsmen handsomely attired in their green liveries, as though they were children of summer, with staves in their hands to beat the guileless earth, when the hounds were at a fault; and with horns about their necks, to sound an alarm upon a silly fugitive: the hounds were straight uncoupled, and ere long the stag thought it better to trust to the nimbleness of his feet than to the slender fortification of his lodging; but even his feet betrayed him; for, howsoever they went, they themselves uttered themselves to the scent of their enemies, who one taking it of another, and sometimes believing the wind's advertisement, sometimes the view of their faithful counsellors the huntsmen, with open mouths, then denounced war, when the war was already begun. Their cry being composed of so well-sorted months, that any man would perceive therein some kind of proportion, but the skilful woodmen did find a music. Then delight and variety of opinion drew the horsemen sundry ways, yet cheering their hounds with voice and horn, kept still as it were together. The wood seemed to conspire with them against his own citizens, dispersing their noise through all his quarters; and even the nymph Echo left to bewail the loss of Narcissus, and became a hunter. But the stag was in the end so hotly pursued, that, leaving his flight, he was driven to make courage of despair; and so turning his head, made the hounds, with change of speech, to testify that he was at a bay: as if from hot pursuit of their enemy, they were suddenly come to a parley.

Praise of Poetry.

The philosopher sheweth you the way, he informeth you of the particularities, as well of the tediousness of the way, as of the pleasant lodging you shall have when your journey is ended, as of the many by-turnings that may divert you from your way; but this is to no man, but to him that will read him, and read him with attentive studious painfulness; which constant desire whosoever hath in him, hath already passed half the hardness of the way, and therefore is behelden to the philosopher but for the other half. Nay, truly, learned men have learnedly thought, that where once reason hath so much overmastered passion, as that the mind hath a free desire to do well, the inward light each man hath in itself is as good as a philosopher's

book; since in nature we know it is well to do well, and what is well and what is evil, although not in the words of art which philosophers bestow upon us; for out of natural conceit the philosophers drew it. But to be moved to do that which we know, or to be moved with desire to know, *hoc opus hic labor est*, ['this is the grand difficulty'].

Now, therein, of all sciences—I speak still of human, and according to the human conceit—is our poet the monarch. For he doth not only shew the way, but giveth so sweet a prospect into the way, as will entice any man to enter into it. Nay, he doth, as if your journey should lie through a fair vineyard, at the very first, give you a cluster of grapes; that, full of that taste, you may long to pass further. He beginneth not with obscure definitions; which must blur the margin with interpretations, and load the memory with doubtfulness; but he cometh to you with words set in delightful proportion, either accompanied with, or prepared for, the well-enchanted skill of music; and with a tale, forsooth, he cometh unto you, with a tale which holdeth children from play, and old men from the chimney-corner; and pretending no more, doth intend the winning of the mind from wickedness to virtue; even as the child is often brought to take most wholesome things, by hiding them in such other as have a pleasant taste; which, if one should begin to tell them the nature of the aloes or rhubarbarum they should receive, would sooner take their physic at their ears than their mouth. So is it in men—most of whom are childish in the best things, till they be cradled in their graves. Glad they will be to hear the tales of Hercules, Achilles, Cyrus, Æneas; and hearing them, must needs hear the right description of wisdom, valour, and justice; which, if they had been barely—that is to say, philosophically—set out, they would swear they be brought to school again.

LORD BURLEIGH.

Another of the favourites of Queen Elizabeth was WILLIAM CECIL, LORD BURLEIGH, who, for forty years, ably and faithfully served her in the capacity of secretary of state. He died in 1598, at the age of seventy-eight. As a minister, this celebrated individual was distinguished for wariness, application, sagacity, calmness, and a degree of closeness which sometimes degenerated into hypocrisy. Most of these qualities characterised also what is, properly speaking, his sole literary production; namely, 'Precepts or Directions for the Well Ordering and Carriage of a Man's Life' These precepts were addressed to his son, Robert Cecil, afterwards Earl of Salisbury.

Choice of a Wife.

When it shall please God to bring thee to man's estate, use great providence and circumspection in choosing thy wife. For from thence will spring all thy future good or evil. And it is an action of life like unto a stratagem of war, wherein a man can err but once. If thy estate be good, match near home and at leisure; if weak, far off and quickly. Inquire diligently of her disposition, and how her parents have been inclined in their youth. Let her not be poor, how generous soever. For a man can buy nothing in the market with gentility. Nor choose a base and uncomely creature altogether for wealth; for it will cause contempt in others, and loathing in thee. Neither make choice of a dwarf or a fool; for, by the one thou shalt beget a race of pigmies; the other will be thy continual disgrace, and it will *yirke* thee to hear her talk. For thou shalt find it, to thy great grief, that there is nothing more fulsome than a sho-fool.

Domestic Economy.

And touching the guiding of thy house, let thy hospitality be moderate, and, according to the means of thy estate, rather plentiful than sparing, but not costly. For I never knew any man grow poor by keeping an orderly table. But some consume themselves through secret vices, and their hospitality bears the blame. But

banish swinish drunkards out of thine house, which is a vice impairing health, consuming much, and makes no show. I never heard praise ascribed to the drunkard, out for the well-bearing of his drink; which is a better commendation for a brewer's horse or a drayman, than for either a gentleman or a serving-man. Beware thou spend not above three of four parts of thy revenues; nor above a third part of that in thy house. For the other two parts will do no more than defray thy extraordinaries, which always surmount the ordinary by much; otherwise thou shalt live like a rich beggar, in continual want. And the needy man can never live happily nor contentedly. For every disaster makes him ready to mortgage or sell. And that gentleman who sells an acre of land, sells an ounce of credit. For gentility is nothing else but ancient riches. So that if the foundation shall at any time sink, the building must needs follow.

EARL OF ESSEX.

ROBERT DEVEREUX, the gallant and unfortunate Earl of Essex (1567-1601), acquired his fame chiefly as a military commander; but he was a patron of men of letters, and an occasional writer, both in prose and verse. According to Ben Jonson, Essex sent twenty pieces to Spenser on his arrival in London, after his disastrous retreat from Ireland, which the poet refused, saying, 'he was sorry he had no time to spend them.' On the same authority we learn that the preface ('A. B. to the reader') to Sir Henry Savile's 'Tacitus,' 1604, was written by Essex.

On the History of Rome.

There is no treasure so much enriches the mind of man as learning; there is no learning so proper for the direction of the life of man as history; there is no history (I speak only of profane) so well worth the reading as Tacitus. For learning, Nature acknowledgeth a reason, by leaving industry to finish her unperfect work, for without learning, the conceit is like a fruitful soil without tilling the memory like a story-house without wares, the will like a ship without a rudder. For history, since we are earlier taught by example than by precept, what study can profit us so much, as that which gives patterns either to follow or to fly, of the best and worst men of estates, countries, and times that ever were? For Tacitus, I may say, without partiality, that he hath written the most matter with best conceit in fewest words of any historiographer, ancient or modern. But he is hard. *Difficilia quæ pulchra*: the second reading over will please thee more than the first, and the third than the second. And if thy stomach be so tender as thou canst not digest Tacitus in his own style, thou art beholding to Savile, who gives thee the same food, but with a pleasant and easy taste. In these four books of the story, thou shalt see all the miseries of a torn and declining state; the empire usurped; the princes murdered; the people wavering; the soldiers tumultuous; nothing unlawful to him that hath power, and nothing so unsafe as to be securely innocent. In Galba thou mayest learn, that a good prince, governed by evil ministers, is as dangerous as if he were evil himself. By Otho, that the fortune of a rash man is *torrentis similia*, which rises at an instant and falls in a moment. By Vitellius, that he that hath no virtue can never be happy; for by his own baseness he will lose all, which either fortune or other men's labours have cast upon him. By Vespasian, that in civil tumults an advised patience, and opportunity well taken, are the only weapons of advantage. In them all, and in the state of Rome under them, thou mayest see the calamities that follow civil wars, where laws lie asleep, and all things are judged by the sword. If thou mislike their wars, be thankful for thine own peace; if thou dost abhor their tyrannies, love and reverence thine own wise, just, and excellent prince. If thou dost detest their anarchy, acknowledge our own happy government, and thank God for her, under whom England enjoys as many benefits as ever Rome did suffer miseries under the greatest tyrant.

A Passion of my Lord of Essex.

Said to have been inclosed in a letter to the queen from Ireland in 1599.

Happy were he could finish forth his fate
 In some unhaunted desert, most obscure
 From all societies, from love and hate
 Of worldly folk; then might he sleep secure;
 Then wake again, and ever give God praise,
 Content with hips and haws and bramble-berry;
 In contemplation spending all his days,
 And change of holy thoughts to make him merry;
 Where, when he dies, his tomb may be a bush,
 Where harmless Robin dwells with gentle thrush.

QUEEN ELIZABETH.

A specimen of the actual composition, style, and orthography of QUEEN ELIZABETH (1533-1603) may be here given from the 'Letters of Queen Elizabeth and King James VI. of Scotland,' printed for the Camden Society, 1849. The following was written in August 1588, after the defeat of the Armada. 'This noble letter,' says Mr. John Bruce, editor of the volume referred to, 'written by Elizabeth in the very culminating moment of her "greatest glory," is full of that energy which more or less pervades everything that fell from her pen. The persons whom she pretends to believe James cannot have left at liberty were, of course, Huntly and the other Catholic earls, who were continually intriguing with Spain, through the Jesuits. Her ambassador, whom she so highly praises, was Sir Robert Sidney.'

Now may appeare, my deare brother, how malice conioined with might, strivest to make a shameful end to a vilanous beginning; for, by Gods singular favor, having ther flete wel beanten in our narow seas, and pressing, with all violence, to atcheue some watering-place, to continue ther pretended invasion, the winds have carried them to your costes, wher I dout not the shal receaue smal succor and les welcome, vnles thos lords that, so traitors like, wold belie ther own prince, and promise another king reliefe in your name, be suffred to live at libertye, to dishonor you; peril you, and aduance some other (wiche God forbid you suffer them live to do). Therfor, I send you this gentleman—a rare younge man, and a wise—to declare unto yow my ful opinion in this greate cause, as one that neuer wyl abuse you to serue my own turn; nor wyl you do aught that myselfe wold not perforce, if I wer in your place. You may assure yourselfe that, for my part, I dout no whit but that all this tirannical, prowd, and brainsick attempt wil be the beginning, though not the end, of the ruine of that king that most unkingly, euen in midz of treating peace, begins this wrongfull war. He hath procured my greatest glory that ment my sorest wrack, and hath so dimmed the light of his sonshine, that who hathe a wyl to obtaine shame let them kipe his forses companye. But for al this, for yourselfe sake, let not the frends of Spain be suffred to yelde them forse; for though I feare not in the end the sequelle, yet if, by leaving them unhelped, you may increase the English harts unto you, you shal not do the worst dede for your behalfe; for if aught should be done, your excuse wyl play the *boiteux*, if you make not sure worke with the likly men to do hit. Looke wel unto hit, I beseehe you.

The necessity of this mattir makes my skribbling the more spidy, hoping that you wyl mesure my good affection with the right balance of my actions, wiche to you shaibe euer such as I haue professed, not douting of the reciproque of your behalfe, according as my last messenger unto you hathe at large signefied, for the wiche I render you a milion of grateful thankes together, for the last general prohibition to your subjects not to foster nor ayde our general foe, of wiche I dout not the obser-

nation, if the ring-leaders be safe in your hands; as knoweth God, who ever have you in his blessed kiping, with many happy yeres of raigne. Your most assured loving sister and cousin,
ELIZABETH R.

To my verey good brother, the king of Scottis.

In a subsequent letter (September 11, 1592), Elizabeth urges James to punish those who disturb him with their reiterated traitorous attempts. The bold, imperious, masculine spirit of the queen is seen in the following passage (spelling modernised):

Must a king be prescribed what councillors he shall take, as if you were their ward? Shall you be obliged to tie or undo what they list make or revoke? O Lord, what strange dreams bear I, that would God they were so, for then at my waking I should find them fables. If you mean, therefore, to reign, I exhort you to shew you worthy the place, which never can be surely settled without a steady course held to make you loved and feared. I assure myself many have escaped your hands more for dread of your remissness than for love of the escaped, so oft they see you cherishing some men for open crimes; and so they mistrust more their revenge than your assurance. My affection for you best lies on this, my plainness, whose patience is too much moved with these like everlasting faults.

And since it so likes you to demand my counsel, I find so many ways your state so unjoined, that it needs a skilfuller bone-setter than I to join each part in his right place. But, to fulfill your will, take in short, these few words: For all whose you know assaillers of your court, the shameful attempters of your sacred decree, if ever you pardon, I will never be the sutor. Who to peril a king were inventors or actors, they should crack a halter, if I were king. Such is my charity. Who, under pretence of bettering your estate, endangers the king, or needs will be his schoolmasters, if I might appoint their university, they should be assigned to learn first to obey; so should they better teach you next. I am not so unskilful of a kingly rule that I would wink at no fault, yet would be open-eyed at public indignity. Neither should all have the whip, though some were scourged. But if, like a toy, of a king's life so oft endangered nought shall follow but a scorn, what sequel I may doubt of such contempt I dread to think, and dare not name. The rest I bequeath to the trust of your faithful servant, and pray the Almighty God to inspire you in time, afore too late, to cut their combs whose crest may danger you. I am void of malice; God is judge; I know them not.

JOHN LYLY—STEPHEN GOSSON.

Though highly prized as a dramatist, Lyly was even more celebrated in his own day for his romance—'Euphues, the Anatomy of Wit,' 1579; and 'Euphues and his England,' 1580. In the first part, the author places his hero, a young Athenian, in Naples; and in the second part, brings him to England, 'his voyage and adventures being mixed with sundry pretty discourses of honest love, the description of the country, the court, and the manners of that isle.' The romance went through five editions in six years, and became a sort of text-book for court ladies and people of fashion, who were fascinated by its curious ornate style, comparisons, and conceits, and, it is said, got many of its peculiar phrases by heart. Ben Jonson ridiculed this Euphuism; and Sir Walter Scott not only condemned it in his 'Life of Dryden,' but in his novel of the 'Monastery' depicted what he conceived to be a follower of the new style, in his character of Sir Percie Shafton, whose conversation is a tissue of forced conceits, antitheses, and affectation. Scott exaggerated Lyly's defects. There is a vein of good moral feeling and fancy in 'Euphues.' The style is neat, and happy in expression; but

often, from excess of ornament and antithesis, it becomes tedious. Greene and Lodge wrote tales in the style of Lyly, intended as continuations of 'Euphues,' but both are much inferior to the original.

How the Life of a Young Man should be Led.—From 'Euphues, the Anatomy of Wit.'

There are three things which cause perfection in a man—nature, reason, use. Reason I call discipline; use, exercise. If any one of these branches want, certainly the tree of virtue must needs wither; for nature without discipline is of small force, and discipline without nature more feeble. If exercise or study be void of any of these, it availeth nothing. For as in tilling of the ground in husbandry there is first chosen a fertile soil, then a cunning sower, then good seed, even so must we compare nature to the fat earth, the expert husbandman to the schoolmaster, the faculties and sciences to the pure seeds. If this order had not been in our predecessors—Pythagoras, Socrates, Plato, and whosoever was renowned in Greece for the glory of wisdom—they had never been eternalised for wise men, neither canonised, as it were, for saints, among those that study sciences. It is therefore a most evident sign of God's singular favour towards him, that he is endued with all these qualities, without the which man is most miserable. But if there be any one that thinketh wit not necessary to the obtaining of wisdom, after he hath gotten the way to virtue, and industry, and exercise, he is a heretic, in my opinion, touching the true faith in learning. For if nature play not her part, in vain is labour; and, as it is said before, if study be not employed, in vain is nature. Sloth turneth the edge of wit, study sharpeneth the mind: a thing, be it never so easy, is hard to the idle; a thing, be it never so hard, is easy to wit well employed. And most plainly we may see in many things the efficacy of industry and labour. The little drops of rain pierce the hard marble: iron, with often handling, is worn to nothing. Besides this, industry sheweth herself in other things: the fertile soil, if it be never tilled, doth wax barren; and that which is most noble by nature is made most vile by negligence. What tree, if it be not topped, beareth any fruit? What vine, if it be not pruned, bringeth forth grapes? Is not the strength of the body turned to weakness with too much delicacy? Were not Milo his arms brawny for want of wrestling? Moreover, by labour the fierce unicorn is tamed, the wildest falcon is reclaimed, the greatest bulwark is sacked. It was well answered of that man of Thessaly who, being demanded who among the Thessalians were reputed most vile: 'Those,' he said, 'that live at quiet and ease, never giving themselves to martial affairs.' But why should one use many words in a thing already proved? It is custom, use, and exercise that brings a young man to virtue, and virtue to his perfection. Lyncurgus, the law-giver of the Spartans, did nourish two whelps, both of one sire and one dam, but after a sundry manner; for the one he framed to hunt, and the other to lie always in the chimney's end, at the porridge-pot. Afterward calling the Lacedemonians, he said: 'To the attaining of virtue, ye Lacedemonians, education, industry, and exercise is the most noblest means, the truth of which I will make manifest unto you by trial.' Then, bringing forth the whelps, and setting down there a pot and a hare, the one ran at the hare, the other to the porridge-pot. The Lacedemonians scarce understanding this mystery, he said: 'Both of these be of one sire and one dam, but you see how education altereth nature.'

A Father's Grief for the Death of his Daughter.

Thou weepst for the death of thy daughter, and I laugh at the folly of the father; for greater vanity is there in the mind of the mourner than bitterness in the death of the deceased. 'But she was amiable'—but yet sinful: 'but she was young, and might have lived'—but she was mortal, and must have died. 'Ay, but her youth made thee often merry'—ay, but thine age should once make thee wise. 'Ay, but her green years were unfit for death'—ay, but thy hoary hairs should despise life. Knowest thou not, Epulus, that life is the gift of God, death is the due of nature; as we receive the one as a benefit, so must we abide the other of necessity. Wise men have found that by learning, which old men should know by experience, that in life there is nothing sweet, in death nothing sour. The philosophers accounted it the chiefest felicity never to be born: the second, soon to die. And what hath death in

it so hard that we should take it so heavily? Is it strange to see that cut off which, by nature, is made to be cut off? or that melted which is fit to be melted? or that burnt which is apt to be burnt? or man to pass that is born to perish? But thou grantest that she should have died, and yet art thou grieved that she is dead. Is the death the better if life be the longer? No, truly. For as neither he that singeth most, or prayeth longest, or ruleth the stern oftenest, but he that doth it best, deserveth greatest praise; so he, not that hath most years, but many virtues, nor he that hath grayest hairs, but greatest goodness, liveth longest. The chief beauty of life consisteth not in the numbering of many days, but in the using of virtuous doings. Amongst plants, those be best esteemed that in shortest time bring forth much fruit. Be not the fairest flowers gathered when they be freshest? the youngest beasts killed for sacrifice because they be finest? The measure of life is not length, but honesty; neither do we enter into life to the end we should set down the day of our death; but therefor we do live that we may obey Him that made us, and be willing to die when He shall call us.

Continue Not in Anger.—From ‘Euphues and his England.’

The sharp north-east wind doth never last three days; tempests have but a short time; and the more violent the thunder is, the less permanent it is. In the like manner, it falleth out with the jars and crossings of friends, which, begun in a minute, are ended in a moment. Necessary it is that among friends there should be some over-thwarting; but to continue in anger, not convenient. The camel first troubleth the water before he drink; the frankincense is burned before it smell; friends are tried before they are trusted, lest, like the carbuncle, as though they had fire they be found, being touched, to be without fire. Friendship should be like the wine which Hoiner, much commending, calleth Maroneum, whereof one pint being mingled with five quarts of water, yet it keepeth his old strength and virtue, not to be qualified by any discounteay. Where salt doth grow, nothing else can breed; where friendship is built, no offence can harbour.

Contemporary with Lyly was STEPHEN GOSSON (1555–1624), who, having been poet, actor, dramatist, satirist, and preacher, died rector of St. Botolph, Bishop-gate. Gosson's satire, the ‘School of Abuse,’ 1579, is supposed to have induced Sidney to write his apology or defence of poetry, as Gosson's short treatise is ‘an invective against poets, pipers, players, jesters, and such-like caterpillars of a common-wealth.’ Public theatres for dramatic performances had been established about three years before (1576), and were keenly attacked by the clergy. Gosson says:

And because I have been matriculated myself in the school where so many abuses flourish, I will imitate the dogs of Egypt, which, coming to the banks of Nilus to quench their thirst, sip and away, drink running, lest they be snapt short for a prey to crocodiles. I should tell tales out of the school, and be feruled for my fault, or hised at for a blab, if I laid all the orders open before your eyes. You are no sooner entered, but liberty looseth the reins, and gives you head, placing you with poetry in the lowest form; when his skill is shewn to make his scholar as good as ever twanged. He prefers you to piping, from piping to playing, from play to pleasure, from pleasure to sloth, from sloth to sleep, from sleep to sin, from sin to death, from death to the devil, if you take your learning apace and pass through every form without revolting.

Like most satirical writers, he inveighs against the degeneracy of the times, forgetting all the glories of the Elizabethan era. He says:

Our wrestling at arms is turned to wallowing in ladies' laps, our courage to cowardice, our running to riot, our bows into bowls, and our darts to dishes. We have robbed Greece of gluttony, Italy of wantonness, Spain of pride, France of deceit, and Dutchland of quaffing. Compare London to Rome, and England to Italy, you shall find the theatres of the one, the abuses of the other, to be rife among us. *Esperanto crede*, I have seen somewhat, and therefore I think may say the more.

GEORGE PUTTENHAM

In 1589 appeared anonymously 'The Art of English Poesie,' written, as its author states, for the queen, the court, and the educated classes 'desirous to become skilful in their mother tongue, and for their private recreation to make now and then ditties of pleasure.' The author is understood to be GEORGE PUTTENHAM (*circa* 1530-1590), who had been a scholar at Oxford, had travelled abroad, and become one of the gentleman pensioners to Queen Elizabeth. Puttenham's work is a treatise of some length, divided into three books—the first of poets and poesy, the second of proportion, and third of ornament. The style of the work is clear and regular.

Of Language.

This part in our *maker* or poet, must be heedily looked unto, that it be natural, pure, and the most usual of all his country. And for the same purpose, rather that which is spoken in the king's court or in the good towns and cities within the land, than in the marches and frontiers, or in port towns, where strangers haunt for traffic sake; or yet in universities, where scholars use much peevish affectation of words out of the primitive languages; or, finally, in any uplandish village or corner of a realm, where is no resort but of poor rustical or uncivil people; neither shall he follow the speech of a craftsman or carter, or other of the inferior sort, though he be inhabitant or bred in the best town and city in this realm; for such persons do abuse good speeches by strange accents, or ill-shapen sounds, and false orthography. But he shall follow generally the better brought-up sort, men civil and graciously behaved and bred. Our *maker*, therefore, at these days, shall not follow Piers Plowman, nor Gower, nor Lydgate, nor yet Chaucer, for their language is now out of use with us. Neither shall he take the terms of northern men such as they use in daily talk, whether they be noblemen or gentlemen, or of their best clerks, all is a matter; nor in effect any speech used beyond the river of Trent, though no man can deny but theirs is the purer English Saxon at this day, yet it is not so courtly nor so current as our southern English is; no more is the far western man's speech. Ye shall therefore take the usual speech of the court, and that of London, and the shires lying about London within sixty miles, and not much above. I say not this but that in every shire of England there be gentlemen and others that speak, but specially write, as good southern as we of Middlesex or Surrey do, but not the common people of every shire, to whom the gentlemen, and also their learned clerks, do for the most part condescend; but herein we are already ruled by the English dictionaries, and other books written by learned men and therefore it needeth none other direction in that behalf.

END OF VOLUME I.

CHAMBERS'S
CYCLOPÆDIA
OF
ENGLISH LITERATURE

A HISTORY, CRITICAL AND BIOGRAPHICAL, OF BRITISH
AND AMERICAN AUTHORS, WITH SPECIMENS
OF THEIR WRITINGS,

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CYCLOPÆDIA OF ENGLISH LITERATURE.

THIRD PERIOD.

—(1558—1625.)—

ELIZABETH AND JAMES.

(Continued.)

RICHARD HOOKER.

ONE of the earliest, and also one of the most distinguished prose writers of this period, was RICHARD HOOKER, a learned and gifted theologian, born of poor but respectable parents, near Exeter, about the year 1553. At school he displayed so much aptitude for learning, and gentleness of disposition, that, having been recommended to Jewel, bishop of Salisbury, he was taken under the care of that prelate, who, after a satisfactory examination into his merits, sent him to Oxford, and contributed to his support. At the university, Hooker studied with great ardour and success, and became much respected for modesty, prudence, and piety. After Jewel's death, he was patronized by Sandys, bishop of London, who sent his son to Oxford to enjoy the benefit of Hooker's instructions. Another of his pupils at this time was George Cranmer, a grand-nephew of the famous archbishop of that name; and with both these young men he formed a close and enduring friendship. In 1579, his skill in the oriental languages led to his temporary appointment as deputy-professor of Hebrew; and two years later he entered into holy orders. Not long after this, he had the misfortune to be entrapped into a marriage, which proved a constant source of annoyance to him during life. The circumstances of this union, which place in a strong light the simple and unsuspecting nature of the man, were these: Having been appointed to preach at Paul's Cross in London, he put up at a house set apart for the reception of the preachers. On his arrival there from Oxford, he was wet and weary, but received so much kindness and attention from the hostess, that, according to his

biographer (Walton), in his excess of gratitude, 'he thought himself bound in conscience to believe all that she said. So the good man came to be persuaded by her that he was a man of a tender constitution; and that it was best for him to have a wife that might prove a nurse to him—such a one as might both prolong his life, and make it more comfortable; and such a one she could and would provide for him, if he thought fit to marry.' Hooker, little apt to suspect in others that guile of which he himself was so entirely free, became the dupe of this woman, authorising her to select a wife for him, and promising to marry whomsoever she should choose. The wife she provided was her own daughter, described as 'a silly, clownish woman, and withal a mere Xantippe,' whom, however, he married according to his promise. With this helpmate he led but an uncomfortable life, though apparently in a spirit of resignation. When visited by Sandys and Cranmer at a rectory in Buckinghamshire, to which he had been presented in 1584, he was found by them reading Horace, and tending sheep in the absence of his servant. In his house they received little entertainment, except from his conversation; and even this, Mrs. Hooker did not fail to disturb, by calling him away to rock the cradle, and by exhibiting such other samples of good-manners as made them glad to depart on the following morning. In taking leave, Cranmer expressed his regret at the smallness of Hooker's income, and the uncomfortable state of his domestic affairs; to which the worthy man replied: 'My dear George, if saints have usually a double share in the miseries of this life, I, that am none, ought not to repine at what my wise Creator hath appointed for me, but labour—as indeed I do daily—to submit mine to His will, and possess my soul in patience and peace.' On his return to London, Sandys made a strong appeal to his father in behalf of Hooker, the result of which was the appointment of the meek divine, in 1585, to the office of Master of the Temple. He accordingly removed to London, and commenced his labours as forenoon preacher. It happened that the office of afternoon lecturer at the Temple was at this period filled by Walter Travers, a man of great learning and eloquence, but a high Calvinist in his opinions, while the views of Hooker, on the other hand, both on church-government and on points of theology, were moderate. The consequence was, that the doctrines delivered from the pulpit varied very much in their character, according to the preacher from whom they proceeded. Indeed, the two orators sometimes preached avowedly in opposition to each other—a circumstance which gave occasion to the remark, that 'the forenoon sermons spoke Canterbury, and the afternoon Geneva.' This disputation, though conducted with good temper, excited so much attention, that Archbishop Whitgift suspended Travers from preaching. There ensued between him and Hooker a keen controversy, which was found so disagreeable by the latter, that he strongly expressed to the archbishop his wish to retire

into the country, where he might be permitted to live in peace, and have leisure to finish his treatise, 'Of the Laws of Ecclesiastical Polity,' already begun. A letter which he wrote to the archbishop on this occasion deserves to be quoted, as shewing not only that peacefulness of temper which adhered to him through life, but likewise the object that his great work was intended to accomplish :

MY LORD—When I lost the freedom of my cell, which was my college, yet I found some degree of it in my quiet country parsonage. But I am weary of the noise and oppositions of this place ; and, indeed, God and nature did not intend me for contentions, but for study and quietness. And, my lord, my particular contests here with Mr. Travers have proved the more unpleasant to me, because I believe him to be a good man ; and that belief hath occasioned me to examine mine own conscience concerning his opinions. And to satisfy that, I have consulted the holy Scripture, and other laws, both human and divine, whether the conscience of him and others of his judgment ought to be so far complied with by us as to alter our frame of church-government, our manner of God's worship, our praising and praying to him, and our established ceremonies, as often as their tender consciences shall require us. And in this examination I have not only satisfied myself, but have begun a treatise in which I intend the satisfaction of others, by a demonstration of the reasonableness of our laws of ecclesiastical polity. But, my lord, I shall never be able to finish what I have begun, unless I be removed into some quiet parsonage, where I may see God's blessings spring out of my mother-earth, and eat my own bread in peace and privacy ; a place where I may, without disturbance, meditate my approaching mortality, and that great account which all flesh must give at the last day to the God of all spirits.

In consequence of this appeal, Hooker was presented, in 1591, to the rectory of Boscombe, in Wiltshire, where he finished four books of his treatise, which were printed in 1594. Queen Elizabeth having in the following year presented him to the rectory of Bishopsbourne, in Kent, he removed to that place, where the remainder of his life was spent in the faithful discharge of the duties of his office. Here he wrote the fifth book, published in 1597 ; and finished other three, which did not appear till 1647. Hooker died in November 1600. A few days previously his house was robbed, and when the fact was mentioned to him he anxiously inquired whether his books and papers were safe. The answer being in the affirmative, he exclaimed : ' Then it matters not, for no other loss can trouble me.'

Hooker's treatise on 'Ecclesiastical Polity' displays an astonishing amount of learning, sagacity and industry ; and as a master-piece of reasoning and eloquence, is still one of our greatest works. The earlier portion of the treatise, which was the most carefully finished, has never been excelled. 'So stately and graceful is the march of his periods,' says Mr. Hallam, 'so various the full of his musical cadences upon the ear, so rich in images, so condensed in sentences, so grave and noble his diction, so little is there of vulgarity in his racy idiom, of pedantry in his learned phrase, that I know not whether any later writer has more admirably displayed the capacities of our language, or produced passages more worthy of comparison with the splendid monuments of antiquity. If we compare the first book of the 'Ecclesiastical Polity' with what bears perhaps most resemblance to it of anything extant, the treatise of Cicero 'De Legibus,'

it will appear somewhat perhaps inferior, through the imperfection of our language, which, with all its force and dignity, does not equal the Latin in either of these qualities, and certainly more diffuse in some of its reasonings, but by no means less high-toned in sentiment, or less bright in fancy, and far more comprehensive and profound in the foundations of its philosophy.* Similar panegyrics might be cited from Southey, Mackintosh, and other critical authorities, but Hooker must be *studied* to be appreciated. His close reasoning and long sentences require careful perusal.

The argument against the Puritans is conducted by Hooker with rare moderation and candour, and on the broad scale of general principles, not detached texts or interpretations of Scripture. 'It was a kind of maxim among the Puritans, that Scripture was so much the exclusive rule of human actions, that whatever, in matters at least concerning religion, could not be found to have its authority, was unlawful. Hooker devoted the whole second book of his work to the refutation of this principle. He proceeded afterwards to attack its application, more particularly to the episcopal scheme of church-government, and to the various ceremonies or usages which those sectaries treated as either absolutely superstitious, or at least as impositions without authority. It was maintained by this great writer, not only that ritual observances are variable, according to the discretion of ecclesiastical rulers, but that no certain form of polity is set down in Scripture as generally indispensable for a Christian church.* The work is not to be regarded simply as a theological treatise; it is still referred to as a great authority upon the whole range of moral and political principles. It also bears a value as the first publication in the English language which observed a strict methodical arrangement, and presented a train of clear logical reasoning.

Scripture and the Law of Nature.

What the Scripture purposeth, the same in all points it doth perform. Howbeit, that here we swerve not in judgment, one thing especially we must observe; namely, that the absolute perfection of Scripture is seen by relation unto that end whereto it tendeth. And even hereby it cometh to pass, that, first, such as imagine the general and main drift of the body of sacred Scripture not to be so large as it is, nor that God did thereby intend to deliver, as in truth he doth, a full instruction in all things unto salvation necessary the knowledge whereof man by nature could not otherwise in this life attain unto; they are by this very mean induced, either still to look for new revelations from heaven, or else dangerously to add to the Word of God uncertain tradition, that so the doctrine of man's salvation may be complete; which doctrine we constantly hold in all respects, without any such things added, to be so complete, that we utterly refuse as much at once to acquaint ourselves with anything further. Whatsoever, to make up the doctrine of man's salvation, is added as in supply of the Scripture's insufficiency, we reject it; Scripture, purposing this, hath perfectly and fully done it. Again, the scope and purpose of God in delivering the holy Scripture, such as do take more largely than behoveth, they, on the contrary, side-racking and stretching it further than by Him was meant, are drawn into sundry as great inconveniences. They, pretending the Scripture's perfection, infer, there-

* Hallam's *Constitutional History*, chap. iv.

upon, that in Scripture all things lawful to be done must needs be contained. We count those things perfect which want nothing requisite for the end whereto they were instituted. As, therefore, God created every part and particle of man exactly perfect—that is to say, in all points sufficient unto that use for which He appointed it—so the Scripture, yea, every sentence thereof, is perfect, and wanteth nothing requisite unto that purpose for which God delivered the same. So that, if hereupon we conclude, that because the Scripture is perfect, therefore all things lawful to be done are comprehended in the Scripture; we may even as well conclude so of every sentence, as of the whole sum and body thereof, unless we first of all prove that it was the drift, scope, and purpose of Almighty God in holy Scripture to comprize all things which man may practise. But admit this, and mark, I beseech you, what would follow. God, in delivering Scripture to His church, should clean have abrogated among them the Law of Nature, which is an infallible knowledge imprinted in the minds of all the children of men, whereby both general principles for directing of human actions are comprehended, and conclusions derived from them; upon which conclusions growth in particularly the choice of good and evil in the daily affairs of this life. Admit this, and what shall the Scripture be but a snare and a torment to weak consciences, filling them with infinite perplexities, scrupulosities, doubts insoluble, and extreme despairs? Not that the Scripture itself doth cause any such thing—for it tendeth to the clean contrary, and the fruit thereof is resolute assurance and certainty in that it teacheth—but the necessities of this life urging men to do that which the light of nature, common discretion, and judgment of itself directeth them unto; on the other side, this doctrine teaching them that so to do were to sin against their own souls, and that they put forth their hands to iniquity, whatsoever they go about, and have not first the sacred Scripture of God for direction; how can it choose but bring the simple a thousand times to their wits' end; how can it choose but vex and amaze them? For in every action of common life, to find out some sentence clearly and infallibly setting before our eyes what we ought to do—such as we in Scripture never so expert—would trouble us more than we are aware. In weak and tender minds, we little know what misery this strict opinion would breed, besides the stops it would make in the whole course of all men's lives and actions. Make all things sin which we do by direction of nature's light, and by the rule of common discretion, without thinking at all upon Scripture: admit this position, and parents shall cause their children to sin, as oft as they cause them to do anything, before they come to years of capacity, and be ripe for knowledge in the Scripture. Admit this, and it shall not be with masters as it was with him in the gospel; but servants being commanded to go, shall stand still till they have their errand warranted unto them by Scripture. Which, as it standeth with Christian duty in some cases, so in common affairs to require it were most unfit.

Defence of Reason.

But so it is, the name of the light of nature is made hateful with men; the star of reason and learning, and all other such-like helps, beginneth no otherwise to be thought of, than if it were an unlucky comet; or as if God had so accursed it, that it should never shine or give light in things concerning our duty any way towards him, but be esteemed as that star in the Revelation, called Wormwood, which, being fallen from heaven, maketh rivers and waters in which it falleth so bitter, that men tasting them die thereof. A number there are who think they cannot admire as they ought the power and authority of the Word of God, if in things divine they should attribute any force to man's reason; for which cause they never use reason so willingly as to disgrace reason. Their usual and common discourses are unto this effect. First, 'the natural man perceiveth not the things of the spirit of God, for they are foolishness unto him; neither can he know them because they are spiritually discerned,' &c., &c. By these and the like disputes, an opinion hath spread itself very far in the world; as if the way to be ripe in faith were to be raw in wit and judgment; as if reason were an enemy unto religion, childish simplicity the mother of ghostly and divine wisdom. . . .

To our purpose, it is sufficient that whosoever doth serve, honour, and obey God, whosoever believeth in Him, that man would no more do this than innocents and infants do, but for the light of natural reason that shineth in him, and maketh him apt to apprehend those things of God, which being by grace discovered, are effectual

to persuade reasonable minds, and none other, that honour, obedience, and credit belong aright unto God. No man cometh unto God to offer him sacrifice, to pour out supplications and prayers before Him, or to do him any service, which doth not first believe Him both to be, and to be a rewarder of them who in such sort seek unto Him. Let men be taught this, either by revelation from heaven, or by instruction upon earth; by labour, study, and meditation, or by the only secret inspiration of the Holy Ghost; whatsoever the mean be they know it by, if the knowledge thereof were possible without discourse of natural reason, why should none be found capable thereof but only men; nor men till such time as they come unto ripe and full ability so work by reasonable understanding? The whole drift of the Scripture of God, what is it, but only to teach theology? Theology, what is it, but the science of things divine? What science can be attained unto, without the help of natural discourse and reason? 'Judge you of that which I speak,' saith the apostle. In vain it were to speak anything of God, but that by reason men are able somewhat to judge of that they hear, and by discourse to discern how consonant it is to truth. Scripture, indeed, teacheth things above nature, things which our reason by itself could not reach unto. Yet those also we believe, knowing by reason that the Scripture is the word of God. . . .

The thing we have handled according to the question moved about it; which question is, whether the light of reason be so pernicious that, in devising laws for the church, men ought not by it to search what may be fit and convenient? For this cause, therefore, we have endeavoured to make it appear, how, in the nature of reason itself, there is no impediment, but that the self-same spirit which revealeth the things that God hath set down in his law, may also be thought to aid and direct men in finding out, by the light of reason, what laws are expedient to be made for the guiding of his church, over and besides them that are in Scripture.

The Nature and Majesty of Law.

That which hath greatest force in the very things we see, is notwithstanding itself oftentimes not seen. The stateliness of houses, the goodness of trees, when we behold them, delighteth the eye; but that foundation which beareth up the one, that root which ministereth unto the other nourishment and life, is in the bosom of the earth concealed; and if there be at any time occasion to search into it, such labour is then more necessary than pleasant, both to them which undertake it, and for the lookers on. In like manner the use and benefit of good laws; all that live under them may enjoy with delight and comfort, albeit the grounds and first original causes from whence they have sprung be unknown, as to the greatest part of men they are. But when they who withdraw their obedience pretend that the laws which they should obey are corrupt and vicious, for better examination of their quality, it behoveth the very foundation and root, the highest well-spring and fountain of them, to be discovered. Which, because we are not oftentimes accustomed to do, when we do it, the pains we take are more needful a great deal than acceptable; and the matters which we handle seem, by reason of newness (till the mind grow better acquainted with them), dark, intricate, and unfamiliar.

And because the point about which we strive is the quality of our laws, our first entrance hereinto cannot better be made than with consideration of the nature of law in general.

All things that are have some operation not violent or casual. Neither doth anything ever begin to exercise the same without some fore-conceived end for which it worketh. And the end which it worketh for is not obtained, unless the work be also fit to obtain it by. For unto every end every operation will not serve. That which doth assign unto each thing the kind, that which doth moderate the force and power, that which doth appoint the form and measure of working, the same we term a *Law*. So that no certain end could ever be obtained unless the actions whereby it is obtained were regular, that is to say, made suitable, fit, and correspondent unto their end by some canon, rule, or law.

Moses, in describing the work of creation, attributeth speech unto God: 'God said, let there be light; let there be a firmament; let the waters under the heaven be gathered together into one place; let the earth bring forth; let there be lights in the firmament of heaven. Was this only the intent of Moses, to signify the infinite greatness of God's power by the easiness of his accomplishing such effects, without

travall, pain or labour? Surely it seemeth that Moses had herein besides this a further purpose, namely, first to teach that God did not work as a necessary, but a voluntary agent, intending beforehand and decreeing with Himself that which did outwardly proceed from Him; secondly, to shew that God did then institute a law natural to be observed by creatures, and therefore, according to the manner of laws, the institution thereof is described as being established by solemn injunction. His commanding those things to be which are and to be in such sort as they are, to keep that tenure and course which they do importeth the establishment of nature's law. This world's first creation, and the preservation since of things created, what is it but only so far forth a manifestation by execution, what the eternal law of God is concerning things natural? And as it cometh to pass in a kingdom rightly ordered, that after a law is once published it presently takes effect far and wide, all states framing themselves thereunto; even so let us think it fareth in the natural course of the world: since the time that God did first proclaim the edicts of His law upon it, heaven and earth have hearkened unto His voice, and their labour hath been to do His will. 'He made a law for the rain, he gave his decree unto the sea, that the waters should not pass his commandment.' Now, if nature should intermit her course, and leave altogether, though it were but for a while, the observation of her own laws; if those principal and mother elements of the world, whereof all things in this lower world are made, should lose the qualities which now they have; if the frame of that heavenly arch erected over our heads should loosen and dissolve itself; if celestial spheres should forget their wonted motions, and by irregular volubilities turn themselves any way as it might happen; if the prince of the lights of heaven, which now as a giant doth run its unwearied course, should, as it were through a languishing faintness, begin to stand and to rest himself; if the moon should wander from her beaten way; the times and seasons of the year blend themselves by disordered and confused mixture; the winds breathe out their last gasp; the clouds yield no rain; the earth be defeated of heavenly influence; the fruits of the earth pine away as children at the withered breasts of their mother, no longer able to yield them relief; what would become of man himself, whom these things now do all serve? See we not plainly that obedience of creatures unto the law of nature is the stay of the whole world?

Of law there can be no less acknowledged than that her seat is the bosom of God; her voice the harmony of the world. All things in heaven and earth do her homage; the very least as feeling her care, and the greatest as not exempted from her power. Both angels and men, and creatures of what condition soever, though each in different sort and manner, yet all with uniform consent, admiring her as the mother of their peace and joy.

LORD BACON.

The greatest of English philosophers, FRANCIS BACON, was born in London on the 22d of January, 1561. He was the youngest son of Sir Nicholas Bacon, lord-keeper of the great seal, by Ann, daughter of Sir Anthony Cooke, a lady of great learning and accomplishments, from whom her illustrious son may be said to have inherited his genius. In childhood, Francis Bacon displayed such vivacity of intellect and sedateness of behaviour, that Queen Elizabeth used to call him her young lord-keeper. At the age of thirteen, he was sent to Trinity College, Cambridge, where he early became disgusted with the Aristotelian philosophy, which then held unquestioned sway in the great English schools of learning. This dislike of the philosophy of Aristotle, as Bacon himself declared to his secretary, Dr. Rawley, he fell into, 'not for the worthlessness of the author, to whom he would ever ascribe all high attributes, but for the unfruitfulness of the way, being a philosophy, as his lordship used to say, only strong for disputations and contentions, but barren of the production of works for the benefit of the life of man.' After spending

three years at Cambridge, he went to France, where he resided about three years, chiefly at Poitiers, pursuing closely his studies. His observations on foreign affairs were afterwards published in a work, entitled 'Of the State of Europe.' By the sudden death of his father in 1579, he was compelled to return hastily to England, and engage in some profession. After in vain soliciting his uncle, Lord Burleigh, to procure for him such a provision from government as might allow him to devote his time to literature and philosophy, he spent several years in the study of the law. While engaged in practice as a barrister, however, he did not forget philosophy, as it appears that he sketched at an early period of life his great work, called 'The Instauration of the Sciences.' In 1590, he obtained the post of counsel-extraordinary to the queen; and three years afterwards, sat in parliament for the county of Middlesex. As an orator, he is highly extolled by Ben Jonson. In one of his speeches, he distinguished himself by taking the popular side in a question respecting some large subsidies demanded by the court; but finding that he had given great offence to her majesty, he at once altered his tone, and condescended to apologise with that servility which unhappily appeared in too many of his subsequent actions. To Lord Burleigh and his son, Robert Cecil, Bacon continued to pay court, in hope of advancement, till at length, finding himself disappointed in that quarter, he attached himself to Burleigh's rival, Essex, who, with all the ardour of a generous friendship, endeavoured to procure for him, in 1594, the vacant office of solicitor-general. In this attempt he was defeated, through the influence of the Cecils, who were jealous of both him and his friend; but Essex in some degree soothed Bacon's disappointment by presenting him with an estate at Twickenham, which he afterwards sold for £1800. It is painful to relate in what manner Bacon repaid such benefits. When Essex was brought to trial for a conspiracy against the queen, the friend whom he had so greatly obliged and confided in not only deserted him in the hour of need, but unnecessarily appeared as counsel against him, and by every art and ingenuity of a pleader, endeavoured to magnify his offence. He complied, moreover, after the earl's execution, with the queen's request that he should write 'A Declaration of the Practices and Treasons attempted and committed by Robert, Earl of Essex,' which was printed by authority. Into this conduct, which indicates a lamentable want of high moral principle, courage, and self-respect, Bacon was in some measure led by pecuniary difficulties, into which his improvident and ostentatious habits, coupled with the relative inadequacy of his income, had plunged him. By maintaining himself in the good graces of the court, he hoped to secure that professional advancement which would at once improve his fortune and gratify his ambition. Such moral obliquity justified the antithesis which characterises him as

The wisest, brightest, meanest of mankind.

After the accession of James, the fortunes of Bacon began to improve. He was knighted in 1603, and, in subsequent years, obtained successively the offices of king's counsel, solicitor general, judge of the Marshalsea court, and attorney-general. This last appointment he received in 1613. In the execution of his duties, he did not scruple to lend himself to the most arbitrary measures of the court, and even assisted in an attempt to extort from an old clergyman, of the name of Peacham, a confession of treason, by torturing him on the rack.

Although his income had now been greatly enlarged by the emoluments of office and a marriage with the daughter of a wealthy alderman, his extravagance and that of his servants, which he seems to have been too good-natured to check, continued to keep him in difficulties. He cringed before the king and his favourite Villiers; and at length, on the 4th of January 1618-19, he attained the summit of his ambition, by being created Lord High Chancellor of England, and Baron Verulam. This latter title gave place in the following year to that of Viscount St. Albans. As chancellor, it cannot be concealed that, both in his political and judicial capacities, he grossly deserted his duty. Not only did he suffer Villiers to interfere with his decisions as a judge, but, by accepting numerous presents or bribes from suitors, gave occasion, in 1621, to a parliamentary inquiry, which ended in his condemnation and disgrace. He fully confessed the twenty-three articles of corruption which were laid to his charge; and when waited on by a committee of the House of Lords, appointed to inquire whether the confession was subscribed by himself, he answered: 'It is my act, my hand, my heart: I beseech your lordships to be merciful to a broken reed.' Banished from public life, he had now ample leisure to attend to his philosophical and literary pursuits. Yet, even while he was engaged in business, these had not been neglected. In 1597, he published '*Meditationes Sacrae*,' a '*Table of the Colours of Good and Evil*,' and ten '*Essays*.' In 1612, he reprinted the '*Essays*,' increased to thirty-eight; and finally, in 1635, he again issued them, 'newly written,' and now fifty-eight in number. These, as he himself says of them, 'come home to men's business and bosoms; and, like the late new halpence, the pieces are small, and the silver is good.' From the generally interesting nature of the subjects of the '*Essays*,' and their intrinsic excellence, the work immediately acquired great popularity, and to the present day continues to be the chosen companion of all students and thinkers. 'It is,' to use the words of Dugald Stewart, 'one of those where the superiority of his genius appears to the greatest advantage, the novelty and depth of his reflections often receiving a strong relief from the triteness of his subject. It may be read from beginning to end in a few hours, and yet, after the twentieth perusal, one seldom fails to remark in it something overlooked before. This, indeed, is a characteristic of all Bacon's writings, and is only to be accounted for by the inexhaustible aliment they furnish to our own thoughts, and the sympathetic activity they

impart to our torpid faculties.* In 1605, he published another work, which still continues to be extensively perused; it is entitled 'Of the Proficiency and Advancement of Learning, Divine and Human.' This volume, which was afterwards enlarged and published in the Latin language, with the title 'De Augmentis Scientiarum,' constitutes the first part of his great work, 'Instauratio Scientiarum,' or the 'Instauration of the Sciences.' The second part, entitled 'Novum Organum,' is that on which chiefly his high reputation as a philosopher is grounded, and on the composition of which he bestowed most labour. It is written in Latin, and appeared in 1620. In the first part of the 'Advancement of Learning,' after considering the excellence of knowledge, and the means of disseminating it, together with what had already been done for its advancement, and what omitted, he proceeds to divide it into the three branches of history, poetry, and philosophy, these having reference to what he considers 'the three parts of man's understanding'—memory, imagination, and reason. The concluding portion of the volume relates to revealed religion. The 'Novum Organum,' which, as already mentioned, is the second and most important part of the 'Instauration of the Sciences,' consists of aphorisms, the first of which furnishes a key to the author's leading doctrines: 'Man, who is the servant and interpreter of nature, can act and understand no further than he has, either in operation or in contemplation, observed of the method and order of nature.' His new method—*novum organum*—of employing the understanding in adding to human knowledge, is fully expounded in this work.

After alluding to the little aid which the useful arts had derived from science, and the small improvement which science had received from practical men, he proceeds: 'But whence can arise such vagueness and sterility in all the physical systems which have hitherto existed in the world? It is not certainly from anything in nature itself; for the steadiness and regularity of the laws by which it is governed, clearly mark them out as objects of certain and precise knowledge. Neither can it arise from any want of ability in those who have pursued such inquiries, many of whom have been men of the highest talent and genius of the ages in which they lived; and it can therefore arise from nothing else but the perverseness and insufficiency of the methods that have been pursued. Men have sought to make a world from their own conceptions, and to draw from their own minds all the materials which they employed; but if, instead of doing so, they had consulted experience and observation, they would have had facts, and not opinions, to reason about, and might have ultimately arrived at the knowledge of the laws which govern the material world.' 'As things are at present conducted, a sudden transition is made from sensible objects and particular facts to general propositions, which are accounted principles, and round which, as round so many fixed poles,

* First preliminary Dissertation to *Encyclopædia Britannica*.

disputation and argument continually revolve. From the propositions thus hastily assumed, all things are derived, by a process compendious and precipitate, ill suited to discovery, but wonderfully accommodated to debate. The way that promises success is the reverse of this. It requires that we should generalise slowly, going from particular things to those which are but one step more general; from those to others of still greater extent, and so on to such as are universal. By such means we may hope to arrive at principles, not vague and obscure, but luminous and well defined, such as nature herself will not refuse to acknowledge.' After describing the causes which lead the understanding astray in the search after knowledge—the *idols*, as he figuratively terms them, before which it is apt to bow—Bacon, in the second book of the '*Novum Organum*,' goes on systematically to expound and exemplify his method of philosophising, indicated in the foregoing extracts, and to which the appellation of the *inductive method* is applied. This he does in so masterly a way, that he has earned with posterity the title of the father of experimental science. 'The power and compass,' says Professor Playfair, 'of a mind which could form such a plan beforehand, and trace not merely the outline, but many of the most minute ramifications, of sciences which did not yet exist, must be an object of admiration to all succeeding ages.' It is true that the inductive method had been both practised and even cursorily recommended by more than one philosopher prior to Bacon; but unquestionably he was the first to unfold it completely, to shew its infinite importance, and to induce the great body of scientific inquirers to place themselves under its guidance. In another respect, the benefit conferred by Bacon upon mankind was perhaps still greater. He turned the attention of philosophers from speculations and disputes upon questions remote from use, and fixed it upon inquiries 'productive of works for the benefit of the life of man.' The Aristotelian philosophy was barren; the object of Bacon was 'the amplification of the power and kingdom of mankind over the world'—'the enlargement of the bounds of human empire to the effecting all things possible'—the augmentation, by means of science, of the sum of human happiness, and the alleviation of human suffering. In a word, he was eminently a utilitarian, using that term in its enlarged sense, as comprehending the moral and intellectual, as well as the material welfare of man.

The third part of the '*Instauratio of the Sciences*,' entitled '*Sylva Sylvarum*,' or '*History of Nature*,' is devoted to the facts and phenomena of natural science, including original observations made by Bacon himself, which, though sometimes incorrect, are useful in exemplifying the inductive method of searching for truth. The fourth part is called '*Scala Intellectus*,' from its pointing out a succession of steps by which the understanding may ascend in such investigations. Other two parts, which the author projected, were never executed.

Another celebrated publication of Lord Bacon is his treatise, 'Of the Wisdom of the Ancients, 1610;' wherein he attempts, generally with more ingenuity than success to discover secret meanings in the mythological fables of antiquity. He wrote also 'Felicities of Queen Elizabeth's Reign;' a 'History of King Henry VII.;' a philosophical romance called the 'New Atlantis;' and several minor productions which it is needless to specify.

After retiring from public life, Bacon, though enjoying an annual income of £25,000, continued to live in so ostentatious and prodigal a style, that, at his death in 1626, his debts amounted to upwards of £22,000. His devotion to science appears to have been the immediate cause of his death. Travelling in his carriage when there was snow on the ground, he began to consider whether flesh might not be preserved by snow as well as by salt. In order to make the experiment, he alighted at a cottage near Highgate, bought a hen, and stuffed it with snow. This so chilled him, that he was unable to return home, but went to the Earl of Arundel's house in the neighborhood, where his illness was so much increased by the dampness of a bed into which he was put, that he died in a few days.* In a letter to the earl, the last which he wrote, after comparing himself to the elder Pliny, 'who lost his life by trying an experiment about the burning of Mount Vesuvius' he does not forget to mention his own experiment, which, says he, 'succeeded excellently.' In his will, the following strikingly prophetic passage is found: 'My name and memory I leave to foreign nations, and to mine own country after some time is passed over.'

Bacon, like Sidney, was a 'warbler of poetic prose.' No English writer has surpassed him in fervour and brilliancy of style, in force of expression, or in richness and significance of imagery. Keen in discovering analogies where no resemblance is apparent to common eyes, he has sometimes indulged to excess in the exercise of his talent. Yet, in general, his comparisons are not less clear and apposite than full of imagination and meaning. He has treated of philosophy with all the splendour, yet none of the vagueness, of poetry. At times his style possesses a degree of conciseness, as well as force, rarely to be found in the compositions of the Elizabethan age.

A complete edition of the works of Lord Bacon, by James Spedding and others, in seven volumes, was published in 1870; and Mr.

* This account is given by Aubrey, who probably obtained it from Hobbes, one of Bacon's intimate friends, and afterwards an acquaintance of Aubrey. See Aubrey's *Lives of Eminent Persons*, ii. 227. At pages 222 and 202 of the same volume, we learn that Hobbes was a favourite with Bacon, 'who was wont to have him walk with him in his delicate groves, when he did meditate: and when a notion darted into his lordship's mind. Mr. Hobbes was presently to write it down, and his lordship was wont to say that he did it better than any one else about him; for that many times, when he read their notes, he scarce understood what they writ, because they understood it not clearly themselves.' 'He assisted his lordship in translating several of his essays into Latin.'

Spedding is also author of an elaborate 'Life' of the philosopher, with a full collection of his 'Letters.'

Friendship.

It had been hard for him that spake it, to have put more truth and untruth together in few words, than in that speech, 'Whosoever is delighted in solitude, is either a wild beast or a god;' for it is most true, that a natural and secret hatred and aversion towards society, in any man, hath somewhat of the savage beast; but it is most untrue, that it should have any character at all of the divine nature, except it proceed, not out of a pleasure in solitude, but out of a love and desire to sequester a man's self for a higher conversation: such as is found to have been falsely and feignedly in some of the heathens—as Epimenides, the Candian; Numa, the Roman; Empedocles, the Sicilian; and Apollonius, of Tyana; and truly, and really, in divers of the ancient hermits and holy fathers of the church. But little do men perceive what solitude is, and how far it extendeth; for a crowd is not company, and faces are but a gallery of pictures, and talk but a tinkling cymbal where there is no love. The latin adage meeteth with it a little: *Magna civitas, magna solitudo* ('Great city, great solitude'); because in a great town friends are scattered, so that there is not that fellowship, for the most part, which is in less neighbourhoods; but we may go further, and affirm most truly, that it is a mere and miserable solitude: to want true friends, without which the world is but a wilderness; and, even in this sense also of solitude, whosoever, in the frame of his nature and affections, is unfit for friendship, he taketh it of the beast, and not from humanity.

A principal fruit of friendship is the ease and discharge of the fullness and swellings of the heart, which passions of all kinds do cause and induce. We know diseases of stoppings and suffocations are the most dangerous in the body, and it is not much otherwise in the mind: you may take saeza to open the liver, steel to open the spleen, flower of sulphur for the lungs, castoreum for the brain; but no receipt openeth the heart but a true friend, to whom you may impart griefs, joys, fears, hopes, suspicions, counsels, and whatsoever lieth upon the heart to oppress it, in a kind of civil shrift or confession.

It is a strange thing to observe how high a rate great kings and monarchs do set upon this fruit of friendship whereof we speak—so great, as they purchase it many times at the hazard of their own safety and greatness; for princes, in regard of the distance of their fortune from that of their subjects and servants, cannot gather this fruit, except, to make themselves capable thereof, they raise some persons to be, as it were, companions, and almost equals to themselves, which many times sorteth to inconvenience. The modern languages give unto such persons the name of favourites, or privadoes, as if it were matter of grace or conversation; but the Roman name attaineth the true use and cause thereof, naming them *participes curarum* ['participators in cares']; for it is that which tieth the knot: and we see plainly that this hath been done, not by weak and passionate princes only, but by the wisest and most politic that ever reigned, who have oftentimes joined to themselves some of their servants, whom both themselves have called friends, and allowed others likewise to call them in the same manner, using the word which is received between private men.

It is not to be forgotten what Comineus observeth of his first master, Duke Charles the Hardy—namely, that he would communicate his secrets with none; and, least of all, those secrets which troubled him most. Whereupon he goeth on, and saith, that towards his latter time, that closeness did impair and a little perish his und retarding. Surely Comineus might have made the same judgment also, if it had pleased him, of his second master, Louis XI. whose closeness was indeed his tormentor. The parable of Pythagoras is dark, but true; *Cor ne edis*—eat not the heart. Certainly, if a man would give it a hard phrase, those that want friends to open themselves unto are cannibals of their own hearts; but one thing is most admirable—wherewith I will conclude this first fruit of friendship—which is, that this communicating of a man's self to his friend, works two contrary effects, for it redoubleth joys, and cutteth griefs in halves; for there is no man that imparteth his joys to his friend, but he joyeth the more, and no man that imparteth his griefs to

his friend, but he grieveth the less. So that it is, in truth, of operation upon a man's mind of like virtue as the alchymists use to attribute to their stone for man's body, that it worketh all contrary effects, but still to the good and benefit of nature; but yet, without prying in aid of alchymists, there is a manifest image of this in the ordinary course of nature: for, in bodies, union strengtheneth and cherisheth any natural action, and, on the other side, weakeneth and dulleth any violent impression—and even so is it of minds.

The second fruit of friendship is healthful and sovereign for the understanding, as the first is for the affections; for friendship maketh indeed a fair day in the affections from storm and tempest, but it maketh daylight in the understanding, out of darkness and confusion of thoughts. Neither is this to be understood only of faithful counsel, which a man receiveth from his friend; but before you come to that, certain it is, that whosoever hath his mind fraught with many thoughts, his wits and understanding do clarify and break up, in the communicating and discoursing with another; he toseth his thoughts more easily—he marshalleth them more orderly—he seeth how they look when they are turned into words—finally he waxeth wiser than himself; and that more by an hour's discourse than by a day's meditation. It was well said by Themistocles to the king of Persia, that speech was like cloth of Arras, opened and put abroad; whereby the imaginary doth appear in figure, whereas in thoughts they lie but as in packs. Neither is this second fruit of friendship, in opening the understanding, restrained only to such friends as are able to give a man counsel—they indeed are best—but even without that a man learneth of himself, and bringeth his own thoughts to light, and whetteth his wits as against a stone, which itself cuts not. In a word, a man were better relate himself to a statue or picture, than to suffer his thoughts to pass in smother.

Add now, to make this second fruit of friendship complete, that other point which lieth more open, and falleth within vulgar observation—which is faithful counsel from a friend. Heracitus saith well, in one of his enigmas, 'Dry light is ever the best;' and certain it is, that the light that a man receiveth by counsel from another, is drier and purer than that which cometh from his own understanding and judgment, which is ever infused and drenched in his affections and customs. So as there is as much difference between the counsel that a friend giveth, and that a man gives himself, as there is between the counsel of a friend and of a flatterer; for there is no such flatterer as is a man's self, and there is no such remedy against flattery of a man's self as the liberty of a friend.

Studies.

Studies serve for delight, for ornament, and for ability. Their chief use for delight is in privateness and retiring; for ornament, is in discourse; and for ability, is in the judgment and disposition of business: for expert men can execute, and perhaps judge of particulars, one by one; but the general counsels, and the plots and marshalling of affairs, come best from those that are learned. To spend too much time in studies, is sloth; to use them too much for ornament, is affectation; to make judgment wholly by their rules, is the humour of a scholar; they perfect nature, and are perfected by experience—for natural abilities are like natural plants, that need pruning by study, and studies themselves do give forth directions too much at large, except they be bounded in by experience. Crafty men condemn studies, simple men admire them, and wise men use them; for they teach not their own use; but that is a wisdom without them, and above them, won by observation. Read not to contradict and confute, nor to believe and take for granted, nor to find talk and discourse, but to weigh and consider. Some books are to be tasted, others to be swallowed, and some few to be chewed and digested; that is, some books are to be read only in parts; others to be read, but not curiously; and some few to be read wholly, and with diligence and attention. Some books also may be read by deputy, and extracts made of them by others; but that would be only in the less important arguments, and the meaner sort of books; else distilled books are, like common distilled waters, flashy things. Reading maketh a full man, conference a ready man, and writing an exact man: and, therefore, if a man write little, he had need have a great memory; if he confer little, he had need have a present wit; and if he read little, he had need have much cunning, to seem to know that he doth not.

Of Discourse.

Some in their discourse desire rather commendation of wit, in being able to hold all arguments, than of judgment, in discerning what is true; as if it were a praise to know what might be said, and not what should be thought. Some have certain common-places and themes, wherein they are good, and want variety; which kind of poverty is for the most part tedious, and, when it is once perceived, ridiculous. The honourablest part of talk is to give the occasion; and again to moderate and pass to somewhat else, for then a man leads the dance. It is good in discourse, and speech of conversation, to vary and intermingle speech of the present occasion with arguments, tales with reasons, asking of questions with telling of opinions, and jest with earnest; for it is a dull thing to tire, and as we say now, to jade any thing too far. As for jest, there be certain things which ought to be privileged from it; namely, religion, matters of state, great persons, any man's present business of importance, and any case that deserveth pity; yet there be some that think their wits have been asleep, except they dart out somewhat that is piquant, and to the quick; that is a vein which would be bridled;

Parce, puer, stimulus, et fortius utere loris. *

And, generally, men ought to find the difference between saltness and bitterness. Certainly, he that hath a satirical vein, as he maketh others afraid of his wit, so he had need be afraid of others' memory. He that questioneth much, shall learn much, and content much; but especially if he apply his questions to the skill of the persons whom he asketh; for he shall give them occasion to please themselves in speaking, and himself shall continually gather knowledge; but let his questions not be troublesome, for that is fit for a poser; and let him be sure to leave other men their turn to speak; nay, if there be any that would reign and take up all the time, let him find means to take them off, and to bring others on, as musicians use to do with those that dance too long galliards. If you dissemble sometimes your knowledge of that you are thought to know, you shall be thought, another time, to know that you know not. Speech of a man's self ought to be seldom, and well chosen. I knew one was wont to say in scorn, 'He must needs be a wise man, he speaks so much of himself;' and there is but one case wherein a man may commend himself with good grace, and that is in commending virtue in another, especially if it be such a virtue whereunto himself pretendeth. Speech of touch towards others should be sparingly used; for discourse ought to be as a field, without coming home to any man. I knew two noblemen, of the west part of England, whereof the one was given to scoff, but kept ever royal cheer in his house; the other would ask of those that had been at the other's table, 'Tell truly, was there never a flout or dry blow given?' To which the guest would answer, 'Such and such a thing passed.' The lord would say, 'I thought he would mar a good dinner.' Discretion of speech is more than eloquence; and to speak agreeable to him with whom we deal, is more than to speak in good words, or in good order. A good continued speech, without a good speech of interlocation, shews slowness; and a good reply, or second speech, without a good settled speech, sheweth shallowness and weakness. As we see in beasts, that those that are weakest in the course, are yet nimblest in the turn; as it is betwixt the greyhound and the hare. To use too many circumstances, ere one come to the matter, is wearisome; to use none at all, is blunt.

Of Beauty.

Virtue is like a rich stone, best plain set; and surely virtue is best in a body that is comely, though not of delicate features, and that hath rather dignity of presence than beauty of aspect; neither is it almost seen, that very beautiful persons are otherwise of great virtue; as if nature were rather busy not to err, than in labour to produce excellency; and therefore they prove accomplished, but not of great spirit; and study rather behaviour than virtue. But this holds not always; for Augustus Cæsar, Titus Vespasianus, Philip le Bel of France, Edward IV. of England, Alcibiades of Athens, Ismael, the sophy of Persia, were all high and great spirits, and yet the most beautiful men of their times. In beauty, that of

* Take this at least, this last advice, my son :
Keep a stiff rein, and move but gently on. — ADDISON.

favour is more than that of colour; and that of decent and gracious motion more than that of favour. That is the best part of beauty which a picture cannot express; no, nor the first sight of the life. There is no excellent beauty that hath not some strangeness in the proportion. A man cannot tell whether Apelles or Albert Durer were the more trifer; whereof the one would make a personage by geometrical proportions: the other, by taking the best parts out of divers faces to make one excellent. Such personages, I think, would please nobody but the painter that made them: not but I think a painter may make a better face than ever was; but he must do it by a kind of felicity (as a musician that maketh an excellent air in music), and not by rule. A man shall see faces, that, if you examine them part by part, you shall find never a good: and yet altogether do well. If it be true that the principal part of beauty is in decent motion, certainly it is no marvel though persons in years seem many times more amiable; *pulchrum autumnus præbet*; for no youth can be comely but by pardon, and considering the youth as to make up the comeliness. Beauty is as summer fruits, which are easy to corrupt and cannot last; and, for the most part, it makes a dissolute youth, and an age a little out of countenance; but yet certainly again, if it light well, it maketh virtues shine, and vices blush.

Of Deformity.

Deformed persons are commonly even with nature; for as nature hath done ill by them, so do they by nature, being for the most part (as the Scripture saith) 'void of natural affection;' and so they have their revenge of nature. Certainly there is a consent between the body and the mind, and where nature erreth in the one, she ventureth in the other: *Ubi peccat in uno periclitatur in altero*: but because there is in man an election, touching the frame of his mind, and a necessity in the frame of his body, the stars of natural inclination are sometimes obscured by the sun of discipline and virtue; therefore it is good to consider of deformity, not as a sign which is more deceivable, but as a cause which seldom falleth of the effect. Whosoever hath any thing fixed in his person that doth induce contempt, hath also a perpetual spur in himself to rescue and deliver himself from scorn; therefore, all deformed persons are extreme bold; first, as in their own defence, as being exposed to scorn, but in process of time by a general habit. Also it stirreth in them industry, and especially of this kind, to watch and observe the weakness of others, that they may have somewhat to repay. Again, in their superiors, it quencheth jealousy towards them, as persons that they think they may at pleasure despise; and it layeth their competitors and emulators asleep, as never believing they should be in possibility of advancement till they see them in possession: so that upon the matter, in a great wit, deformity is an advantage to rising. Kings, in ancient times (and at this present in some countries), were wont to put great trust in eunuchs, because they that are envious towards all are more obnoxious and officious towards one; but yet their trust towards them hath rather been as to good spies, and good whisperers, than good magistrates and officers: and much like is the reason of deformed persons. Still the ground is, they will, if they be of spirit, seek to free themselves from scorn; which must be either by virtue or malice; and, therefore, let it not be marvelled, if sometimes they prove excellent persons; as was Agesilaus, Zanger the son of Solyman, Æsop, Gasca, president of Peru; and Socrates may go likewise amongst them, with others.

Prosperity and Adversity.

The virtue of prosperity is temperance; the virtue of adversity is fortitude. Prosperity is the blessing of the Old Testament; adversity is the blessing of the New, which carrieth the greater benediction, and the clearer revelation of God's favour. Yet even in the Old Testament, if you listen to David's harp, you shall hear as many hearse-like airs as carols; and the pencil of the Holy Ghost hath laboured more in describing the afflictions of Job than the felicities of Solomon. Prosperity is not without many fears and distastes; and adversity is not without comforts and hopes. We see in needleworks and embroideries, it is more pleasing to have a lively work upon a sad and solemn ground, than to have a dark and melancholy work upon a lightsome ground: judge, therefore, of the pleasure of the heart by the pleasure of the eye. Certainly, virtue is like precious odours, most fragrant where they are incensed, or crushed; for prosperity doth best discover vice, but adversity doth best discover virtue.

Universities

As water, whether it be the dew of heaven or the springs of the earth, doth scatter and lose itself in the ground, except it be collected into some receptacle, where it may by union comfort and sustain itself, and, for that cause, the industry of man hath framed and made spring-heads, conduits, cisterns, and pools; which men have accustomed likewise to beautify and adorn with accomplishments of magnificence and state, as well as of use and necessity; so knowledge, whether it descend from divine inspiration or spring from human sense, would soon perish and vanish to oblivion, if it were not preserved in books, traditions, conferences, and places appointed, as universities, colleges, and schools, for the receipt and comforting the same.

Government.

In Orpheus's theatre, all beasts and birds assembled; and, forgetting their several appetites, some of prey, some of game, some of quarrel, stood all sociably together, listening unto the airs and accords of the harp; the sound whereof no sooner ceased, or was drowned by some louder noise, but every beast returned to his own nature; wherein is aptly described the nature and condition of men, who are full of savage and unreclaimed desires of profit, of lust, of revenge; which, as long as they give ear to precepts, to laws, to religion, sweetly touched with eloquence and persuasion of books, of sermons, of harangues, so long is society and peace maintained; but if these instruments be silent, or sedition and tumult make them not audible, all things dissolve into anarchy and confusion.

Books and Ships Compared.

If the invention of the ship was thought so noble, which carrieth riches and commodities from place to place, and consociateth the most remote regions in participation of their fruits, how much more are letters to be magnified, which, as ships, pass through the vast seas of time, and make ages so distant participate of the wisdom, illuminations, and inventions, the one of the other!

Libraries.

Libraries are as the shrines where all the relics of the ancient saints, full of true virtue, and that without delusion or imposture, are preserved and reposed.

SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

During the twelve years of his imprisonment, Sir Walter Raleigh wrote the chief portion of his works, especially the 'History of the World,' of which only a part was finished, comprehending the period from the creation to the downfall of the Macedonian empire, about 170 B.C. This was published in 1614. The ability with which he treats the histories of Greece and Rome has excited just regret that so great a portion of the work is devoted to Jewish and Rabbinical learning. The acquirements and genius of Raleigh—who, in the words of Hume, 'being educated amidst naval and military enterprises, had surpassed, in the pursuits of literature, even those of the most recluse and sedentary lives'—have excited much admiration; but the historian was aided by the contributions of his learned friends. Ben Jonson told Drummond that Raleigh 'esteemed more fame than conscience. The best wits in England were employed in making his history.' Ben himself had 'written a piece to him of the Punic war, which he altered, and set in his book.' According to a manuscript in the Lansdowne collection, a still more important helper was a 'Dr. Robert Burrell, rector of Northwold, in the county of Norfolk, who was a great favourite of Sir Walter Raleigh, and had been

his chaplain. All, or the greatest part of the drudgery of Sir Walter's "History," for criticism, chronology, and reading Greek and Hebrew authors, was performed by him' (Burrell); but the design and composition of the work were Raleigh's own. He gave it consistency, energy, and genius.

Both in style and matter, this celebrated work is vastly superior to all the English historical productions which had previously appeared. Its style, though partaking of the faults of the age in being frequently stiff and inverted, has fewer of these defects than the diction of any other writer of the time. Raleigh composed a number of political and other pieces, some of which have never been published. Among those best known are his 'Maxims of State,' the 'Cabinet Council,' the 'Sceptic,' and 'Advice to his Son.' The last contains much admirable counsel, sometimes tintured, indeed, with that worldliness and caution which the writer's hard experience had strengthened in a mind naturally disposed to be mindful of self-interest, and perhaps diseased to duplicity. The subjects on which he advises his son are—the choice of friends and of a wife, deafness to flattery, the avoidance of quarrels, the preservation of estate, the choice of servants, the avoidance of evil means of seeking riches, the bad effects of drunkenness, and the service of God.

Uncertainty of Human Happiness—From the Preface to the 'History.'

If we truly examine the difference of both conditions—to wit, of the rich and mighty, whom we call fortunate, and of the poor and oppressed, whom we count wretched—we shall find the happiness of the one, and the miserable estate of the other, so tied by God to the very instant, and both so subject to interchange (witness the sudden downfall of the greatest princes, and the speedy uprising of the meanest persons), as the one hath nothing so certain whereof to boast, nor the other so uncertain whereof to bewail itself. For there is no man so assured of his honour, of his riches, health, life but that he may be deprived of either, or all, the very next hour or day to come. *Quid vesper vehat incertum est*; what the evening will bring with it is uncertain. And yet ye cannot tell, saith St. James, what shall be to-morrow. To-day he is set up, and to-morrow he shall not be found, for he is turned into dust, and his purpose perisheth. And although the air which compasseth adversity be very obscure, yet therein we better discern God than in that shining light which environeth worldly glory; through which, for the clearness thereof, there is no vanity which usurpeth our sight. And let adversity seem what it will—to happy men, ridiculous, who make themselves merry at other men's misfortunes; and to those under the cross, grievous—yet this is true, that for all that is past, to the very instant, the portions remaining are equal to either. For, be it that we have lived many years (according to Solomon), 'and in them all we have rejoiced,' or be it that we have measured the same length of days, and therein have evermore sorrowed; yet, looking back from our present being, we find both the one and the other—to wit, the joy and the woe—sailed out of sight; and death, which doth pursue us and hold us in chase from our infancy, hath gathered it. *Quicquid ætatis retro est mors tenet*; whatsoever of our age is past, death holds it. So as, whosoever he be to whom fortune hath been a servant, and the time a friend, let him but take the account of his memory (for we have no other keeper of our pleasures past), and truly examine what it hath reserved, either of beauty and youth, or fore-gone delights; what it hath saved, that it might last, of his dearest affections, or of whatever else the amorous spring-time gave his thoughts of contentment, then invaluable, and he shall find that all the art which his elder years have can draw no other vapour out of these dissolutions than heavy, secret, and sad sighs. He shall find nothing remaining but those sorrows which grow up after our fast-springing youth, overtake it when it is at a stand, and overtop it

utterly when it begins to wither; insomuch as, looking back from the very instant time, and from our now being, the poor, diseased, and captive creature hath as little sense of all his former miseries and pains as he that is most blessed, in common opinion, hath of his forepast pleasures and delights. For whatsoever is cast behind us is just nothing; and what is to come, deceitful hope hath it. *Omnis quæ eventura est incerto facit.* Only those few black swans I must except who, having had the grace to value worldly vanities at no more than their own price, do, by retaining the comfortable memory of a well-acted life, behold death without dread, and the grave without fear, and embrace both as necessary guides to endless glory.

The Battle of Thermopylæ — From the 'History,' Book III. Chap. 6.

After such time as Xerxes had transported his army over the Hellespont, and landed in Thrace—leaving the description of his passage along that coast, and how the river of Læus was drunk dry by his multitude, and the lake near to Plesyrus by his cattle, with other accidents in his marches towards Greece—I will speak of the encounters he had, and the shameful and incredible overthrow which he received. As first at Thermopylæ, a narrow passage of half an acre of ground, lying between the mountains which divide Thessaly from Greece, where sometime the Phocians had raised a wall with gates, which was then for the most part ruined. At this entrance, Leonidas, one of the kings of Sparta, with 800 Lacedæmonians, assisted with 1000 Tegeates and Mantineans, and 1000 Arcadians, and other Peloponnesians, to the number of 3100 in the whole; besides 1000 Phocians, 400 Thebans, 700 Thespians, and all the forces—such as they were—of the bordering Locrians, defended the passage two whole days together against the huge army of the Persians. The valour of the Greeks appeared so excellent in this defence, that, in the first day's fight, Xerxes is said to have three times leaped out of his throne, fearing the destruction of his army by one handful of those men, whom, not long before, he had utterly despised: and when the second day's attempt upon the Greeks had proved vain, he was altogether ignorant how to proceed further, and so might have continued, had not a runagate Grecian taught him a secret way, by which part of his army might ascend the ledge of mountains, and set upon the backs of those who kept the straits. But when the most valiant of the Persian army had almost inclosed the small forces of the Greeks, then did Leonidas, king of the Lacedæmonians, with his 800, and 700 Thespians, which were all that abode by him, refuse to quit the place which they had undertaken to make good, and with admirable courage not only resist that world of men which charged them on all sides, but, issuing out of their strength, made so great a slaughter of their enemies, that they might well be called vanquishers, though all of them were slain upon the place. Xerxes having lost in this last fight, together with 20,000 other soldiers and captains, two of his own brethren, began to doubt what inconvenience might befall him by the virtue of such as had not been present at these battles, with whom he knew that he shortly was to deal. Especially of the Spartans he stood in great fear, whose manhood had appeared singular in this trial, which caused him very carefully to inquire what numbers they could bring into the field. It is reported of Dieneceus, the Spartan, that when one thought to have terrified him by saying that the flight of the Persian arrows was so thick as would hide the sun, he answered thus: 'It is very good news, for then shall we fight in the cool shade.'

English Valour.—From the 'History,' Book V. Chap. 2

All that have read of Cressy and Agincourt will bear me witness that I do not allege the battle of Poitiers for lack of other as good examples of the English virtue; the proof whereof hath left many a hundred better marks, in all quarters of France, than ever did the valour of the Romans. If any man impute these victories of ours to the long-bow, as carrying farther, piercing more strongly, and quicker of discharge than the French cross-bow, my answer is ready—that in all these respects it is also (being drawn with a strong arm) superior to the musket; yet is the musket a weapon of more use. The gun and the cross-bow are of like force when discharged by a boy or a woman as when by a strong man; weakness, or sickness, or a sore finger, makes the long-bow unserviceable. More particularly, I say that it was the custom of our ancestors to shoot, for the most part, *point-blank*; and so shall his precise that will note the circumstances of almost any one battle. This takes away all objection, for when two armies are within the distance of a butt's length, one flight of arrows, or

two at the most, can be delivered before they close. Neither is it, in general, true that the long-bow reacheth farther, or that it pierceth more strongly than the cross-bow. But this is the rare effect of an extraordinary arm, whereupon can be grounded no common rule. If any man shall ask, how then came it to pass that the English won so many great battles, having no advantage to help him, I may, with best commendation of modesty, refer him to the French historian who, relating the victory of our men at Crevant, where they passed a bridge in face of the enemy, useth these words: 'The English comes with a conquering bravery, as he that was accustomed to gain everywhere without any stay; he forceth our guard, placed upon the bridge to keep the passage' (John de Serres). Or I may cite another place of the same author, where he tells us how the Britons, being invaded by Charles VIII. king of France, thought it good policy to apparel twelve hundred of their own men in English cascocks, that the very sight of the English red cross would be enough to terrify the French. But I will not stand to borrow of the French historians (all of which, excepting de Serres and Paulus Æmilius, report wonders of our nation); the proposition which first I undertook to maintain, that the military virtue of the English prevailing against all manner of difficulties ought to be preferred before that of the Romans, which was assisted with all advantages that could be desired. If it be demanded, why, then, did not our kings finish the conquest as Cæsar had done, my answer may be—I hope without offence—that our kings were like to the race of the Æacidae, of whom the old poet Ennius gave this note: *Belli potentis sunt magis quam sapientis potentis*—They were more warlike than politic. Whoso notes their proceeding, may find that none of them went to work like a conqueror, save only King Henry V. the course of whose victories it pleased God to interrupt by his death.

Ambition and Death.—Conclusion of the 'History.'

By this which we have already set down, is seen the beginning and end of the three first monarchies of the world, whereof the founders and erectors thought that they could never have ended. That of Rome, which made the fourth, was also at this time almost at the highest. We have left it flourishing in the middle of the field, having rooted up or cut down all that kept it from the eyes and admiration of the world. But after some continuance, it shall begin to lose the beauty it had; the storms of ambition shall beat her great boughs and branches one against another; her leaves shall fall off, her limbs wither, and a rabble of barbarous nations enter the field, and cut her down. . . .

If we seek a reason of the succession and continuance of boundless ambition in mortal men, we may add, that the kings and princes of the world have always laid before them the actions, but not the ends of those great ones which preceded them. They are always transported with the glory of the one, but they never mind the misery of the other, till they find the experience in themselves. They neglect the advice of God while they enjoy life, or hope it, but they follow the counsel of death upon his first approach. It is he that puts into man all the wisdom of the world without speaking a word, which God, with all the words of his law, promises, or threats, doth not infuse. Death, which hateth and destroyeth man, is believed; God, which hath made him and loves him, is always deferred. 'I have considered,' saith Solomon, 'all the works that are under the sun, and, behold, all is vanity and vexation of spirit;' but who believes it, till death tells it us? It was death, which, opening the consciences of Charles V. made him enjoin his son Philip to restore Navarre, and King Francis I. of France to command that justice should be done upon the murderers of the Protestants in Merindol and Cabrières, which till then he neglected. It is therefore death alone that can suddenly make man to know himself. He that is the proud and insolent that they are but abjects, and humbles them at the instant, makes them cry, complain, and repent, yea, even to hate their forepassed happiness. He takes the account of the rich, and proves him a beggar, a naked beggar, which hath interest in nothing but in the gravel that fills his mouth. He holds a glass before the eyes of the most beautiful, and makes them see therein their deformity and rottenness, and they acknowledge it.

O eloquent, just, and mighty Death! whom none could advise, thou hast persuaded; what none hath dared, thou hast done; and whom all the world hath flattered, thou only hast cast out of the world and despised; thou hast drawn together all the far-stretched greatness, all the pride, cruelty, and ambition of man, and covered it all over with these two narrow words, *Hic jacet!*

In another of his works, Raleigh tells, in the following vigorous language, wherein lies

The Strength of Kings.

They say the goodliest cedars which grow on the high mountains of Libanus thrust their roots between the clefts of hard rocks, the better to bear themselves against the strong storms that blow there. As nature has instructed those kings of trees, so has reason taught the kings of men to root themselves in the hardy hearts of their faithful subjects; and as those kings of trees have large tops, so have the kings of men large crowns, whereof, as the first would soon be broken from their bodies, were they not underborne by many branches, so would the other easily totter, were they not fastened on their heads with the strong chains of civil justice and of martial discipline.

*Three Rules to be observed for the Preservation of a Man's Estate.—
From Raleigh's 'Advice to his Son.'*

Amongst all other things of the world, take care of thy estate, which thou shalt ever preserve if thou observe three things: first, that thou know what thou hast, what everything is worth that thou hast, and to see that thou art not wasted by thy servants and officers. The second is, that thou never spend anything before thou have it; for borrowing is the canker and death of every man's estate. The third is, that thou suffer not thyself to be wounded for other men's faults, and scourged for other men's offences; which is, the surety for another, for thereby millions of men have been beggared and destroyed, paying the reckoning of other men's riot, and the charge of other men's folly and prodigality; if thou smart, smart for thine own sins; and, above all things, be not made an ass to carry the burdens of other men: if any friend desire thee to be his surety, give him a part of what thou hast to spare; if he press thee further, he is not thy friend at all, for friendship rather chooseth harm to itself than offereth it. If thou be bound for a stranger, thou art a fool; if for a merchant, thou putteth thy estate to learn to swim; if for a churchman, he hath no inheritance; if for a lawyer, he will find an invasion by a syllable or word to abuse thee; if for a poor man, thou must pay it thyself; if for a rich man, he needs not: therefore from suretyship, as from a manslayer or enchanter, bless thyself; for the best profit and return will be this, that if thou force him for whom thou art bound, to pay it himself, he will become thy enemy; if thou use to pay it thyself, thou wilt be a beggar; and believe thy father in this, and print it in thy thought, that what virtue soever thou hast, be it never so manifold, if thou be poor without, thou and thy qualities shall be despised. Besides, poverty is oftentimes sent as a curse of God; it is a shame amongst men, an imprisonment of the mind, a vexation of every worthy spirit: thou shalt neither help thyself nor others; thou shalt drown thee in all thy virtues, having no means to shew them; thou shalt be a burden and an eyesore to thy friends; every man will fear thy company; thou shalt be driven basely to beg and depend on others, to flatter unworthy men, to make dishonest shifts: and, to conclude, poverty provokes a man to do infamous and detested deeds; let no vanity, therefore, or persuasion, draw thee to that worst of worldly miseries.

If thou be rich, it will give thee pleasure in health, comfort in sickness, keep thy mind and body free, save thee from many perils, relieve thee in thy elder years, relieve the poor and thy honest friends, and give means to thy posterity to live, and defend themselves and thine own fame. Where it is said in the Proverbs, 'That he shall be sore vexed that is surety for a stranger, and he that hateth suretyship is sure;' it is further said, 'The poor is hated even of his own neighbour, but the rich have many friends.' Lend not to him that is mightier than thyself, for if thou lendest him, count it but lost; be not surety above thy power, for if thou be surety, think to pay it.

RICHARD KNOLLES.

Next to Raleigh's history may be ranked Knolles's 'History of the Turks,' published in 1601, and a second edition in 1610. Dr. Johnson, in the 132d number of the 'Rambler,' warmly eulogised Knolles's work, and Mr. Hallam places its author among the first of

our elder writers. Knolles was master of a free school at Sandwich in Kent, where he died in 1610, aged about seventy. His history was continued by Sir Paul Rycaut (1628-1700), an English traveller and diplomatist.

The Taking of Constantinople by the Turks.

A little before day, the Turks approached the walls and began the assault, where shot and stones were delivered upon them from the walls as thick as hail, wherewith little fell in vain, by reason of the multitude of the Turks, who, pressing fast unto the walls, could not see in the dark how to defend themselves, but were without number wounded or slain; but these were of the common and worst soldiers, of whom the Turkish king made no more reckoning than to abate the first force of the defendants. Upon the first appearance of the day, Mohammed gave the sign appointed for the general assault, whereupon the city was in a moment, and at one instant, on every side most furiously assaulted by the Turks; for Mohammed, the more to distress the defendants, and the better to see the forwardness of the soldiers, had before appointed which part of the city every colonel with his regiment should assault; which they valiantly performed, delivering their arrows and shot upon the defendants so thick, that the light of the day was therewith darkened; others in the meantime courageously mounting the scaling-ladders, and coming even to handy-strokes with the defendants upon the wall, where the foremost were for the most part violently borne forward by them which followed after. On the other side, the Christians with no less courage withstood the Turkish fury, beating them down again with great stones and weighty pieces of timber, and so overwhelmed them with shot, darts, and arrows, and other hurtful devices from above, that the Turks, dismayed with the terror thereof, were ready to retire.

Mohammed, seeing the great slaughter and discomfiture of his men, sent in fresh supplies of his janissaries and best men of war, whom he had for that purpose reserved as his last hope and refuge; by whose coming on his fainting soldiers were again encouraged, and the terrible assault begun afresh. At which time the barbarous king asked not to use all possible means to maintain the assault; by name calling upon this and that captain, promising unto some whom he saw forward golden mountains, and unto others in whom he saw any sign of cowardice, threatening most terrible death; by which means the assault became most dreadful, death there raging in the midst of many thousands. And albeit that the Turks lay dead by heaps upon the ground, yet other fresh men pressed on still in their places over their dead bodies, and with divers event either slew or were slain by their enemies.

In this so terrible a conflict, it chanced Justinianus the general to be wounded in the arm, who, losing much blood, cowardly withdrew himself from the place of his charge, not leaving any to supply his room, and so got into the city by the gate called Romana, which he had caused to be opened in the inner wall; pretending the cause of his departure to be for the binding up of his wound, but being, indeed, a man now altogether discouraged.

The soldiers there present, dismayed with the departure of their general, and sore charged by the janissaries, forsook their stations, and in haste fled to the same gate whereby Justinianus was entered; with the sight whereof the other soldiers, dismayed, ran thither by heaps also. But whilst they violently strive altogether to get in at once, they so wedged one another in the entrance of the gate, that few of so great a multitude got in; in which so great a press and confusion of minds, eight hundred persons were there by them that followed trodden under foot, or thrust to death. The emperor himself, for safeguard of his life, flying with the rest in that press as a man not regarded, miserably ended his days together with the Greek empire. His dead body was shortly after found by the Turks among the slain, and known by his rich apparel, whose head being cut off, was forthwith presented to the Turkish tyrant, by whose commandment it was afterwards thrust upon the point of a lance, and in great derision carried about as a trophy of his victory, first in the camp, and afterward up and down the city.

The Turks, encouraged with the flight of the Christians, presently advanced their ensigns upon the top of the uttermost wall, crying Victory; and by the breach entered as if it had been a great flood, which, having once found a breach in the

bank overfloweth, and beareth down all before it; so the Turks, when they had won the utter wall, entered the city by the same gate that was opened for Justinianus, and by a breach which they had before made with their great artillery, and without mercy cutting in pieces all that came in their way, without further resistance became lords of that famous and imperial city. . . . In this fury of the barbarians perished many thousands of men, women, and children, without respect of age, sex, or condition. Many, for safeguard of their lives, fled into the temple of Sophia, where they were all without pity slain, except some few reserved by the barbarous victors to purposes more grievous than death itself. The rich and beautiful ornaments and jewels of that most sumptuous and magnificent church—the stately building of Justinianus the emperor—were, in the turning of a hand, plucked down and carried away by the Turks; and the church itself, built for God to be honoured in, for the present converted into a stable for their horses, or a place for the execution of their abominable and unspeakable filthiness: the image of the crucifix was also by them taken down, and a Turk's cap put upon the head thereof, and so set up and shot at with their arrows, and afterwards, in great derision, carried about in their camp, as it had been in procession, with drums playing before it, railing and spitting at it, and calling it the God of the Christians, which I note not so much done in contempt of the image, as in despite of Christ and the Christian religion.

Dryden, who rarely borrowed, seems, as Lord Macaulay has pointed out, to have taken a couplet from Knolles's history. Under a portrait of Mustapha I. are these lines:

Greatness on goodness loves to slide, not stand;
And leaves for Fortune's ice Virtue's firme land.

In 'Absalom and Achitophel,' Dryden has:

But wild Amb'tion loves to slide, not stand,
And Fortune's ice prefers to Virtue's land.

WILLIAM CAMDEN.

WILLIAM CAMDEN (1551-1623) was eminent as an antiquary, and claims also to be considered as one of the best historians of his age. Camden was born in London, and received his education first at Christ's Hospital and St. Paul's School; and afterwards at Oxford. In 1575 he became second master of Westminster School; and while performing the duties of this office, devoted his leisure hours to the study of the antiquities of Britain—a subject to which, from his earliest years, he had been strongly inclined. That he might personally examine ancient remains, he travelled, in 1582, through some of the eastern and northern counties of England; and the fruits of his researches appeared in his most celebrated work, written in Latin, with a title signifying 'Britain; or a Chorographical Description of the most Flourishing Kingdom of England, Scotland, Ireland, and the Adjacent Islands, from Remote Antiquity.' This was published in 1586, and immediately brought him into high repute as an antiquary and man of learning. Anxious to improve and enlarge it, he journeyed at several times into different parts of the country, examining archives and relics of antiquity, and collecting, with indefatigable industry, whatever information might contribute to render it more complete. The sixth edition, published in 1607, was that which received his finishing touches; and of this an English translation,

executed, probably with the author's assistance, by Dr. Philemon Holland, appeared in 1610. From the preface to that translation we extract the following:

Camden's Account of his Historical Labours.

Abraham Ortelius, the worthy restorer of ancient geography, arriving here in England about thirty-four years past, dealt earnestly with me that I would illustrate this isle of Britain, or, as he said, that I would restore antiquity to Britain, and Britain to antiquity; which was, I understood, that I would renew ancientry, enlighten obscurity, clear doubts, and recall home verity, by way of recovery, which the negligence of writers, and credulity of the common sort, had in a manner proscribed and utterly banished from among us. A painful matter, I assure you, and more than difficult; wherein what toil is to be taken, as no man thinketh, so no man believeth but he who hath made the trial. Nevertheless, how much the difficulty discouraged me from it, so much the glory of my country encouraged me to undertake it. So, while at one and the same time I was fearful to undergo the harden, and yet desirous to do some service to my country, I found two different afflictions, fear and boldness, I know not how, conjoined in one. Notwithstanding, by the most gracious direction of the Almighty, taking industry for my consort, I adventured upon it; and, with all my study, care, cogitation, continual meditation, pain, and travail, I employed myself thereunto when I had any spare time. I made search after the etymology of Britain and the first inhabitants timorously; neither in so doubtful a matter have I affirmed ought confidently. For I am not ignorant that the first origins of nations are obscure, by reason of their profound antiquity, as things which are even very deep and far remote; like as the courses, the reaches, the confluences, and the outlets of great rivers are well known, yet their first fountains and heads be commonly unknown. I have succinctly run over the Romans' government in Britain, and the inundation of foreign people therein, what they were, and from whence they came. I have traced out the ancient divisions of these kingdoms; I have summarily specified the states and judicial courts of the same. In the several counties, I have compendiously set down the limits; and yet not exactly by perch and pole, to breed questions—what is the nature of the soil, which were places of the greatest antiquity, who have been dukes, marquises, counts, viscounts, barons, and some of the most signal and ancient families therein—for what in particular? What I have performed, I leave to men of judgment. But time, the most sound and sincere witness, will give the truest information, when every which persecuteth the living, shall have her mouth stopped. Thus much gave me leave to say—that I have in nowise neglected such things as are material to search and set out the truth. I have attained to some skill of the most ancient British and Saxon tongues. I have travelled over all England for the most part; I have conferred with most skilful observers in each country; I have studiously read over our own country writers, old and new, all Greek and Latin writers which have once made mention of Britain; I have had conference with learned men in the other parts of Christendom; I have been diligent in the records of this realm; I have looked into most libraries, registers, and memorials of churches, cities, and corporations; I have pored over many an old roll and evidence, and produced their testimony, as beyond all exception, when the cause required, in their very own words—although barbarous they be—that the honour of verity might in nowise be impeached.

For all this I may be censured as unadvised, and scant modest, who, being but of the lowest form in the school of antiquity, where I might well have lurked in obscurity, have adventured as a scribbler upon the stage in this learned age, amidst the diversities of relishes both in wit and judgment. But to tell the truth unfeignedly, the love of my country, which compriseth all love in it, and hath endeared me to it, the glory of the British name, the advice of some judicious friends, hath overmastered my modesty, and—willed I, nilled I—hath enforced me, against mine own judgment, to undergo this burden too heavy for me, and so thrust me forth into the world's view. For I see judgments, prejudices, censures, aspersions, obstructions, detractions, affronts, and confronts, as it were, in battle-array, to environ me on every side: some there are which wholly condemn and avile this study of antiquity as a back-looking curiosity; whose authority, as I do not utterly vilify, so I do not overprize or admire

their judgment. Neither am I destitute of reason whereby I might approve this my purpose to well-bred and well-meaning men, which tender the glory of their native country; and, moreover, could give them to understand that, in the study of antiquity—which is always accompanied with dignity, and hath a certain resemblance with eternity—there is a sweet food of the mind well befitting such as are of honest and noble disposition. If any there be which are desirous to be strangers in their own soil, and foreigners in their own city, they may so continue, and therein flatter themselves. For such like I have not written these lines, nor taken these pains.

The 'Britannia' has gone through many subsequent editions, and has proved so useful a repository of antiquarian and topographical knowledge, that it has been styled by Bishop Nicolson 'the common sun, whereat our modern writers have all lighted their little torches.' The last edition is that of 1789, in two volumes folio, largely augmented by Mr. Gough.

In 1593, Camden became head-master of Westminster School, and, for the use of his pupils, published a Greek Grammar in 1597. In the same year, however, his connection with that seminary came to an end, on his receiving the appointment of Clarencieux king-of-arms, an office which allowed him more leisure for his favourite pursuits. The principal works which he subsequently published are: 1. 'An Account of the Monuments and Inscriptions in Westminster Abbey;' 2. 'A Collection of Ancient English Historians;' 3. A Latin 'Narrative of the Gunpowder Plot,' drawn up at the desire of James VI.; and, 4. 'Annals of the Reign of Queen Elizabeth,' also in Latin. The last of these works is praised by Hume as good composition, with respect both to style and matter, and as being 'written with simplicity of expression, very rare in that age, and with a regard to truth.' It is, however, generally considered as too favourable to Elizabeth; and Dr. Robertson characterises the account of Scottish affairs under Queen Mary as less accurate than any other. Camden died unmarried in 1623, at the age of seventy-two, and was interred in Westminster Abbey. Not long before his death, he founded and endowed a history lecture at Oxford.

SIR HENRY SPELMAN—SIR ROBERT COTTON—JOHN SPEED—SAMUEL DANIEL—SIR JOHN HAYWARD.

SIR HENRY SPELMAN, a man of similar tastes, and who was intimate with Camden, was born in 1563 at Congham, in Norfolk, of which county he was high-sheriff in 1604. His works are almost all upon legal and ecclesiastical antiquities. Having, in the course of his investigations, found it necessary to study the Saxon language, he embodied the fruits of his labour in his great work called 'Glossarium Archæologicum,' the object of which is the explanation of obsolete words occurring in the laws of England. Another of his productions is 'A History of the English Councils,' published partly in 1639, and partly after his death, which took place in 1641. The writings of this author have furnished valuable materials to English historians, and he is considered as the restorer of Saxon literature, both by means of

his own studies, and by founding a Saxon professorship at Cambridge.—**SIR ROBERT COTTON** (1570–1631) is celebrated as an industrious collector of records, charters, and writings of every kind relative to the ancient history of England. In the prosecution of his object he enjoyed unusual facilities, the recent suppression of monasteries having thrown many valuable books and written documents into private hands. In 1600, he accompanied his friend Camden on an excursion to Carlisle, for the purpose of examining the Picts' wall and other relics of former times. It was principally on his suggestion that James I. resorted to the scheme of creating baronets, as a means of supplying the treasury; and he himself was one of those who purchased the distinction. Sir Robert Cotton was the author of various historical, political, and antiquarian works, which are now of little interest, except to men of kindred tastes. His name is remembered chiefly for the benefit which he conferred upon literature, by saving his valuable library of manuscripts from dispersion. After being considerably augmented by his son and grandson, it became, in 1706, the property of the public, and in 1757 was deposited in the British Museum. One hundred and eleven of the manuscripts, many of them highly valuable, had before this time been unfortunately destroyed by fire. During his lifetime, materials were drawn from his library by Raleigh, Bacon, Selden, and Herbert; and he furnished literary assistance to many contemporary authors. Besides aiding Camden in the compilation of the 'Britannia,' he materially assisted **JOHN SPEED** (1552–1620), by revising, correcting, and adding to a 'History of Great Britain,' published by that writer in 1614. Speed was indebted also to Spelman and others for contributions. He is characterised by Bishop Nicolson as 'a person of extraordinary industry and attainments in the study of antiquities.' Being a tailor by trade, he enjoyed few advantages from education; yet his history is a highly creditable performance, and was long the best in existence. He was the first to reject the fables of preceding chroniclers concerning the origin of the Britons, and to exercise a just discrimination in the selection of authorities. His history commences with the original inhabitants of the island, and extends to the union of England and Scotland under King James, to whom the work is dedicated. In 1606, he published maps of Great Britain and Ireland, with the English shires, hundreds, cities, and shire-towns. This collection was superior to any other that had appeared.—**SAMUEL DANIEL** (1562–1619), who has already been mentioned as a poet, distinguished himself also as a writer of prose. Besides 'A Defence of Rhyme,' published in 1611, he composed 'A History of England,' of which only the first and second parts—extending from the Norman Conquest to the end of the reign of Edward III.—were completed by himself. Of these, the first appeared, in 1613, and the second about five years later. Being a judicious and tasteful performance, and written in a clear, simple, and agreeable style, the work became very popular, and soon passed through several

editions. It was continued, in an inferior manner, to the death of Richard III. by John Trussel, an alderman of Winchester. Like Speed, Daniel was cautious in giving credit to narratives of remote events, as will appear from his remarks, here subjoined :

Uncertainty of the Early History of Nations.

Undertaking to collect the principal affairs of this kingdom, I had a desire to have deduced the same from the beginning of the first British kings, as they are registered in their catalogue ; but finding no authentical warrant how they came there, I did put off that desire with these considerations : That a lesser part of time, and better known—which was from William I. surnamed the Bastard—was more than enough for my ability ; and how it was but our curiosity to search further back into times past than we might discern, and whereof we could neither have proof nor profit ; how the beginnings of all people and states were as uncertain as the heads of great rivers, and could not add to our virtue, and, peradventure, little to our reputation to know them, considering how commonly they rise from the springs of poverty, piracy, robbery, and violence ; howsoever fabulous writers, to glorify their nations, strive to abuse the credulity of after-ages with heroical or miraculous beginnings. For states, as men, are ever best seen when they are up, and as they are, not as they were. Besides, it seems, God, in His providence, to check our presumptuous inquisition, wraps up all things in uncertainty, bars us out from long antiquity, and bounds our searches within the compass of a few ages, as if the same were sufficient, both for example and instruction, to the government of men. For had we the particular occurrences of all ages and all nations, it might more stuff, but not better our understanding ; we shall find still the same correspondences to hold in the actions of men ; virtues and vices the same, though rising and falling, according to the worth or weakness of governors ; the causes of the ruins and mutations of states to be alike, and the train of affairs carried by precedent, in a course of succession, under like colours.

SIR JOHN HAYWARD, in 1599, published 'The First Part of the Life and Reign of Henry IV.' which he dedicated to the Earl of Essex. Some passages in it gave such offence to the queen, that she caused the author to be imprisoned. He was patronised by James I. however ; and at the desire of Prince Henry, composed 'Lives of the Three Norman Kings of England' (1613). After his death, which happened in 1627, was published (1680) his 'Life and Reign of King Edward VI. with the Beginning of the Reign of Queen Elizabeth.' He writes with considerable smoothness, but in a dramatic style, imitating Livy and other ancient historians in the practice of putting speeches into the mouths of his historic characters. Queen Elizabeth, it is said, ordered Lord Bacon to search Hayward's 'Life of Henry IV' to see if it contained any treason. Bacon reported that there was no *treason*, but that there were many *felonies* ; for the author had stolen many of his sentiments and conceits out of Tacitus.

RICHARD GRAFTON.

We now revert to a useful class of writers, the English chroniclers ; a continuous succession of whom appeared during this period. The first was RICHARD GRAFTON, a printer in London in the reigns of Henry VIII. and three succeeding monarchs. Being employed, after the death of Edward VI. to prepare the proclamation which declared the succession of Lady Jane Grey to the crown, he was, for this simple professional act, deprived of his patent, and committed to

prison. While there, he compiled 'An Abridgement of the Chronicles of England,' published in 1563; also a 'Manuel of the Chronicles of England,' 1565; 'A Chronicle at large and Meere History of the Affayres of England,' &c. 1568-69, two volumes. Grafton's works are of little value or authority. His death took place some time after 1572.

JOHN STOW.

JOHN STOW enjoys a much higher reputation as an accurate and impartial recorder of public events. This industrious writer was born in London about the year 1525. He was the son of a tailor, and brought up to the same trade, but early exhibited a decided turn for antiquarian research. About the year 1560, he formed the design of composing annals of English history, and travelled on foot through a considerable part of England, for the purpose of examining the historical manuscripts preserved in cathedrals and other public establishments. He also enlarged, as far as his pecuniary resources allowed, his collection of old books and manuscripts, of which there were many scattered through the country, in consequence of the suppression of monasteries by Henry VIII.* Necessity, however, compelled him to resume his trade, and his studies were suspended till the bounty of Dr. Parker, archbishop of Canterbury, enabled him again to prosecute them. In 1565, he published his 'Summary of English Chronicles,' dedicated to the Earl of Leicester, at whose request the work was undertaken. Archbishop Parker's death, in 1575, reduced Stow's income, but he managed to continue his researches, to which his whole time and energies were now devoted. At length, in 1598, appeared his 'Survey of London,' the best known of his writings, and which has served as the groundwork of all subsequent histories of the metropolis. There was another work, his large 'Chronicle,' or 'History of England,' on which forty years' labour had been bestowed, which he was very desirous to publish; but of this he succeeded in printing only an abstract, entitled 'Flores Historiarum,' or 'Annals of England' (1600).

* Vast numbers of books were at this period wantonly destroyed; and according to Bishop Bale, the universities were not all clear as to this 'detestable fact.' Bale adds: 'I know a merchantman—which shall at this time be nameless—that bought the contents of two noble libraries for forty shillings price: a shame it is to be spoken. This stuff hath he occupied instead of gray paper, by the space of more than these ten years, and yet hath he store enough for as many years to come.'—*Bale's Declaration, &c.*, quoted in Collier's *Records, Hist.* ii. 166. Another illustration is given by the editor of *Letters written by Eminent Persons in the Seventeenth and Eighteenth Centuries* (London, 1813). 'The splendid and magnificent abbey of Malmesbury,' says he, 'which possessed some of the finest manuscripts in the kingdom, was ransacked, and its treasures either sold or burned to serve the commonest purposes of life. An antiquary who traveled through that town many years after the dissolution, relates that he saw broken windows patched up with remnants of the most valuable manuscripts on vellum, and that the bakers had not even then consumed the stores they had accumulated, in heating their ovens!' The greater part of the manuscripts, we suspect, would be merely missals and charters of the monasteries.

A volume published from his papers after his death, entitled 'Stow's Chronicle,' does not contain the large work now mentioned, which, though left by him fit for the press, seems to have somehow gone astray. In his old age, he fell into such poverty as to be driven to solicit charity from the public. Having made application to James I. he received the royal license 'to repair to churches, or other places, to receive the gratuities and charitable benevolence of well-disposed people.' It is little to the honour of the contemporaries of this worthy and meritorious citizen, that he should have been literally reduced to beggary. Under the pressure of want and disease, Stow died in 1605, at the advanced age of eighty years. His works, though possessing few graces of style, have always been esteemed for accuracy and research. He often declared that, in composing them, he had never allowed himself to be swayed either by fear, favour, or malice; but that he had impartially, and to the best of his knowledge, delivered the truth. So highly was his accuracy esteemed by contemporary authors, that Bacon and Camden took statements upon his sole credit.

RAPHAEL HOLINSHED—WILLIAM HARRISON—JOHN HOOKER—FRANCIS BOTEVILLE.

Among all the old chroniclers, none is more frequently referred to than RAPHAEL HOLINSHED, of whom, however, almost nothing is known, except that he was a principal writer of the 'Chronicles' which bear his name, and that he died about the year 1582. Among his coadjutors were WILLIAM HARRISON, a clergyman, JOHN HOOKER, an uncle of the author of the 'Ecclesiastical Polity,' and FRANCIS BOTEVILLE, of whom nothing has been recorded but that he was 'a man of great learning and judgment, and a wonderful lover of antiquities.' The diligent John Stow, also, was among the contributors. Prefixed to the historical portion of the work is a description of Britain and its inhabitants, by William Harrison, which continues to be highly valued, as affording an interesting picture of the state of the country and manners of the people in the sixteenth century. This is followed by a history of England to the Norman Conquest, by Holinshed; a history and description of Ireland, by Richard Stanihurst; additional chronicles of Ireland, translated or written by Hooker, Holinshed, and Stanihurst; a description and history of Scotland, mostly translated from Hector Boece, by Holinshed or Harrison; and, lastly, a history of England, by Holinshed, from the Norman Conquest to 1577, when the first edition of the 'Chronicles' was published. In the second edition, which appeared in 1587, several sheets containing matter offensive to the queen and her ministers were omitted; but these have been restored in the excellent edition in six volumes quarto published in London in 1807-8. It was from Holinshed—who followed Boece—that Shakspere derived the groundwork of his tragedy of 'Macbeth.' As a specimen of these

'Chronicles,' we are tempted to quote some of Harrison's sarcastic remarks on the degeneracy of his contemporaries, their extravagance in dress, and the growth of luxury among them.

Character of the English.

An Englishman [Andrew Boord], endeavouring sometimes to write of our attire, made saundry platforms for his purpose, supposing by some of them to find out one steadfast ground whereon to build the sum of his discourse. But in the end, when he saw what a difficult piece of work he had taken in hand, he gave over his travel, and only drew the picture of a naked man, unto whom he gave a pair of shears in the one hand, and a piece of cloth in the other, to the end he should shape his apparel after such fashion as himself liked, sith he could find no kind of garment that could please him anywhille together, and this he called an Englishman. Certes this writer (otherwise a lewd popish hypocrite and ungracious priest) shewed himself herein not to be altogether void of judgment, sith the fantastical folly of our nation, even from the courtier to the carter, is such, that no form of apparel liketh us longer than the first garment is in the wearing, if it continue so long and be not laid aside, to receive some other trinket newly devised by the fickle-headed tailors, who covet to have several tricks in cutting, thereby to draw fond customers to more expence of money.

For my part I can tell better how to inveigh against this enormity than describe any certainty of our attire; sithence such is our mutability, that to-day there is none to the Spanish gails, to-morrow the French toys are most fine and delectable, ere long no such apparel as that which is after the high Alman [German] fashion, by-and-by the Turkish manner is generally best liked of, otherwise the Morisco gowns, the Barbarian sleeves, and the short French breeches make such a comely vesture, that except it were a dog in a doublet, you shall not see any so disguised as are my countrymen of England. And as these fashions are divers, so likewise it is a world to see the costliness and the curiosity, the excess and the vanity, the pomp and the bravery, the change and the variety, and finally, the fickleness and folly that is in all degrees, inasmuch that nothing is so constant in England as inconsistency of attire.

O how much cost is bestowed now-a-days upon our bodies, and how little upon our souls! How many suits of apparel hath the one, and how little furniture hath the other! How long time is asked in decking up of the first, and how little space left wherein to feed the latter! How curious, how nice also, are a number of men and women, and how hardly can the tailor please them in making it fit for their bodies! How many times must it be sent back again to him that made it! What chafing! What fretting! What reproachful language doth the poor workman bear away! And many times when he doeth nothing to it at all, yet when it is brought home again, it is very fit and handsome: then must we put it on, then must the long seams of our hose be set by a plumb-line, then we puff, then we blow, and finally sweat till we drop, that our clothes may stand well upon us. I will say nothing of our heads, which sometimes are polled, sometimes curled, or suffered to grow at length like woman's locks, many times cut above or under the ears round as by a wooden dish. Neither will I meddle with our variety of beards, of which some are shaven from the chin like those of Turks, not a few cut short like to the beard of Marquis Otto, some made round like a rubbing-brush, others with a *pique de vent* (O fine fashion!), or now and then suffered to grow long, the barbers being grown to be so cunning in this behalf as the tailors. And therefore, if a man have a lean and straight face, a Marquis Otto's cut will make it broad and large; if it be platter-like, a long slender beard will make it seem the narrower; if he be wasel-beaked, then much hair left on the cheeks will make the owner look big like a bowdled hen, and so grim as a goose; many old men do wear no beards at all. Some lusty courtiers also and gentlemen of courage do wear either rings of gold, stones, or pearl in their ears, whereby they imagine the workmanship of God to be not a little amended. But herein they rather disgrace than adorn their persons, as by their niceness in apparel, for which I say most nations do not unjustly deride us, as also for that we do seem to imitate all nations round about us, wherein we be like to the chameleoun. In women also it is most to be lamented, that they do now far exceed the lightness of our men (who nevertheless are transformed from the cap even to the very shoe),

and such staring attire, as in time past was supposed meet for none but light housewives only, is now become a habit for chaste and sober matrons. What should I say of their doublets, with pendent pieces on the breast full of jags and cuts, and sleeves of sundry colours? their galligaskons to make their attire sit pum round (as they term it) about them? their fardingales, and diversely coloured nether stocks of silk, jersey, and such like, whereby their bodies are rather deformed than commended? I have met with some of them in London so disguised, that it hath passed my skill to discern whether they were men or women. Certes, the commonwealth cannot be said to flourish where these abuses reign, but is rather oppressed by unreasonable exactions made upon rich farmers, and of poor tenants, wherewith to maintain the same. Neither was it ever merrier with England than when an Englishman was known abroad by his own cloth, and contented himself at home with his fine kersey-hosen and a mean slop; his coat, gown, and cloak, of brown, blue, or puce, with some pretty furniture of velvet or fur, and a doublet of sad, tawny, or black velvet, or other comely silk, without such cuts and garish colours as are worn, in these days, and never brought in but by the consent of the French, who think themselves the gayest men when they have most diversities of jags and change of colours about them.

RICHARD HAKLUYT.

RICHARD HAKLUYT is another of the laborious compilers of this period, to whom the world is indebted for the preservation, in an accessible form, of narratives which would otherwise, in all probability, have fallen into oblivion. The department of history which he chose was that descriptive of the naval adventures and discoveries of his countrymen. Hakluyt was born in London about the year 1533, and received his elementary education at Westminster School. He afterwards studied at Oxford, where he engaged in an extensive course of reading in various languages, on geographical and maritime subjects, for which he had early displayed a strong liking. So much reputation did his knowledge in those departments acquire for him, that he was appointed to lecture at Oxford on cosmography and the collateral sciences, and carried on a correspondence with those celebrated continental geographers, Ortelius and Mercator. At a subsequent period, he resided for five years in Paris as chaplain to the English ambassador, during which time he cultivated the acquaintance of persons eminent for their knowledge of geography and maritime history. On his return from France in 1588, Sir Walter Raleigh appointed him one of the society of counsellors, assistants, and adventurers, to whom he assigned his patent for the prosecution of discoveries in America. Previously to this, he had published, in 1582 and 1587, two small collections of voyages to America; but these are included in a much larger work in three volumes, which he published in 1598, 1599, and 1600, entitled 'The Principal Navigations, Voyages, Traffiques, and Discoveries of the English Nation, made by Sea or over Land, to the Remote and Farthest Distant Quarters of the Earth, within the Compass of these 1500 Years.' In the first volume are contained voyages to the north and north-east; the true state of Iceland; the defeat of the Spanish Armada; the expedition under the Earl of Essex to Cadiz; etc. In the second, he relates voyages to the south and south-east; and in

the third, expeditions to North America, the West Indies, and round the world. Narratives are given of nearly two hundred and twenty voyages, besides many relative documents, such as patents, instructions, and letters. To this collection all the subsequent compilers in this department have been largely indebted. In the explanatory catalogue prefixed to Churchill's 'Collection of Voyages,' and of which Locke has been said to be the author, Hakluyt's collection is spoken of as 'valuable for the good there to be picked out: but it might be wished the author had been less voluminous, delivering what was really authentic and useful, and not stuffing his work with so many stories taken upon trust, so many warlike exploits not at all pertinent to his undertaking, and such a multitude of articles, charters, privileges, letters, relations, and other things little to the purpose of travels and discoveries.' The work having become very scarce, a new edition, in five volumes quarto, was published in 1809. Hakluyt was the author also of translations of two foreign works on Florida; and when at Paris, published an enlarged edition of a history in the Latin language, entitled 'De Rebus Oceanicis et Orbe Novo,' by Martyr, an Italian author; this was afterwards translated into English by a person of the name of Lok, under the title of 'The History of the West Indies, containing the Acts and Adventures of the Spaniards, which have conquered and peopled those Countries; enriched with Variety of Pleasant Relation of Manners, Ceremonies, Laws, Governments, and Wars of the Indians.' In 1601, Hakluyt published the 'Discoveries of the World, from the First Original to the Year of Our Lord 1555,' translated, with additions, from the Portuguese of Antonio Galvano, governor of Ternate, in the East Indies. At his death in 1616, his papers, which were numerous, came into the hands of

SAMUEL PURCHAS,

another English clergyman, who made use of them in compiling a history of voyages, in four volumes, entitled 'Purchas his Pilgrim.' This appeared in 1625; but the author had already published, in 1613, before Hakluyt's death, a volume called 'Purchas his Pilgrimage; or, Relations of the World, and the Religions observed in all Ages and Places discovered from the Creation unto this Present.' These two works—a new edition of the latter of which was published in 1626—form a continuation of Hakluyt's collection, but on a more extended plan.* The writer of the catalogue in Churchill's 'Collection' says

* The contents of the different volumes are as follows: Vol. I. of the *Pilgrimage* contains Voyages and Travels of Ancient Kings, Patriarchs, Apostles, and Philosophers; Voyages of Circumnavigators of the Globe; and Voyages along the Coasts of Africa to the East Indies, Japan, China, the Philippine Islands, and the Persian and Arabian Gulfs. Vol. II. contains Voyages and Relations of Africa, Ethiopia, Palestine, Arabia, Persia, and other parts of Asia. Vol. III. contains Tartary, China, Russia, Northwest America, and the Polar Regions. Vol. IV. contains America and the West Indies. Vol. V. contains the Pilgrimage, a Theological and Geographical History of Asia, Africa, and America.

of Purchas, that 'he has imitated Hakluyt too much, swelling his work into five volumes in folio;' yet, he adds, 'the whole collection is very valuable, as having preserved many considerable voyages that might otherwise have perished. But, like Hakluyt, he has thrown in all that came to hand, to fill up so many volumes, and is excessive full of his own notions, and of mean quibbling and playing upon words; yet for such as can make choice of the best, the collection is very valuable.' Among his peculiarities is that of interlarding theological reflections and discussions with his narratives. Purchas died about 1628, at the age of fifty-one. His other works are: 'Microcosmus, or the History of Man' (1619); the 'King's Tower and Triumphant Arch of London' (1628); and a 'Funeral Sermon' (1619). His quaint eulogy of the sea is here extracted from the 'Pilgrimage.'

The Sea.

As God hath combined the sea and land into one globe, so their joint combination and mutual assistance is necessary to secular happiness and glory. The sea covereth one-half of this patrimony of man, whereof God set him in possession when he said: 'Replenish the earth, and subdue it, and have dominion over the fish of the sea, and over the fowl of the air, and over every living thing that moveth upon the earth.' . . . Thus should man at once lose half his inheritance, if the art of navigation did not enable him to manage this untamed beast, and with the bridle of the winds, and saddle of his shipping, to make him serviceable. Now for the services of the sea, they are innumerable: it is the great purveyor of the world's commodities to our use; conveyer of the excess of rivers; uniter, by traffic, of all nations; it presents the eye with diversified colours, and motions, and is, as it were with rich brooches, adorned with various islands. It is an open field for merchandise in peace; a pitched field for the most dreadful fights of war; yields diversity of fish and fowl for diet; materials for wealth, medicine for health, simples for medicines, pearls and other jewels for ornament, amber and ambregis for delight, 'the wonders of the Lord in the deep' for instruction, variety of creatures for use, multiplicity of natures for contemplation, diversity of accidents for admiration, compendiousness to the way, to full bodies healthful evacuation, to the thirsty earth fertile moisture, to distant friends pleasant meeting, to weary persons delightful refreshing, to studious and religious minds a map of knowledge, mystery of temperance, exercise of continence; school of prayer, meditation, devotion, and sobriety; refuge to the distressed, portage to the merchant, passage to the traveller, customs to the prince, springs, lakes, rivers to the earth; it hath on it tempests and calms to chastise the sins, to exercise the faith of seamen; manifold affections in itself, to affect and stupefy the subtlest philosopher; sustaineth movable fortresses for the soldier; maintaineth—as in our island—a wall of defence and watery garrison to guard the state; entertains the sun with vapours, the moon with obscuriousness, the stars also with a natural looking-glass, the sky with clouds, the air with temperateness, the soil with suppleness, the rivers with tides, the hills with moisture, the valleys with fertility; containeth most diversified matter for meteors, most multifiform shapes, most various, numerous kinds, most immense, deformed (dissimilar), deformed, unformed monsters: once—for why should I longer detain you?—the sea yields action to the body, meditation to the mind, the world to the world, all parts thereof to each part, by this art of arts—navigation.

JOHN DAVIS.

Among the intrepid navigators of Queen Elizabeth's reign whose adventures are recorded by Hakluyt, one of the most distinguished is JOHN DAVIS, a native of Devonshire, who, in 1585 and the two following years, made three voyages in search of a north-west passage to China, and discovered the well-known strait to which his name has

ever since been applied. In 1593, he himself published a small and now exceedingly rare volume, entitled 'The World's Hydrographical Description,' wherein, as we are told in the title-page, 'is proued not onely by auctoritie of writers, but also by late experience of trauellers, and reasons of substantiall probabilitie, that the worlde in all his zones, clymats, and places, is habitable and inhabited, and the seas likewise universally nauigable, without any naturall anoyance to hinder the same; whereby appeares that from England there is a short and speedie passage into the South Seas to China, Malucca, Phillipina, and India, by northerly navigation, to the renowne, honour, and benefit of her maiesties state and communality.' In corroboration of these positions, he gives a short narrative of his voyages, which, notwithstanding the unsuccessful termination of them all, he considers to afford arguments in favour of the north-west passage. This narrative, with its original spelling, is here inserted, as an interesting specimen of the style of such relations in the age of Elizabeth.

Davis's Voyages in Search of the North-west Passage.

In my first voyage, not experienced of the nature of those clymattes, and having no direction either by Chart, Globe, or other certayne relation in what altitud: that passage was to be searched, I shaped a Northerly course, and so sought the same towards the South, and in that my Northerly course I fell upon the shore which in ancient time was called Groyuland, five hundred leagues distant from the durseys West Nor West Northerly, the land being very high and full of nightlie mountaines all couered with snow, no viewe of wood, grasse, or earth to be seene, and the shore two leagues of into the sea so full of yce as that no shipping could by any means come neere the same. The lothsome viewe of the shore, and irksome noyse of the yce was such, as that it bred strange conceits among us, so that we supposed the place to be wast and voyd of any sensible or vegetable creatures, whereupon I called the same Desolation; so coasting this shore towards the South in the latitude of sixtie degrees, I found it to trend towards the west. I still followed the leading thereof in the same height, and after fiftie or sixtie leagues, it fayled and lay directly north, which I still followed, and in thirtie leagues sayling upon the West side of this coast by me named Desolation, we were past all the yce and found many greene and pleasant Ills bordering upon the shore, but the mountains of the maine were still covered with great quantites of snowe. I brought my shippo among those ylls, and there mored to refreshe our selves in our wearie travell, in the latitude of sixtie foure degrees or there about. The people of the country, having espied our shippo, came down unto us in their canoes, holding up their right hand to the Sunne and crying Ylaout, would stricke their brestes; we doing the like, the people came aborde our shippes, men of good stature, unbearded, small eyed and of tractable conditions; by whom, as signes would permit, we understoode that towards the North and West there was a great sea, and using the people with kindnesse in geuing them nayles and knives which of all things they most desired, we departed, and finding the sea free from yce, supposing our selves to be past all daunger, we shaped our course West Nor West, thinking thereby to passe for China, but in the latitude of sixtie sixe degrees, we fell with an other shore, and there founde an other passage of 20 leagues broad directly West into the same, which we supposed to bee our hoped straght. We entered into the same thirti or fortie leagues, finding it neither to wyden nor straighten; then, considering that the yeere was spent, for this was in the tyme of August, and not knowing the length of this straight and dangers thereof, we tooke it our best course to retourne with notice of our good successe for this small time of search. And so retournig in a sharpe fret of Westerly windes, the 29 of September we arrived at Dartmouth.

And acquainting master Secretary with the rest of the honorable and worshipfull aduenturers of all our proceedings, I was appolluted againe the seconde yeere to

search the bottome of this straight, because by all likelihood it was the place and passage by us laboured for. In this second attempt the merchants of Exeter and other places of the West became adventurers in the action, so that, being sufficiently furnished for sixe monthes, and having direction to search this straightie, untill we found the same to fall into an other sea upon the West side of this part of America, we should agayne retourne, for then it was not to be doubted but shipping with trade might safely bee conveyed to China and the parts of Asia. We departed from Dartmouth, and ariving unto the south part of the coast of Desolation, coasted the same upon his west shore to the lat. of 60. degrees, and there anchored among the ylls bordering upon the same, where wee refreshed our selves. The people of this place came likewise unto vs, by whome I vnderstood through their signes that to-wardes the North the sea was large. At this place the cruise shipe whereupon I trusted, called the Mermaid of Dartmouth, found many occasions of discontentment, and being unwilling to proceede she there forsooke me. Then considering howe I had giuen my fayth and most constant promise to my worshipfull good friend master William Sanderson, who of all men was the greatest adventurer in that action, and tooke such care for the performance thereof that hee hath to my knowledge at one time disbursed as much money as any fve others whatsoeuer out of his owne purse, when some of the company haue bin slacke in giuing in their adventure. And also knowing that I should lose the fauour of master Secretary, if I should shrinke from his direction, in one small barke of thirty tonnes, whereof master Sanderson was owner, alone without farther comfort or company I proceeded on my voyage, and ariving unto this straight followed the same eighte leagues, untill I came among many ylands, where the water did eb and flowe s.x. fadome vpriight, and where there had bene great trade of people to make trayne. But by such thinges as there we founde, wee knewe that they were not Xtians of Europe that used that trade; in fine, by reaching with our boate, wee founde small hope to passe any farther that way, and therefore retourning againe recovered the sea and so coasted the shore to-wardes the South, and in so doing—for it was to late to search to-wardes the North—we founde an other great inlett neere forth leagues broad: where the water entred in with violent swiftnes. This we likewise thought might be a passage, for no doubt but the Northe partes of America are all ylands, by ought that I could perceiue therein; but because I was alone in a small barke of thirty tonnes, and the yeere spent I entered not into the same, for it was now the seauenth of September, but coasting the shore to-wardes the South we saw an incredible number of birdes. Hauling diuers fishermen aborde our birke, they all concluded that there was a great scull of fish. Wee being vnprovided of fishing furniture, with a long spike nayle mayde a hoke, and fastening the same to one of our sounding lynes. Before the bayte was changed wee tooke more than fortie great cods, the fishe swimming so abundantly thicke about our barke as is incredible to be reported of, which with a small portion of salte that we had, we preserved some thirte couple, or there aboutes, and so returned for England. And hauing reported to master Secretary the whole successe of this attempt, hee commanded mee to present unto the most honorable Lorde high threasurer of England some parte of that fish, which when his Lordship saw and heard: at large the relation of this seconde attempt. I receiued favorable countenance from his honour, aduising mee to prosecute the action, of which his Lordship concieued a very good opinion. The next yeere, although diuers of the adventurers fell from the action, as al the western merchantes and most of those in London, yet some of the adventurers both honorable and worshipfull continued their willing fauor and charg; so that by this meanes the next yeere 2. shippes were appointed for the fishing and one pynce for the discovery.

Departing from Dartmouth, through God's mercifull fauour I arriued to the place of fishing and there according to my direction I left the 2 shippes to follow that busines, taking their faithfull promise not to depart untill my retourne vnto them, which should bee in the fine of August, and so in the barke I proceeded for the discovery, but after my departure in sixteene dayes the shippes had finished their voyage, and so presently departed for England, withoute regard of their promise. My selfe, not distrusting any such hard measure, proceeded in the discoverie and followed my course in the free and open sea, betweene North and Nor west, to the latitude of sixtie seuen degrees, and there I might see America west from me, and Desolation east; then when I saw the land of both sides, I began to distrust that it would prooue but a gulfe. Notwithstanding, desirous to knowe the full certaintye, I proceeded, and in

sixtie eight degrees the passage enlarged, so that I could not see the western shore; thus I continued to the latitude of seuentie five degrees, in a great sea, free from yce, coasting the western shore of Desolation. The people came continually rowing out vnto me in their Canoes, twenty, forty, and one hundred at a time, and would giue me fishe dried, Samon, Samon peale, cod, Caplin, Lampe, stone base, and such like, besides diuers kindes of birdes, as Partrig, Pasant, Gulls, sea birdes, and other kipdes of fleshe. I still laboured by signes to knowe from them what they knew of any sea towards the North. They still made signes of a great sea as we vnderstood them; then I departed from that coast, thinking to discover the North parts of America, and after I had sayled towards the west neere fortie leagues I fell upon a great bancke of yce; the wind being North and blew much, I was constrained to coast the same towards the South, not seeing any shore West from me, neither was there any yce towards the North, but a great sea, free, large, very salt and blue, and of an unsearchable depth. So coasting towards the South I came to the place wher I left the shippes to fishe, but found them not. Then being forsaken and left in this distress referring my selfe to the mercifull prouidence of God, shaped my course for England and vnhopd for any, God alone releuing me, I arriued at Dartmouth. By this last discoverie it seemed most manifest that the passage was free and without impediment towards the North, but by reason of the Spanish flecte and unfortunate time of master Secretories death, the voyage was omitted and neuer aithens attempted.

Davis made five voyages as a pilot to the East Indies, where he was killed in 1605, in a contention with some Japanese off the coast of Malacca.

WILLIAM LITHGOW.

A Scottish traveller, WILLIAM LITHGOW (1583-1640), a native of the parish of Lanark, traversed on foot many European, Asiatic, and African countries. Lithgow was one of those tourists, now so abundant, who travel from a love of adventure and locomotion, without having any scientific or literary object in view. According to his own statement, he walked more than thirty-six thousand miles; and so decidedly did he give the preference to that mode of travelling, that, even when the use of a carriage was offered to him, he steadfastly declined to avail himself of the accommodation. His narrative was published in London in 1614, and reprinted with various additions, at different times, down to 1640. It had a long title, commencing thus: 'The Total Discourse of the Rare Adventures and Painful Peregrinations of Long Nineteen Years' Travels from Scotland to the most Famous Kingdoms in Europe, Asia, and Africa. Perfit by Three Dear-bought Voyages in surveying Forty-eight Kingdoms, Ancient and Modern; Twenty-one Reipublics, Ten Absolute Principalities, with two Hundred Islands.' One of his principal and least agreeable adventures occurred at Malaga in Spain, where he was arrested as an English spy, and committed to prison. The details which he gives of his sufferings while in confinement, and the tortures applied to him with the view of extracting a confession, are such as to make humanity sicken. Having been at length relieved by some English residents in Malaga, to whom his situation accidentally became known, he was sent to London by sea, and afterwards forwarded, at the expense of King James, to Bath, where he remained upwards of six months, recruiting his shattered frame.

He attempted, apparently without success, to obtain redress by bringing his case before the House of Lords. Lithgow was author of an account of the 'Siege of Breda' in 1637, and of some indifferent poetical pieces.

GEORGE SANDYS.

GEORGE SANDYS (1577-1644), the youngest son of the archbishop of York, and a popular poet and translator, undertook a long journey, of which he published an account in 1615, entitled 'A Relation of a Journey begun Anno Domini 1610. Four Books, containing a Description of the Turkish Empire of Egypt, of the Holy Land, of the Remote Parts of Italy, and Islands adjoining.' This work was so popular as to reach a seventh edition in 1673—a distinction not undeserved, since, as Mr. Kerr has remarked, in his 'Catalogue of Voyages and Travels' 'Sandys was an accomplished gentleman, well prepared by previous study for his travels, which are distinguished by erudition, sagacity, and a love of truth, and are written in a pleasant style.' He devoted particular attention to the allusions of the ancient poets to the various localities through which he passed. In his dedication to Prince Charles, he thus refers to the

Modern State of Ancient Countries.

The parts I speak of are the most renowned countries and kingdoms: once the seats of most glorious and triumphant empires; the theatres of valour and heroic actions; the soils enriched with all earthly fellicities; the places where Nature hath produced her wonderful works; where arts and sciences have been invented and perfected; where wisdom, virtue, policy, and civility have been planted, have flourished; and, lastly, where God Himself did place His own commonwealth, gave laws and oracles, inspired His prophets, sent angels to converse with men; above all, where the Son of God descended to become man; where He honoured the earth with His beautiful steps, wrought the works of our redemption, triumphed over death, and ascended into glory: which countries, once so glorious and famous for their happy estate, are now, through vice and ingratitude, become the most deplored spectacles of extreme misery; the wild beasts of mankind having broken in upon them, and rooted out all civility, and the pride of a stern and barbarous tyrant possessing the thrones of ancient and just dominion. Who, aiming only at the height of greatness and sensuality, hath in tract of time reduced so great and goodly a part of the world to that lamentable distress and servitude, under which—to the astonishment of the understanding beholders—it now faints and groaneth. Those rich lands at this present remain waste and overgrown with bushes, receptacles of wild beasts, of thieves and murderers; large territories dispeopled, or thinly inhabited; goodly cities made desolate; sumptuous buildings become ruins; glorious temples either subverted, or prostituted to impurity; true religion discountenanced and oppressed; all nobility extinguished; no light of learning permitted, nor virtue cherished: violence and rapine insulting over all, and leaving no security except to an abject mind, and unlooked-on poverty; which calamities of theirs, so great and deserved, are to the rest of the world as threatening instructions. For assistance wherein, I have not only related what I saw of their present condition, but, so far as convenience might permit, presented a brief view of the former estates and first antiquities of those people and countries: thence to draw a right image of the frailty of man, the mutability of whatsoever is worldly, and assurance that, as there is nothing unchangeable saving God, so nothing stable but by His grace and protection.

AUTHORISED TRANSLATION OF THE BIBLE.

One of the most important literary undertakings of this era was the execution of the present authorised translation of the Bible. At

the great conference held in 1604 at Hampton Court, between the established and puritan clergy, the version of Scripture then existing was generally disapproved of, and the king consequently appointed fifty-four men, many of whom were eminent as Hebrew and Greek scholars, to commence a new translation. In 1607, forty-seven of the number met, in six parties, at Oxford, Cambridge, and Westminster, and proceeded to their task, a certain portion of Scripture being assigned to each. Every individual of each division, in the first place, translated the portion assigned to the division, all of which translations were collected: and when each party had determined on the construction of its part, it was proposed to the other divisions for general approbation. When they met together, one read the new version, whilst all the rest held in their hands either copies of the original, or some valuable version; and on any one objecting to a passage, the reader stopped till it was agreed upon. The result was published in 1611, and has ever since been reputed as a translation generally faithful, and an excellent specimen of the language of the time. Being universally read by all ranks of the people it has contributed most essentially to give stability and uniformity to the English tongue. It has been remarked, however, by some critics, including Mr Hallam, that in consequence of the translators adhering, by the king's request, to the older versions of the Scriptures, the language is more antiquated than that of Raleigh, Bacon, or the other writers of the reign of James I. In 1609, a translation of the Old Testament was made at Douay for the use of the English Roman Catholics.

ROBERT BURTON.

One of the most ingenious and learned prose writers of this age was ROBERT BURTON, born, as he himself tells us, at Lindley, in Leicestershire, the possession and dwelling-place of his father, on the 8th of February 1578. He studied at Christ-church, Oxford, and entering into holy orders, became rector of Segrave, in Leicestershire. He appears to have resided in his college at Oxford, and there he wrote his great work, 'The Anatomy of Melancholy, by Democritus Junior,' which was published in 1621. 'I have been brought up,' he says, 'a student in the most flourishing college of Europe; for thirty years, I have continued a scholar, and would be therefore loath, either by living as a drone to be an unprofitable or unworthy member of so learned a society, or to write that which should be any way dishonourable to such a royal and ample foundation.' And in the same gossiping style he states, garnishing every line with a Latin quotation, that 'out of a running wit, an unconstant, unsettled mind,' he had a great desire to have some smattering of all knowledge, tumbling over divers authors in the Oxford libraries, but specially delighted with the study of cosmography. He adds, in a contented scholarlike spirit: 'I have little—I want nothing; all my

treasure is in Minerva's tower. Greater preferment as I could never get, so am I not in debt for it; I have a competency (*laus Deo!*) from my noble and munificent patrons, though I live still a collegiate student, as Democritus in his garden, and lead a monastic life, sequestered from those tumults and troubles of the world in some high place above them all; I have no wife nor children, good or bad, to provide for. A mere spectator of other men's fortunes and adventures, and how they act their parts, which, methinks, are diversely presented unto me as from a common theatre or scene' He admits, however, that as Diogenes went into the city, and Democritus to the haven, to see fashions, he did now and then, for his recreation, walk abroad, look into the world, and make some little observation—not to scoff or laugh, but with a mixed passion.

Burton was a man of great benevolence, integrity and learning, but of a whimsical and melancholy disposition. Though at certain times he was a facetious companion, at others his spirits were very low; and when in this condition he used to go down to the river near Oxford, and dispel the gloom by listening to the coarse jests and ribaldry of the bargemen, which excited him to violent laughter. To alleviate mental distress, he wrote his 'Anatomy of Melancholy,' which presents in quaint language, and with many shrewd and amusing remarks, a view of all the modifications of that disease, and the manner of curing it. The erudition displayed in this work is extraordinary, every page abounding with quotations from Latin or Greek authors. It was so successful at first, that the publisher realised a fortune by it; and Warton says, that 'the author's variety of learning, his quotations from scarce and curious books, his pedantry, sparkling with rude wit and shapeless elegance, miscellaneous matter, intermixture of agreeable tales and illustrations, and, perhaps above all, the singularities of his feelings, clothed in an uncommon quaintness of style, have contributed to render it, even to modern readers, a valuable repository of amusement and information.' It delighted Dr. Johnson so much, that he said this 'was the only book that ever took him out of bed two hours sooner than he wished to rise' Its reputation was considerably extended by the publication of 'Illustrations of Sterne,' in 1794, by the late Dr. Ferriar of Manchester, who convicted the novelist of copying passages *verbatim*, from Burton, without acknowledgment. Many others have, with like silence, extracted materials from his pages.

Prefixed to the 'Anatomy of Melancholy' is a poem of twelve stanzas, from which Milton has borrowed some of the imagery of his 'Il Penseroso.' The first six stanzas are as follows:

The Author's Abstract of Melancholy.

When I go musing all alone,
Thinking of divers things foreknown,
When I build castles in the air,
Void of sorrow, void of fear,

Pleasing myself with phantasms sweet,
Methinks the time runs very fleet.
All my joys to this are folly;
Nought so sweet as melancholy.

When I go walking all alone,
 Recounting what I have ill done,
 My thoughts on me then tyrannise,
 Fear and sorrow me surprise;
 Whether I tarry still, or go,
 Methinks the time moves very slow.
 All my griefs to this are jolly;
 Nought so sad as melancholy.

When to myself I act and smile,
 With pleasing thoughts the time beguile,
 By a brook-side or wood so green,
 Unheard, unsought for, or unseen,
 A thousand pleasures do me bless,
 And crown my soul with happiness.
 All my joys besides are jolly;
 None so sweet as melancholy.

When I lie, sit, or walk alone,
 I sigh, I grieve, making great moan;
 In a dark grove or irksome den,
 With discontents and furies then,

A thousand miseries at once
 Mine heavy heart and soul enconce.
 All my griefs to this are jolly;
 None so sour as melancholy.

Methinks I hear, methinks I see
 Sweet music, wondrous melody,
 Towns, palaces, and cities, fine;
 Here now, then there, the world is mine,
 Rare beauties, gallant ladies shine,
 Whate'er is lovely is divine.
 All other joys to this are folly;
 None so sweet as melancholy.

Methinks I hear, methinks I see
 Ghost, goblins, fiends: my phantasie
 Presents a thousand ugly shapes:
 Headless bears, black men, and apes;
 Doleful outcries and fearful sights
 My sad and dismal soul affrights.
 All my griefs to this are jolly;
 None so damned as melancholy.

Burton, who believed in judicial astrology, is said to have foretold, from a calculation of his nativity, the time of his own death, which occurred at the period he predicted, in January 1639-40, but not without some suspicion of its having been occasioned by his own hand. In his epitaph at Oxford, written by himself, he is described as having lived and died by melancholy. He had not practised his own maxim: 'Give not way to solitariness and idleness—be not solitary, be not idle.'

Love.

Boccace hath a pleasant tale to this purpose, which he borrowed from the Greeks, and which Beroaldus hath turned into Latin, Bebelius into verse, of Cymon and Iphigenia. This Cymon was a fool, a proper man of person, and the governor of Cyprus' son, but a very ass; inasmuch that his father being ashamed of him, sent him to a farm-house he had in the country, to be brought up; where by chance, as his manner was, walking alone, he espied a gallant young gentlewoman named Iphigenia, a burgomaster's daughter of Cyprus, with her maid, by a brook side, in a little thicket, fast asleep in her smock, where she had newly bathed her self. *When Cymon saw her, he stood leaning on his staff, gazing on her immovable, and in a maze: at last he fell so far in love with the glorious object, that he began to rouse himself up; to bethink what he was; would needs follow her to the city, and for her sake began to be civil, to learn to sing and dance, to play on instruments, and got all those gentleman-like qualities and compliments in a short space, which his friends were most glad of.* In brief, he became from an idiot and a clown, to be one of the most complete gentlemen in Cyprus; did many valorous exploits, and all for the love of Mistress Iphigenia. In a word, I may say thus much of them all, let them be never so clownish, rude and horrid, Grobians and sluts. If once they be in love, they will be most neat and spruce; for, *Omnia rebus, et vilis a nitoribus antevenit amor*; they will follow the fashion, begin to trick up, and to have a good opinion of themselves; *venustatuz enim mater Venus*; a ship is not so long a rigging, as a young gentlewoman a-trimming up herself against her sweetheart comes. A painter's shop, a flowery meadow, no so graceful an aspect in Nature's storehouse as a young maid, *nubilis puella*, a Novitiss or Venetian bride, that looks for an husband; or a young man that is her suitor; composed looks, composed gait, clothes, gestures, actions, all composed; all the graces, elegancies, in the world, are in her face. Their best robes, ribbons, chains, jewels, lawns, lincens, laces, spangles, must come on, *propter quam res patitur elegantie*, they are beyond all measure coy, nice, and too curious on a sudden. 'Tis all

their study, all their business, how to wear their clothes neat, to be polite and terse, and to set out themselves. No sooner doth a young man see his sweetheart coming, but he smugs up himself, pulls up his cloak, now fallen about his shoulders, ties his garters, points, sets his band, cuffs, slicks his hair, twines his beard, &c.

Study : a Cure for Melancholy.

Amongst exercises or recreations of the mind within-doors, there is none so general, so aptly to be applied to all sorts of men, so fit and proper to expel idleness and melancholy, as that of study. What so full of content as to read, walk, and see maps, pictures, statues, jewels, marbles, which some so much magnify as those that Phidias made of old, so exquisite and pleasing to be beheld, that as Chrysostom thinketh, 'if any man be sickly, troubled in mind, or that cannot sleep for grief, and shall but stand over against one of Phidias' images, he will forget all care, or whatsoever else may molest him, in an instant.' There be those as much taken with Michael Angelo's, Raphael de Urbino's, Francesco Francia's pieces, and many of those Italian and Dutch painters, which were excellent in their age; and esteem of it as a most pleasing sight to view those neat architectures, devices, cutcheons, coats of arms, read such books, to peruse old coins of several sorts in a fair gallery, artificial works, perspective glasses, old reliques, Roman antiquities, variety of colours. A good picture is *falsa veritas, et multa poesis*, and though (as Vives saith), *artificialia delectant, sed mox fastidimus*, artificial toys please but for a time; yet who is he that will not be moved with them for the present? When Achilles was tormented and sad for the loss of his dear friend Patroclus, his mother Thetis brought him a most elaborate and curious buckler made by Vulcan, in which were engraven sun, moon, stars, planets, sea, land, men fighting, running, riding, women scolding, hills, dales, towns, castles, brooks, rivers, trees, &c.; with many pretty landscapes and perspective pieces; with sight of which he was infinitely delighted.

King James (1603), when he came to see our university at Oxford, and amongst other edifices, now went to view that famous library, renewed by Sir Thomas Bodley, in imitation of Alexander, at his departure, brake out into that noble speech: 'If I were not a king, I would be an university man; and if it were so that I must be a prisoner, if I might have my wish, I would desire to have no other prison than that library, and to be chained together with so many good authors, *et mortuis magistris*.' So sweet is the delight of study, the more learning they have—as he that hath a dropsey, the more he drinks, the thirstier he is—the more they covet to learn, and the last day is *prioris discipulus*: harsh at first, learning is *radices amarae*, but *fructus dulces*, according to that of Isocrates, pleasant at last; the longer they live, the more they are enamoured with the Muses. Heinsius, the keeper of the library at Leyden in Holland, was mew'd up in it all the year long; and that which, to thy thinking, should have bred a loathing, caused in him a greater liking. 'I no sooner,' saith he, 'come into the library, but I bolt the door to me, excluding Lust, Ambition, Avarice, and all such vices, whose nurse is Idleness, their mother Ignorance, and Melancholy herself; and in the very lap of eternity, amongst so many divine souls, I take my seat, with so lofty a spirit and sweet content, that I pity all our great ones and rich men, that know not this happiness. I am not ignorant in the meantime, notwithstanding this which I have said, how barbarously and basely our ruder gentry esteem of libraries and books, how they neglect and condemn so great a treasure, so inestimable a benefit, as Æsop's cock did the jewel he found in the dunghill; and all through error, ignorance, and want of education. And 'tis a wonder wilful to observe how much they will vainly cast away in unnecessary expenses, what in hawks, hounds, lawsuits, vain building, gormandising, drinking, sports, plays, pastimes, &c.

Love of Gaming and Immoderate Pleasures.

It is a wonder to see how many poor, distressed, miserable wretches one shall meet almost in every path and street, begging for an alms, that have been well descended, and sometimes in flourishing estate; now ragged, tattered, and ready to be starved, lingering out a painful life in discontent and grief of body and of mind, and all through immoderate lust, gaming, pleasure, and riot. 'Tis the common end of all sensual epicures and brutish prodigals, that are stupified and carried away headlong with their several pleasures and lusts. Cebes, in his 'Table,' St. Ambrose in his second book of 'Abel and Cain,' and amongst the rest, Lucian, in his tract, 'De Mer-

cede Conductis,' hath excellent well described such men's proceedings, in his picture of Opulentia, whom he feigns to dwell on the top of a high mount, much sought after by many suitors. At their first coming, they are generally entertained by Pleasure and Dalliance, and have all the content that possibly may be given, so long as their money lasts; but when their means fail, they are contemptibly thrust out as a back-door headlong, and there left to shame, reproach, despair. And he at first that had so many attendants, parasites, and followers, young and lusty, richly arrayed, and all the dainty fare that might be had, with all kind of welcome and good respect, is now upon a sudden stripped of all, pale, naked, old, diseased, and forsaken, cursing his stars, and ready to strangle himself, having no other company but repentance, sorrow, grief, derision, beggary, and contempt, which are his daily attendants to his life's end. As the prodigal son had exquisite music, merry company, luscious fare at first, but a sorrowful reckoning in the end; so have all such vain delights and their followers.

THOMAS DEKKER.

There was no want of the lighter kind of prose works during this period. Several of the dramatists and others wrote short occasional pieces, humorous and sarcastic, referring to the topics and manners of the day, many of which have lately been sought after and reprinted. Nash and Greene were prolific writers—authors by profession; Lodge, Whetstone, and others, threw off slight tales and translations; while DEKKER, the dramatist, produced no fewer than fourteen productions of this kind. The best known and most entertaining of these pamphlets is 'The Gull's Hornbook,' 1609, containing descriptions of the manners and customs of the times. This work is largely indebted to a poem, 'Grobianus and Grobiana,' by Frederick Dedekind (Frankfort, 1584). Dekker had translated part of this poem, but not liking the subject, he says, he 'altered the shape, and of a Dutchman fashioned a mere Englishman,' assuming the character of a guide to the fashionable follies of the town, but only on purpose to ridicule them.

The Old World and the New Weighed Together.

Good clothes are the embroidered trappings of pride, and good cheer the very eryngo-root of gluttony. Did man, think you, come wrangling into the world about no better matters, than all his lifetime to make privy searches in Birch Lane for whalebone doublets, or for pieces of nightingale's tongues in Heliogabalus's kitchen? No, no; the first suit of apparel that ever mortal man put on came neither from the mercer's shop nor the merchant's warehouse: Adam's bill would have been taken then, sooner than a knight's bond now; yet was he great in nobody's books for satin and velvets. The silkworms had something else to do in those days, than to set up looms, and be free of the weavers; his breeches were not so much worth as King Stephen's, that cost but a poor noble; for Adam's holiday hose and doublet were of no better stuff than plain fig-leaves, and Eve's best gown of the same piece: there went but a pair of shears between them. An antiquary in this town has yet some of the powder of those leaves dried to shew. Tailors then were none of the twelve companies: their hall, that now is larger than some dorpes (1) among the Netherlands, was then no bigger than a Dutch butcher's shop: they durst not strike down their customers with large bills: Adam cared not an apple-paring for all their lousy hems. There was then neither the Spanish slop, nor the skipper's galligaskin, the Danish sleeve sagging down like a Welsh wallet, the Italian's close strosser, nor the French standing collar: your treble-quadruple dedalian ruffa, nor your stiff-necked rabatos, that have more arches (2) for pride to row under, than can stand under five London bridges, durst not then set themselves out in print; for the patent for starch

1 Small villages.

2 The fluting or puckering.

could by no means be signed. Fashions then was counted a disease, and horses died of it : but now, thanks to folly, it is held the only rare physic ; and the purest golden asses live upon it.

As for the diet of that Saturnian age, it was like their attire, homely. A salad and a mess of leek-porridge was a dinner for a far greater man than ever the Turk was. Potato-pies and custards stood like the sinful suburbs of cookery, and had not a wall so much as a handful high built round about them. There were no daggers (1) then, nor no chairs. Crooke's ordinary, in those parsimonious days, had not a capon's leg to throw at a dog. O golden world ! The suspicious Venetian carved not his meat with a silver pitchfork, (2) neither did the sweet-toothed Englishman shift a dozen of trenchers at one meal ; Piers Ploughman laid the cloth, and Simplicity brought in the volder. (3) How wonderfully is the world altered ! And no marvel, for it has lain sick almost five thousand years ; so that it is no more like the old *theatre du monde*, than old Paris Garden (4) is like the king's garden at Paris.

How a Gallant should behave himself in Paul's Walks. (5)

Being weary with sailing up and down amongst these shores of Barbaria, here let us cast our anchor ; and nimbly leap to land in our coasts, whose fresh air shall be so much the more pleasing to us, if the ninnyhammer, whose perfection we labour to set forth, have so much foolish wit left him as to choose the place where to suck in ; for that true humorous gallant that desires to pour himself into all fashions, if his ambition be such to excel even compliment itself, must as well practise to diminish his walks, as to be various in his salads, curious in his tobacco, or ingenious in the trussing up of a new Scotch hose ; all which virtues are excellent, and able to maintain him ; especially if the old worm-eaten farmer, his father, be dead, and left him five hundred a year : only to keep an Irish hobby, an Irish horseboy, and himself like a gentleman. He, therefore, that would strive to fashion his legs to his silk stockings, and his proud gait to his broad garters, let him whiff down these observations.

Your mediterranean isle (6) is then the only gallery, wherein the pictures of all your true fashionable and complementary gulls are and ought to be hung up. Into that gallery carry your neat body ; but take heed you pick out such an hour when the main shoal of islanders are swimming up and down. And first observe your doors of entrance, and your exit ; not much unlike the players at the theatres : keeping your decorums, even in phantasticity. As for example : if you prove to be a northern gentleman, I would wish you to pass through the north door, more often especially than any of the other ; and so, according to your countries, take note of your entrances.

Now for your venturing into the walk. Be circumspect, and wary what pillar you come in at ; and take heed in any case, as you love the reputation of your honour, that you avoid the serving-man's log, and approach not within five fathom of that pillar ; but bend your course directly in the middle line, that the whole body of the church may appear to be yours ; where, in view of all, you may publish your suit in what manner you affect most, either with the slide of your cloak from the one shoulder ; and then you must, as 'twere in anger, suddenly snatch at the middle of the inside, if it be taffeta at the least ; and so by that means your costly lining is betrayed, or else by the pretty advantage of compliment. But one note by the way do I especially woo you to, the neglect of which makes many of our gallants cheap and

1 Instruments to fix the meat while cutting it.

2 A table-fork. Forks were introduced from Italy about the year 1600.

Then must you learn the use
And handling of your *silver fork* at meals.

BEN JONSON'S *Volpone*.

Barclay, in his *Ship of Fools*, describes the English mode of eating before the era of forks.

If the dish be pleasant, either flesh or fish,
Ten hands at once swarm in the dish.

3 The basket in which broken meat was carried from the table.

4 The Bear Garden at Bankside.

5 The old metropolitan church of St. Paul's was a common promenade.

6 The middle aisle of St. Paul's.

ordinary, that by no means you be seen above four turns; but in the fifth make yourself away, either in some of the seamsters' shops, the new tobacco-office, or amongst the booksellers, where, if you cannot read, exercise your smoke, and inquire who has writ against this divine weed, &c. For this withdrawing yourself a little will much benefit your suit, which else, by too long walking, would be stale to the whole spectators; but howsoever, if Paul's jacks be once up with their elbows, and quarrelling to strike eleven, as soon as ever the clock has parted them, and ended the fray with his hammer, let not the Duke's gallery contain you any longer, but pass away apace in open view; in which departure, if by chance you either encounter, or aloof off throw your inquisitive eye upon any knight or squire, being your familiar, salute him not by his name of Sir such a one, or so; but call him Ned, or Jack, &c. This will set off your estimation with great men; and, if, though there be a dozen companies between you, 'tis the better, he call aloud to you, for that is most genteel, to know where he shall find you at two o'clock, tell him at such an ordinary, or such; and be sure to name those that are dearest, and whither none but your gallants resort. After dinner you may appear again, having translated yourself out of your English cloth cloak in a light Turkey program, if you have that happiness of shifting; and then be seen, for a turn or two, to correct your teeth with some quill or silver instrument, and to cleanse your gums with a wrought handkerchief; it skills not whether you dined or no: that is best known to your stomach; or in what place you dined; though it were with cheese, of your own mother's making, in your chamber, or study.

Now if you chance to be a gallant not much crossed among citizens; that is, a gallant in the mercer's books, exalted for satins and velvets; if you be not so much blessed to be crossed (as I hold it the greatest blessing in the world to be great in no man's books), your Paul's walk is your only refuge: the Duke's tomb* is sanctuary; and will keep you alive from worms, and land-rats, that long to be feeding on your carcass: there you may spend your legs in winter a whole afternoon; converse, plot, laugh, and talk anything; jest at your creditor, even to his face; and in the evening, even by lamp-light, steal out; and so cosen a whole covey of abominable catchpoles.

Sleep.

For do but consider what an excellent thing sleep is! it is so inestimable a jewel, that, if a tyrant would give his crown for an hour's slumber, it cannot be bought: of so beautiful a shape is it, that, though a man live with an empress, his heart cannot be at quiet till he leaves her embracements to be at rest with the other: yea, so greatly are we indebted to this kinsman of death, that we owe the better tributary half of our life to him; and there is good cause why we should do so; for sleep is that golden chain that ties health and our bodies together. Who complains of want, of wounds, of cares, of great men's oppressions, of captivity, whilst he sleepeth? Beggars in their beds take as much pleasure asking. Can we therefore surfeit on this delicious ambrosia? Can we drink too much of that, whereof to taste too little, tumbles us into a churchyard; and to use it but indifferently throws us into Bedlam? No, no. Look upon *Endymion*, the moon's minion, who slept threescore and fifteen year; and was not a hair the worse for it!

SIR THOMAS OVERBURY.

SIR THOMAS OVERBURY was another witty and ingenious describer of characters. He at one time was an intimate associate of Robert Carr, the minion of James I.; but having opposed the favourite's marriage with the infamous Countess of Essex, he incurred the hatred of the abandoned pair, and through their influence was confined and poisoned in the Tower, on the 15th of September 1613. Overbury was then in the thirty-second year of his age. The way

* The tomb of Sir John Beauchamp, son of Guy, Earl of Warwick; it was unaccountably called 'Duke Humphrey's Tomb,' and the dinnerless persons who lounged here were said to have dined with Duke Humphrey.

in which this murder was screened from justice leaves a foul blot on the memory of the king and on the history of the age. Overbury wrote two didactic poems, called 'The Wife,' and 'The Choice of a Wife.' Some of his prose 'Characters' or 'Witty Descriptions of the Properties of Sundry Persons,' are excellent. They abound in conceits, like many other productions of the reign of James, but are full of epigrammatic point and poetical imagery.

The Tinker.

A tinker is a movable, for he hath no abiding in one place; by his motion he gathers heat, thence his choleric nature. He seems to be very devout, for his life is a continual pilgrimage; and sometimes in humility goes barefoot, therein making necessity a virtue. His house is as ancient as Tubal Cain's, and so is a renegade by antiquity; yet he proves himself a gallant, for he carries all his wealth upon his back; or a philosopher, for he bears all his substance about him. From his art was music first invented, and therefore is he always furnished with a song, to which his hammer, keeping tune, proves that he was the first founder of the keele-drum. Note, that where the best ale is, there stands his music most upon crotchets. The companion of his travels is some foul, sunburnt quean, that, since the terrible statute, recanted gipsyism, and is turned pedlarress. So marches he all over England, with his bag and baggage; his conversation is irreprovable, for he is ever mending. He observes truly the statutes, and therefore had rather steal than beg, in which he is irremovably constant, in spite of whips or imprisonment; and so strong an enemy to idleness that, in mending one hole, he had rather make three than want work; and when he hath done, he throws the wallet of his faults behind him. He embraceth naturally ancient customs, conversing in open fields and lowly cottages: if he visits cities or towns, 'tis but to deal upon the imperfections of our weaker vessels. His tongue is very voluble, which, with canting, proves him a linguist. He is entertained in every place, but enters no further than the door, to avoid suspicion. Some would take him to be a coward, but, believe it, he is a lad of mettle; his valour is commonly three or four yards long, fastened to a pike in the end, for flying off. He is very provident, for he will fight with but one at once, and then also he had rather submit than be counted obstinate. To conclude, if he 'scape Tyburn and Banbury, he dies a beggar.

The Fair and Happy Milkmaid

Is a country wench that is so far from making herself beautiful by art, that one look of hers is able to put all *face-physic* out of countenance. She knows a fair look is but a dumb orator to commend virtue, therefore minds it not. All her excellences stand in her so silently, as if they had stolen upon her without her knowledge. The lining of her apparel, which is herself, is far better than outside of tissue; for though she be not arrayed in the spoil of the silkworm, she is decked in innocence, a far better wearing. She doth not, with lying long in bed, spoil both her complexion and conditions: nature hath taught her, too, immoderate sleep is rust to the soul; she rises, therefore, with Chanticleer, her dame's cock, and *at night makes the lamb her curfew*. In milking a cow, and straining the teats through her fingers, it seems that so sweet a milk-press makes the milk whiter or sweeter: for never came almond-gore or aromatic ointment on her palm to taint it. The golden ears of corn fall and kiss her feet when she reaps them, as if they wished to be bound and led prisoners by the same hand that felled them. Her breath is her own, which scents, all the year long, of June, like a new-made haycock. She makes her hand hard with labour, and her heart soft with pity; and when winter evenings fall early, sitting at her merry wheel, she sings defiance to the giddy wheel of fortune. She doth all things with so sweet a grace, it seems ignorance will not suffer her to do ill, being her mind is to do well. She bestows her year's wages at next fair, and in choosing her garments, counts no bravery in the world like decency. The garden and bee-hive are all her physic and surgery, and she lives the longer for it. She dares go alone, and unfold sheep in the night, and fears no manner of ill, because she means none; yet, to say truth, she is never alone, but is still accompanied with old songs, honest thoughts,

and prayers, but short ones; yet they have their efficacy, in that they are not palled with ensuing idle cogitations. Lastly, her dreams are so chaste, that she dare tell them; only a Friday's dream is all her superstition; that she conceals for fear of anger. Thus lives she, and all her care is, she may die in the spring-time, to have store of flowers stuck upon her winding-sheet.

A Franklin, or English Yeoman.

His outside is an ancient yeoman of England, though his inside may give arms, with the best gentleman, and never see the herald. There is no truer servant in the house than himself. Though he be master, he says not to his servants, 'Go to field,' but, 'Let us go;' and with his own eye doth both fatten his flock and set forward all manner of husbandry. He is taught by nature to be contented with a little; his own fold yields him both food and raiment; he is pleased with any nourishment God sends, whilst curious guttony rascals, as it were, Noah's ark for food, only to feed the riot of one meal. He is never known to go to law; understanding to be law-bound among men, is like to be hide-bound among his beasts; they thrive not under it; and that such men sleep as unquietly as if their pillows were stuffed with lawyers' penknives. When he builds, no poor tenant's cottage hinders his prospect; they are, indeed, his almshouses, though there be painted on them no such superscription. He never sits up late but when he hunts the badger, the vowed foe of his lambs; nor uses he any cruelty but when he hunts the hare; nor subtlety but when he setteth snares for the snipe, or pitfalls for the blackbird; nor oppression but when, in the month of July, he goes to the next river and shears his sheep. He allows of honest pastime, and thinks not the bones of the dead anything bruised, or the worse for it, though the country lasses dance in the churchyard after even-song. Rock-Monday, and the wake in summer, shroving, the wakeful catches on Christmas-eve, the hoky, or seed-cake—these he yearly keeps, yet holds them no relics of popery. He is not so inquisitive after news derived from the privy-closet, when the finding an eyry of hawks in his own ground, or the foaling of a colt come of a good strain, are tidings more pleasant and more profitable. He is lord-paramount within himself, though he hold by never so mean a tenure; and dies the more contentedly, though he leave his heir young, in regard he leaves him not liable to a covetous guardian. Lastly, to end him, he cares not when his end comes; he needs not fear his audit, for his *quietus* is in heaven.

JOSEPH HALL.

JOSEPH HALL, bishop of Norwich, whose poetical satires have already been mentioned, was the author of many controversial tracts in defence of episcopacy; and, like many other churchmen, he suffered for his opinions during the ascendancy of the Presbyterians. He published also a variety of sermons, meditations, epistles, paraphrases, and other pieces of a similar character. This distinguished prelate died in 1636. From the pithy and sententious quality of his style, he has been called 'the English Seneca;' many parts of his prose writings have the thought, feeling, and melody of the finest poetry. His principal works are: 'Characters of Virtues and Vices' (1608), 'Contemplations on the Historical Passages of the Holy Story' (1612-15), and 'A Plain and Familiar Explication of all the Hard Texts of Scripture' (1633).

Upon the Sight of a Tree Full-blossomed.

Here is a tree overlaid with blossoms: it is not possible that all these should prosper; one of them must needs rob the other of moisture and growth. I do not love to see an infancy over-hopeful; in these pregnant beginnings one faculty starves another, and at last leaves the mind sapless and barren; as, therefore, we are wont to pull off some of the too frequent blossoms, that the rest may thrive, so it is good

wisdom to moderate the early excess of the parts, or progress of over-forward childhood. Neither is it otherwise in our Christian profession; a sudden and lavish ostentation of grace may fill the eye with wonder, and the mouth with talk, but will not at the last fill the lap with fruit.

Let me not promise too much, nor raise too high expectations of my undertakings; I had rather men should complain of my small hopes than of my short performances.

Upon Occasion of a Redbreast Coming into his Chamber.

Pretty bird, how cheerfully dost thou sit and sing, and yet knowest not where thou art, nor where thou shalt make thy next meal; and at night must shroud thyself in a bush for lodging! What a shame it is for me, that see before me so liberal provisions of my God, and find myself sit warm under my own roof, yet am ready to droop under a distrustful and unthankful dulness. Had I so little certainty of my harbour and purveyance, how heartless should I be, how careful; how little list should I have to make music to thee or myself! Surely thou comest not hither without a providence. God sent thee not so much to delight as to shame me, but all in a conviction of my sullen unbelief, who, under more apparent means, am less cheerful and confident: reason and faith have not done so much in me, as in thee mere instinct of nature; want of foresight makes thee more merry, if not more happy here, than the foresight of better things maketh me.

O God! thy providence is not impaired by those powers thou hast given me above these brute things; let not my greater helps hinder me from a holy security, and comfortable reliance on thee.

Upon Hearing of Music by Night.

How sweetly doth this music sound in this dead season! In the daytime it would not, it could not so much affect the ear. All harmonious sounds are advanced by a silent darkness; thus it is with the glad tidings of salvation; the gospel never sounds so sweet as in the night of preservation, or of our own private affliction; it is ever the same; the difference is in our disposition to receive it. O God! whose praise it is to give songs in the night, make my prosperity consoenable, and my crosses cheerful.

Upon the Sight of an Owl in the Twilight.

What a strange melancholic life doth this creature lead; to hide her head all the day long in an ivy bush, and at night, when all other birds are at rest, to fly abroad, and vent her harsh notes. I know not why the ancients made sacred this bird to wisdom, except it be for her safe closeness and singular perspicuity; that when other domestical and airy creatures are blind, she only hath inward light to discern the least objects for her own advantage. Surely thus much wit they have taught us in her: that he is the wisest man that would have least to do with the multitude; that no life is so safe as the obscure; that retiredness, if it have less comfort, yet has less danger and vexation; lastly, that he is truly wise who sees by a light of his own, when the rest of the world sit in an ignorant and confused darkness, unable to apprehend any truth save by the helps of an outward illumination.

Had this fowl come forth in the daytime, how had all the little birds flocked wondering about her, to see her uncounted visage, to hear her untuned notes: she likes her estate never the worse, but pleaseth herself in her own quiet reservedness. It is not for a wise man to be much affected with the censures of the rude and unskilful vulgar, but, to hold fast unto his own well-chosen and well-fixed resolutions; every fool knows what is wont to be done; but what is best to be done, is known only to the wise.

Upon the Sight of a Great Library.

What a world of wit is here packed up together? I know not whether this sight doth more dismay or comfort me: it dismays me to think that here is so much that I cannot know; it comforts me to think that this variety yields so good helps to know what I should. There is no truer word than that of Solomon—there is no end of making many books: this sight verifies it—there is no end; indeed it were pity there should: God hath given to man a busy soul, the agitation whereof cannot

but through time and experience work out many hidden truths; to suppress these, would be no other than injurious to mankind, whose minds, like unto so many candles, should be kindled by each other: the thoughts of our deliberation are most accurate; these we vent into our papers: what a happiness is it, that, without all offence of necromancy, I may here call up any of the ancient worthies of learning, whether human or divine, and confer with them of all my doubts!—that I can at pleasure summon whole synods of reverend fathers, and acute doctors, from all the coasts of the earth, to give their well-studied judgments in all points of question which I propose! Neither can I cast my eye casually upon any of these silent masters but I must learn somewhat: it is a wantonness to complain of choice.

No law blinds me to read all; but the more we can take in and digest, the better liking must the mind's needs be: blessed be God that hath set up so many clear lamps in His church!

Now, none but the wilfully blind can plead darkness; and blessed be the memory of those His faithful servants, that have left their blood, their spirits, their lives, in these precious papers, and have willingly wasted themselves into these during monuments, to give light unto others!

Paradise—The Gospel of Labour.

Every earth was not fit for Adam, but a garden, a paradise. What excellent pleasures and rare varieties have men found in gardens planted by the hands of men! And yet all the world of men cannot make one twig, or leaf, or spire of grass. When he that made the matter undertakes the fashion, how must it needs be beyond our capacity, excellent! No herb, no flower, no tree was wanting there, that might be for ornament or use, whether for sight, or for scent, or for taste. The bounty of God wrought further than to necessity, even to comfort and recreation. Why are we niggardly to ourselves, when God is liberal? But, for all this, if God had not there conversed with man, no abundance could have made him blessed.

Yet, behold! that which was man's storehouse was also his workhouse; his pleasure was his task: paradise served not only to feed his senses, but to exercise his hands. If happiness had consisted in doing nothing, man had not been employed; all his delights could not have made him happy in an idle life. Man, therefore, is no sooner made than he is set to work; neither greatness nor perfection can privilege a folded hand; he must labour because he was happy; how much more we that we may be! This first labour of his was, as without necessity, so without pains, without weariness; how much more cheerfully we go about our business, so much nearer we come to our paradise.

The sermons of Bishop Hall display an uncommonly rapid and vehement species of eloquence, well fitted to arouse and impress even the most listless audience. As a specimen we give the following extract from a discourse on the text, 'It is finished,' preached at Paul's Cross, on Good-Friday, 1609:

Christ Crucified Afresh by Sinners.

Behold, this storm, wherewith all the powers of the world were shaken, is now over. The elders, Pharisees, Judas, the soldiers, priests, witnesses, judges, thieves, executioners, devils, have all tired themselves in vain with their own malice; and he triumphs over them all, upon the throne of his cross: his enemies are vanquished, his Father satisfied, his soul with this world at rest and glory: 'It is finished.' Now, there is no more betraying, agonies, arraignments, scourgings, scoffing, crucifying, conflicts, terrors; all 'is finished.' Alas! beloved, and will we not let the son of God be at rest? Do we now again go about to fetch him out of his glory, to scorn and crucify him? I fear to say it: God's spirit dare and doth; 'They crucify again to themselves the Son of God, and make a mock of him:' to themselves, not in himself; that they cannot, it is no thank to them; they would do it. See and consider: the notoriously sinful conversations of those that should be Christians, offer violence unto our glorified Saviour; they stretch their hand to heaven, and pull him down from his throne to his cross; they tear him with thorns, pierce him with nails, load him with reproaches. Thou hatest the Jews, spittest at the name of Judas,

railest on Pilate, condemnest the cruel butchers of Christ; yet thou canst blaspheme, and swear him quite over, curse, swaggar, lie, oppress, boll with lust, scoff, riot, and livest like a debauched man; yea, like a human beast; yea, like an unclean devil. Cry Hosannah as long as thou wilt; thou art a Pilate, a Jew, a Judas, an executioner of the Lord of life; and so much greater shall thy judgment be, by how much thy light and his glory is more. O beloved, is it not enough that he died once for us? Were those pains so light, that we should every day redouble them? Is this the entertainment that so gracious a Saviour hath deserved of us by dying? Is this the recompense of his that infinite love of his that thou shouldst thus cruelly vex and wound him with thy sins? Every of our sins is a thorn, and nail, and spear to him; while thou pourest down thy drunken carouses, thou givest thy Saviour a portion of gall; while thou deepsest his poor servants, thou spittest on his face; while thou puttest on thy proud dresses, and liftest up thy vain heart with high conceits, thou settest a crown of thorns on his head; while thou wringest and oppresseth his poor children, thou whippest him, and drawest blood of his hands and feet. Thou hypocrite, how dardest thou offer to receive the sacrament of God with that hand which is thus imbrued with the blood of him whom thou receivest? In every ordinary thy profane tongue wags, in the disgrace of the religious and conseasonable. Thou makest no scruple of thine own sins, and scornest those that do; not to be wicked, is crime enough. Hear him that saith: 'Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou me?' Saul strikes at Damascus; Christ suffers in heaven. Thou strikest; Christ Jesus smareth, and will revenge. These are the afterings of Christ's sufferings. In himself it is 'finished'; in his members it is not, till the world be finished. We must 'oil, and groan, and bleed, that we may reign; if he had not done so, 'it had not been finished.' This is our warfare; this is the religion of our sorrow and death. Now are we set upon the sandy pavement of our theatre, and are matched with all sorts of evils; evil men, evil spirits, evil accidents, and, which is worst, our own evil hearts; temptations, crosses, persecutions, sicknesses, wants, infamies, death; all these must in our courses be encountered by the law of our profession. What should we do but strive and suffer, as our general hath done, that we may reign as he doth, and once triumph in our *Consummation est*. God and his angels sit upon the scaffolds of heaven, and behold us; our crown is ready; our day of deliverance shall come; yea, our redemption is near, when all tears shall be wiped from our eyes, and we that have sown in tears shall reap in joy. In the meantime, let us possess our souls not in patience only, but in comfort; let us adore and magnify our Saviour in his sufferings, and imitate him in our own. Our sorrows shall have an end; our joys shall not; our pains shall soon be finished; our glory shall be finished, but never ended.

The writing of characters was a favourite species of composition among the authors of this period. How successfully Bishop Hall could portray human nature, will appear from his character of

The Hypocrite.

A hypocrite is the worst kind of player, by so much that he acts the better part; which hath always two faces, oftentimes two hearts: that can compose his forehead to sadness and gravity, while he bids his heart be wanton and careless within, and, in the meantime, laughs within himself to think how smoothly he hath cozened the beholder. In whose silent face are written the characters of religion, which his tongue and gestures pronounce, but his hands recant. That hath a clean face and garb on, with a foul soul; whose mouth belies his heart, and his fingers belie his mouth. Walking early up into the city, he turns into the great church, and salutes one of the pillars on one knee, worshipping that God which at home he cares not for, while his eye is fixed on some window or some passenger, and his heart knows not whither his lips go. He rises, and, looking about with admiration, complains of our frozen charity, commends the ancient. At church he will ever sit where he may be seen best, and in the midst of the sermon pulls out his tables in haste, as if he feared to lose that note; when he writes either his forgotten errand, or nothing. Then he turns his Bible with a noise, to seek an omitted quotation, and folds the leaf as if he had found it, and asks aloud the name of the preacher, and repeats it, whom he publicly salutes, thanks, praises in an honest mouth. He can command tears when he

speaks of his youth, indeed, because it is past, not because it was sinful; himself is now better, but the times are worse. All other sins he reckons up with detestation, while he loves and hides his darling in his bosom; all his speech returns to himself, and every occurrence draws in a story to his own praise. When he should give, he looks about him, and says, Who sees me? no alms nor prayers fall from him without a witness; belike lest God should deny that He hath received them; and when he hath done, lest the world should not know it, his own mouth is his trumpet to proclaim it. In brief, he is the stranger's saint, the neighbour's disease, the blot of goodness, a rotten stick in a dark night, the poppy in a cornfield, an ill-tempered caudle with a great snuff, that in going out smells ill; an angel abroad, a devil at home; and worse when an angel than when a devil.

The Busy-body.

His estate is too narrow for his mind; and, therefore, he is fain to make himself room in others' affairs, yet ever in pretence of love. No news can stir but by his door; neither can he know that which he must not tell. What every man ventures in a Guliana voyage, and what they gained, he knows to a hair. Whether Holland will have peace, he knows; and on what conditions, and with what success, is familiar to him ere it be concluded. No post can pass him without a question; and, rather than he will lose the news, he rides back with him to appose (1) him of tidings; and then to the next man he meets he supplies the wants of his hasty intelligence, and makes up a perfect tale; wherewith he so haunteth the patient auditor, that, after many excuses, he is fain to endure rather the censures of his manners in running away, than the tediousness of an impertinent discourse. His speech is oft broken off with a succession of long parentheses, which he ever vows to fill up at the conclusion; and perhaps would effect it, if the other's ear were as unweariable as his tongue. If he see but two men talk, and read a letter in the street, he runs to them, and asks if he may not be partner of that secret relation; and if they deny it, he offers to tell, since he may not hear, wonders; and then falls upon the report of the Scottish mine, or of the great fish taken up at Lynn, or of the freeing of the Thames; and, after many thanks and dismissions, is hardly entreated silence. He undertakes as much as he performs little. This man will thrust himself forward to be the guide of the way he knows not; and calls at his neighbour's window, and asks why his servants are not at work. The market hath no commodity which he prizeth not, and which the next table shall not hear recited. His tongue, like the tail of Samson's foxes, carries firebrands, and is enough to set the whole field of the world on a flame. Himself begins table-talk of his neighbour at another's board, to whom he bears the first news, and adjures him to conceal the reporter: whose choleric answer he returns to his first host, enlarged with a second edition; so, as it were to be done in the fight of unwilling mastiffs, he claps each on the side apart, and provokes them to an eager conflict. There can no act pass without his comment; which is ever far-fetched, rash, suspicious, dilatory. His ears are long, and his eyes quick, but most of all to imperfections; which, as he easily sees, so he increases with intermeddling. He labours without thanks, talks without credit, lives without love, dies without tears, without pity—save that some say: 'It was pity he died no sooner.'

A few Scottish authors may now be enumerated, beginning with the greatest, 'the reformer of a kingdom.'

JOHN KNOX.

JOHN KNOX was born in 1505, at Giffordgate, a suburb of Haddington, connected with that town by a bridge across the Tyne. Little is known of his parentage, but one of his contemporaries, a panegyrist, says he was descended of 'lineage small.' Addressing the Earl of Bothwell in 1562, the Reformer himself said: 'My lord, my grandfather, goodschir [mother's father], and father, have served

your lordship's predecessors, and some of them have died under their standards"—referring most likely to the field of Flodden. Knox studied at the university of Glasgow, but left without taking the degree of M.A. When he was admitted to the order of the priesthood, is not known. The earliest notice of him is dated December 13, 1540, when he is styled 'Sir John Knox,' as one of the Pope's knights, 'Sir' being the usual designation of priests who had not obtained the higher degree of *Magister*. In 1543, he is found acting as notary, and was engaged in private teaching. In 1545, George Wishart visited East Lothian, and Knox professed himself a convert to the Protestant doctrines, attending on Wishart, and carrying a sword in his defence. On the night of Wishart's apprehension, when Knox expressed his intention not to leave him, his friend said: 'Nay; return to your bairns [or pupils], and God bless you: one is sufficient for ane sacrifice.' The Reformed doctrines had then made considerable progress in Scotland, in the higher and educated classes, and with one of these, Douglas of Longniddry, Knox resided for some time as tutor. He afterwards preached in St. Andrews; but in 1547 was taken prisoner with others, and conveyed on board the galleys to France. Being set at liberty eighteen months afterwards, he preached in England till the accession of Mary induced him to retire to the continent in 1554, where he resided chiefly at Geneva and Frankfort. Visiting Scotland in 1555, he greatly strengthened the Protestant cause by his exertions in Edinburgh; but, at the earnest solicitation of the English congregation in Geneva, he once more took up his abode there in 1556. At Geneva, he published 'The First Blast of the Trumpet against the Monstrous Regiment* of Women,' directed principally against Mary of England and the Queen-regent of Scotland. Returning to Scotland in 1559, he continued his exertions in behalf of Protestantism; and in the following year, the cause was made triumphant by Queen Elizabeth entering into a formal engagement with the Lords of the Congregation, by which she engaged to send an army into Scotland, to assist them in expelling the French forces. On the 24th of August 1560, the Protestant Confession was ratified by the Scots parliament. Knox laboured with unabated zeal and courage for twelve more years. He died November 24, 1572; and when laid in the grave, was characterized by the Earl of Morton as one 'who never feared the face of man.' The works of Knox are numerous, and have been carefully edited by Mr. David Laing. The life of Knox has also been written with great learning and ability by Dr. McCrie. The chief work of the reformer is a 'History of the Reformation of Religion within the Realm of Scotland,' printed after his death. Knox was more a man of action than of study, and his labours in support of the Presbyterian church and clergy, and the progress of education, can

* Regimen or government.

hardly be over-estimated. His 'History' having been written at intervals, and amid the distractions of a busy life, much of it is in a confused and ill-digested state; but it is valuable for its information and for the public documents it contains, and it has passages of vigorous picturesque writing, humour, and satire.

Assassination of Cardinal Beaton.

After the death of this blessed martyr of God [George Wishart], began the people, in plain speaking, to damn and detest the cruelty that was used. Yea, men of great birth, estimation, and honour, at open tables avowed, that the blood of the said Master George should be revenged, or else they should cost life for life. Amongst whom John Leslie, brother to the Earl of Rothes, was the chief, for he, in all companies, spared not to say: 'That same whinger (shewing forth his dagger) and that same hand should be priests to the cardinal.' These bruits came to the cardinal's ears, but he thought himself stout enough for all Scotland; for in Babylon—that is in his new block-house*—he was sure as he thought, and upon the fields he was able to match all his enemies. And to write the truth, the most part of the nobility of Scotland had either given unto him their bonds of manrent, or else were in confederacy and promised amity with him. . . .

After the Pasche [Easter], he came to Edinburgh to hold the Seinne [Synod], as the papists term their unhappy assembly of Baal's shaven sort. It was bruited that something was purposed against him at that time by the Earl of Angus and his friends, whom he mortally hated, and whose destruction he sought, but it failed, and so returned he to his strength; yea, to his God and only comfort, as well in heaven as in earth. And there he remained without all fear of death, promising unto himself no less pleasure nor did the rich man, of whom mention is made by our Master in the Evangel; for he did not only rejoice, and say: 'Eat and be glad, my soul, for thou hast great riches laid up in store for many days'; but also he said: 'Tush, a fly for the feud, and a button for the bragging of all the heretics and their assistance in Scotland! Is not my Lord Governor mine? Witnes his eldest son there, pledge at my table. Have not I the queen at my own devotion? (He meant of the mother to Mary that now mischievously reigns.) Is not France my friend, and I friend to France? What danger should I fear?' And thus in vanity the carnal cardinal delighted himself a little before his death. But yet he had devised to have cut off such as he thought might cumber him, for he had appointed the whole gentlemen of Fife to have met him at Falkland the Monday after that he was slain upon the Saturday. His treasurable purpose was not understood but by his secret council; and it was this: that Norman Leslie, sheriff of Fife, and apparent heir to his father, the Earl of Rothes, the said John Leslie, father-brother to Norman, the lairds of Grange, elder and younger; Sir James Lermund of Darsie, and provost of St. Andrews; and the faithful laird of Rath; should either have been slain or else taken, and after to have been used at his pleasure. This enterprise was disclosed after his slaughter, partly by letters and memorials found in his chamber, but plainly affirmed by such as were of the council. Many purposes were devised how that wicked man might have been taken away; but all failed, till Friday the 28th of May, anno 1546, when the aforesaid Norman came at night to St. Andrews. William Kirkcaldy of Grange, younger, was in the town before, awaiting upon the purpose; last came John Leslie aforesaid, who was most suspected. What conclusion they took that night, it was not known, but by the issue that followed. But early upon the Saturday, in the morning, the 29 of May, were they in sundry companies in the abbey kirkyard, not far distant from the castle. First, the gates being open, and the drawbridge letten down, for receiving of lime and stones, and other things necessary for building—for Babylon was almost finished—first, we say, essayed William Kirkcaldy of Grange, younger, and with him six persons, and getting entrance, held purpose with the porter, 'If my lord was waking?' who answered: 'No.' . . . While the said William and the porter talked, and his servants made them to look at the work and the workmen,

* The archiepiscopal palace of St. Andrews, in which the cardinal resided, was a fortified building, to which it appears, he had recently made some important additions for further security.

approached Norman Leslie with his company; and because they were in great number, they easily gat entrance. They address them to the midst of the close; and immediately came John Leslie, somewhat rudely, and four persons with him. The porter, fearing, would have drawn the bridge; but the said John, being entered thereon, stayed it, and lap in; and while the porter made him for defence, his head was broken, the keys taken from him, and he cast into the fosse, and so the place was seized. The shout arises; the workmen, to the number of more than a hundred, ran off the walls, and were without hurt put forth at the wicket-gate. The first thing that ever was done, William Kirkcaldy took the guard of the privy postern, fearing lest the fox should have escaped. Then go the rest to the gentlemen's chambers, and without violence done to any man, they put more than fifty persons to the gate; the number that enterprised and did this was but sixteen persons. The cardinal awakened with the shouts, asked from his window: 'What meant that noise?' It was answered, that Norman Leslie had taken his castle: which understand, he ran to the postern, but perceiving the passage to be kept without, he returned quickly to his chamber, took his two-handed sword, and caused his chamber-child cast chests and other impediments to the door. In this meantime came John Leslie unto it, and bids open. The cardinal asking: 'Who calls?' he answers: 'My name is Leslie.' He re-demands: 'Is that Norman?' The other saith: 'Nay; my name is John.' 'I will have Norman,' says the cardinal, 'for he is my friend.' 'Content yourself with such as are here, for other shall ye get none.' There were with the said John, James Melvin, a man familiarly acquainted with Master George Wishart, and Peter Carmichael, a stout gentleman. In this meantime, while they force at the door, the cardinal hides a box of gold under coals that were laid in a secret corner. At length he asked: 'Will ye save my life?' The said John answered: 'It may be that we will.' 'Nay,' says the cardinal; 'swear unto me by God's wounds, and I will open to you.' Then answered the said John: 'It that was said is unsaid;' and so cried: 'Fire, Fire'—for the door was very stark—and so was brought a chimney full of burning coals; which perceived, the cardinal or his chamber-child—it is uncertain—opened the door, and the cardinal sat down in a chair, and cried: 'I am a priest, I am a priest; ye will not slay me.' The said John Leslie—according to his former vows—struck him first once or twice, and so did the said Peter. But James Melvin—a man of nature most gentle and most modest—perceiving them both in choler, withdrew them, and said: 'This work and judgment of God—although it be secret—ought to be done with greater gravity;' and presenting unto him the point of the sword, said: 'Repent thee of thy former wicked life, but especially of the shedding of the blood of that notable instrument of God, Master George Wishart, which albeit the flame of fire consumed before men, yet cries it for vengeance upon thee, and we from God are sent to revenge it. For here, before my God, I protest, that neither the hatred of thy person, the love of thy riches, nor the fear of any trouble thou couldst have done to me in particular, moved nor moves me to strike thee; but only because thou hast been, and remainest, an obstinate enemy against Christ Jesus and his holy Evangel.' And so he struck him twice or thrice through with a stog-sword [a stabbing-sword]; and so he fell, never word heard out of his mouth, but, 'I am a priest, I am a priest; fie, fie, all is gone.'

While they were thus occupied with the cardinal, the fray rises in the town; the provost assembles the community, and comes to the fosse-side, crying: 'What have ye done with my lord cardinal? where is my lord cardinal? have ye slain my lord cardinal? let us see my lord cardinal.' They that were within answered gently: 'Best it were unto you to return to your own houses, for the man ye call the cardinal hath received his reward, and in his own person will trouble the world no more.' But then more enragedly they cry: 'We shall never depart till that we see him.' And so was he brought to the east block-house head, and shewed dead over the wall to the faithless multitude, which would not believe before they saw, and so they departed without *Requiem eternam*, and *Requiescant in pace*, sung for his soul. Now, because the weather was hot—for it was in May, as ye have heard—and his funerals could not suddenly be prepared, it was thought best, to keep him from stinking, to give him great salt enough, a cop of lead, and a nook in the bottom of the sea-tower—a place where many of God's children had been imprisoned before—to await what exequies his brethren the bishop would prepare for him. These things we write merrily, but we would that the reader should observe God's just judgments, and how,

that he can comprehend the worldly-wise in their own wisdom, make their table to be a snare to trap their own feet, and their own presupposed strength to be their own destruction. These are the works of our God, whereby he would admonish the tyrants of this earth, that in the end he will be revenged of their cruelty, what strength soever they make in the contrary.

We shall add a short specimen of the orthography of Knox's 'History.' In 1562, he had a memorable interview with Mary Queen of Scots, to defend himself from the charge of preaching against the queen's dancing, &c. Mary, he says, made a long harangue or oration, and Knox answered at length, shewing that he had been misrepresented:

Interview with Mary Queen of Scots.

The Queyn looked about to some of the reaporaris, and said: 'Your wordis ar echarpe yneuch as ye have spooken thame: but yitt thei war tald to me in ane uther maner. I know,' said sche, 'that my uncles and ye ar nott of ane religioun, and thairfoir I can nott blame you albeit you have no good opinioun of thame. But yf ye hear anything of myself that myslykis you, come to myself and tell me, and I shall hear you.'

'Madam,' quod he, 'I am assured that your uncles ar enemyes to God, and unto his Sone Jesus Christ; and that for mantenance of thair awin pompe and worldlie glorie, that thei spair not to spill the bloodie of many innocents; and thairfoir I am assured that thair interpryses shall have no better successe than otheris haif had that befoir thame have done that thei do now. But as to your awin personage, Madam, I wold be glade to do all that I could to your Grace's contentment, provided that I exceed nott the boundis of my vocationn. I am call'd, Madam, to ane publick functionn within the Kirk of God, and am appointed by God to rebuk the synnes and vices of all. I am not appointed to come to everie man in particular to schaw him his offense; for that labour war infinite. Yf your Grace please to frequent the publick sermonie, then dooth I not but that ye shall fullie understand boith what I like and myslike, als weall in your Majestie as in all otheris. Or yf your Grace will assigne unto me a certane day and hour when it will please you to hear the forme and substance of doctrin whiche is proponed in publick to the churches of this realme, I will most gladlie await upoun your Grace's pleasur, tyme, and place. But to wait upoun your chalmier doore or ellis whair, and then to have no farther libertie but to whisper my mynd in your Grace's eare, or to tell you what otheris think and speak of you, neather will my conscience nor the vocationn whairto God hath called me suffer it. For albeit at your Grace's commandment, I am heare now, yitt can not I tell what other men shall judge of me, that at this tyme of day am absent from my book, and wayting upoun the courte.'

'You will not alwayis,' said sche, 'be at your book'—and so turned hir back. And the said Johnne Knox departed with a reasonable meary countenance; whairt some Papiets offended, said: 'He is not effrayed.' Which heard of him, he answered: 'Why should the pleasing face of a gentill woman effray me? I have looked in the faces of many angrie men, and yit have nott bene effrayed above measure.' And so left he the Queene and the courte for that tyme.

In the following interesting extract from Knox's 'History,' we have modernised the spelling:

Another Interview with the Queen.

The queen, in a vehement fume, began to cry out that never prince was handled as she was. 'I have,' said she, 'borne with you in all your rigorous manner of speaking, balth against myself and against my uncles; yea, I have sought your favours by all possible means. I offered unto you presence and audience, whensoever it pleased you to admonish me, and yet I cannot be quit of you. I avow to God I shall be anes [once] revenged.' And with these words scarcely could Marnock, her secret chamber-boy, get napkins to hold her eyes dry for the tears; and the owling, besides womanly weeping, stayed her speech.

The said John did patiently abide all the first fume, and at opportunity answered: 'True it is, Madam, your Grace and I have been at diverse controversies, into which I never perceived your Grace to be offended at me. But when it shall please God to deliver you from that bondage of darkness and error, in the which ye have been nourished, for the lack of true doctrine, your majesty will find the liberty of my tongue nothing offensive. Without the preaching place, Madam, I think few have occasion to be offended at me, and there, Madam, I am not master of myself, but man (must) obey Him who commands me to speak plain, and to flatter no flesh upon the face of the earth.'

'But what have ye to do,' said she, 'with my marriage?'

'If it please your majesty,' said he, 'patiently to hear me, I shall shew the truth in plain words. I grant your Grace offered me more than ever I required; but my answer was then, as it is now, that God hath not sent me to await upon the courts of princesses, nor upon the chambers of ladies; but I am sent to preach the evangel of Jesus Christ to such as please to hear it; and it hath two parts—repentance and faith. And now, Madam, in preaching repentance, of necessity it is, that the sins of men be so noted, that they may know wherein they offend; but so it is, that the most part of your nobility are so addicted to your affections, that neither God, His word, nor yet their commonwealth, are rightly regarded. And therefore, it becomes me so to speak, that they may know their duty.'

'What have ye to do,' said she, 'with my marriage? Or what are ye within this commonwealth?'

'A subject born within the same,' said he, 'Madam. And, albeit I neither be earl, lord, nor baron within it, yet has God made me—how abject that ever I be in your eyes—a profitable member within the same. Yea, Madam, to me it appereth no less to forewarn of such things as may hurt it, if I foresee them, than it doeth to any of the nobility; for both my vocation and conscience craves plainness of me. And therefore, Madam, to yourself I say that which I speak in public place: whenever that the nobility of this realm shall consent that ye be subject to an unfaithful husband, they do as much as in them lieth to renounce Christ, to banish his truth from them, to betray the freedom of this realm, and perchance shall in the end do small comfort to yourself.'

At these words, howling was heard, and tears might have been seen in greater abundance than the matter required. John Erskine of Dun—a man of meek and gentle spirit—stood beside, and entreated what he could to mitigate her anger, and gave unto her many pleasing words of her beauty, of her excellence, and how that all the princes of Europe would be glad to seek her favours. But all that was to cast oil in the flaming fire. The said John stood still, without any alteration of countenance, for a long season, while that the queen gave place to her inordinate passion, and in the end he said: 'Madame, in God's presence I speak: I never delighted in the weeping of any of God's creatures; yea, I can scarcely well abide the tears of my own boys, whom my own hand corrects, much less can I rejoice in your majesty's weeping. But, seeing that I have offered unto you no just occasion to be offended, but have spoken the truth, as my vocation craves of me, I must sustain, albeit unwillingly, your majesty's tears, rather than I dare hurt my conscience, or betray my commonwealth through my silence.'

Herewith was the queen more offended, and commanded the said John to pass forth of the cabinet, and to abide further of her pleasure in the chamber. The Laird of Dun tarried, and Lord John of Coldingham came into the cabinet, and so they both remained with her near the space of an hour. The said John stood in the chamber, as one whom men had never seen—so were all effrayed—except that the Lord Ochiltree bare him company; and therefore began he to forge talking of the ladies, who were there sitting in all their gorgeous apparel, which espied, he merrily said: 'O fair ladies, how pleasant were this life of yours if it should ever abide, and then in the end that we might pass to heaven with all this gay gear! But lie upon that knave Death, that will come whether we will or not! And when he has laid on his arrow, the foul worms will be busy with this flesh, be it never so tender; and the silly soul, I fear, shall be so feeble, that it can neither carry with it gold, garnishing, targeting, pearl, nor precious stones.' And by such means procured he the company of women; and so passed the time till that the Laird of Dun willed him to depart to his house.*

* Mr. Burton suggests that these dialogues between Knox and the Queen were in

DAVID CALDERWOOD—JOHN ROW—SIR JAMES MELVIL.

A work similar to that of KNOX, but on a much more extensive scale, was written by DAVID CALDERWOOD, another eminent Scottish divine (1575-1650). An abridgement, entitled 'The True History of the Church of Scotland,' was printed in 1646; and the complete work, printed from the manuscript in the British Museum, was given to the world in eight volumes, Edinburgh, 1841-49, published by the Wodrow Society. Calderwood was a stern unyielding Presbyterian, resolutely opposed to Episcopacy, for which he suffered persecution and imprisonment. 'A Historie of the Kirk of Scotland' from 1588 to August 1637, was written by JOHN ROW (1563-1646), and, with a continuation to July 1639, by his son, of the same name, was published in 1842 by the Wodrow Society.

SIR JAMES MELVIL, privy-councillor and gentleman of the bed-chamber to Mary Queen of Scots, was born at Hall-hill, in Fifeshire, about the year 1535, and died November 1, 1607. He left in manuscript an historical work, which for a considerable time lay unknown in the Castle of Edinburgh, but having at length been discovered, was published in 1681, under the title of 'Memoirs of Sir James Melvil of Hall-hill, containing an Impartial Account of the most Remarkable Affairs of State during the Last Age, not mentioned by other Historians; more particularly relating to the Kingdoms of England and Scotland, under the Reigns of Queen Elizabeth, Mary Queen of Scots, and King James. In all which Transactions the Author was personally and publicly concerned.' This work is esteemed for the simplicity of its style, and as the sole authority for the history of many important events. But Dr. M'Crie, the biographer of Knox, points out several errors in Melvil's narrative of the transactions of that period, and is of opinion that all our historians have given too easy credit to Melvil, both in his statements of fact and in his representations of character. In 1564, Melvil was despatched to the English court by Mary Queen of Scots, and in his Memoirs he gives a lively and graphic account of his interviews with Queen Elizabeth. We subjoin a part of this description:

Melvil's Interview with Queen Elizabeth.

She appeared to be so affectionate to the queen her good sister, that she expressed a great desire to see her. And because their so much by her desired meeting could not so hastily be brought to pass, she appeared with great delight to look upon her majesty's picture. She took me to her bed-chamber, and opened a little cabinet, wherein were divers little pictures wrapped within paper, and their names written with her own hand upon the papers. Upon the first that she took up was written 'My lord's picture.' I held the candle, and pressed to see that picture so named: she appeared loath to let me see it, yet my importunity prevailed for a sight thereof; and I found it to be the Earl of Leicester's picture. I desired that I might have it to carry home to my queen, which she refused, alleging that she had but that one picture of his. I said: 'Your majesty hath here the original;' for I perceived him at the fur-

French, not in the language in which Knox reports them. Mary's habitual language was French, and Knox had lived and preached in France. See Burton's *History of Scotland*, iv. 21.

theat part of the chamber, speaking with secretary Cecil. Then she took out the queen's picture and kissed it; and I adventured to kiss her hand, for the great love evidenced therein to my mistress. She shewed me also a fair ruby, as great as a tennis-ball; I desired that she would send either it or my Lord of Leicester's picture, as a token to my queen. She said that if the queen would follow her counsel, she would in process of time get all that she had; that in the meantime she was resolved in a token to send her with me a fair diamond. It was at this time late after supper; she appointed me to be with her the next morning by eight of the clock, at which time she used to walk in her garden.

She inquired of me many things relating to this kingdom (Scotland), and other countries wherein I had travelled. She caused me to dine with her dame of honour, my Lady Strafford—an honourable and godly lady, who had been at Geneva banished during the reign of Queen Mary—that I might be always near her, that she might confer with me. . . . At diverse meetings we had divers purposes. The queen, my mistress, had instructed me to leave matters of gravity sometimes, and cast in merry purposes, lest otherwise she should be wearied; she being well informed of that queen's natural temper. Therefore, in declaring my observations of the customs of Dutchland, Poland, and Italy, the buskins of the women was not forgot; and what country weed I thought best becoming gentlewomen. The queen said she had clothes of every sort, which every day thereafter, so long as I was there, she changed. One day she had the English weed, another the French, and another the Italian; and so forth. She asked me which of them became her best. I answered, in my judgment, the Italian dress; which answer I found pleased her well, for she delighted to shew her golden-coloured hair, wearing a caul and bonnet as they do in Italy. Her hair was rather reddish than yellow, curled in appearance naturally.

She desired to know of me what colour of hair was reputed best; and whether my queen's hair or hers was best, and which of them two was fairest. I answered, the fairness of them both was not their worst faults. But she was earnest with me to declare which of them I judged fairest. I said, she was the fairest queen in England, and mine in Scotland. Yet she appeared earnest. I answered, they were both the fairest ladies in their countries; that her majesty was whiter, but my queen was very lovely. She inquired which of them was of highest stature. I said: 'My queen.' 'Then,' saith she, 'she is too high, for myself am neither too high nor too low.' Then she asked me what exercises she used. I answered, that when I received my dispatch, the queen was lately come from the Highland hunting; that when her more serious affairs permitted, she was taken up with reading of histories; that sometimes she recreated herself in playing upon the lute and virginals. She asked me if she played well. I said reasonably, for a queen.

That same day after dinner, my Lord of Hunsdon drew me up to a quiet gallery that I might hear some music; but he said he durst not avow it, where I might hear the queen play upon the virginals. After I had hearkened awhile, I took by the tapestry that hung before the door of the chamber, and seeing her back was toward the door, I ventured within the chamber, and stood a pretty space hearing her play excellently well; but she left off immediately, so soon as she turned about and saw me. She appeared to be surprised to see me, and came forward, seeming to strike me with her hand; alleging that she used not to play before men but when she was solitary, to shun melancholy. She asked how I came there. I answered: 'As I was walking with my Lord of Hunsdon, as we passed by the chamber-door, I heard such melody as ravished me, whereby I was drawn in ere I knew how; excusing my fault of homeliness as being brought up in the court of France, where such freedom was allowed; declaring myself willing to endure what kind of punishment her majesty should be pleased to inflict upon me, for so great an offence. Then she sat down low upon a cushion, and I upon my knees by her, but with her own hand she gave me a cushion to lay under my knee; which at first I refused, but she compelled me to take it. She then called for my Lady Strafford out of the next chamber, for the queen was alone. She inquired whether my queen or she played best. In that I found myself obliged to give her the praise. She said my French was very good, and asked if I could speak Italian, which she spoke reasonably well. I told her majesty I had no time to learn the language, not having been above two months in Italy. Then she spake to me in Dutch, which was not good; and would know what kind of books I most delighted in—whether theology, history, or love matters. I said I liked well of all the sorts. Here I took occasion to press earnestly my dispatch: she said

I was sooner weary of her company than she was of mine. I told her majesty, that though I had no reason of being weary, I knew my mistress her affairs called me home; yet I was stayed two days longer, that I might see her dance, as I was afterwards informed. Which being over, she inquired of me whether she or my queen danced best. I answered the queen danced not so high or disposedly as she did. Then again she wished that she might see the queen at some convenient place of meeting. I offered to convey her secretly to Scotland by post, clothed like a page, that under this disguise she might see the queen: as James V. had gone in disguise with his own ambassador to see the Duke of Vendome's sister, who should have been his wife. Telling her that her chamber might be kept in her absence, as though she were sick; that none need be privy thereto except Lady Strafford and one of the grooms of her chamber. She appeared to like that kind of language, only answered it with a sigh, saying: 'Alas! if I might do it thus!'

GEORGE BUCHANAN.

The Latin poems of BUCHANAN, and his exquisite version of the Psalms, are the chief sources of his fame. He was, however, mixed up with public affairs of importance, wrote political treatises, and joined in the measures of the church reformers. He was born in the parish of Killearn, county of Stirling, in 1506. His father died early; and his son was indebted for his education to a maternal uncle, who sent him in his fourteenth year to study in Paris. He afterwards taught grammar in the college of St. Barbe, was tutor to the Earl of Cassilis, and on his return to Britain, was retained by King James V. as preceptor to one of his natural sons. At the instigation of the king, Buchanan wrote a satire on the Franciscan friars, which roused the implacable hatred of the clergy; and the king having, from avaricious motives, joined with the priests, and abandoned the Reformers, Buchanan fled to England. He shortly afterwards removed to France, and was successively professor of Latin at Bordeaux and Paris. Having been induced to accept of a professorship at Coimbra, where the king of Portugal had founded a university, Buchanan was assailed by the priests, and thrown into the prison of the Inquisition, whence he was removed to a monastery, and whilst confined there, composed part of his version of the Psalms. He was ultimately liberated, returned to his native country, and in 1562 is found officiating as classical tutor to Queen Mary, who was then in the twentieth year of her age. Strongly attached to the Protestant doctrines, Buchanan joined the party of the Earl of Murray, and was appointed Principal of St. Leonard's College, St. Andrews. In the commission against Queen Mary, Buchanan was an active coadjutor, and composed in Latin a review of the queen's life and character, '*Detectio Mariæ Reginæ.*' All tenderness for the unfortunate queen, whom he had eulogised in verse, had now ceased; the old scholar was a stern critic; but he conceived that he owed to his country the harsh task he performed. In 1570, he was appointed tutor to James VI. then only four years of age, and was so severe a task-master, that James, when on the throne of England, trembled at the recollection of his pedagogue. The young monarch's proficiency in classical learning, however, reflected credit on his early instructors. In 1579, Buchanan

published a compendium of political philosophy and vindication of popular rights, entitled 'De Jure Regni,' which he dedicated to his royal pupil, at the same time warning him against the allurements of flattery and adulation. The work is a bold and masterly treatise. The latter years of Buchanan's life were spent in retirement, during which he composed his 'History of Scotland,' a work equal to Livy in style, but of no historical value, as, unfortunately, its author did not attempt to investigate facts or institute research, but clothed in noble Latin the monstrous legends and fables of former annalists. Buchanan died September 28, 1582, so poor, that the cost of his funeral was defrayed by the city of Edinburgh. Two Scotch treatises are ascribed to Buchanan, 'Ane Admonitioun direct to the Trew Lordis maintainaris of Justice, and Obedience to the Kingis Grace,' 1571, and 'Chamæleon,' a satire on Maitland of Lethington, which was first printed in the 'Miscellanea Scotica,' 1710, but a copy among the Cotton MSS. bears the date of 1570. As this manuscript is not in Buchanan's handwriting, though ascribed to him, it may not be his composition. Both pieces are in the most rugged, uncouth Scottish dialect and orthography, and it is difficult to believe, as Dugald Stewart has remarked, 'that they express the ideas and sentiments of the same writer whose Latin productions vie with the best models of antiquity.' We subjoin an extract:

The Chamæleon.

Thair is a certane kynd of Beist callit Chamæleon, engenderit in sic Countrieis as the Son: hes mair Strenth in than in this Yle of Brettane, the quhilk, (1) albeit it be small of Corporance, nochttheless it is of ane strange Nature, the quhilk makis it to be na less celebrat and spoken of than sum Beastis of greitair Quantitie. The Proprieties (2) is marvalous, for quat Thing evir it be applicat to, it semis to be of the samyn (3) Colour, and imitatis all Hewis, excepte onelie the Quhyte and Reid; and for this caus ancience Writtaris commounlie comparis it to ane Flatterer, quhilk imitatis all the hail Maneris of quhome he fenzels (4) him self to be Freind to, except Quhyte, quhilk is taken to be the Symbol and Tokin gevin commounlie in Devise of Colouris to signifie Semplines and Loyaltie, and Reid signifying Mauliness and heroycall Courage. This Applicatioun being so usit, Zit (5) peradventure mony that hes nowther sene (6) the said Beist, nor na perfyit Portraict of it, wald beleif sick (7) thing not to be trew. I will thairfore set furth schortlie the Descriptioun of sic an Monsture not lang ago engendrit in Scotland in the Centre of Lowthlane, not far from Hadingtoun, to that effect that the forme knawin, the moist pestiferus Nature of the said monsture may be moir easelie evit: (8) For this monsture being under coverture of a Manis Figure, may easelie endommage (9) and wers be eschapit (10) than gif it wer moir deforme and strange of Face, Behaviour, Schap, and Membris. Praying the Reidar to apardoun the Feibleness of my walke Spreit and Engyne, (11) gif it can not expreme perfyitlie ane strange Creature, maid by Nature, other willing to schaw her greit Strenth, (12) or be sum accident turnit be Force frome the common Trade and Course.

JOHN LESLIE.

JOHN LESLIE, bishop of Moray (1526-96), was a zealous partisan of Queen Mary, whom he accompanied on her return from France

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|---|---|------------------------|-------------------|--------|
| 1 Which. | 2 Properties. | 3 Same. | 4 Whom he feigns. | 5 Yet. |
| 6 Has neither seen. | 7 Such. | 8 More easily avoided. | 9 Damage. | |
| 10 Worse be escaped. | 11 Weak spirit and ingenuity or genius. | | | |
| 12 Either willing to shew her great strength. | | | | |

to Scotland in 1561. He was one of the commissioners chosen by Mary to defend her cause in the famous conference at York; and he assisted in the negotiations for the marriage of Mary with the Duke of Norfolk. For this Norfolk was beheaded, and Leslie imprisoned. He was set at liberty in 1574, and resided abroad at Rome, in France, and in Germany. He was made bishop of Coutances, in Normandy, but finally closed his checkered life in a monastery near Brussels. Leslie wrote several Latin works: a 'Defence of Queen Mary,' a 'Description of Scotland,' and a work on the 'Origin, Manners, and Exploits of the Scottish Nation.' A 'History of Scotland,' from the death of James I. in 1486 to the year 1561, is Leslie's only work in English, or rather Scotch, which was printed by the Bannatyne Club in 1830. The homely Latin of the Bishop is a foil to Buchanan's stately periods; but he excels the classic author in his devotion to the early fabulous Scottish history, as he gives portraits of Fergus and his descendants!

Burning of Edinburgh and Leith by the English in 1544.

Now will I return to the earnest ambition of King Henry of England, who ceased not to search by all means possible to attain to his desire, (1) and therefore sent a great army by sea into Scotland, with the Earl of Hertford, his Lieutenant, and the Viscount Lisle, his admiral, with two hundred great ships, besides boats and creans (2) that carried their victuals, whereof there was great number; and the whole fleet arrived in the firth forment Leith the third day of May, and landed at the New Haven about xx thousand men, with great artillery and all kind of munition, the fourth of May. In the meantime the Governor being in the town of Edinburgh, hearing of their sudden arrival, departed forth of the town toward Leith, accompanied with the Cardinal, Earls of Huntly, Argyll, Bothwell, and others, with their own household men only, purposing to stop the landing of the enemy; but frae (3) they were surely advertised of the great number of their enemies, wherethrough they were not able to withstand their forces, they returned to Edinburgh, and sent Sir Adam Otterburne, provost of the town, and two of the bailies, to the said Earl Hertford, lieutenant, desiring to know for what cause he was come with such an army to invade, considering there was no war proclaimed betwixt the two realms; and if there was any injuries or wrongs done whereupon the king of England was offended, they would appoint commissioners to treat with them thereupon, and to that effect thankfully would receive them within the town of Edinburgh. The said Earl of Hertford answered, that he had no commission to treat upon any matters, but only to receive the queen of Scotland, to be conveyed in England to be married with Prince Edward; and if they would deliver her, he would abstain from all pursuit, otherwise he would burn and destroy the towns of Edinburgh, Leith, and all others where he might be master within the realm of Scotland, and desired therefore the hail (4) men, wives, bairns, and others being within the town of Edinburgh, to come forth of the same, and prevaent them before him as lieutenant, and offer them into the king's will, or else he would proceed as he had spoken. To the which the provost, by the command of the Governor and council, answered that they would abide all extremity rather or (5) they fulfilled his desires; and so the Governor caused furnish the Castle of Edinburgh with all kind of necessary furniture, and departed to Striveling (6). In the meantime, the English army lodged that night in Leith. Upon the morn, being the fifth of May, they marched forward toward Edinburgh by the Canongate, and or (5) their entering therein, there came to them six thousand horsemen of English men from Berwick by land, who joined with them, and passed up the Canongate, of purpose to enter at the Nether Bow; where some resistance was made unto them by certain Scottish

1 To enforce a marriage between his son and the infant Queen Mary of Scotland.

2 A kind of lighters. 3 From the time when. 4 Whole. 5 Kye. 6 Stirling.

men, and divers of the English men were slain, and some also of the Scottish side, and so held them that day occupied skirmishing, till the night came, which compelled them to return unto their camp. And on the next day, being the sixth of May, the great army came forward with the hail ordnances, and assailed the town, which they found void of all resistance, saving the ports of the town were closed, which they broke up with great artillery, and entered the town, carrying carted ordnances before them till they came in sight of the Castle, where they placed them, purposing to siege the Castle. But the Laird of Stanehouse, captain thereof, caused shoot at them in so great abundance, and with so good measure, that they slew a great number of English men, amongst whom there was some principal capitains and gentlemen; and one of the greatest pieces of the English ordnances was broken; wherethrough they were constrained to raise the siege shortly and retire them.

The same day the English men set fire in divers places of the town, but was not suffered to maintain it, through continual shooting of ordnance forth of the Castle, wherewith they were so sore troubled, that they were constrained to return to their camp at Leith. But the next day they returned again, and did that they could to consume all the town with fire. So likewise they continued some days after, so that the most part of the town was burnt in a cruel manner; during the which time their horsemen did great hurt in the country, spoiling and burning sundry places thereabout, and in special all the castle and place of Craigmillar, where the most part of the whole riches of Edinburgh was put by the merchants of the town in keeping, which, not without fraud of the keepers, as was reported, was betrayed to the English men for a part of the booty and spoil thereof.

When the English men of war was thus occupied in burning and spoiling, the Governor sent and relieved the Earl of Angus, Lord Maxwell, Master of Glencairn, and Sir George Douglas, forth of ward, and put them to liberty; and made such speedy preparation as he could to set forward an army for expelling the English men forth of the realm; who hearing thereof, upon the xiiij day of May, they broke down the pier of Leith haven, burned and destroyed the same; and shipping their great artillery, they sent their ships away homeward, laden with the spoil of Edinburgh and Leith, taking with them certain Scottish ships which was in the haven, amongst the which the ships called Salamander and the Unicorn were carried in England. Upon the xv day of May, their army and their fleet departed from Leith at one time, the town of Leith being set on fire the same morning; and their said army that night lodged at Seaton, the next night beside Dunbar, the third night at Renton in the Merse, and the 16 day of May they entered in Berwick. In all this time, the Borderers and certain others Scottish men, albeit they were not of sufficient number to give battle, yet they held them busy with daily skirmishing, that sundry of their men and horse were taken and therefore none of them durst in any wise stir from the great army in all their passage from Edinburgh to Berwick.

KING JAMES I.

KING JAMES was ambitious of the fame of an author, but his works are now considered merely as curiosities. His most celebrated productions are the 'Basilicon Doron' (1599), 'Dæmonology' (1597), and 'A Counterblast against Tobacco' (included in works, 1616, but written earlier). The first was written, for the instruction of his son Prince Henry, a short time before the union of the crowns, and seems not to have been originally intended for the press. In the 'Dæmonology,' the British Solomon displays his wisdom and learning in maintaining the existence and criminality of witches, which he says abounded in Scotland:

Sorcery and Witchcraft.

The fearful abounding at this time in this country of these detestable slaves of the devil, the witches or enchanters, hath moved me, beloved reader, to despatch in post this following treatise of mine, not in anywise, as I protest, to serve for a show of my learning and ingine, but only, moved of conscience, to press thereby, so far as I can, to resolve the doubting hearts of many; both that such assaults of Satan are

made spoil of all they found therein. The Franciscans had store of provision, both of victuals and household stuff; amongst the Dominicans the like wealth was not found, yet so much there was as might shew the profession they made of poverty to be feigned and counterfeit. The Carthusians, who passed both these in wealth, were used in like manner; yet was the prior permitted to take with him what he might carry of gold and silver plate. All the spoil was given to the poor, the rich sort forbearing to meddle with any part thereof. But that which was most admired was the speed they made in demolishing these edifices. For their Charterhouse—a building of exceeding coet and largeness—was not only ruined, but the stones and timber so quickly taken away, as, in less than two days' space, a vestige thereof was scarce remaining to be seen. They of Cupar in Fife, hearing what was done in Perth, went in like manner to their church, and defaced all the images, altars and other instruments of idolatry; which the curate took so heavily, as the night following he put violent hands on himself.

The noblemen remained at that time in St. Andrews; and because they foresaw this their answer would not be well accepted, and feared some sudden attempt—for the queen with her Frenchmen lay then at Falkland—they sent to the lords of Dun and Pittarrow, and others that favoured religion in the countries of Angus and Mearns, and requested them to meet at St. Andrews the 4th day of June. Meanwhile they themselves went to the town of Crail, whither all that had warning came, shewing great forwardness and resolutions; and were not a little encouraged by John Knox, who, in a sermon made unto them at the same time, put them in mind of that he foretold at Perth, how there was no sincerity in the Queen Regent's dealing, and that conditions would not be kept, as they had found. Therefore did he exhort them not to be any longer deluded with fair promises, seeing there was no peace to be hoped for at their hands, who took no regard of contracts and covenants solemnly sworn. And because there would be no quietness till one of the parties were masters, and strangers expelled out of the kingdom, he wished them to prepare themselves either to die as men, or to live victorious.

By this exhortation the hearers were so moved, as they fell immediately to the pulling down of altars and images, and destroyed all the monuments which were abused to idolatry in the town. The like they did the next day in Anstruther, and from thence came directly to St. Andrews. The bishop hearing what they had done in the coast-towns, and suspecting they would attempt the same reformation in the city, came to it well accompanied, of purpose to withstand them; but after he had tried the affections of the townsmen, and found them all inclining to the congregation, he went away early the next morning towards Falkland to the queen.

That day being Sunday, John Knox preached in the parish church, taking for his theme the history of the Gospel touching our Saviour's purging of the temple; and applying the corruption which was at that time in Jerusalem to the present estate in the church, and declaring what was the duty of those to whom God had given authority and power, he did so incite the auditors, as, the sermon being ended, they went all and made spoil of the churches, razing the monasteries of the Black and Grey Friars to the ground.

James VI. and a Refractory Preacher.

The king perceiving by all these letters that the death of his mother was determined, called back his ambassadors, and at home gave order to the ministers to remember her in their public prayers; which they denied to do, though the form prescribed was most Christian and lawful; which was, 'That it might please God to illuminate her with the light of his truth, and save her from the apparent danger wherein she was cast.' Upon their denial, charges were directed to command all bishops, ministers, and other office-bearers in the church to make mention of her distress in their public prayers, and commend her to God in the form appointed. But of all the number, only Mr. David Lindsay at Leith, and the king's own ministers, gave obedience. At Edinburgh, where the disobedience was most public, the king, purposing to have their fault amended, did appoint the 8d of February for solemn prayers to be made in her behalf, commanding the bishop of St. Andrews to prepare himself for that day; which when the ministers understood, they stirred up Mr. John Cowper, a young man not entered as yet in the function, to take the pulpit before the time, and exclude the bishop. The king coming at the hour ap

pointed, and seeing him in the place, called to him from his seat, and said: 'Mr. John, that place was destinate for another; yet, since you are there, if you will obey the charge that is given; and remember my mother in your prayers, you shall go on. He replying, 'he would do as the Spirit of God should direct him,' was commanded to leave the place. And making as though he would stay, the captain of the guard went to pull him out; whereupon he burst forth in these speeches: 'This day shall be a witness against the king in the great day of the Lord;' and then denouncing a woe to the inhabitants of Edinburgh, he went down, and the bishop of St. Andrews entering the pulpit, did perform the duty required. The noise was great for a while amongst the people; but after they were quieted, and had heard the bishop—as he was a most powerful preacher—out of that text to Timothy, discourse of the duty of Christians in 'praying for all men,' they grieved sore to see their teachers so far overtaken, and condemned their obstinacy in that point. In the afternoon, Cowper was called before the council, where Mr. Walter Balcanquhall and Mr. William Watson, ministers, accompanying him, for some idle speeches that escaped them, were both discharged from preaching in Edinburgh during his majesty's pleasure, and Cowper sent prisoner to Blackness.

NEWSPAPERS.

Before concluding the present section, it may be proper to notice the rise of a very important branch of modern literature. We allude to **NEWSPAPERS**, which in England date from the reign of James I. An earlier date was at one time assigned to them. Three sheets used to be shewn in the British Museum, purporting to be numbers of a newspaper, published in 1558, called the '*English Mercurie*' (Nos. 50, 51, and 54), containing particulars of the Spanish Armada. The public faith remained firm as to their genuineness up to 1839, but it was then overthrown. The late Mr. Thomas Watts of the British Museum—a most admirable bibliographer and 'expert'—destroyed the illusion. 'Manuscript copies of three numbers,' as recorded in the '*Book of Days*,' are bound up in the same volume; and from a scrutiny of the paper, the ink, the handwriting, the type (which he recognized as belonging to the Caslon foundry), the literary style, the spelling, the blunders in fact and in date, and the corrections, Mr. Watts came to a conclusion that the so-called "*English Mercurie*" was printed in the latter half of the last century—about 1766. They are, in fact, but clumsy forgeries. The ancient Romans had their '*Acta Diurna*' (proceedings of the day), which were published by authority, and contained an account of the business in the public assemblies and law-courts, with a list of births, marriages, and deaths. In the time of Julius Cæsar, the proceedings of the Senate ('*Acta Senatus*') were published, but the custom was prohibited by Augustus. '*Acta Diurna*,' containing more general intelligence of passing events, appear to have been common both during the republic and under the emperors; of one of these, the following specimen is given by Petronius:

On the 26th of July, 80 boys and 40 girls were born at Trimalchi's estate, at Cumæ.

At the same time, a slave was put to death for uttering disrespectful words against his lord.

The same day, a fire broke out in Pompey's gardens, which began in the night, in the steward's apartment.

In modern times, nothing similar appears to have been known before the latter end of the fifteenth century, when small news-sheets, in the form of letters, were printed in Augsburg, Vienna, Ratisbon, and Nuremberg. The Venetian government, in the year 1563, during a war with the Turks, was in the habit of communicating to the public, by means of written sheets, the military and commercial information received. These sheets were read in a particular place to those desirous to learn the news, who paid for this privilege a coin called *gazetta*—a name which, by degrees, was transferred to the newspaper itself in Italy and France, and passed over into England. The Venetian government, after some time, allowed these 'Notizie Scritte' to be printed, and they had a wide circulation.

About the same time, offices were established in France, at the suggestion of the father of the celebrated Montaigne, for making the wants of individuals known to each other. The advertisements received at these offices were sometimes pasted on walls in public places, in order to attract more attention, and were thence called *affiches*. This led in time to a systematic and periodical publication of advertisements in sheets; and these sheets were termed *affiches*, in consequence of their contents having been originally fixed up as placards.

In the reign of James I. packets of news were occasionally published in the shape of small quarto pamphlets. The earliest, entitled 'News out of Holland,' was issued in 1619. Others were entitled 'Newes from Italy, Hungary, &c., as they happened to refer to the transactions of those respective countries, and generally purported to be translations from the Low Dutch. In the year 1622, when the Thirty Years' War and the exploits of Gustavus Adolphus excited curiosity, these occasional pamphlets were converted into a regular weekly publication, the editor of which was Nathaniel Butter. He had associates in the work—namely, Nicholas Bourne, Thomas Archer, Nathaniel Newberry, William Sheppard, Bartholomew Donner, and Edward Allde. All these names appear in the imprints to the early numbers of the 'Weekly Newes,' first published on the 23d of May 1622. Butter was most probably the author and writer of the paper, and his name is found connected with newspapers as late as the year 1640. The printed sheet was then, and long afterwards, a small and meagre chronicle.

· FOURTH PERIOD.

—(1625—1688.)—

MILTON—BUTLER—DRYDEN—BUNYAN.

THE sixty-four years comprehended in this period produced some great names ; but, considering the mighty events which then agitated the country, and must have influenced the national feelings—such as the abolition of the ancient monarchy of England, and the establishment of the Commonwealth—there was less change in the taste and literature of the nation than might have been anticipated. Authors were still a select class, and literature, the delight of the learned and ingenious, had not become food for the multitude. The chivalrous and romantic spirit which prevailed in the reign of Elizabeth, had, even before her death, begun to yield to more sober and practical views of human life and society : a spirit of inquiry was fast spreading among the people. The long period of peace under James, and the progress of commerce, gave scope to domestic improvement, and fostered the reasoning faculties and mechanical powers, rather than the imagination. The reign of Charles I., a prince of taste and accomplishments, partially revived the style of the Elizabethan era, but its lustre extended little beyond the court and the nobility. During the Civil War and the Protectorate, poetry and the drama were buried under the strife and anxiety of contending factions. Cromwell, with a just and generous spirit, boasted that he would make the name of an Englishman as great as ever that of a Roman had been. He realised his wish in the naval victories of Blake, and the unquestioned supremacy of England abroad ; but neither the time nor inclination of the Protector permitted him to be a patron of literature. Charles II. was better fitted for such a task, by natural powers, birth, and education ; but he had imbibed a false and perverted taste, which, added to his indolent and sensual disposition, was as injurious to art and literature as to the public morals. Poetry declined from the date of the Restoration, and was degraded from a high and noble art to a mere courtly amusement or pander to immorality. The whole atmosphere of genius was not, however, tainted by this public degeneracy. Science was assiduously cultivated, and to this period belong some of the proudest triumphs of English poetry, learning, and philosophy.

Milton produced his long-cherished epic, the greatest poem which our language can boast; Butler, his inimitable burlesque of 'Hudibras;' and Dryden, his matchless satire and versification. In the department of divinity, Jeremy Taylor, Barrow, and Tillotson laid the sure foundations of Protestantism, and the best defences of revealed religion. In history and polite literature, we have Clarendon, Burnet, and Temple. In this period, too, Bunyan composed his inimitable religious allegory, and gave the first conspicuous example of native force of mind and powers of imagination rising successful over all the obstructions caused by a low station in life, and a miserably defective education. The world has never been, for any length of time, without some great men to guide and illuminate the onward course of society; and, happily, some of them were found at this period to serve as beacons to their contemporaries and to all future ages.

POETS.

JOHN TAYLOR, 'THE WATER POET.'

One of the most voluminous of city rhymsters and chroniclers was JOHN TAYLOR (*circa* 1580–1654), a London waterman, who styled himself 'The King's Majesty's Water Poet.' Taylor was a native of Gloucester, and having served an apprenticeship to a waterman in London, continued to ply on the Thames, besides keeping a public-house. The most memorable incident in his career was travelling on foot from London to Edinburgh, 'not carrying any money to or fro, neither begging, borrowing, or asking meat, drink, or lodging.' He took with him, however, a servant on horseback, who carried some provisions and provender, and having met Ben Jonson at Leith, he received from Ben a present of 'a piece of gold of two and twenty shillings to drink his health in England.' Of this journey, Taylor wrote an account, entitled 'The Penniless Pilgrimage, or the Moneyless Perambulation of John Taylor, alias the King's Majesty's Water Poet,' &c. 1618. This tract is partly in prose and partly in verse. Of the latter, the following is a favourable specimen:

The Border Lands of England and Scotland.

Eight miles from Carlisle runs a little river,
Which England's bounds from Scotland's grounds do sever.
Without horse, bridge, or boat I o'er did get;
On foot I went, yet scarce my shoes did wet.
I being come to this long-looked-for land,
Did mark, re-mark, note, re-note, viewed and scanned;
And I saw nothing that could change my will,
But that I thought myself in England still.
The kingdoms are so nearly joined and fixed,
There scarcely went a pair of shears betwixt;
There I saw sky above, and earth below,
And as in England there the sun did shew;
The hills with sheep replete, with corn the dale,
And many a cottage yielded good Scotch ale.

This county, Annandale, in former times,
 Was the cursed climate of rebellious crimes;
 For Cumberland and it, both kingdoms' borders,
 Were ever ordered by their own disorders,
 Some sharking, shifting, cutting throats, and thieving,
 Each taking pleasure in the other's grieving;
 And many times he that had wealth to-night,
 Was by the morrow morning beggared quite.
 Too many years this pell-mell fury lasted,
 That all these Borders were quite spoiled and wasted;
 Confusion, hurly-burly, reigned and revelled;
 The churches with the lowly ground were levelled;
 All memorable monuments defaced,
 All places of defence o'erthrown and razed;
 That whoso then did in the Borders dwell,
 Lived little happier than those in hell.
 But since the all-disposing God of heaven
 Hath these two kingdoms to one monarch given,
 Blest peace and plenty on them both have showered;
 Exile and hanging hath the thieves devoured,
 That now each subject may securely sleep,
 His sheep and neat, the black, the white, doth keep.
 For now these crowns are both in one combined,
 Those former Borders that each one confined,
 Appears to me, as I do understand,
 To be almost the centre of the land;
 This was a blessed Heaven-expounded riddle,
 To thrust great kingdoms' skirts into the middle.
 Long may the instrumental cause survive!
 From him and his succession still derive
 True heirs unto his virtues and his throne,
 That these two kingdoms ever may be one!

Of Taylor's prose narrative, the most interesting portion is an account of a great deer hunt which he witnessed at the 'Brae of Mar,' at which were present the Earls of Mar, Moray, Buchan, Enzie, with their countesses, Lord Erskine, Sir William Murray of Abercainey, 'and hundreds of others, knights, esquires, and their followers.'

A Deer-hunt in Braemar.

Once in the year, which is the whole month of August, and sometimes part of September, many of the nobility and gentry of the kingdom, for their pleasure, do come into these Highland countries to hunt, when they do conform themselves to the habit of the Highlandmen, who for the most part speak nothing but Irish, and in former times were those people which were called 'the Red-shanks.' Their habit is shoes with but one sole apiece, stockings (which they call short hose) made of a warm stuff of divers colours, which they call tartan. As for breeches, many of them, nor their forefathers, never wore any, but a jerkin of the same stuff that their hose is of, their garters being bands or wreaths of hay or straw, with a plaid about their shoulders, which is a mantle of divers colours, of much finer and lighter stuff than their hose, with blue flat caps on their head, a handkerchief knut with two knots about their neck, and thus are they attired. Now, their weapons are long bows and forked arrows, swords and targets, harquebusses, muskets, dirks, and Lochaber axes.

My good lord of Mar having put me into that shape [dressed him in the Highland costume], I rode with him from his house, where I saw the ruins of an old castle, called the castle of Kindroghit [now Castletown]. It was built by king Malcolm Canmore for a hunting-house: it was the last house I saw in those parts; for I was the space of twelve days after before I saw either house, corn-field, or habitation for any creature but deer, wild horses, wolves, and such-like creatures.

Thus the first day we travelled eight miles, where there were small cottages built on purpose to lodge in, which they call *lonchards*. I thank my good Lord Erskine, he commanded that I should always be lodged in his lodging, the kitchen being always on the side of a bank, many kettles and pots boiling, and many spits turning and winding, with a great variety of cheer—as venison; baked, sodden, roast and stewed beef; mutton, goats, kid, hares, fresh salmon, pigeons, hens, capons, chickens, partridge, moor-coots, heath-cocks, capercallies, and terragants (*ptarmigans*); good ale, sack, white and claret, tent (*Allicant*), with most potent aquavite. . . .

Our camp consisted of fourteen or fifteen hundred men and horses. The manner of the hunting is this: five or six hundred men do rise early in the morning, and do disperse themselves divers ways, and seven or eight miles' compass; they do bring or chase in the deer in many herds—two, three, or four hundred in a herd—to such or such a place as the noblemen shall appoint them; then when day is come, the lords and gentlemen of their companies do ride or go to the said places, sometimes wading up to their middles through bournes and rivers; and then, they being come to the place, do lie down on the ground, till those foresaid scouts, which are called the *tinchel*, do bring down the deer. . . . Then, after we had stayed three hours or thereabouts, we might perceive the deer appear on the hills round about us (their heads making a show like a wood), which, being followed close by the *tinchel*, are chased down into the valley where we lay. Then all the valley on each side being waylaid with a hundred couple of strong Irish greyhounds, they are let loose as the occasion serves upon the herd of deer, so that, with dogs, guns, arrows, dirks, and daggers, in the space of two hours, fourscore fat deer were slain, which after are disposed of some one way and some another, twenty and thirty miles, and more than enough left for us to make merry withal at our rendezvous.

Various journeys and voyages were made by Taylor, and duly described by him in short occasional tracts. In 1630, he made a collection of these pieces: 'All the Workes of John Taylor, the Water Poet; being Sixty and Three in Number.' He continued, however, to write during more than twenty years after this period, and ultimately his works consisted of not less than 138 separate publications. Taylor was a staunch royalist and orthodox churchman, abjuring all sectaries and schismatics. There is nothing in his works, as Southey remarks, which deserves preservation for its intrinsic merit alone, but there is a great deal to illustrate the manners of his age.

GEORGE HERBERT.

GEORGE HERBERT (1593–1633) was of noble birth, though chiefly known as a pious country clergyman—'holy George Herbert,' who

The lowliest duties on himself did lay.

His father was descended from the earls of Pembroke, and lived in Montgomery Castle, Wales, where the poet was born. His elder brother was the celebrated Lord Herbert of Cherbury. George was educated at Cambridge, and in the year 1619 was chosen orator for the university. Herbert was the intimate friend of Sir Henry Wotton and Dr. Donne; and Lord Bacon is said to have entertained such a high regard for his learning and judgment, that he submitted his works to him before publication. The poet was also in favour with King James, who gave him a sinecure office worth £1.0 per annum, which Queen Elizabeth had formerly given to Sir Philip Sidney. 'With this,' says Izaak Walton, 'and his

annuity, and the advantages of his college, and of his orator-ship, he enjoyed his genteel humour for clothes and court-like company, and seldom looked toward Cambridge unless the king were there; but then, he never failed. The death of the king and of two powerful friends, the Duke of Richmond and Marquis of Hamilton, destroyed Herbert's court hopes, and he entered into sacred orders. In 1626, he was appointed prebendary of Layton Ecclesia, county of Huntingdon (the church of which he repaired and decorated), and in 1630 he was made rector of Bemerton, in Wiltshire, where he passed the remainder of his life. After describing the poet's marriage on the third day, after his first interview with the lady, old Izaak Walton relates, with characteristic simplicity and minuteness, a matrimonial scene preparatory to their removal to Bemerton: 'The third day after he was made rector of Bemerton, and had changed his sword and silk clothes into a canonical habit [he had probably never done duty regularly at Layton Ecclesia], he returned so habited with his friend Mr. Woodnot to Bainton; and immediately after he had seen and saluted his wife, he said to her: "You are now a minister's wife, and must now so far forget your father's house as not to claim a precedence of any of your parishioners; for you are to know that a priest's wife can challenge no precedence or place but that which she purchases by her obliging humility; and I am sure places so purchased do best become them. And let me tell you, I am so good a herald as to assure you that this is truth." And she was so meek a wife as to assure him it was no vexing news to her, and that he should see her observe it with a cheerful willingness.'

Herbert discharged his clerical duties with saint-like zeal and purity, but his strength was not equal to his self-imposed tasks, and he died in February 1633-3. His principal production is entitled 'The Temple, or Sacred Poems and Private Ejaculations.' It was not printed till the year after his death, but was so well received, that Walton says twenty thousand copies were sold in a few years after the first impression. The lines on *Virtue*—

Sweet day! so cool, so calm, so bright—

are the best in the collection; but even in them we find what mars all the poetry of Herbert, ridiculous conceits or coarse unpleasant similes. His taste was very inferior to his genius. The most sacred subject could not repress his love of fantastic imagery, or keep him for half-a-dozen verses in a serious or natural strain. Herbert was a musician, and sang his own hymns to the lute or viol; and indications of this may be found in his poems, which have sometimes a musical flow and harmonious cadence. It may be safely said, however, that Herbert's poetry alone would not have preserved his name, and that he is indebted for the reputation he enjoys to his excellent and amiable character, embalmed in the pages of good old Walton; to his prose work, the 'Country Parson'; and to the warm and fervent

piety which gave a charm to his life, and breathes through all his writings.

Virtua.

Sweet day ! so cool, so calm, so bright—
The bridal of the earth and sky ;
The dew shall weep thy fall to-night ;
For thou must die.

Sweet rose ! whose hue, angry and brave,
Bids the rash gazer wipe his eye ;
Thy root is ever in its grave,
And thou must die.

Sweet spring ! full of sweet days and roses ;
A box where sweets compacted lie ;
Thy music shews ye have your closes,
And all must die.

Only a sweet and virtuous soul,
Like seasoned timber, never gives ;
But, though the whole world turn to coal,
Then chiefly lives.

Religion.

All may of thee partake ;
Nothing can be so mean,
Which, with this tincture, for thy sake,
Will not grow bright and clean.

This is the famous stone
That turneth all to gold,
For that which God doth touch and own,
Cannot for less be told.

Stanza.—Called by Herbert 'The Pulley.'

When God at first made man,
Having a glass of blessings standing by,
'Let us,' said He, 'pour on him all we can ;
Let the world's riches, which dispersed lie,
Contract into a span.'

So strength first made a way ;
Then beauty flowed ; then wisdom, honour, pleasure ;)
When almost all was out, God made a stay ;
Perceiving that alone, of all His treasure,
Rest in the bottom lay.

For if I should,' said He,
Bestow this jewel also on my creature,
He would adore my gifts instead of me,
And rest in nature, not the God of nature—
So both should losers be.

'Yet let him keep the rest—
But keep them, with repining restlessness—
Let him be rich and weary ; that, at least,
If goodness lead him not, yet weariness
May toss him to my breast.'

Matin Hymn.

I cannot ope mine eyes
 But Thou art ready there to catch,
 My mourning soul and sacrifice,
 Then we must needs for that day make a match.
 My God, what is a heart?
 Silver, or gold, or precious stone,
 Or star, or rainbow, or a part
 Of all these things, or all of them in one?
 My God, what is a heart,
 That Thou shouldst it so eye and woo,
 Pouring upon it all Thy art,
 As if Thou hadst nothing else to do?
 Indeed, man's whole estate
 Amounts—and richly—to serve Thee;
 He did not heaven and earth create,
 Yet studies them, not Him by whom they be.
 Teach me Thy love to know;
 That this new light which now I see
 May both the work and workman shew;
 Then by a sunbeam I will climb to Thee.

Sunday.

O day most calm, most bright,
 The fruit of this, the next world's bud,
 The indorsement of supreme delight,
 Writ by a Friend, and with His blood;
 The couch of Time, care's balm and bay:
 The week were dark, but for thy light;
 Thy torch doth shew the way.

The other days and thou
 Make up one man; whose face *thou* art,
 Knocking at heaven with thy brow:
 The workdays are the back-part;
 The burden of the week lies there,
 Making the whole to stoop and bow,
 Till thy release appear.

Man had straight forward gone
 To endless death: but thou dost pull
 And turn us round, to look on One,
 Whom, if we were not very dull,
 We could not choose but look on still—
 Since there is no place so alone,
 The which he doth not fill.

Sundays the pillars are
 On which heaven's palace arched lies:
 The other days fill up the spare
 And hollow room with vanities.
 They are the fruitful beds and borders
 In God's rich garden: that is bare
 Which parts their ranks and orders.

The Sundays of man's life
 Threaded together on Time's string,
 Make bracelets to adorn the wife
 Of the eternal glorious King.

On Sunday, heaven's gate stands ope;
 Blessings are plentiful and rife—
 More hopeful than hope.

This day my Saviour rose,
 And did inclose this light for his;
 That, as each beast his manger knows,
 Man might not of his fodder miss.
 Christ hath took in this piece of ground,
 And made a garden there for those
 Who want herbs for their wound.

The rest of our creation
 Our great Redeemer did remove
 With the same shake, which at his passion
 Did the earth and all things with it move.
 As Samson bore the doors away,
 Christ's hands, though nalled, wrought
 our salvation
 And did unning that day.

The brightness of that day
 We sullied by our foul offence:
 Wherefore that robe we cast away,
 Having a new at his expense,
 Whose drops of blood paid the full price,
 That was required to make us gay,
 And fit for paradise.

Thou art a day of mirth:
 And where the week-days trail on ground,
 Thy flight is higher, as thy birth:
 O let me take thee at the bound,
 Leaping with thee from seven to seven,
 Till that we both, being loosed from earth,
 Fly hand in hand to heaven!

Mortification.

How soon doth Man decay !
 When clothes are taken from a chest of sweets
 To saddle infants, whose young breath
 Scarce knows the way ;
 They are like little winding-sheets,
 Which do consign and send them unto death.

When boys go first to bed,
 They step into their voluntary graves ;
 Sleep binds them fast ; only their breath
 Makes them not dead :
 Successive nights, like rolling waves,
 Convey them quickly, who are bound for death.

When Youth is frank and free,
 And calls for music, while his veins do swell,
 All day exchanging mirth and breath
 In company ;
 That music summons to the knell,
 Which shall befriend him at the house of Death.

When Man grows staid and wise,
 Getting a house and home, where he may move
 Within the circle of his breath,
 Schooling his eyes ;
 That dumb inclosure maketh love
 Unto the coffin that attends his death.

When Age grows low and weak,
 Marking his grave, and thawing every year,
 Till all do melt, and drown his breath
 When he would speak ;
 A chair or litter shews the bier
 Which shall convey him to the house of Death.

Man, ere he is aware,
 Hath put together a solemnity,
 And dressed his hearse, while he hath breath
 As yet to spare.
 Yet, Lord instruct us so to die,
 That all these dyings may be life in death.

FRANCIS QUARLES.

The writings of FRANCIS QUARLES (1592-1644) are more like those of a divine, or contemplative recluse, than of a busy man of the world, who held various public situations, and died at the age of fifty-two. Quarles was a native of Essex, educated at Cambridge, and afterwards a student of Lincoln's Inn. He was successively cupbearer to Elizabeth, the queen of Bohemia, secretary to Archbishop Usher, and chronologer to the city of London. He espoused the cause of Charles I. ; and was so harassed by the opposite party, who injured his property, and plundered him of his books and rare manuscripts, that his death was attributed to the affliction and ill-health caused by these disasters. Notwithstanding his loyalty, the works of Quarles have a tinge of Puritanism and ascetic piety that might have mollified the rage of his persecutors. His poems consist of various pieces—' Job

Militant,' 'Sion's Elegies,' the 'History of Queen Esther,' 'Argalus and Parthenia,' the 'Morning Muse,' the 'Feast of Worms,' and the 'Divine Emblems.' The last were published in 1645, and were so popular that Phillips, Milton's nephew, styles Quarles 'the darling of our plebeian judgments.' The eulogium still holds good to some extent, for the 'Divine Emblems,' with their quaint and grotesque illustrations, are still found in the cottages of our peasants. After the Restoration, when everything sacred and serious was either neglected or made the subject of ribald jests, Quarles seems to have been entirely lost to the public. Even Pope, who, had he read him, must have relished his lively fancy and poetical expression, notices only his bathos and absurdity. The better and more tolerant taste of modern times has admitted the divine emblemist into the 'laurelled fraternity of poets,' where, if he does not occupy a conspicuous place, he is at least sure of his due measure of homage and attention. Emblems, or the union of the graphic and poetic arts, to inculcate lessons of morality and religion, had been tried with success by Peacham and Wither. Quarles, however, made Herman Hugo, a Jesuit, his model, and from the 'Pia Desideria' of this author copied a great part of his prints and mottoes. His style is that of his age—studded with conceits, often extravagant in conception, and presenting the most *outré* and ridiculous combinations. There is strength, however, amidst his contortions, and true wit mixed up with the false. His epigrammatic point, uniting wit and devotion, has been considered the precursor of Young's 'Night Thoughts.'

Stanzas.

As when a lady, walking Flora's bower,
Picks here a pink, and there a gillyflower,
Now plucks a violet from her purple bed,
And then a primrose, the year's maidenhead,
There nips the briar, here the lover's pansy,
Shifting her dainty pleasures with her fancy,
This on her arms, and that she lists to wear
Upon the borders of her curious hair;
At length a rose-bud—passing all the rest—
She plucks, and bosoms in her lily breast.

The Shortness of Life.

And what's a life?—a weary pilgrimage,
Whose glory in one day doth fill the stage
With childhood, manhood, and decrepit age.

And what's a life—the flourishing array
Of the proud summer meadow, which to-day
Wears her green plush, and is to-morrow hay.

Read on this dial, how the shades devour
My short-lived winter's day! hour eats up hour;
Alas! the total's but from eight to four.

Behold these lilies, which thy hands have made,
Fair copies of my life, and open laid
To view, how soon they droop, how soon they fade!

Shade not that dial, night will blind too soon ;
My non-aged day already points to noon ;
How simple is my suit !—how small my boon !

Nor do I beg this slender inch to wile
The time away, or falsely to beguile
My thoughts with joy : here's nothing worth a smile.

Mors Tua.

Can he be fair, that withers at a blast ?
Or he be strong, that airy breath can cast ?
Can he be wise, that knows not how to live ?
Or he be rich, that nothing hath to give ?
Can he be young, that's feeble, weak, and wan ?
So fair, strong, wise, so rich, so young is man.
So fair is man, that death—a parting blast—
Blasts his fair flower, and makes him earth at last ;
So strong is man, that with a gasping breath
He totters, and bequeaths his strength to death ;
So wise is man, that if with death he strive,
His wisdom cannot teach him how to live ;
So rich is man, that—all his debts being paid—
His wealth's the winding-sheet wherein he 's laid ;
So young is man, that, broke with care and sorrow,
He 's old enough to-day to die to-morrow :
Why brag'st thou, then, thou worm of five feet long ?
Thou 'rt neither fair, nor strong, nor wise, nor rich, nor young.

The Vanity of the World.

False world, thou ly'st ; thou canst not lend
The least delight :
Thy favours cannot gain a friend,
They are so slight :
Thy morning pleasures make an end
To please at night :
Poor are the wants that thou supply'st,
And yet thou vaunt'st, and yet thou vy'st
With heaven ; fond earth, thou boasts ; false world, thou ly'st.

Thy babbling tongue tells golden tales
Of endless treasure ;
Thy bounty offers easy sales
Of lasting pleasure ;
Thou ask'st the conscience what she asks,
And swear'st to ease her :
There's none can want where thou supply'st :
There's none can give where thou deny'st.
Alas ! fond world, thou boasts ; false world, thou ly'st.

What well-advised ear regards
What earth can say ?
Thy words are gold, but thy rewards
Are painted clay :
Thy cunning can but pack the cards,
Thou canst not play :
Thy game at weakest, still thou vy'st ;
If seen, and then revy'd, deny'st :
Thou art not what thou seem'st ; false world, thou ly'st.

Thy tinsel bosom seems a mint
 Of new-coined treasure ;
 A paradise, that has no stint,
 No change, no measure :
 A painted cask, but nothing in't,
 Nor wealth, nor pleasure :
 Vain earth ! that falsely thus comply'st
 With man ; vain man ! that thou rely'st
 On earth ; vain man, thou dot'st ; vain earth, thou ly'st.
 What mean dull souls, in this high measure,
 To haberdash
 In earth's base wares, whose greatest treasure
 Is dross and trash ?
 The height of whose enchanting pleasure
 Is but a flash ?
 Are these the goods that thou supply'st
 Us mortals with ? Are these the high'st ?
 Can these bring cordial peace ? false world, thou ly'st.

Delight in God only.

I love—and have some cause to love—the earth .
 She is my Maker's creature ; therefore good :
 She is my mother, for she gave me birth ;
 She is my tender nurse—she gives me food ;
 But what's a creature, Lord, compared with Thee ?
 Or what's my mother or my nurse to me ?

I love the air : her dainty sweets refresh
 My drooping soul, and to new sweets invite me ;
 Her shrill-mouthed quire sustains me with their flesh,
 And with their polyphonian notes delight me :
 But what's the air or all th' sweets that she
 Can bless my soul withal, compared to Thee ?

I love the sea : she is my fellow-creature,
 My careful purveyor ; she provides me store :
 She walls me round ; she makes my diet greater ;
 She wafts my treasure from a foreign shore :
 But, Lord of oceans, when compared with Thee,
 What is the ocean or her wealth to me ?

To heaven's high city I direct my journey,
 Whose spangled suburbs entertain mine eye ;
 Mine eye, by contemplation's great attorney,
 Transcends the crystal pavement of the sky :
 But what is heaven, great God, compared to Thee,
 Without thy presence, heaven's no heaven to me.

Without thy presence, earth gives no refection ;
 Without thy presence, sea affords no treasure ;
 Without thy presence, air's a rank infection ;
 Without thy presence, heaven itself no pleasure .
 If not possessed, if not enjoyed in Thee,
 What's earth, or sea, or air, or heaven to me !

The highest honours that the world can boast,
 Are subjects far too low for my desire ;
 The brightest beams of glory are—at most—
 But dying sparkles of thy living fire :
 The loudest flames that earth can kindle, be
 But nightly glowworms, if compared to Thee

Without thy presence, wealth is bags of cares ;
 Wisdom, but folly ; joy, disquiet—sadness :
 Friendship is treason, and delights are snares ;
 Pleasures but pain, and mirth but pleasing madness ;
 Without thee, Lord, things be not what they be,
 Nor have they being, when compared with Thee.

In having all things, and not Thee, what have I ?
 Not having Thee, what have my labours got ?
 Let me enjoy but Thee, what further crave I ?
 And having Thee alone, what have I not ?
 I wish nor sea nor land ; nor would I be
 Possessed of heaven, heaven unpossessed of Thee.

Decay of Life.

The day grows old, the low-pitched lamp hath made
 No less than treble shade,
 And the descending damp doth now prepare
 To uncurl bright Titan's hair ;
 Whose western wardrobe now begins to unfold
 Her purples, fringed with gold,
 To clothe his evening glory, when the alarms
 Of rest shall call to rest in restless Thetis' arms.

Nature now calls to supper, to refresh
 The spirits of all flesh ;
 The tolling ploughman drives his thirsty teams,
 To taste the slippery streams :
 The drolling swineherd knocks away, and feasts
 His hungry whining guests :
 The boxbill onsel, and the dappled thrush,
 Like hungry rivals meet at their beloved bush.

DR. HENRY KING.

DR. HENRY KING (1592–1669), who was chaplain to James I. and did honour to the church preferment which was bestowed upon him, was best known as a religious poet. He was the author of 'Sermons,' 1621–65 ; and of poems, elegies, &c. 1657. His language and imagery are chaste and refined. Of his lighter verse, the following song may suffice :

Song.

Dry those fair, those crystal eyes,
 Which, like growing fountains, rise
 To drown their banks : grief's sullen
 brooks
 Would better flow in furrowed looks ;
 Thy lovely face was never meant
 To be the shore of discontent.

Then clear those waterish stars again,
 Which else portend a lasting rain ;
 Lest the clouds which settle there,
 Prolong my winter all the year,
 And thy example others make
 In love with sorrow for thy sake.

Sic Vita.

Like to the falling of a star,
 Or as the flights of eagles are ;
 Or like the fresh spring's gaudy hue,
 Or silver drops of morning dew ;
 Or like a wind that chafes the flood,
 Or bubbles which on water stood :

Even such is man, whose borrowed light
 Is straight called in, and paid to-night.
 The wind blows out, the bubble dies ;
 The spring entombed in autumn lies ;
 The dew dries up, the star is shot ;
 The flight is past—and man forgot.

The Dirge.

What is the existence of man's life,
But open war, or slumbered strife;
Where sickness to his sense presents
The combat of the elements;
And never feels a perfect peace
Till Death's cold hand signs his release.

It is a storm—where the hot blood
Outvies in rage the boiling flood;
And each loose passion of the mind
Is like a furious gust of wind,
Which beats his bark with many a wave,
Till he casts anchor in the grave.

It is a flower—which buds, and grows
And withers as the leaves disclose;
Whose spring and fall faint seasons keep,
Like fits of waking before sleep;
Then shrinks into that fatal mould
Where its first being was enrolled.

It is a dream—whose seeming truth
Is moralised in age and youth;
Where all the comforts he can share,
As wandering as his fancies are;
Till in a mist of dark decay,
The dreamer vanish quite away.

It is a dial—which points out
The sunset, as it moves about;
And shadows out in lines of night
The subtle stages of Time's flight;
Till all-obscuring earth hath laid
His body in perpetual shade.

It is a weary interlude—
Which doth short joys, long woes, include;
The world the stage, the prologue tears,
The acts vain hopes and varied fears;
The scene shuts up with loss of breath,
And leaves no epilogue but death.

GEORGE WITHER.

GEORGE WITHER (1588–1667) was a voluminous author, in the midst of disasters and sufferings that would have damped the spirit of any but the most adventurous and untiring enthusiast. Some of his happiest strains were composed in prison; his limbs were incarcerated within stone walls and iron bars, but his fancy was among the hills and plains, with shepherds hunting, or loitering with Poesy by rustling boughs and murmuring springs. There is a freshness and natural vivacity in the poetry of Wither, that renders his early works a 'perpetual feast.' We cannot say that it is a feast 'where no crude surfeit reigns,' for he is often harsh, obscure, and affected; but he has an endless diversity of style and subjects, and true poetical feeling and expression. Wither was a native of Hampshire, and received his education at Magdalen College, Oxford. He first appeared as an author in the year 1618, when he published a satire, entitled 'Abuses Stript and Whipt.' For this he was thrown into the Marshalsea, where he composed his fine poem, the 'Shepherds' Hunting.' When the abuses satirised by the poet had accumulated and brought on the Civil War, Wither took the popular side, and sold his paternal estate to raise a troop of horse for the parliament. He rose to the rank of a major, and in 1642, was made governor of Farnham Castle, afterwards held by Denham. Wither was accused of deserting his appointment, and the castle was ceded the same year to Sir William Waller. During the struggles of that period, the poet was made prisoner by the royalists, and stood in danger of capital punishment, when Denham interfered for his brother-bard, alleging, that as long as Wither lived, he (Denham) would not be considered the worst poet in England. The joke was a good one, if it saved Wither's life; but George was not frightened from the perilous contentions of the times.

He was afterwards one of Cromwell's majors-general, and kept watch and ward over the royalists of Surrey. From the sequestered estates of these gentlemen, Wither obtained a considerable fortune; but the Restoration came, and he was stripped of all his possessions. He remonstrated loudly and angrily; his remonstrances were voted libels, and the unlucky poet was again thrown into prison. He published various treatises, satires, and poems during this period, though he was treated with great rigour. He was released, under bond for good behaviour, in 1663, and survived nearly four years afterwards, dying in London on the 2d of May 1667.

Wither's fame as a poet is derived chiefly from his early productions, written before he had imbibed the sectarian gloom of the Puritans, or become embroiled in the struggles of the Civil War. A collection of his poems was published by himself in 1633, with the title, 'Mistress of Philarete;' his 'Shepherds' Hunting,' being certain eclogues written during the time of the author's imprisonment in the Marshalsea, appeared in 1633. His 'Collection of Emblems, Ancient and Modern, quickened with Metrical Illustrations,' made their appearance in 1635. His satirical and controversial works were numerous but are now forgotten. Some authors of our own day—Southey in particular—have helped to popularise Wither, by frequent quotation and eulogy; but Mr. Ellis, in his 'Specimens of Early English Poets,' was the first to point out 'that playful fancy, pure taste, and artless delicacy of sentiment, which distinguish the poetry of his early youth.' His poem on Christmas affords a lively picture of the manners of the times. His 'Address to Poetry,' the sole yet cheering companion of his prison solitude, is worthy of the theme, and superior to most of the effusions of that period. The pleasure with which he recounts the various charms and the 'divine skill' of his Muse, that had derived nourishment and delight from the 'meanest objects' of external nature—a daisy, a bush, or a tree; and which, when these picturesque and beloved scenes of the country were denied him, could gladden even the vaults and shades of a prison, is one of the richest offerings that have yet been made to the pure and hallowed shrine of poesy. The superiority of intellectual pursuits over the gratifications of sense, and all the malice of fortune, has never been more touchingly or finely illustrated.

The Companionship of the Muse.—From the 'Shepherds' Hunting.'

See'st thou not in clearest days,
Oft thick fogs cloud heaven's rays;
And the vapours that do breathe
From the earth's gross womb beneath,
Seem they not with their black steams
To pollute the sun's bright beams,
And yet vanish into air,
Leaving it, unblemished, fair?
So, my Willy, shall it be
With detraction's breath and thee:

It shall never rise so high
As to stain thy poesy.
As that sun doth oft exhale
Vapours from its rotten vale;
Poesy so sometime drains
Gross conceits from muddy brains;
Mists of envy, fogs of spite,
Twixt men's judgments and her light:
But so much her power may do,
That she can dissolve them too.

If thy verse do bravely tower,
 As she makes wing she gets power
 Yet the higher she doth soar,
 She's affronted still the more :
 Till she to the high'st hath passed,
 Then she rests with fame at last :
 Let nought, therefore, thee affright,
 But make forward in thy flight ;
 For, if I could match thy rhyme,
 To the very stars I'd climb ;
 There begin again, and fly
 Till I reached eternity.
 But, alas ! my muse is slow ;
 For thy page she flags too low :
 Yea, the more's her hapless fate,
 Her short wings were clipt of late :
 And poor I, her fortune rueing,
 And myself put up a-mewing :
 But if I my cage can rid,
 I'll fly where I never did :
 And so for her sake I'm crost,
 Though my best hopes I have lost,
 And knew she would make my trouble
 Ten times more than ten times double :
 I should love and keep her too,
 Spite of all the world could do.
 For, though banished from my flocks,
 And confined within these rocks,
 Here I waste away the light,
 And consume the sullen night,
 She doth for my comfort stay,
 And keeps many cares away.
 Though I miss the flowery fields,
 With those sweets the spring-tide yields,
 Though I may not see those groves,
 Where the shepherds chant their loves,
 And the lasses more excel
 Than the sweet-voiced Philomel.
 Though of all those pleasures past,
 Nothing now remains at last,
 But remembrance, poor relief,
 That more makes than mends my grief :
 She's my mind's companion still,
 Managre envy's evil will.
 (Whence she would be driven, too,
 Were't it mortal's power to do.)
 She doth tell me where to borrow
 Comfort in the midst of sorrow :
 Makes the desolate place
 To her presence be a grace ;
 And the blackest discontents
 Be her fairest ornaments.

In my former days of bliss,
 Her divine skill taught me this,
 That from everything I saw,
 I could some invention draw,
 And raise pleasure to her height,
 Through the meanest object's sight ;
 By the murmur of a spring,
 Or the least bough's rustling,
 By a daisy, whose leaves spread,
 Shut when Titan goes to bed ;
 Or a shady bush or tree,
 She could more infuse in me,
 Than all Nature's beauties can
 In some other wiser man.
 By her help I also now
 Make this churlish place allow
 Some things that may sweeten gladness,
 In the very gall of sadness.
 The dull loneliness, the black shade,
 That these hanging vaults have made ;
 The strange music of the waves,
 Beating on these hollow caves :
 This black den which rocks emboss,
 Overgrown with eldest moss ;
 The rude portals that give light
 More to terror than delight :
 This my chamber of neglect,
 Walled about with disrespect.
 From all these, and this dull air,
 A fit object for despair,
 She hath taught me by her might
 To draw comfort and delight.
 Therefore, thou best earthly bliss,
 I will cherish thee for this.
 Poesy, thou sweet'st content
 That e'er Heaven to mortals lent :
 Though they as a trifle leave thee,
 Whose dull thoughts cannot conceive
 thee,
 Though thou be to them a scorn,
 That to nought but earth are born,
 Let my life no longer be
 Than I am in love with thee !
 Though our wise ones call it madness,
 Let me never taste of gladness,
 If I love not thy maddest fits
 Above all their greatest wits.
 And though some, too seeming holy,
 Do account thy raptures folly,
 Thou dost teach me to contemn
 What makes knaves and fools of them.

Sonnet upon a Stolen Kiss.

Now gentle sleep hath closed up those eyes
 Which, waking, kept my boldest thoughts in awe ;
 And free access unto that sweet lip lies,
 From whence I long the rosy breath to draw.
 Methinks no wrong it were, if I should steal
 From those two melting rubies, one poor kiss ;
 None sees the theft that would the theft reveal,
 Nor rob I her of ought what she can miss :

Nay, should I twenty kisses take away,
 There would be little sign I would do so;
 Why, then, should I this robbery delay?
 Oh! she may wake, and therewith angry grow!
 Well, if she do, I'll back restore that one,
 And twenty hundred thousand more for loan.

The Steadfast Shepherd.

Hence away, thou Syren; leave me.
 Pish! unclasp these wanton arms;
 Sugared words can ne'er deceive me—
 Though thou prove a thousand charms.

Fie, fie, forbear;
 No common snare
 Can ever my affection chain:
 Thy painted baits,
 And poor decets,
 Are all bestowed on me in vain.

I'm no slave to such as you be;
 Neither shall that snowy breast,
 Rolling eye, and lip of ruby,
 Ever rob me of my rest;
 Go, go, display
 Thy beauty's ray
 To some more soon enamoured swain:
 Those common wiles,
 Of sighs and smiles,
 Are all bestowed on me in vain.

I have elsewhere vowed a duty;
 Turn away thy tempting eye:
 Shew not me a painted beauty;
 These impostures I defy:
 My spirit loathes
 Where gaudy clothes
 And feigned oaths may love obtain:
 I love her so
 Whose look swears no,
 That all your labours will be vain.

Can he prize the tainted posies,
 Which on every breast are worn;
 That may pluck the virgin roses
 From their never-touched thorn?
 I can go rest

On her sweet breast,
 That is the pride of Cynthia's train;
 Then stay thy tongue;
 Thy mermaid song
 Is all bestowed on me in vain.

He's a fool that basely dallies
 Where each peasant mates with him:
 Shall I haunt the thronged valleys,
 Whilst there's noble hills to climb?
 No, no, though clowns
 Are scared with frowns,
 I know the best can but disdain:
 And those I'll prove,
 So will thy love
 Be all bestowed on me in vain.

I do scorn to vow a duty,
 Where each lustful lad may woo,
 Give me her whose sunlike beauty
 Buzzards dare not soar unto:
 She, she it is
 Affords that bliss,
 For which I would refuse no pain;
 But such as you,
 Fond fools, adieu,
 You seek to captive me in vain.

Leave me, then, thou Syren, leave me;
 Seek no more to work my harms;
 Crafty wiles cannot deceive me,
 Who am proof against your charms:
 You labour may
 To lead astray
 The heart, that constant shall remain;
 And I the while
 Will sit and smile
 To see you spend your time in vain.

Christmas.

So now is come our joyfulest feast;
 Let every man be jolly;
 Each room with ivy leaves is dressed,
 And every post with holly.
 Though some churls at our mirth repine,
 Round your foreheads garlands twine,
 Drown Sorrow in a cup of wine,
 And let us all be merry.

Now all our neighbours' chimneys smoke,
 And Christmas blocks are burning;
 Their ovens they with baked meat choke,
 And all their spits are turning.

Without the door let Sorrow lie;
 And if for cold it hap to die,
 We'll bury 't in a Christmas pie,
 And evermore be merry.

Now every lad is wondrous trim,
 And no man minds his labour;
 Our lasses have provided them
 A bagpipe and a labour;
 Young men and maids, and girls and boys,
 Give life to one another's joys;
 And you anon shall by their noise
 Perceive that they are merry.

Rank misers now do sparing shun ;
 Their hall of music soundeth ;
 And dogs thence with whole shoulders
 run,
 So all things there aboundeth.
 The country-folks themselves advance,
 With crowdy-muttons out of France ;
 And Jack shall pipe, and Gill shall dance,
 And all the town be merry.

Ned Squash hath fetched his hands from
 paw,
 And all his best apparel ;
 Brisk Nell hath bought a ruff of lawn
 With dropping of the barrel.
 And those that hardly all the year
 Had bread to eat, or rags to wear,
 Will have both clothes and dainty fare,
 And all the day be merry.

Now poor men to the justices
 With capons make their errands ;
 And if they hap to fall of these,
 They plague them with their warrants :
 But now they feed them with good cheer,
 And what they want they take in beer,
 For Christmas comes but once a year,
 And then they shall be merry.

Good farmers in the country nurse
 The poor, that else were undone ;
 Some landlords spend their money worse,
 On lust and pride at London.
 There the roysters they do play,
 Drab and dice their lands away,
 Which may be ours another day,
 And therefore let's be merry.

The client now his suit forbears,
 The prisoner's heart is eased ;
 The debtor drinks away his cares,
 And for the time is pleased.

Though others' purses be more fat,
 Why should we pine or grieve at that ?
 Hang Sorrow ! care will kill a cat,
 And therefore let's be merry.

Hark ! now the wags abroad do call
 Each other forth to rambling ;
 Anon you'll see them in the hall,
 For nuts and apples scrambling.
 Hark ! how the roofs with laughter sound ;
 Anon they'll think the house goes round,
 For they the cellar's depth have found,
 And there they will be merry.

The wenches with their wassail bowls
 About the streets are singing :
 The boys are come to catch the owls,
 The wild mare in is bringing.
 Our kitchen-boy hath broke his box ;
 And to the dealing of the ox,
 Our honest neighbours come by flocks,
 And here they will be merry.

Now kings and queens poor sheepcotes
 have,
 And mate with everybody ;
 The honest now may play the knave,
 And wise men play the noddy.
 Some yonths will now a mumming go,
 Some others play at Rowland-bo,
 And 'twenty other game boys mo,
 Because they will be merry.

Then, wherefore, in these merry days,
 Should we, I pray, be duller ?
 No, let us sing some roundelays,
 To make our mirth the fuller :
 And, while we thus inspired sing,
 Let all the streets with echoes ring ;
 Woods and hills, and everything,
 Bear witness we are merry.

LADY ELIZABETH CAREW.

LADY ELIZABETH CAREW is believed to be the author of the tragedy of 'Mariam, the Fair Queen of Jewry,' 1613. Though wanting in dramatic interest and spirit, there is a vein of fine sentiment and feeling in this forgotten drama. The following chorus, in act the fourth, possesses a generous and noble simplicity :

Revenge of Injuries

The fairest action of our human life
 Is scorning to revenge an injury ;
 For who forgives without a further strife,
 His adversary's heart to him doth give
 And 'tis a firmer conquest truly said,
 To win the heart, than overthrow the head.

If we a worthy enemy do find,
 To yield to worth it must be nobly done;
 But if of baser metal be his mind,
 In base revenge there is no honour won.
 Who would a worthy courage overthrow,
 And who would wrestle with a worthless foe?

We say our hearts are great, and cannot yield;
 Because they cannot yield, it proves them poor:
 Great hearts are tasked beyond their power, but sold
 The weakest lion will the loudest roar.
 Truth's school for certain doth the same allow,
 High-heartedness doth sometimes teach to bow.

A noble heart doth teach a virtuous scorn.
 To scorn to owe a duty over-long;
 To scorn to be for benefits forborne;
 To scorn to lie; to scorn to do a wrong;
 To scorn to bear an injury in mind;
 To scorn a free-born heart slave-like to bind.

But if for wrongs we needs revenge must have,
 Then be our vengeance of the noblest kind;
 Do we his body from our fury save,
 And let our hate prevail against our mind?
 What can 'gainst him a greater vengeance be,
 Than make his foe more worthy far than he?

Had Mariam scorned to leave a due unpaid,
 She would to Herod then have paid her love,
 And not have been by sullen passion swayed.
 To fix her thoughts all injury above
 Is virtuous pride. Had Mariam thus been proud,
 Long famous life to her had been allowed.

BISHOP CORBET.

RICHARD CORBET (1582-1635) was the son of a man who, though only a gardener, must have possessed superior qualities, as he obtained the hearty commendations, in verse, of Ben Jonson. The son was educated at Westminster and Oxford, and having taken orders, he became successively bishop of Oxford and bishop of Norwich. The social qualities of witty Bishop Corbet, and his never-failing vivacity, joined to a moderate share of dislike to the Puritans, recommended him to the patronage of King James, by whom he was raised to the mitre. His habits were rather too convivial for the dignity of his office, if we may credit some of the anecdotes which have been related of him. Meeting a ballad-singer one market-day at Abingdon, and the man complaining that he could get no custom, the jolly doctor put off his gown, and arrayed himself in the leathern jacket of the itinerant vocalist, and being a handsome man, with a clear full voice, he presently vended the stock of ballads. One time, as he was confirming, the country people pressing in to see the ceremony, Corbet exclaimed: 'Bear off there, or I'll confirm ye with my staff.' The bishop and his chaplain, Dr. Lushington, it is said, would sometimes repair to the wine-cellar together, and Corbet used to put off his episcopal hood, saying: 'There lies the doctor;' then he put off his gown,

saying: 'There lies the bishop;' then the toast went round: 'Here's to thee, Corbet;' 'Here's to thee, Lushington.' Jivialities like these seem more like the feats of the jolly Friar of Copmanhurst than the acts of a Protestant bishop: but Corbet had higher qualities; his toleration, solid sense, and lively talents procured him deserved esteem and respect. His poems were first collected and published in 1647. They are of a miscellaneous character, the best known being a 'Journey to France,' written in a light easy strain of descriptive humour. The 'Farewell to the Fairies' is equally lively, and more poetical.

To Vincent Corbet, his Son.

What shall I leave thee, none can tell,
But all shall say I wish thee well:
I wish thee, Vin, before all wealth,
Both bodily and ghostly health;
Nor too much wealth nor wit come to
thee,
So much of either may undo thee.
I wish thee learning not for show,
Enough for to instruct and know;
Not such as gentlemen require
To prate at table or at fire.

I wish thee all thy mother's graces,
Thy father's fortunes and his places.
I wish thee friends, and one at court,
Not to build on, but to support;
To keep thee not in doing many
Oppressions, but from suffering any.
I wish thee peace in all thy ways,
Nor lazy nor contentious days;
And, when thy soul and body part,
As innocent as now thou art.

From the 'Journey to France'

I went from England into France,
Nor yet to learn to cringe nor dance,
Nor yet to ride nor fence:
Now did I go like one of those
That do return with half a nose
They carried from hence.

But I to Paris rode along,
Much like John Dory* in the song,
Upon a holy tide.
I on an ambling nag did get—
I trust he is not paid for yet—
And spurred him on each side.

And to Saint Denis fast we came,
To see the sights of Notre Dame—
The man that shews them snuffles—
Where who is apt for to believe,
May see our Lady's right-arm sleeve,
And eke her old pantofles;

Her breast, her milk, her very gown
That she did wear in Bethlehem town,
When in the inn she lay:

Yet all the world knows that's a fable,¹
For so good clothes ne'er lay in stable,²
Upon a lock of hay.

There is one of the cross's nails,
Which, whoso sees, his bonnet vails,
And, if he will, may kneel.
Some say 'twas false, 'twas never so:
Yet, feeling it, thus much I know,
It is as true as steel.

There is a lanthorn which the Jews,
When Judas led them forth, did use;
It weighs my weight downright:
But, to believe it, you must think
The Jews did put a candle in 't,
And then 'twas very light.

There's one saint there hath lost his nose:
Another's head, but not his toes,
His elbow and his thumb.
But when that we had seen the rags,
We went to th' inn and took our nags,
And so away did come.

* This alludes to one of the most celebrated of the old English ballads. It was the favourite performance of the English minstrels, as lately as the reign of Charles II.; and Dryden alludes to it as to the most hackneyed song of the time:

But Sanderland, Godolphin, Lory,
These will appear such chits in story,
'Twill turn all politics to jests,
To be repeated like John Dory,
When fiddlers sing at feasts.

RITSON'S *Ancient Songs*.

We came to Paris on the Seine;
 'Tis wondrous fair, 'tis nothing clean,
 'Tis Europe's greatest town.
 How strong it is, I need not tell it.
 For all the world may easily smell it,
 That walk it up and down.

There many strange things are to see,
 The palace and great gallery,
 The Place Royal doth excel:
 The new bridge, and the statues there,
 At Notre Dame, Saint Q. Pater,
 The steeple bears the bell.

For learning, th' University;
 And, for old clothes, the Frippery,
 The house the queen did build.

Saint Innocents, whose earth devours
 Dead corpses in four-and-twenty hours,
 And there the king was killed:

The Bastille, and Saint Denis Street,
 The Shafflenist, like London Fleet,
 The arsenal no toy.
 But if you'll see the prettiest thing,
 Go to the court and see the king,
 Oh, 'tis a hopeful boy.*

He is, of all dukes and peers,
 Reverenced for much wit at 's years,
 Nor must you think it much;
 For he with little switch doth play,
 And make fine dirty pies of clay,
 Oh, never king made such!

Farewell to the Fairies.

Farewell rewards and fairies,
 Good housewives now may say,
 For now foul sluts in dairies
 Do fare as well as they.
 And though they sweep their hearths no
 less
 Than maids were wont to do,
 Yet who of late, for cleanliness,
 Finds sixpence in her shoe?

Lament, lament, old abbeyes,
 The fairies lost command;
 They did but change priests' babies,
 But some have changed your land;
 And all your children sprung from thence
 Are now grown Puritans;
 Who live as changelings ever since,
 For love of your domains.

At morning and at evening both,
 You merry were and glad,
 So little care of sleep or sloth
 These pretty ladies had;
 When Tom came home from labour,
 Or Cis to milking rose,
 Then merrily went their labour,
 And nimbly went their toes.

Witness those rings and roundelays
 Of theirs, which yet remain,
 Were footed in Queen Mary's days
 On many a grassy plain;
 But since of late Elizabeth,
 And later, James came in,
 They never danced on any heath
 As when the time hath been.

By which we note the fairies
 Were of the old profession,
 Their songs were Ave-Marias,
 Their dances were processions;
 But now, alas! they all are dead
 Or gone beyond the seas;
 Or farther for religion fled,
 Or else they take their ease.

A tell-tale in their company
 They never could endure,
 And whoso kept not secretly
 Their mirth, was punished sure;
 It was a just and Christian deed,
 To pinch such black and blue:
 Oh, how the commonwealth doth need
 Such justices as you!

WILLIAM HABINGTON.

WILLIAM HABINGTON (1605-1645) had all the vices of the metaphysical school, excepting its occasional and frequently studied licentiousness. He tells us himself (in his preface), that 'if the innocency of a chaste muse shall be more acceptable, and weigh heavier in the balance of esteem, than a fame begot in adultery of study, I doubt I shall leave no hope of competition.' And of a pure attachment, he says finally, that 'when Love builds upon the rock of Chastity, it may safely condemn the battery of the waves and threatenings of the

* Louis XIII

wind ; since Time, that makes a mockery of the firmest structures, shall itself be ruined before that be demolished.' Habington's life presents few incidents, though he came of a plotting family. His father was implicated in Babington's conspiracy ; his uncle suffered death for his share in the same transaction. The poet's mother atoned, in some measure, for these disloyal intrigues ; for she is said to have been the writer of the famous letter to Lord Monteagle, which averted the execution of the Gunpowder Plot. The poet was educated at St. Omer's, but declined to become a Jesuit. He married Lucin, daughter of the first Lord Powis, whom he had celebrated under the name of Castara. His collected poems—also entitled 'Castara'—were published in 1634 (second edition, 1635) ; the volume consisting of the 'Mistress,' the 'Wife,' and the 'Holy Man.' These titles include each several copies of verses, and the same design was afterwards adopted by Cowley. The short life of the poet seems to have glided quietly away, cheered by the society and affection of his Castara. He had no stormy passions to agitate him, and no unruly imagination to control or subdue. His poetry is of the same unruffled description—placid, tender, and often elegant, but studded with conceits to shew his wit and fancy. When he talks of meadows wearing a 'green plush,' of the fire of mutual love being able to purify the air of an infected city, and of a luxurious feast being so rich that heaven must have rained showers of sweetmeats, as if

Heaven were
Blackfriars, and each star a confectioner—

we are astonished to find one who could ridicule the 'madness of quaint oaths,' and the 'fine rhetoric of clothes,' in the gallants of his day, and whose sentiments on love were so pure and noble, fall into such absurd and tasteless puerilities.

Epistle to a Friend.—Addressed 'to his noblest friend, J. C., Esq.'

I hate the country's dirt and manners, yet
I love the silence ; I embrace the wit
And courtship, flowing here in a full tide,
But loathe the expense, the vanity and pride.
No place each way is happy. Here I hold
Commerce with some, who to my care unfold—
After a due oath ministered—the height
And greatness of each star shines in the state,
The brightness, the eclipse, the influence.
With others I commune, who tell me whence
The torrent doth of foreign discord flow ;
Relate each skirmish, battle, overthrow,
Soon as they happen ; and by rote can tell
Those German towns even puzzle me to spell.
The croes or prosperous fate of princes they
Ascribe to rashness, cunning, or delay ;
And on each action comment, with more skill
Than upon Livy did old Machiavel.
O busy folly ! Why do I my brain
Perplex with the dull policies of Spain,
Or quick designs of France ? Why not repair

To the pure Innocence o' th' country air,
 And neighbour thee, dear friend? who so dost give
 Thy thoughts to worth and virtue, that to live
 Blest, is to trace thy ways. There might not we
 Arm against passion with philosophy;
 And, by the aid of leisure, so control
 Whate'er is earth in us, to grow all soul?
 Knowledge doth ignorance engender, when
 We study mysteries of other men,
 And foreign plots. Do but in thy own shade—
 Thy head upon some flowery pillow laid,
 Kind nature's housewifery—contemplate all
 His stratagems, who labours to enthrall
 The world to his great master, and you'll find
 Ambition mocks itself, and grasps the wind.
 Not conquest makes us great. Blood is too dear
 A price for glory: Honour doth appear
 To statesmen like a vision in the night,
 And, jaggier-like, works o' th' deluded sight.
 Th' unbusied only wise: for no respect
 Endangers them to error; they affect
 Truth in her naked beauty, and behold
 Man with an equal eye, not bright in gold
 Or tall in title; so much him they weigh
 As virtue raiseth him above his clay.
 Thus let us value things: and since we find
 Time bend us toward earth, let's in our mind
 Create new youth; and arm against the rude
 Assaults of age; that no dull solitude
 O' th' country dead our thoughts, nor busy care
 O' th' town make us to think, where now we are,
 And whither we are bound. Time ne'er forgot
 His journey, though his steps we numbered not.

Description of Castara.

Like the violet which, alone,
 Prospers in some happy shade
 My Castara lives unknown,
 To no looser eye betrayed;
 For she's to herself untrue,
 Who delights i' th' public view.

Such is her beauty, as no arts
 Have enriched with borrow'd grace;
 Her high birth no pride imparts,
 For she blushes in her place.
 Folly boasts a glorious blood;
 She is noblest, being good

Cautious, she knew never yet
 What a wanton courtship meant;
 Nor speaks loud, to boast her wit;
 In her silence eloquent;
 Of herself survey she takes,
 But 'tween men no difference makes.

She obeys with speedy will
 Her grave parents' wise commands;
 And so innocent, that ill

She nor acts, nor understands:
 Women's feet run still astray,
 If once to ill they know the way.

She salls by that rock, the court,
 Where oft Honour splits her mast;
 And retiredness thinks the port,
 Where her fame may anchor cast.
 Virtue safely cannot sit,
 Where vice is enthroned for wit.

She holds that day's pleasure best,
 Where sin waits not on delight;
 Without mask, or ball, or feast,
 Sweetly spends a winter's night:
 O'er that darkness, whence is thrust
 Prayer and sleep, oft governs lust.

She her throne makes reason climb,
 While wild passions captive lie:
 And, each article of time,
 Her pure thoughts to heaven fly:
 All her vows religious be,
 And her love she vows to me.

THOMAS CAREW.

THOMAS CAREW (1589-1639) was the representative of a numerous class of poets—courtiers of a gay and gallant school, who, to personal accomplishments, rank, and education, united a taste and talent for the conventional poetry then most popular and cultivated. Their influence may be seen even in Cowley and Dryden: Carew and Waller were perhaps the best of the class; Rochester was undoubtedly the most debased. Their visions of fame were in general bounded by the circle of the court and the nobility. To live in future generations, or to sound the depths of the human heart, seems not to have entered into their contemplations. A loyal panegyric was the *epic strain* of their ambition: a 'rosy cheek or coral lip' formed their ordinary theme. The court applauded; the lady was flattered or appeased by the compliment; and the poet was praised for his wit and gallantry; while all the time the *heart* had as little to do with the poetical homage thus tendered and accepted, as with the cold abstractions and 'rare poesies' on wax or ivory. A foul taint of immorality and irreligion often lurked under the flowery surface, and insidiously made itself known and felt. Carew sometimes went beyond this strain of heartless frivolity, and is graceful in sentiment as well as style—'piling up stones of lustre from the brook;' but he was capable of far higher things; and in him, as in Suckling, we see only glimpses of a genius which might have been ripened into permanent and beneficial excellence. Carew was descended from an ancient Gloucestershire family. He was educated at Oxford, then travelled abroad, and on his return obtained the notice and patronage of Charles I. He was appointed gentleman of the privy-chamber, and sewer in ordinary to the king. His after-life was that of a courtier—witty, affable, and accomplished—without reflection; and in a strain of loose revelry which, according to Clarendon, the poet deeply repented in his latter days. 'He died,' says the state historian, 'with the greatest remorse for that license, and with the greatest manifestation of Christianity that his best friends could desire.'

The poems of Carew are short and occasional. His longest is a mask, written by command of the king, entitled '*Cælum Britannicum*.' It is partly in prose; and the lyrical pieces were set to music by Dr. Henry Lawes, the poetical musician of that age. The short amatory pieces and songs of Carew were exceedingly popular, and are now the only productions of his which are read. They are often indelicate, but rich in expression. Thirty or forty years later, he would have fallen into the frigid style of the court-poets after the Restoration; but at the time he wrote, the passionate and imaginative vein of the Elizabethan period was not wholly exhausted. The 'genial and warm tints' of the elder muse still coloured the landscape, and were reflected back in some measure by Carew. He abounded, however, in tasteless conceits, even on grave elegiac subjects. In his Epitaph on the Daughter of Sir Thomas Wentworth, he says:

And here the precious dust is laid,
Whose purely tempered clay was made
So fine that if the guest betrayed.

Else the soul grew so fast within,
It broke the outward shell of sin,
And so was hatched a cherubin!

Song.

Ask me no more where Jove bestows,
When June is past, the fading rose;
For in your beauties, orient deep,
These flowers, as in their causes, sleep.

Ask me no more whither doth haste
The nightingale, when May is past;
For in your sweet dividing throat
She winters, and keeps warm her note.

Ask me no more whither do stray
The golden atoms of the day;
For in pure love heaven did prepare
Those powders to enrich your hair.

Ask me no more if east or west
The Phoenix builds her spicy nest;
For unto you at last she flies,
And in your fragrant bosom dies!

The Compliment.

I do not love thee for that fair
Rich fan of thy most curious hair;
Though the wires thereof be drawn
Finer than the threads of lawn,
And are softer than the leaves
On which the subtle spider weaves.

I do not love thee for those soft
Red coral lips I've kissed so oft;
Nor teeth of pearl, the double guard
To speech, whence music still is heard;
Though from those lips a kiss being
taken,
Might tyrants melt, and Death awaken.

I do not love thee for those flowers
Growing on thy cheeks—Love's bowers—
Though such cunning them hath spread,
None can paint them white and red;
Love's golden arrows thence are shot,
Yet for them I love thee not.

I do not love thee, oh! my fairest,
For that richest, for that rarest
Silver pillar, which stands under
Thy sound head, that globe of wonder;
Though that neck be whiter far
Than towers of polished ivory are.

Song.

Would you know what 's soft? I dare
Not bring you to the down or air;
Nor to stars to shew what 's bright,
Nor to snow to teach you white.

Nor to please your sense bring forth
Bruised nard or what 's more worth.

Nor, if you would music hear,
Call the orbs to take your ear;

Or on food were your thoughts placed,
Bring you nectar, for a taste:
Would you have all these in one,
Name my mistress, and 'tis done.

Mediocrity in Love Rejected.

Give me more love, or more disdain;
The torrid or the frozen zone
Bring equal ease unto my pain,
The temperate affords me none;
Either extreme of love or hate
Is sweeter than a calm estate.
Give me a storm; if it be love,

Like Danae in that golden shower,
I swim in pleasure; if it prove
Disdain, that torrent will devour
My vulture hopes; and he 's possessed
Of heaven that 's but from hell released;
Then crown my joys or cure my pain;
Give me more love, or more disdain.

Disdain Returned.

He that loves a rosy cheek,
Or a coral lip admires,
Or from starlike eyes doth seek
Fuel to maintain his fires;
As old Time makes these decay,
So his flames must waste away.

But a smooth and steadfast mind,
Gentle thoughts and calm desires;
Hearts with equal love combined,
Kindle never-dying fires.
Where these are not, I despise
Lovely cheeks, or lips, or eyes!

No tears, Celia, now shall win
My resolved heart to return;
I have searched thy soul within,
And find nought but pride and scorn;

I have learned thy arts, and now
Can disdain as much as thou.
Some power, in my revenge, convey
That love to her I cast away.

Approach of Spring.

Now that the winter's gone, the Earth hath lost
Her snow-white robes, and now no more the frost
Candles the grass, or calls an icy creain
Upon the silver lake, or crystal stream;
But the warm sun thaws the benumbed earth.
And makes it tender; gives a sacred birth
To the dead swallow; wakes in hollow tree
The drowsy cuckoo, and the humble-bee;
Now do a choir of chirping minstrels bring
In triumph to the world the youthful Spring.
The valleys, hills, and woods, in rich array,
Welcome the coming of the longed-for May.
Now all things smile.

SIR JOHN SUCKLING.

SIR JOHN SUCKLING (1600-1641) possessed such a natural liveliness of fancy, and exuberance of animal spirits, that he often broke through the artificial restraints imposed by the literary taste of his times, but he never rose into the poetry of strong passion. He is a delightful writer of what have been called 'occasional poems.' His polished wit, playful fancy, and knowledge of life and society, enabled him to give interest to trifles, and to clothe familiar thoughts in the garb of poetry. His own life seems to have been one summer-day—

Youth at the prow, and Pleasure at the helm.

He dreamed of enjoyment, not of fame. The father of Suckling was secretary of state and comptroller of the household to James I. and Charles I. He died in 1627, while his son was pursuing his studies at Trinity College, Cambridge. Thus emancipated from all restraint, with an immense fortune, Suckling set off on his travels. He afterwards joined an auxiliary army of 6,000 raised in England, and commanded by the Marquis of Hamilton, to act under the king of Sweden. Suckling served in several sieges and battles, and on his return in 1633, became celebrated for his wit, gallantry, and munificence at the court of Charles I. He was also considered the best bowler and card-player in England; and his sisters, it said, distressed and alarmed at his passion for gambling, came one day to the Piccadilly bowling-green, 'crying for the fear he should lose all their portions.' Fortune, however, would not seem to have deserted the poet; for when Charles I. took up arms against the parliament, Suckling presented the king with a hundred horsemen, richly equipped and maintained at his own expense, at a cost, it is said, of £12,000. This gaudy regiment formed part of the cavalry commanded by Lord Holland; but no sooner had they come within sight of the Scots army at Danse, than they turned and fled. Suckling was no worse than the rest, but he was made the subject of numerous lampoons and satires.

A rival wit and poet, Sir John Mennes or Mennis (1591-1671), who was successively a military and naval commander, and author of several pieces in a poetical miscellany entitled 'Musarum Deliciae,' 1656, indited a ballad on the retreat at Dunse, which is worth copying, as one of the liveliest and most successful of political ballads.

Sir John Suckling's Campaign.

Sir John he got him an ambling nag,
To Scotland for to ride-a,
With a hundred horse more, all his own, he swore,
To guard him on every side-a.

No errant-knight ever went to fight
With half so gay a bravado,
Had you seen but his look, you'd have sworn on a book
He'd have conquered a whole armada.

The ladies ran all to the windows to see
So gallant and warlike a sight-a,
And as he passed by, they began to cry
'Sir John, why will you go fight-a?'

But he, like a cruel knight, spurred on;
His heart would not relent-a,
For, till he came there, what had he to fear?
Or why should he repent-a?

The king (God bless him !) had singular hopes
Of him and all his troop-a;
The Borderers they, as they met him on the way,
For joy did holla and whoop-a.

None liked him so well as his own colonell,
Who took him for John de Weart-a;
But when there were shows of gunning and blows,
My gallant was nothing so pert-a.

For when the Scots army came within sight,
And all prepared to fight-a,
He ran to his tent; they asked what he meant;
He swore he could not go right-a.

The colonell sent for him back agen,
To quarter him in the van-a,
But Sir John did swear he would not come there,
To be killed the very first man-a. . . .

But now there is peace, he's returned to increase
His money, which lately he spent-a:
But his honour lost must lie still in the dust;
At Berwick away it went-a.

Suckling continued steadfast to the royal cause, even when it seemed desperate. He joined in a scheme to promote the escape of Strafford from the Tower; but the plot being detected, he fled to France, and died shortly afterwards—certainly before 1642. A romantic story is told of his death. Having been robbed by his valet, the treacherous domestic is represented as having put an open razor—one account says a penknife, another a nail—in his master's boot, which

being drawn hastily on, an artery was divided, and fever and death ensued. Aubrey states that Suckling took poison at Paris, and, unfortunately, family tradition confirms the statement*—a sad termination to the life of the splendid cavalier-poet!

The works of Suckling consist of miscellaneous poems, four plays—possessing no vivid dramatic interest—a short prose treatise on ‘Religion by Reason,’ and a small collection of letters written in a studied artificial style. His poems are all short, and the best of them are dedicated to love and gallantry. With the freedom of a cavalier, Suckling has greater purity of expression than most of his contemporaries. His sentiments are sometimes too voluptuous, but are rarely coarse; and there is so much elasticity and vivacity in his verses, that he never becomes tedious. His ‘Ballad upon a Wedding’ is inimitable for witty levity and choice beauty of expression. It has touches of graphic description and liveliness equal to the pictures of Chaucer. One well-known verse has never been excelled:

Her feet beneath her petticoat,
Like little mice, stole in and out, &c.

Song.—’Tis now, since I eat down before.

’Tis now, since I eat down before
That foolish fort, a heart—
Time strangely spent!—a year, and
more;
And still I did my part
Made my approaches, from her hand
Unto her lip did rise;
And did already understand
The language of her eyes;
Proceeded on with no less art—
My tongue was engineer;
I thought to undermine the heart
By whispering in the ear.
When this did nothing, I brought down
Great cannon-oaths, and shot
A thousand thousand to the town,
And still it yielded not.
I then resolved to starve the place,
By cutting off all kisses,
Fraising and gazing on her face,
And all such little blisses.

To draw her out, and from her strength,
I drew all batteries in;
And brought myself to lie at length,
As if no siege had been.

When I had done what man could do,
And thought the place mine own,
The enemy lay quiet too,
And smiled at all was done.

I sent to know from whence, and where,
These hopes, and this relief?
A spy informed, Honour was there,
And did command in chief.

’March, march,’ quoth I; ‘the word
straight give;
Let’s lose no time, but leave her;
That giant upon air will live,
And hold it out for ever.

’To such a place our camp remove
As will no siege abide;
I hate a fool that starves for love,
Only to feed her pride.’

A Ballad upon a Wedding.

I tell thee, Dick, where I have been,
Where I the rarest things have seen;
Oh, things without compare!
Such sights again cannot be found

In any place on English ground,
Be it at wake or fair.

At Charing Cross, hard by the way
Where we, thou know’st, do sell our hay,

* Memoir of Suckling, prefixed to his works by Rev. Alfred Suckling, 1838. Pope, in his *Conversations with Spence*, relates the romantic version of Suckling’s death, saying it might be proved from letters in Lord Oxford’s collection. It seems highly improbable.

There is a house with stairs ;
And there did I see coming down
Such folk as are not in our town,
Forty at least, in pairs.

Amongst the rest, one past'lent fine—
His back no bigger, though, than thine—
Walked on before the rest :
Our landlord looks like nothing to him :
The king, God bless him ! 'twould undo
him,
Should he go still so drest.

At Course-a-park, without all doubt,
He should have first been taken out
By all the maids o' the town :
Though lusty Roger there had been,
Or little George upon the Green,
Or Vincent of the Crown.

But wot you what ? the youth was going
To make an end of all his wooing ;
The parson for him staid :
Yet by his leave, for all his haste,
He did not so much wish all past,
Perchance, as did the maid.

The maid, and thereby hangs a tale,
For such a maid no Whitsun-ale (1)
Could ever yet produce :
No grapes that's kindly ripe could be
So round, so plump, so soft as she,
Nor half so full of juice.

Her finger was so small, the ring
Would not stay on which they did bring ;
It was too wide a peck :
And, to say truth—for out it must—
It looked like the great collar—just—
About our young colt's neck.

Her feet beneath her petticoat,
Like little mice, stole in and out,
As if they feared the light :
But oh ! she dances such a way !
No sun upon an Easter-day
Is half so fine a sight . . .

Her cheeks so rare a white was on,
No daisy makes comparison ;
Who sees them is undone ;

1 Whitsun-ales were festive assemblies of the people of whole parishes at Whitsunday. Herrick, who had no occasion to steal, has taken this image from Suckling, and spoiled it in the theft :

Her pretty feet, like snails, did sweep
A little out.

Like Sir Fretful Plagiary, Herrick had not skill to steal with taste. Wycherley also misquoted Herrick's simile for one of his plays. The allusion to Easter-day is founded upon a beautiful old superstition of the English peasantry, that the sandiness upon that morning.

For streaks of red were mingled there,
Such as are on a Cath'rine pear,
The side that's next the sun.

Her lips were red ; and one was thin,
Compared to that was next her chin,
Some bee had stung it newly ;
But, Dick, her eyes so guard her face,
I durst no more upon them gaze,
Than on the sun in July.

Her mouth so small, when she does speak,
Thou 'dst swear her teeth her words did
break,
That they might passage get :
But she so handled still the matter,
They came as good as ears, or better,
And are not spent a whit . . .

Passion o' me ! how I run on !
There's that that would be thought upon,
I trow, besides the bride :
The bus'ness of the kitchen's great,
For it is fit that men should eat ;
Nor was it there denied.

Just in the nick, the cook knocked
thrice,
And all the waiters in a trice
His summons did obey ;
Each serving-man, with dish in hand,
Marched boldly up, like our trained band,
Presented, and away.

When all the meat was on the table,
What man of knife, or teeth, was able
To stay to be entreated ?
And this the very reason was,
Before the parson could say grace,
The company was seated.

Now hats fly off, and youths carouses ;
Heals first go round, and then the house,
The bride's came thick and thick ;
And when 'twas named another's health,
Perhaps he made it hers, by stealth,
And who could help it, Dick ?

O' the sudden up they rise and dance ;
Then sit again, and sigh, and glance :
Then dance again, and kiss.

Thus several ways the time did pass,
Till every woman wished her place,
And every man wished his.

By this time all were stolen aside
To counsel and undress the bride:

But that he must not know:
But yet 'twas thought he guessed her
mind,
And did not mean to stay behind
Above an hour or so.*

Constancy.

Out upon it, I have loved
Three whole days together;
And am like to love three more,
If it prove fair weather.

Time shall moult away his wings,
Ere he shall discover
In the whole wide world again
Such a constant lover.

But the spite on 't is, no praise
Is due at all to me;
Love with me had made no stays,
Had it any been but she.

Had it any been but she,
And that very face,
There had been at least ere this
A dozen in her place.

Song.

I prithee send me back my heart,
Since I can not have thine,
For if from yours you will not part,
Why, then, should'st thou have mine?

Yet now I think on 't, let it lie;
To find it were in vain;
For thou 'st a thief in either eye
Would steal it back again.

Why should two hearts in one breast
lie,
And yet not lodge together?

O Love! where is thy sympathy,
If thus our breasts thou sever?

But love is such a mystery,
I cannot find it out;
For when I think I'm best resolved,
I then am in most doubt.

Then farewell care, and farewell woe,
I will no longer pine:
For I'll believe I have her heart
As much as she has mine.

Song.

Why so pale and wan, fond lover?
Prithee, why so pale?
Will, when looking well can't move her,
Looking ill prevail?
Prithee, why so pale?

Why so dull and mute, young sinner?
Prithee, why so mute?
Will, when speaking well can't win her,

Saying nothing do't?
Prithee, why so mute?

Quit, quit for shame; this will not
move;
This cannot take her;
If of herself she will not love,
Nothing can make her:
The devil take her.

RICHARD LOVELACE.

RICHARD LOVELACE (1618-1658) was another accomplished cavalier poet. He was well descended, being the son of Sir William Lovelace, knight. He was educated at Oxford, and afterwards presented at court. Anthony Wood describes him at the age of sixteen 'as the most amiable and beautiful person that eye ever beheld; a person also of innate modesty, virtue, and courtly deportment, which made him then, but especially after, when he retired to the great city, much admired and adored by the female sex. Thus personally distinguished, and a royalist in principle, Lovelace was chosen by the

* The wedding thus immortalised was that of Lady Margaret Howard, daughter of the Earl of Suffolk, with Lord Broghill, afterwards Earl of Ormoy.

county of Kent to deliver a petition to the House of Commons, praying that the king might be restored to his rights, and the government settled. The Long Parliament was then in the ascendant, and Lovelace was thrown into prison for his boldness. He was liberated on heavy bail, but spent his fortune in fruitless efforts to succour the royal cause. He afterwards served in the French army, and was wounded at Dunkirk. Returning in 1648, he was again imprisoned. To beguile the time of his confinement, he collected his poems, and published them in 1649, under the title of 'Lucasta: Odes, Sonnets, Songs,' &c., &c. The general title was given them on account of the 'lady of his love,' Miss Lucy Sacheverell, whom he usually called 'Lux Casta.' This was an unfortunate attachment; for the lady, hearing that Lovelace died of his wounds at Dunkirk, married another person. From this time the course of the poet was downward. The ascendant party did, indeed, release his person, when the death of the king had left them the less to fear from their opponents; but Lovelace was now penniless, and the reputation of a broken cavalier was no passport to better circumstances. It appears that, oppressed with want and melancholy, the gallant Lovelace fell into a consumption. Wood relates that he became 'very poor in body and purse, was the object of charity, went in ragged clothes, and mostly lodged in obscure and dirty places,' in one of which, situated in a miserable alley near Shoe Lane, he died in 1658. What a contrast to the gay and splendid scenes of his youth! Aubrey confirms the statement of Wood as to the reverse of fortune; but recent inquiries have rather tended to throw discredit on those pictures of the extreme misery of the poet. Destitute, however, he no doubt was, 'fallen from his high estate,' though not perhaps so low as to die an example of abject poverty and misery. The poetry of Lovelace, like his life, was very unequal. There is a spirit and nobleness in some of his verses and sentiments that charm the reader, as much as his gallant bearing and fine person captivated the fair. In general, however, they are affected, obscure, and harsh. His taste was perverted by the fashion of the day—the affected wit, ridiculous gallantry, and boasted licentiousness of the cavaliers. That Lovelace knew how to appreciate true taste and nature, may be seen from his lines on Lely's portrait of Charles I.:

See, what an humble bravery doth shine,
And grief triumphant breaking through each line,
How it commands the face! So sweet a scorn
Never did happy misery adorn!
So sacred a contempt that others shew
To this—o' the height of all the wheel—below;
That mightiest monarchs by this shaded book
May copy out their proudest, richest look.

Lord Byron has been censured for a line in his 'Bride of Abydos,' in which he says of his heroine:

—The mind, the music breathing from her face.

The noble poet vindicates the expression on the broad ground of its truth and appositeness. He does not seem to have been aware—as was appointed out by Sir Egerton Brydges—that Lovelace first employed the same illustration, in a song of Orpheus, lamenting the death of his wife:

Oh, could you view the melody
Of every grace,
And music of her face,
You'd drop a tear;
Seeing more harmony
In her bright eye
Than now you hear.

Song.

Why should you swear I am forsworn,
Since thine I vowed to be?
Lady, it is already morn,
And 'twas last night I swore to thee
That fond impossibility.

Have I not loved thee much and long,
A tedious twelve hours' space?
I must all other beauties wrong,
And rob thee of a new embrace,
Could I still dote upon thy face.

Not but all joy in thy brown hair
By others may be found;
But I must search the black and fair,
Like skilful mineralists that sound
For treasure in unploughed-up ground.

Then, if when I have loved my round,
Thou prov'at the pleasant she;
With spoils of meaner beauties crowned,
I laden will return to thee,
Even sated with variety.

The Rose.

Sweet, serene, sky-like flower,
Haste to adorn her bower;
From thy long cloudy bed
Shoot forth thy damask head.

Vermilion ball that 's given
From lip to lip in heaven;

Love's couch's coverlid;
Haste, haste to make her bed.

See! rosy is her bowér,
Her floor is all thy flower;
Her bed a rosy nest,
By a bed of roses prest.

Song.

Amarantha, sweet and fair,
Oh, braid no more that shining hair!
Let it fly, as unconfined,
As its calm ravisher, the wind;
Who hath left his darling, th' east,
To wanton o'er that spicy nest.
Every tree must be confest,

But neatly tangled, at the best;
Like a clue of golden thread
Most excellently ravelled.
Do not, then, wind up that light
In ribands, and o'ercloud in night,
Like the sun's in early ray;
But shake your head, and scatter day!

To Lucasta, on going to the Wars.

Tell me not, sweet, I am unkind,
That from the nunnery
Of thy chaste breast and quiet mind,
To war and arms I fly.

True, a new mistress now I chase,
The first foe in the field;

And with a stronger faith embrace
A sword, a horse, a shield.

Yet this inconstancy is such
As you too shall adore;
I could not love thee, dear, so much
Loved I not honour more.

To Althea, from Prison

When Love with unconfined wings
Hovers within my gates.
And my divine Althea brings
To whisper at my grates;
When I lie tangled in her hair,
And fettered to her eye,
The birds that wanton in the air
Know no such liberty.

When flowing cups run swiftly round
With no allaying Thames,
Our careless heads with roses bound,
Our hearts with loyal flames;
When thirsty grief in wine we steep,
When healths and draughts go free,
Fishes that tinkle in the deep
Know no such liberty.

When, like committed linnets, I
With shriller throat shall sing
The sweetness, mercy, majesty,
And glories of my king;
When I shall voice aloud how good
He is, how great should be,
Enlarged winds, that curl the flood,
Know no such liberty.

Stone walls do not a prison make,
Nor iron bars a cage;
Minds, innocent and quiet, take
That for an hermitage;
If I have freedom in my love,
And in my soul am free;
Angels alone, that soar above,
Enjoy such liberty.

JOHN CLEVELAND.

JOHN CLEVELAND (1613–1658) was equally conspicuous for political loyalty and poetical conceit. His father was rector of a parish in Leicestershire. After completing his studies at Cambridge, the poet joined the royal army when the civil war broke out. He was the loudest and most strenuous poet of the cause, and distinguished himself by a fierce satire on the Scots in 1647. Two lines of this truculent party tirade present a conceit at which our countrymen may now smile:

Had Cain been Scot, God would have changed his doom;
Not forced him wander, but confined him home.

In 1655, the poet was seized at Norwich, and put in prison. He petitioned the Protector, stating that he was induced to believe that, next to his adherence to the royal party, the cause of his confinement was the narrowness of his estate, for none stood committed whose estate could bail them. 'I am the only prisoner,' he says, 'who have no acres to be my hostage;' and he ingeniously argues that poverty, if it is a fault, is its own punishment. Cromwell released the poor poet, who died three years afterwards in London. Independently of his strong and biting satires, which were the cause of his popularity when living, Cleveland wrote some love-verses containing genuine poetry, amidst a mass of affected metaphors and fancies. He carried gallantry to an extent bordering on the ludicrous, making all nature—sun and shade—do homage to his mistress.

On Phillis, Walking before Shmida.

The sluggish Morn as yet undressed,
 My Phillis brake from out her rest,
 As if she'd made a match to run
 With Venus, usher to the sun.
 The trees—like yeomen of her guard,
 Serving more for pomp than ward,
 Ranked on each side with loyal duty—
 Wave branches to inclose her beauty.
 The plants, whose luxury was lopped,
 Or age with crutches underpropped,
 Whose wooden carcasses are grown
 To be but coffins of their own,
 Revive, and at her general dole,
 Each receives his ancient soul.
 The winged choristers began
 To chirp their matins; and the fan
 Of whistling winds, like organs played
 Unto their voluntaries, made
 The wakened earth in odours rise
 To be her morning sacrifice:
 The flowers, called out of their beds,
 Start and raise up their drowsy heads;
 And he that for their colour seeks,
 May find it vaulting in her cheeks,
 Where roses mix; no civil war
 Between her York and Lancaster.
 The marigold, whose courtier's face
 Echoes the sun, and doth unlace
 Her at his rise, at his full stop
 Packs and shuts up her gaudy shop;
 Mistakes her cue, and doth display:
 Thus Phillis antedates the day.
 These miracles had cramped the sun,
 Who, thinking that his kingdom's won,
 Powders with light his frizzled locks,
 To see what saint his lustre mocks.
 The trembling leaves through which he played,
 Dappling the walk with light and shade—
 Like lattice-windows—give the spy
 Room but to peep with hawk an eye,
 Lest her full orb his sight should dim,
 And bid us all good-night in him:
 Till she would spend a gentle ray,
 To force us a new-fashioned day.
 But what new-fashioned paley's this:
 Which makes the boughs divest their bliss?
 And that they might her footsteps straw,
 Drop their leaves with shivering awe;
 Phillis perceives, and—lest her stay
 Should wed October unto May,
 And as her beauty caused a spring,
 Devotion might an autumn bring—
 Withdrew her beams, yet made no night,
 But left the sun her curate light.

In an Elegy 'on the Archbishop of Canterbury' (Laud), Cleveland has some good lines.

How could success such villainies applaud?
 The State in Strafford fell, the Church in Laud.

The twins of public rage adjudged to die
 For treasons they should act by prophecy.
 The facts were done before the laws were made,
 The trump turned up after the game was played.
 Be dull, great spirits, and forbear to climb
 For worth is sin, and eminence a crime.
 No churchman can be innocent and high ;
 'Tis height makes Grantham steeple stand awry.

JOHN CHALKHILL.

A pastoral romance, entitled 'Thealma and Clearchus,' was published by Izaak Walton, in 1688, with a title-page stating it to have been 'written *long since* by JOHN CHALKHILL, Esq., an acquaintance and friend of Edmund Spenser.' Walton tells us of the author, 'that he was in his time a man generally known, and as well beloved; for he was humble and obliging in his behaviour; a gentleman, a scholar, very innocent and prudent; and, indeed, his whole life was useful, quiet, and virtuous.' 'Thealma and Clearchus' was reprinted by Mr. Singer, who expressed an opinion that, as Walton had been silent upon the life of Chalkhill, he might be altogether a fictitious personage, and the poem be actually the composition of Walton himself. A critic in the 'Retrospective Review,'* after investigating the circumstances, and comparing the 'Thealma' with the acknowledged productions of Walton, comes to the same conclusion. Sir John Hawkins, the editor of Walton, seeks to overturn the hypothesis of Singer, by the following statement: 'Unfortunately, John Chalkhill's tomb of black marble is still to be seen on the walls of Winchester Cathedral, by which it appears he died in May 1679, at the age of eighty. Walton's preface speaks of him as dead in May 1678; but as the book was not published till 1683, when Walton was ninety years old, it is probably an error of memory.' The tomb in Winchester cannot be that of the author of 'Thealma,' unless Walton committed a further error in styling Chalkhill an 'acquaintance and friend of Spenser.' Spenser died in 1599, the very year in which John Chalkhill, interred in Winchester Cathedral, must have been born. We should be happy to think that the 'Thealma' was the composition of Walton, thus adding another laurel to his venerable brow; but the internal evidence seems to us to be wholly against such a supposition. The poetry is of a cast far too high for the muse of Izaak, which dwelt only by the side of troutling streams and among quiet meadows. The *nom de plume* of Chalkhill must also have been an old one with Walton, if he wrote 'Thealma;' for, thirty years before its publication, he had inserted in his 'Complete Angler' two songs, signed 'Jo. Chalkhill.' The disguise is altogether very unlike Izaak Walton, then ninety years of age, and remarkable for his unassuming worth, probity and piety. We have no doubt, therefore, that 'Thealma' is a genuine poem of

* *Retrospective Review*, vol. iv. page 260. The article appears to have been written by Sir Egerton Brydges, who contributed largely to that work.

the days of Charles or James I. The scene of this pastoral is laid in Arcadia, and the author, like the ancient poets, describes the Golden Age and all its charms, which were succeeded by an Age of Iron, on the introduction of ambition, avarice, and tyranny. The plot is complicated and obscure, and the characters are deficient in individuality. It must be read, like the 'Faery Queen,' for its romantic descriptions, and its occasional felicity of language. The versification is that of the heroic couplet, varied, like Milton's 'Lycidas,' by breaks and pauses in the middle of the line.

The Witch's Cave.

Her cell was hewn out of the marble rock,
By more than human art ; she need not knock ;
The door stood always open, large and wide,
Grown o'er with woolly moss on either side,
And interwove with ivy's flattering twines,
Through which the carbuncle and diamond shines,
Not set by Art, but there by Nature sown
At the world's birth, so star-like bright they shone.
They served instead of tapers, to give light
To the dark entry, where perpetual Night,
Friend to black deeds, and sire of Ignorance,
Shuts out all knowledge, lest her eye by chance
Might bring to light her follies : in they went.
The ground was strewed with flowers, whose sweet scent,
Mixed with the choice perfumes from India brought,
Intoxicates his brain, and quickly caught
His credulous sense ; the walls were gilt, and set
With precious stones, and all the roof was fret
With a gold vine, whose straggling branches spread
All o'er the arch ; the swelling grapes were red ;
This, Art had made of rubies, clustered so,
To the quick'st eye they more than seemed to grow ;
About the walls lascivious pictures hung,
Such as were of loose Ovid sometimes sung.
On either side a crew of dwarfish elves
Held waxen tapers, taller than themselves :
Yet so well shaped unto their little stature,
So angel-like in face, so sweet in feature ;
Their rich attire so differing ; yet so well
Becoming her that wore it, none could tell
Which was the fairest, which the handsomest decked,
Or which of them desire would soon'st affect.
After a low salute, they all 'gan sing,
And circle in the stranger in a ring.
Orandra to her charms was stepped aside,
Leaving her guest half won and wanton-eyed.
He had forgot his herb : cunning delight
Had so bewitched his ears, and bleared his sight,
And captivated all his senses so,
That he was not himself : nor did he know
What place he was in, or how he came there,
But greedily he feeds his eye and ear
With what would ruin him. . . .

Next unto his view
She represents a banquet, ushered in
By such a shape as she was sure would win
His appetite to taste ; so like she was

To his Clarinda, both in shape and face;
 So voiced, so habited, of the same gait
 And comely gesture; on her brow in state
 Sat such a princely majesty as he
 Had noted in Clarinda; save that she
 Had a more wanton eye, that here and there
 Rolled up and down, not settling anywhere.
 Down on the ground she falls his hand to kiss,
 And with her tears bedews it; cold as ice
 He felt her lips, that yet inflamed him so,
 That he was all on fire the truth to know,
 Whether she was the same she did appear,
 Or whether some fantastic form it were,
 Fashioned in his imagination
 By his still working thoughts; so fixed upon
 His loved Clarinda, that his fancy strove,
 Even with her shadow, to express his love.

The Priestess of Diana.

Within a little silent grove hard by,
 Upon a small ascent he might espy
 A stately chapel, richly gilt without,
 Beet with shady sycamores about;
 And ever and anon he might well hear
 A sound of music steal in at his ear
 As the wind gave it being: so sweet an air
 Would strike a siren mute.
 A hundred virgins there he might espy
 Prostrate before a marble deity,
 Which, by its portraiture, appeared to be
 The image of Diana: on their knee
 They tendered their devotions; with sweet airs,
 Offering the incense of their praise and prayers.
 Their garments all alike; beneath their paps,
 Buckled together with a silver clasp,
 And cross their snowy silken robes, they wore
 An azure scarf, with stars embroidered o'er.
 Their hair in curious tresses was knit up,
 Crowned with a silver crescent on the top.
 A silver bow their left hand held; their right,
 For their defense, held a sharp-headed flight,
 Drawn from their 'brodered quiver, neatly tied
 In silken cords, and fastened to their side.
 Under their vestments, something short before,
 White buskins, laced with ribanding, they wore.
 It was a catching sight for a young eye.
 That love had fired before: he might espy
 One, whom the rest had sphere-like circled round,
 Whose head was with a golden chaplet crowned.
 He could not see her face, only his ear
 Was blest with the sweet words that came from her.

WILLIAM CARTWRIGHT—THOMAS RANDOLPH.

WILLIAM CARTWRIGHT (1611-1643) was one of Ben Jonson's adopted sons of the Muses, and of his works Jonson remarked: 'My son Cartwright writes all like a man.' Cartwright was a favourite with his contemporaries, who loved him living, and deplored his early death. This poet was the son of an innkeeper at Cirencester, who had squandered away a patrimonial estate. In 1638, after completing

his education at Oxford, Cartwright entered into holy orders. He was a zealous royalist, and was imprisoned by the parliamentary forces when they arrived in Oxford in 1642. In 1643, he was chosen junior proctor of the university, and was also reader in metaphysics. At this time, the poet is said to have studied sixteen hours a day! Towards the close of the same year, Cartwright caught a malignant fever, called the camp-disease, then prevalent at Oxford, and died December 23, 1643. The king, who was then at Oxford, went into mourning for Cartwright's death; and when his works were published in 1651, no less than fifty copies of encomiastic verses were prefixed to them by the wits and scholars of the time. It is difficult to conceive, from the perusal of Cartwright's poems, why he should have obtained such extraordinary applause and reputation. His pieces are mostly short, occasional productions, addresses to ladies and noblemen, or to his brother-poets Fletcher and Jonson, or slight amatory effusions not distinguished for elegance or fancy. His youthful virtues, his learning, loyalty, and admiration of genius, seem to have mainly contributed to his popularity, and his premature death would renew and deepen the impression of his worth and talents. Cartwright must have cultivated poetry in his youth: he was only twenty-six when Ben Jonson died, and the compliment quoted above seems to prove that he had then been busy with his pen. He mourned the loss of his poetical father in one of his best effusions, in which he thus eulogises Jonson's dramatic powers:

But thou still puts true passion on; dost write
With the same courage that tried captains fight;
Giv'st the right blush and colour unto things;
Low without creeping, high without loss of wings;
Smooth yet not weak, and, by a thorough care,
Big without swelling, without painting, fair.

THOMAS RANDOLPH (1605-1634) published a collection of miscellaneous poems, in addition to five dramatic pieces. He was born at Newnham, near Daventry, in Northamptonshire, and was educated at Trinity College, Cambridge. He was early distinguished for his talents, which procured him the friendship of Ben Jonson, and the other wits of the day. Ben enrolled him among his adopted sons; but Randolph fell into intemperate habits, and the fine promise of his genius was destroyed by his death at the age of twenty-nine. A monument was erected to his memory by Sir Christopher Hatton. We subjoin short extracts—the first two from Cartwright's poems, the remainder by Randolph.

To a Lady Veiled.

So Love appeared, when, breaking out his way
From the dark chaos, he first shed the day;
Newly awaked out of the bud, so shews
The half-seen, half-hid glory of the rose,
As you do through your veils; and I may swear,
Viewing you so, that beauty doth bide there.
So Truth lay under fables, that the eye

Might reverence the mystery, not decry ;
 Light being so proportioned, that no more
 Was seen, but what might cause men to adore :
 Thus is your dress so ordered, so contrived,
 As 'tis but only poetry revived.
 Such doubtful light had sacred groves, where rods
 And twigs at last did shoot up into gods ;
 Where, then, a shade darkeneth the beauteous face,
 May I not pay a reverence to the place ?
 So, under water, glimmering stars appear,
 As those—but nearer stars—your eyes do here ;
 So deities darkened all, that we may find
 A better way to see them in our mind.
 No bold Ixion, then, be here allowed,
 Where Juno dares herself be in the cloud.
 Methinks the first age comes again, and we
 See a retrieval of simplicity.
 Thus looks the country virgin, whose brown hue
 Hoods her, and makes her shew even veiled as you.
 Blest mean, that checks our hope, and spurs our fear,
 Whiles all doth not lie hid, nor all appear !
 O fear ye no assaults from bolder men ;
 When they assall, be this your armour then,
 A silken helmet may defend those parts,
 Where softer kisses are the only darts !

A Valediction.

Bid me not go where neither suns nor show'ers
 Do make or cherish flowers ;
 Where discontented things in sadness lie,
 And Nature grieves as I,
 When I am parted from those eyes
 From which my better day doth rise,
 Though some propitious power
 Should plant me in a bower,
 Where, amongst happy lovers, I might see
 How showers and sunbeams bring
 One everlasting spring ;
 Nor would those fall, nor these shine forth to me.
 Nature herself to him is lost,
 Who loseth her he honours most.
 Then, fairest, to my parting view display
 Your graces all in one full day ;
 Whose blessed shapes I'll snatch and keep, all whom
 I do return and view again :
 So by this art, fancy shall fortune cross,
 And lovers live by thinking on their loss.

To My Picture.

When age hath made me what I am not now,
 And every wrinkle tell me where the plough
 Of Time hath furrowed : when an ice shall flow
 Through every vein, and all my head be snow ;
 When Death displays his coldness in my cheek,
 And I myself in my own picture seek,
 Not finding what I am, but what I was ;
 In doubt which to believe, this or my glass ;
 Yet though I alter, this remains the same
 As it was drawn, retains the primitive frame,
 And first complexion ; here will still be seen

Blood on the cheek, and down upon the chin :
 Here the smooth brow will stay, the lively eye,
 The ruddy lip, and hair of youthful dye.
 Behold what frailty we in man may see,
 Whose shadow is less given to change than be ! *

To a Lady admiring herself in a Looking-glass.

Fair lady, when you see the grace
 Of beauty in your looking-glass ;
 A stately forehead, smooth and high,
 And full of princely majesty ;
 A sparkling eye, no gem so fair,
 Whose lustre dims the Cyprian star ;
 A glorious cheek, divinely sweet,
 Wherein both roses kindly meet ;
 A cherry lip that would entice
 Even gods to kiss at any price ;
 You think no beauty is so rare
 That with your shadow might compare ;
 That your reflection is alone
 The thing that men most dote upon.
 Madam, alas ! your glass doth lie,
 And you are much deceived ; for I
 A beauty know of richer grace—
 Sweet, be not angry—'tis your face.
 Hence, then, O learn more mild to be,
 And leave to lay your blame on me :
 If me your real substance move,
 When you so much your shadow love,
 Wise nature would not let your eye
 Look on her own bright majesty ;
 Which, had you once but gazed upon,
 You could, except yourself, love none :
 What, then, you cannot love, let me ;
 That face I can, you cannot see.
 ' Now you have what to love,' you'll say,
 ' What then is left for me, I pray ?'
 My face, sweet heart, if it please thee ;
 That which you can, I cannot see :
 So either love shall gain his due,
 Yours, sweet, in me, and mine in you.

RICHARD CRASHAW, a religious poet, whose devotional strains and 'lyric raptures' evince the highest genius, was the son of a preacher at the Temple Church, London. The date of his birth is not known ; but it 1632 he was elected a scholar of Pembroke Hall, Cambridge. He was afterwards at Peterhouse, and obtained a Fellowship in 1637. He lived for the greater part of several years in St. Mary's Church, near Peterhouse, engaged chiefly in religious offices and writing devotional poetry ; and as the preface to his works informs us, 'like a

* When Wilkie was in the Escurial, looking at Titian's famous picture of the 'Last Supper,' in the Refectory there, an old Jeronimite said to him : 'I have sat daily in sight of that picture for now nearly threescore years during that time my companions have dropped off, one after another—all who were my seniors, all who were my contemporaries, and many, or most of those who were younger than myself; more than one generation has passed away, and there the figures in the picture have remained unchanged! I look at them till I sometimes think that they are the realities, and we but shadows.'—*Boswell's 'Doctor,'* chap. VI, and Wordsworth's 'Lines on a Portrait.'

primitive saint, offering more prayers by night than others usually offer in the day.' He is said to have been an eloquent and powerful preacher. Being ejected from his fellowship for non-compliance with the rules of the parliamentary army, he removed to France, and became a proselyte to the Roman Catholic faith. Through the friendship of Cowley, Crashaw obtained the notice of Henrietta Maria, then at Paris, and was recommended by her majesty to the dignitaries of the church in Italy. He became secretary to one of the cardinals, and a canon of the church of Loretto. In this situation, Crashaw died about the year 1650. Cowley honoured his memory with

The meed of a melodious tear.

The poet was an accomplished scholar, and his translations from the Latin and Italian possess great freedom, force, and beauty. He translated part of the 'Sospetto d'Herode' from the Italian of Marino; and passages of Crashaw's version are not unworthy of Milton, who had evidently seen the work. He thus describes the abode of Satan:

Below the bottom of the great abyss,
There, where one centre reconciles all things,
The world's profound heart pants; there placed is
Mischief's old master; close about him clings
A curled knot of embracing snakes, that kiss
His correspondent cheeks; these loathsome strings
Hold the perverse prince in eternal ties
Fast bound, since first he forfeited the skies. . . .

Pain would he have forgot what fatal strings
Eternally bind each rebellious limb;
He shook himself, and spread his spacious wings,
Which like two boomed sails, embrace the dim
Air with a dismal shade, but all in vain;
Of sturdy adamant in his strong chain.

While thus Heaven's highest counsels, by the low
Footsteps of their effects, he traced too well,
He tossed his troubled eyes—embers that glow
Now with new rage, and wax too hot for hell;
With his foul claws he fenced his furrowed brow,
And gave a ghastly shriek, whose horrid yell
Ran trembling through the hollow vault of night.

While at Cambridge, Crashaw published, in 1634, a volume of Latin poems and epigrams, in one of which occurs the well-known conceit relative to the sacred miracle of water being turned into wine:

Lympha pudica Deum vidit et erubuit.
['The modest water saw its God and blushed.']

In 1646 appeared his English poems, 'Steps to the Temple,' 'The Delights of the Muses,' and 'Carmen Deo Nostro.' The greater part of the volume consists of religious poetry, in which Crashaw occasionally addresses the Saviour, the Virgin Mary, and Mary Magdalen, with all the passionate earnestness and fervour of a lover. He had an extravagant admiration of the mystic writings of St. Theresa, founder of the Carmelites, which seems to have had a bad effect on his own taste, naturally prone to carry any favourite object, feeling,

or passion to excess. In these flights into the third heavens, 'with all his garlands and singing robes about him,' Crashaw luxuriates among

An hundred thousand loves and graces,
And many a mystic thing
Which the divine embraces
Of the dear Spouse of Spirits with them will bring;
For which it is no shame
That dull mortality must not know a name.

Such seem to have been his daily contemplations, the heavenly manna on which his young spirit fed with delight. This mystical style of thought and fancy naturally led to exaggeration and to conceits. The latter pervaded all the poetry of the time, and Crashaw could hardly escape the infection, even if there had not been in his peculiar case strong predisposing causes. But, amidst all his abstractions, metaphors, and apostrophes, Crashaw is seldom tedious. His imagination was copious and varied. He had, as Coleridge has remarked, a 'power and opulence of invention,' and his versification is sometimes highly musical. With more taste and judgment—which ripener years might have produced—Crashaw would have outstripped most of his contemporaries, even Cowley. No poet of his day is so rich in 'barbaric pearl and gold,' the genuine ore of poetry. It is deeply to be regretted that his life had not been longer, more calm and fortunate—realising his own exquisite lines :

A happy soul, that all the way
To heaven hath a summer's day.

Amidst his visions of angels ascending and descending, Crashaw had little time or relish for earthly love. He has, however, left a copy of verses, entitled 'Wishes to a Supposed Mistress,' in which are some fine thoughts. Remembering Sir Philip Sidney and his 'Arcadia,' Crashaw desires his fair one to possess

Sydnelan showers
Of sweet discourse, whose powers
Can crown old Winter's head with flowers.

Whate'er delight
Can make Day's forehead bright,
Or give down to the wings of Night.

Soft silken hours,
Open suns, shady bowers;
'Bove all, nothing within that lowers.

We quote two similes, the first reminding us of a passage in Jeremy Taylor's 'Holy Dying,' and the second of one of Shakespeare's best sonnets :

I've seen, indeed, the hopeful bud
Of a ruddy rose, that stood,
Blushing to behold the ray
Of the new-saluted day;
His tender top not fully spread;
The sweet dash of a shower new shed,

Invited him no more to hide
Within himself the purple pride
Of his forward flower. When lo,
While he sweetly 'gan to shew
His swelling glories, Auster spied him;
Cruel Auster thither hied him,

And with the rush of one rude blast
Shamed not spitefully to waste
All his leaves so fresh and sweet,
And lay them trembling at his feet.
I've seen the morning's lovely ray
Hover o'er the new-born day,

With rosy wings, so richly bright,
As if he scorned to think of night,
When a ruddy storm whose scowl
Made heaven's radiant face look foul
Called for an untimely night
To blot the newly blossomed light.

The felicity and copiousness of Crashaw's language are, however, best seen from his translations; and we subjoin entire his version of 'Music's Duel,' from the Latin of Strada. It is seldom that so sweet and luxurious a strain of pure description and sentiment greets us in our poetical pilgrimage:

Music's Duel.

Now westward Sol had spent the richest beams
Of noon's high glory, when, hard by the streams
Of Tiber, on the scene of a green plat,
Under protection of an oak, there sat
A sweet lute's-master; in whose gentle airs
He lost the day's heat, and his own hot cares.
Close in the covert of the leaves there stood
A nightingale, come from the neighbouring wood—
The sweet inhabitant of each glad tree,
Their muse, their syren, harmless syren she—
There stood she listening, and did entertain
The music's soft report, and mould the same
In her own murmurs; that whatever mood
His curious fingers lent, her voice made good:
The man perceived his rival, and her art,
Disposed to give the light-foot lady sport,
Awakes his lute, and 'gainst the fight to come
Informs it in a sweet prelude
Of closer strains, and ere the war begin,
He lightly skirmishes on every string
Charged with a flying touch; and straightway she
Carves out her dainty voice as readily,
Into a thousand sweet distinguished tones,
And reckons up in soft divisions
Quick volumes of wild notes, to let him know,
By that shrill taste, she could do something too.
His nimble hand's instinct then taught each string
A capering cheerfulness, and made them sing
To their own dance; now negligently rash
He throws his arm, and with a long-drawn dash
Blends all together; then distinctly trips
From this to that, then quick returning, skips
And snatches this again, and pauses there.
She measures every measure, everywhere
Meets art with art; sometimes, as if in doubt
Not perfect yet, and fearing to be out,
Trails her plain ditty in one long-spun note,
Through the sleek passage of her open throat,
A clear unwrinkled song; then doth she point it
With tender accents, and severely joint it
By short diminutives, that, being reared
In controverting warbles, evenly shared,
With her sweet self she wrangles; he amazed,
That from so small a channel should be raised
The torrent of a voice, whose melody
Could melt into such sweet variety,

Strains higher yet, that, tickled with rare art,
 The tattling strings, each breathing in his part,
 Most kindly do fall out; the grumbling base
 In surly groans disdains the treble's grace;
 The high-perched treble chirps at this, and chides,
 Until his finger (moderator) hides
 And closes the sweet quarrel, rousing all
 Hoarse, shrill at once; as when the trumpets call
 Hot Mars to the harvest of death's field, and woo
 Men's hearts into their hands. This lesson too
 She gives them back: her supple breast thrills out
 Sharp airs, and staggers in a warbling doubt
 Of dallying sweetness, hovers o'er her skill,
 And folds in waved notes, with a trembling bill,
 The pleasant series of her slippery song;
 Then starts she suddenly into a throng
 Of short thick sobs, whose thundering volleys float
 And roll themselves over her lubric throat
 In panting murmurs, stilled out of her breast;
 That ever-bubbling spring, the sugared nest
 Of her delicious soul, that there does lie
 Bathing in streams of liquid melody;
 Music's best seed-plot; when in ripened ears
 A golden-headed harvest fairly rears
 His honey-dropping tops, ploughed by her breath
 Which there reciprocally laboureth.
 In that sweet soil it seems a holy quire,
 Sounded to the name of great Apollo's lyre;
 Whose silver roof rings with the sprightly notes
 Of sweet-lipped angel-impes, that swell their throats
 In cream of morning Helicon, and then
 Prefer soft anthems to the ears of men,
 To woo them from their beds, still murmuring
 That men can sleep while they their matins sing—
 Most divine service—whose so early lay
 Prevents the eyelids of the blushing day.
 There might you hear her kindle her soft voice,
 In the close murmur of a sparkling noise;
 And lay the groundwork of her hopeful song,
 Still keeping in the forward stream so long,
 Till a sweet whirlwind—striving to get out—
 Heaves her soft bosom, wanders round about,
 And makes a pretty earthquake in her breast,
 Till the fledged notes at length forsake their nest,
 Fluttering in wanton shoals, and to the sky,
 Winged with their own wild echoes, prattling fly.
 She opens the flood-gate, and lets loose a tide
 Of streaming sweetness, which in state doth ride
 On the waved back of every swelling strain,
 Rising and falling in a pompous train,
 And while she thus discharges a shrill peal
 Of flashing airs, she qualifies their zeal
 With the cool epode of a graver note;
 Thus high, thus low, as if her silver throat
 Would reach the brazen voice of war's hoarse bird;
 Her little soul is ravished, and so poured
 Into loose ecstasies, that she is placed
 Above herself, Music's enthusiast.
 Shame now and anger mixed a double stain
 In the musician's face: 'Yet, once again,
 Mistress, I come. Now reach a strain, my lute,

Above her neck, or be for ever mute.
 Or tune a song of victory to me,
 Or to thyself sing thine own obsequy.
 So said, his hands sprightly as fire he flings,
 And with a quavering coyness tastes the strings:
 The sweet-lipped sisters musically frightened,
 Singing their fears, are fearfully delighted:
 Trembling as when Apollo's golden hairs
 Are fanned and frizzled in the wanton airs.
 Of his own breath, which, married to his lyre,
 Doth tune the spheres, and make heaven's soul look higher;
 From this to that, from that to this he flies,
 Feels Music's pulse in all her arteries;
 Caught in a net which there Apollo spreads,
 His fingers struggle with the vocal threads,
 Following those little rills, he sinks into
 A sea of Helicon; his hand does go
 Those parts of sweetness which with nectar drop,
 Softer than that which pants in Hebe's cup:
 The humorous strings expound his learned touch
 By various glosses: now they seem to grutch,
 And murmur in a buzzing din, then jingle
 In shrill-tongued accents, striving to be single;
 Every smooth turn, every delicious stroke
 Gives life to some new grace; thus doth he involve
 Sweetness by all her names: thus, bravely thus—
 Frught with a fury so harmonious—
 The lute's light genius now does proudly rise,
 Heaved on the surges of swollen rhapsodies;
 Whose scorching—meteor-like—doth curl the air
 With flash of high-born fancies, here and there
 Dancing in lofty measures, and anon
 Creeps on the soft touch of a tender tone,
 Whose trembling murmurs, melting in wild airs,
 Run to and fro, complaining his sweet cares;
 Because those precious mysteries that dwell
 In Music's ravished soul he dare not tell
 But whisper to the world: thus do they vary,
 Each string his note, as if they meant to carry
 Their master's blest soul—snatched out at his ease
 By a strong ecstasy—through all the spheres
 Of Music's heaven; and seat it there on high,
 In the empyrean of pure harmony.
 At length, after so long, so loud a strife
 Of all the strings, still breathing the best life
 Of blest variety, attending on
 His fingers' fairest revolution,
 In many a sweet rise, many as sweet a fall—
 A full-mouthed diapason swallows all.
 This done, he lists what she would say to this;
 And she, although her breath's late exercise
 Had dealt too roughly with her tender throat,
 Yet summons all her sweet powers for a note.
 Alas! in vain! for while—sweet soul—she tries
 To measure all those wild diversities
 Of chattering strings by the small size of one
 Poor simple voice, raised in a natural tone,
 She fails, and failing grieves, and grieving dies:
 She dies, and leaves her life the victor's prize,
 Falling upon his lute. Oh, fit to have—
 That lived so sweetly—dead, so sweet a grave!

Temperance, or the Cheap Physician.

Hark, hither, reader ! wilt thou see
 Nature her own physician be ?
 Wilt see a man, all his own wealth,
 His own music, his own health ;
 A man whose sober soul can tell
 How to wear her garments well ;
 Her garments, that upon her sit,
 As garments should do, close and fit ;
 A well-clothed soul that's not oppressed
 Nor choked with what she should be
 dressed ;
 A soul sheathed in a crystal shrine,
 Through which all her bright features
 shine ;
 As when a piece of wanton lawn,
 A thin ærial veil, is drawn
 O'er Beauty's face, seeming to hide,
 More sweetly shews the blushing bride ;
 A soul, whose intellectual beams
 No mist do mask, no lazy steams—
 A happy soul, that all the way
 To heav'n hath a summer's day ?

Wouldst see a man, whose well-warmed
 blood
 Bathes him in a genuine flood ?
 A man whose tuned humours be
 A seat of rarest harmony ?
 Wouldst see blithe looks, fresh cheeks,
 beguile
 Age ? Wouldst see December smile ?
 Wouldst see nests of new roses grow
 In a bed of reverend snow ?
 Warm thoughts, free spirits flattering
 Winter's self into a spring ?
 In sum, wouldst see a man that can
 Live to be old, and still a man ?
 Whose latest and most leaden hours
 Fall with soft wings, stuck with soft
 flowers ;
 And when life's sweet fable ends,
 Soul and body part like friends ;
 No quarrels, murmurs, no delay ;
 A kiss, a sigh, and so away ;
 This rare one, reader, wouldst thou see ?
 Hark, hither ! and thyself be he.

Lines on a prayer-book sent to Mrs. R.

Lo ! here a little volume, but large book
 (Fear it not, sweet,
 It is no hypocrite),
 Much larger in itself than in its look.
 It is, in one rich handful, heaven and all—
 Heaven's royal hosts encamped thus small ;
 To prove that true, schools used to tell,
 A thousand angels in one point can dwell.

It is Love's great artillery,
 Which here contracts itself, and comes to lie
 Close couched in your white bosom, and from thence,
 As from a snowy fortress of defence,
 Against the ghostly foe to take your part,
 And fortify the hold of your chaste heart.
 It is the armoury of light :
 Let constant use but keep it bright,
 You'll find it yields
 To holy hands and humble hearts.
 More swords and shields
 Than sin hath snares or hell hath darts.

Only be sure
 The hands be pure
 That hold these weapons, and the eyes
 Those of turtles, chaste and true,
 Wakeful and wise,
 Here is a friend shall fight for you.
 Hold but this book before your heart,
 Let Prayer alone to play his part.
 But oh ! the heart
 That studies this high art
 Must be a sure housekeeper,
 And yet no sleeper.

Dear soul, be strong;
 Mercy will come ere long,
 And bring her bosom full of blessings—
 Flowers of never-fading graces,
 To make immortal dressings,
 For worthy souls whose wise embraces
 Store up themselves for Him who is alone
 The spouse of virgins, and the Virgin's son.

From 'Hymn to the Name of Jesus.'

Come, lovely name! life of our hope!
 Lo, we hold our hearts wide ope!
 Unlock thy cabinet of day,
 Dearest sweet, and come away.
 Lo, how the thirsty lands
 Gasp for thy golden showers, with long-stretched hands!
 Lo, how the labouring earth,
 That hopes to be
 All heaven by thee,
 Leaps at thy birth!
 The attending world, to wait thy rise,
 First turned to eyes;
 And then, not knowing what to do,
 Turned them to tears, and spent them too.
 Come, royal name! and pay the expense
 Of all this precious patience:
 Oh, come away
 And kill the death of this delay.
 O see, so many worlds of barren years
 Melted and measured out in seas of tears!
 Oh, see the weary lids of wakeful hope—
 Love's eastern windows—all wide ope
 With curtains drawn,
 To catch the daybreak of thy dawn!
 Oh, dawn at last, long-looked-for day!
 Take thine own wings and come away.
 Lo, where aloft it comes! It comes, among
 The conduct of adoring spirits, that throng
 Like diligent bees, and swarm about it.
 Oh, they are wise,
 And know what sweets are sucked from out it.
 It is the hive
 By which they thrive,
 Where all their hoard of honey lies.
 Lo, where it comes, upon the snowy dove's
 Soft back, and brings a bosom big with loves.
 Welcome to our dark world, thou womb of day!
 Unfold thy fair conceptions; and display
 The birth of our bright joys. . . .
 Sweet name! in thy each syllable
 A thousand blest Arabias dwell;
 A thousand hills of frankincense;
 Mountains of myrrh and beds of spices,
 And ten thousand paradises,
 The soul that tastes thee takes from thence.
 How many unknown worlds there are
 Of comforts, which thou hast in keeping!
 How many thousand mercies there
 In Pity's soft lap lie a-sleeping!
 Happy he who has the art
 To awake them,

And to take them
 Home, and lodge them in his heart !
 Oh, that it were as it was wont to be,
 When thy old friends, on fire all full of thee,
 Fought against frowns with smiles ; gave glorious chase
 To persecutions ; and against the face
 Of death and fiercest dangers, durst with brave
 And sober pace march on to meet a grave !
 On their bold breasts about the world they bore thee,
 And to the teeth of hell stood up to teach thee ;
 In centre of their inmost souls they wore thee,
 Where racks and torments strived in vain to reach thee.

Little, alas ! thought they
 Who tore the fair breasts of thy friends,
 Their fury but made way
 For thee, and served them in thy glorious ends.
 What did their weapons, but with wider pores
 Enlarge thy flaming-breasted lovers,
 More freely to transpire
 That impatient fire
 The heart that hides thee hardly covers ?
 What did their weapons, but set wide the doors
 For thee ? fair purple doors, of love's devising ;
 The ruby windows which enriched the east
 Of thy so oft-repeated rising.
 Each wound of theirs was thy new morning,
 And re-enthroned thee in thy rosy nest,
 With blush of thine own blood thy day adorning :
 It was the wit of love o'erflowed the bounds
 Of wrath, and made the way through all these wounds.
 Welcome, dear, all-adored name !
 For sure there is no knee
 That knows not thee ;
 Or if there be such sons of shame,
 Alas ! what will they do,
 When stubborn rocks shall bow,
 And hills hang down their heaven-saluting heads
 To seek for humble beds
 Of dust, where, in the bashful shades of night,
 Next to their own low nothing they may lie,
 And couch before the dazzling light of thy dread Majesty.
 They that by love's mild dictate now
 Will not adore thee,
 Shall then, with just confusion, bow,
 And break before thee.

DR. WILLIAM STRODE.

This accomplished divine (whose scattered poetical pieces deserve collection) was born near Plympton, Devonshire, about 1598. He studied at Christchurch, Oxford, took orders in 1621, and was installed canon of Christchurch in 1638. He died April 10, 1644.

Answer to the 'Lover's Melancholy.'

Return, my joys ! and hither bring
 A tongue not made to speak, but sing,
 A jolly spleen, an inward feast ;
 A causeless laugh without a jest ;
 A face which gladness doth anoint ;
 An arm for joy, flung out of joint ;

A sprightly gait that leaves no print,
 And makes a feather of a flint ;
 A heart that's lighter than the air ;
 An eye still dancing in its sphere ;
 Strong mirth which nothing shall control ;
 A body nimbler than a soul ;

Free wandering thoughts not tied to These life itself doth feed upon.
 muse, Men take no care but only to be jolly;
 Which, thinking all things, nothing To be more wretched than we must, is
 choose, folly.
 Which, ere we see them come, are gone ;

Kisses.

My love and I for kisses played ;
 She would keep stakes—I was content ;
 But when I won, she would be paid ;
 This made me ask her what she meant.
 ' Pray, since I see,' quoth she, ' your wrangling vein,
 Take your own kisses ; give me mine again.'

ROBERT HERRICK.

One of the most exquisite of our early lyrical poets was ROBERT HERRICK, born in Cheapside, London, in 1591. He studied at Cambridge, and having entered into holy orders, was presented by Charles I. in 1629, to the vicarage of Dean Prior, in Devonshire. After about twenty years' residence in this rural parish, Herrick was ejected from his living by the storms of the civil war, which, as Jeremy Taylor says, ' dashed the vessel of the church and state all in pieces.' Whatever regret the poet may have felt on being turned adrift on the world, he could have experienced little on parting with his parishioners, for he describes them in much the same way as Crabbe portrayed the natives of Suffolk, among whom he was cast in early life, as a ' wild amphibious race,' rude ' almost as salvages,' and ' churlish as the seas.' Herrick gives us a glimpse of his own character :

Born I was to meet with age,
 And to walk life's pilgrimage ;
 Much, I know, of time is spent ;
 Tell I can't what 's resident.

Howsoever, cares adieu !
 I'll have nought to say to you ;
 But I'll spend my coming hours
 Drinking wine and crowding with flowers.

This light and genial temperament would enable the poet to ride out the storm in composure. About the time that he lost his vicarage, Herrick appears to have published his works. His ' Noble Numbers,' or ' Pious Pieces,' are dated 1647 ; his ' Hesperides,' or the Works, both Humane and Divine, of Robert Herrick, Esquire, in 1648. The clerical prefix to his name seems now to have been abandoned by the poet ; and there are certainly many pieces in the second volume which would not become one ministering at the altar, or belonging to the sacred profession. Herrick lived in Westminster, and was supported or assisted by the wealthy royalists. He associated with the jovial spirits of the age. He ' quaffed the mighty bowl' with Ben Jonson, but could not, he tells us, ' thrive in society,' like rare Ben, who seems to have excelled all his fellow-compatitors in sallies of wild wit and high imaginations. The recollection of these ' brave transitory scenes' of the poets inspired the muse of Herrick in the following strain :

<p> —Ah Ben! Say how or when Shall we, thy guests, Meet at those lyric feasts Made at the Sun, The Dog, the Triple Tun; Where we such clusters had As made us nobly wild, not mad? And yet each verse of thine Outdid the meat, outdid the frolic wine. </p>	<p> My Ben! Or come again, Or send to us Thy wit's great overplus. But teach us yet Wisely to husband it; Lest we that talent spend; And having once brought to an end That precious stock, the store Of such a wit, the world should have no more. </p>
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After the Restoration, Herrick was replaced in his Devonshire vicarage. How he was received by the 'rude salvages' of Dean Prior, or how he felt on quitting the gaieties of the metropolis, to resume his clerical duties and seclusion, is not recorded. He was now about seventy years of age, and was probably tired of canary sack and tavern jollities. He had an undoubted taste for the pleasures of a country life, if we may judge from his works, and the fondness with which he dwells on old English festivals and rural customs. Though his rhymes were sometimes wild, he says his life was chaste, and he repented of his errors:

For these my unbaptised rhymes,
 Writ in my wild unhallowed times,
 For every sentence, clause, and word,
 That's not inlaid with thee, O Lord!
 Forgive me, God, and blot each line
 Out of my book that is not thine;
 But if, 'mongst all, thou findest one
 Worthy thy benediction,
 That one of all the rest shall be
 The glory of my work and me.

The poet would better have evinced the sincerity and depth of his contrition by blotting out the unbaptised rhymes himself, or not reprinting them; but the vanity of the author probably triumphed over the penitence of the Christian. Gaiety was the natural element of Herrick. His muse was a goddess fair and free, that did not move happily in serious numbers. The time of the poet's death was long unknown; but the parish register shews that he was interred at Dean Prior, on the 15th of October, 1674.

The poetical works of Herrick lay neglected for many years after his death. They are now again in esteem, especially his shorter lyrics, some of which have been set to music, and are sung and quoted by all lovers of song. His verses 'Cherry Ripe,' and 'Gather the Rose-buds while ye may'—though the sentiment and many of the expressions of the latter are taken from Spenser—possess a delicious mixture of playful fancy and natural feeling. Those 'To Blossoms,' 'To Daffodils,' and 'To Primroses,' have a tinge of pathos that wins its way to the heart. They abound, like all Herrick's poems, in lively imagery and conceits; but the pensive moral feeling predominates, and we feel that the poet's smiles might as well be tears. Shakespeare and Jonson had scattered such delicate fancies

and snatches of lyrical melody among their plays and masks—Milton's 'Comus' and the 'Arcades' had also been published—Carew and Suckling were before him—Herrick was, therefore, not without models of the highest excellence in this species of composition. There is, however, in his songs and anacreontics, an unforced gaiety and natural tenderness, that shew he wrote chiefly from the impulses of his own cheerful and happy nature. The select beauty and picturesqueness of Herrick's language, when he is in his happiest vein, is worthy of his fine conceptions; and his versification is harmony itself. His verses bound and flow like some exquisite lively melody, that echoes nature by wood and dell, and presents new beauties at every turn and winding. The strain is short, and sometimes fantastic; but the notes long linger in the mind, and take their place for ever in the memory. One or two words, such as 'gather the rosebuds,' call up a summer landscape, with youth, beauty, flowers, and music. This is, and ever must be, true poetry.

To Blossoms.

Fair pledges of a fruitful tree,
Why do you fall so fast?
Your date is not so past,
But you may stay yet here awhile,
To blush and gently smile,
And go at last.

What I were ye born to be
An hour or half's delight,
And so to bid good-night?

'Twas pity nature brought ye forth
Merely to shew your worth,
And lose you quite.

But you are lovely leaves, where we
May read how soon things have
Their end, though ne'er so brave;
And after they have shewn their pride,
Like you awhile, they glide
Into the grave.

To Daffodils.

Fair daffodils, we weep to see
You haste away so soon;
As yet the early-rising sun
Has not attained his noon:

Stay, stay,
Until the hasting day
Has run

But to the even-song;
And having prayed together, we
Will go with you along!

We have short time to stay as you:
We have as short a spring;
As quick a growth to meet decay,
As you or anything;
We die,
As your hours do; and dry
Away
Like to the summer's rain,
Or as the pearls of morning-dew,
Ne'er to be found again.

Cherry Ripe.

Cherry ripe, ripe, ripe, I cry,
Full and fair ones—come and buy!
If so be you ask me where
They do grow?—I answer: There,

Where my Julia's lips do smile—
There's the land, or cherry-isle;
Whose plantations fully shew
All the year where cherries grow.

The Kiss.—A Dialogue.

1. Among thy fancies, tell me this:
What is the thing we call a kiss?
2. I shall resolve ye what it is:

It is a creature born and bred
Between the lips, all cherry red;
By love and warm desires fed;

Chor.—And makes more soft the bridal-bed:

2. It is an active flame, that flies
First to the babies of the eyes,
And charms them there with lullabies :
Chor.—And stills the bride, too, when she cries :
2. Then to the chin, the cheek, the ear,
It frisks and flies : now here, now there ;
'Tis now far off, and then 'tis near :
Chor.—And here, and there, and everywhere.
1. Has it a speaking virtue ?—2. Yes.
1. How speaks it, say ?—2. Do you but this,
Part your joined lips, then speaks your kiss ;
Chor.—And this love's sweetest language is.
1. Has it a body ?—2. Ay, and wings,
With thousand rare encolourings ;
And as it flies, it gently sings,
Chor.—Love honey yields, but never stings.

To the Virgins, to make much of their Time.

Gather the rose-buds while ye may, Old Time is still a-flying, And this same flower that smiles to-day To-morrow will be dying.	That age is best which is the first, When youth and blood are warmer ; But, being spent, the worse, and worst Time shall succeed the former.
The glorious lamp of heaven, the sun, The higher he's a-getting, The sooner will his race be run, And nearer he's to setting.	Then be not coy, but use your time, And while ye may, go marry ; For, having lost but once your prime, You may for ever tarry.

Twelfth-Night, or King and Queen.

Now, now the mirth comes,* With the cake full of plums, Where bean's the king of the sport here Beside, we must know, The pea also Must revel as queen in the court here.	Who unmurged will not drink, To the base from the brink, A health to the king and the queen here.
Begin then to choose, This night, as ye use, Who shall for the present delight here ; Be a king by the lot, And who shall not Be Twelfth-day queen for the night here.	Next crown the bowl full With gentle lamb's-wool ; (1) Add sugar, nutmeg, and ginger, With store of ale, too ; And thus ye must do To make the wassail a swinger.
Which known, let us make Joy-sops with the cake ; And let not a man then be seen here,	Give them to the king And queen wassailing ; And though with ale ye be wet here ; Yet part ye from hence, As free from offense, As when ye innocent met here.

The Bellman.

Along the dark and silent night, With my lantern and my light, And the tinkling of my bell, Thus I walk, and thus I tell : Death and dreadfulness call on To the general session ; To whose dismal bar, we there	All accounts must come to clear. Scores of sins we've made here, many ; Wiped out few—God knows if any ! Rise, ye debtors, then, and fall To make payment while I call. Ponder this, when I am gone ; By the clock 'tis almost one.
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* Amongst the sports proper to Twelfth-night in England, was the partition of a cake with a bean and pea in it; the individuals who got the bean and pea were respectively king and queen for the evening.

1 A drink of warm ale, with roasted apples and spices in it. The term is a corruption from the Celtic.

Julia.

Some asked me where the rubies grew,
And nothing did I say,
But with my finger pointed to
The lips of Julia.

To part her lips, and shew me there
The quarrelets of pearl.

Some asked how pearls did grow, and
where;
Then spake I to my girl,

One asked me where the roses grew,
I bade him not go seek;
But forthwith bade my Julia shew
A bud in either cheek.

Upon Julia's Recovery

Droop, droop no more, or hang the head,
Ye roses almost withered;
New strength and newer purple get
Each here declining violet;
O primroses, let this day be
A resurrection unto ye;

And to all flowers allied in blood,
Or sworn to that sweet sisterhood.
For health on Julia's cheek hath shed
Olivet and cream commingled;
And these her lips do now appear
As beams of coral, but more clear.

The Bag of the Bee.

About the sweet bag of a bee,
Two Cupids fell at odds;
And whose the pretty prize should be,
They vowed to ask the gods.

And taking thence from each his flame,
With rods of myrtle whipt them.

Which Venus hearing, thither came,
And for their boldness stript them;

Which done, to still their wanton cries,
When quiet grown she'd seen them,
She kissed and wiped their dove-like eyes,
And gave the bag between them.

Upon a Child that Died.

Here she lies, a pretty bud,
Lately made of flesh and blood,
Who as soon fell fast asleep,
As her little eyes did peep.
Give her strewings, but not stir
The earth that lightly covers her!

Epitaph upon a Child.

Virgins promised, when I died,
That they would each primrose-tide,
Duly morn and evening come,
And with flowers dress my tomb:
Having promised, pay your debts,
Maid, and here strew violets.

A Thanksgiving for his House.

Lord, Thou hast given me a cell
Wherein to dwell;
A little house, whose humble roof
Is weatherproof;
Under the spars of which I lie
Both soft and dry.
Where Thou, my chamber for to ward,
Hast set a guard
Of harmless thoughts, to watch and keep
Me while I sleep.
Low is my porch, as is my fate,
Both void of state;
And yet the threshold of my door
Is worn by the poor,
Who hither come, and freely get

Good words or meat.
Like as my parlour, so my hall,
And kitchen small;
A little buttery, and therein
A little bin,
Which keeps my little loaf of bread
Unchipt, unblead.
Some brittle sticks of thorn or briar
Make me a fire,
Close by whose living coal I sit,
And glow like it.
Lord, I confess, too, when I dine,
The pulse is Thine,
And all those other bits that be
There placed by Thee.

The worts, the purlain, and the moss
Of water-cress,
Which of Thy kindness Thou hast sent:
And my content
Makes those, and my beloved best,
To be more sweet.
'Tis Thou that crown'st my glittering
hearth
With guiltless mirth;
And giv'st me wassail bowls to drink,
Spiced to the brink.

Lord, 'tis Thy plenty-dropping hand
That sows my land:
All this, and better, dost Thou send
Me for this end:
That I should render for my part
A thankful heart,
Which, fired with incense, I resign
As wholly Thine:
But the acceptance—that must be,
O Lord, by Thee.

To Primroses filled with Morning Dew.

Why do ye weep, sweet babes? Can tears
Speak grief in you,
Who were but born
Just as the modest morn
Teemed her refreshing dew?
Alas! you have not known that shower
That mars a flower,
Nor felt the unkind
Breath of a blasting wind;
Nor are ye worn with years,
Or warped as we,
Who think it strange to see,
Such pretty flowers, like to orphans
young,
Speaking by tears before you have a
tongue.

Speak, whimp'ring younglings, and make
known
The reason why
Ye droop and weep
Is it for want of sleep,
Or childish lullaby?
Or that ye have not seen as yet
The violet?
Or brought a kiss
From that sweet heart to this?
No, no; this sorrow shewn
By your tears shed,
Would have this lecture read:
'That things of greatest, so of meanest
worth,
Conceived with grief are, and with tears
brought forth.'

To find God.

Weigh me the fire; or canst thou find
A way to measure out the wind;
Distinguished all those floods that are
Mixed in that watery theatre,
And taste thou them as saltless there,
As in their channel first they were.
Tell me the people that do keep
Within the kingdoms of the deep;
Or fetch me back that cloud again,

Beahivered into seeds of rain.
Tell me the motes, dusts, sands and
spears
Of corn, when summer shakes his ears;
Shew me that world of stars, and whence
They noiseless spill their influence;
This if thou canst, then shew me Him
That rides the glorious cherubim.

To Corinna, to go a-Maying.

Get up, get up for shame, the blooming morn
Upon her wings presents the god unhorn.

See how Aurora throws her fair
Fresh-quilted colours through the air:
Get up, sweet slug-a-bed, and see
The dew-bespangled herb and tree.

Each flower has wept, and bowed toward the east,
Above an hour since, yet you are not dressed,
Nay, not so much as out of bed;
When all the birds have matins said,
And sung their thankful hymns: 'tis sin,
Nay, profanation, to keep in,

When as a thousand virgins on this day,
Spring sooner than the lark to fetch in May.

Rise, and put on your foliage, and be seen
To come forth, like the spring-time, fresh and green,
And sweet as Flora. Take no care

For jewels for your gown or hair;
 Fear not, the leaves will strew
 Gems in abundance upon you;
Besides, the childhood of the day has kept,
Against you come, some orient pearls unwept.
 Come, and receive them while the light
 Hangs on the dew-locks of the night:
 And Titan on the eastern hill
 Retires himself, or else stands still
Till you come forth. Wash, dress, be brief in praying;
 Few beads are best when once we go a-Maying.

Come, my Corinna, come; and, coming, mark
 How each field turns a street,* each street a park
 Made green, and trimmed with trees; see how
 Devotion gives each house a bough,
 Or branch; each porch, each door, ere this,
 An ark, a tabernacle is,
 Made up of white thorn neatly interwove;
As if here were those cooler shades of love.
 Can such delights be in the street
 And open fields, and we not see 't?
 Come, we 'll abroad, and let 's obey
 The proclamation made for May:
And sin no more, as we have done, by staying,
But, my Corinna, come, let's go a-Maying.

There's not a budding boy or girl this day,
But is got up, and gone to bring in May,
 A deal of youth, ere this, is come
 Back, and with white thorn laden home.
 Some have despatched their cakes and cream,
 Before that we have left to dream;
And some have wept, and wooed, and plighted troth,
And chose their priest, ere we can cast off sloth:
 Many a green gown has been given;
 Many a kiss, both odd and even;
 Many a glance, too, has been sent
 From out the eye, love's firmament;
Many a jest told of the key's betraying
This night, and locks picked; yet we're not a-Maying.

Come, let us go, while we are in our prime,
And take the harmless folly of the time.
 We shall grow old apace, and die;
 Before we know our liberty.
 Our life is short, and our days run
 As fast away as does the sun;
And as a vapour, or a drop of rain
Once lost, can ne'er be found again;
 So when or you or I are made
 A fable, song, or fleeting shade;
 All love, all liking, all delight
 Lies drowned with us in endless night.
Then, when time serves, and we are but decaying,
Come, my Corinna, come, let's go a-Maying.

* Herrick here alludes to the multitudes which were to be seen roaming in the fields on May morning: he afterwards refers to the appearance of the towns and villages bedecked with evergreens.

SIR WILLIAM DAVENANT.

SIR WILLIAM DAVENANT, whose life occupies an important space in the history of the stage, preceding and after the Restoration, wrote a heroic poem entitled 'Gondibert,' and some copies of miscellaneous verses. Davenant, or D'Avenant—for so he wrote his name—was born in February 1606-6, and was the son of a vintner at Oxford. There is a scandalous story, that he was the natural son of Shakspeare, who was in the habit of stopping at the *Crown Tavern*—kept by the elder Davenant—on his journeys between London and Stratford. This story was related to Pope by Betterton the player; but it seems to rest on no authority but idle tradition. Young Davenant is said to have admired Shakspeare above all other poets, and 'one of the first essays of his muse,' when a mere boy, was an Ode to Shakspeare, which was afterwards included in a volume entitled 'Madagascar and other Poems,' 1638. It opens in the following strain:

Beware, delighted poets, when you sing,
To welcome nature in the early spring,
Your numerous feet not tread
The banks of Avon, for each flower—
As it ne'er knew a sun or shower—
Hangs there the pensive head.

It is to be regretted—for the sake of Davenant, as well as of the world—that the great dramatist did not live to guide the taste and foster the genius of his youthful admirer, whose life presented some strange adventures. He was entered at Lincoln College, but left without taking a degree; he then became page to the Duchess of Richmond, and afterwards was in the service of the poet, Lord Brooke. About the year 1638, Davenant began to write for the stage; and in 1637, on the death of Ben Jonson, he was appointed laureate. He was afterwards manager of Drury Lane, but entering into the commotions and intrigues of the civil war, he was apprehended and confined in the Tower. He afterwards escaped to France. When the queen sent over to the Earl of Newcastle a quantity of military stores, Davenant resolved to return to England, and he distinguished himself so much in the cause of the royalists, that he was knighted for his skill and bravery. On the decline of the king's affairs, he returned to France, and wrote part of his 'Gondibert.' His next step was to sail for Virginia as a colonial projector; but the vessel was captured by one of the parliamentary ships-of-war, and Davenant was lodged in prison at Cowes, in the Isle of Wight. In 1650, he was removed to the Tower, preparatory to his being tried by the High Commission Court. His life was considered in danger, but he was released after two years' imprisonment. Milton is said to have interposed in his behalf; and as Davenant is reported to have interfered in favour of Milton when the royalists were again in the ascendant, after the Restoration, we would gladly believe the statement to be true. Such incidents give a peculiar grace and relief to

the sternness and bitterness of party conflicts. 'At Talavera, the English and French troops for a moment suspended their conflict, to drink of a stream which flowed between them. The shells were passed across, from enemy to enemy, without apprehension or molestation. We, in the same manner, would rather assist political adversaries to drink of that fountain of intellectual pleasure, which should be the common refreshment of both parties, than disturb and pollute it with the havoc of unseasonable hostilities'* Milton and Davenant must have felt in this manner when they waived their political differences in honour of genius and poesy. When the author of 'Gondibert' obtained his enlargement, he set about establishing a theatre and, to the surprise of all, succeeded in the attempt. After the Restoration, he again basked in royal favour, and having engaged the services of some highly accomplished actors, he continued to write and superintend the performance of plays till his death, April 7, 1668.

The poem of 'Gondibert' (1651), though regarded by Davenant's friends and admirers—Cowley and Waller being of the number—as a great and durable monument of genius, is now almost utterly forgotten. The plot is romantic, but defective in interest; and its extreme length—about six thousand lines—and the description of versification in which it is written—the long four-lined stanza, with alternate rhymes, copied by Dryden in his 'Annus Mirabilis'—render the poem languid and tedious. The critics have been strangely at variance with each other as to its merits, but to general readers the poem may be said to be unknown. Davenant prefixed a long and elaborate preface to his poem, which is highly creditable to him for judgment, taste, and feeling, and may be considered the precursor of Dryden's admirable critical introductions to his plays. His worship of Shakespeare continued unabated to the last, though he was mainly instrumental, by his masks and scenery, in driving the elder bard from the stage. Dryden, in his preface to the 'Tempest,' states, that he did not set any value on what he had written in that play, but out of gratitude to the memory of Sir William Davenant, 'who,' he adds, 'did me the honour to join me with him in the alteration of it. It was originally Shakespeare's—a poet for whom he had particularly a high veneration, and whom he first taught me to admire.'

To the Queen, entertained at night by the Countess of Anglessey.

Fair as unshaded light, or as the day
In its first birth, when all the year was May,
Sweet as the altar's smoke, or as the new
Unfolded bud, swelled by the early dew;
Smooth as the face of waters first appeared,
Ere tides began to strive, or winds were heard;
Kind as the willing saints, and calmer far
Than in their sleeps forgiven hermits are,
You that are more than our discreeter fear
Dares praise, with such full art, what make you here?

* Macaulay's *Essays*.

Here, where the summer is so little seen,
 That leaves, her cheapest wealth, scarce reach at green;
 You come, as if the silver planet were
 Mised a while from her much injured sphere;
 And, t' ease the travels of her beams to-night,
 In this small lanthorn would contract her light.

Song

The lark now leaves his watery nest,
 And climbing shakes his dewy wings:
 He takes this window for the east,
 And to implore your light, he sings:
 Awake, awake, the moon will never rise,
 Till she can dress her beauty at your eyes!

The merchant bows unto the seaman's star,
 The ploughman from the sun his season takes;
 But still the lover wonders what they are
 Who look for day before his mistress wakes:
 Awake, awake, break through your veils of lawn!
 Then draw your curtains, and begin the dawn.

Description of the Virgin Birtha—From 'Gondibert.'

To Astragon, Heaven for succession gave
 One only pledge, and Birtha was her name;
 Whose mother slept where flowers grew on her grave,
 And she succeeded her in face and fame.

Her beauty princes durst not hope to use,
 Unless, like poets, for their morning theme;
 And her mind's beauty they would rather choose,
 Which did the light in beauty's lanthorn seem.

She ne'er saw courts, yet courts could have undone
 With untaught looks, and an unpractised heart;
 Her nets, the most prepared could never shun,
 For Nature spread them in the scorn of Art.

She never had in busy cities been,
 Ne'er warmed with hopes, nor e'er allayed with fears;
 Not seeing punishment, could guess no sin;
 And sin not seeing, ne'er had use of tears.

But here her father's precepts gave her skill,
 Which with incessant business filled the hours;
 In spring she gathered blossoms for the still;
 In autumn, berries; and in summer, flowers.

And as kind Nature, with calm diligence,
 Her own free virtue silently employs,
 Whilst she unheard, does ripening growth dispense,
 So were her virtues busy without noise.

Whilst her great mistress, Nature, thus she tends,
 The busy household waits no less on her;
 By secret law, each to her beauty bends,
 Though all her lowly mind to that prefer.

Gracious and free she breaks upon them all
 With morning looks; and they, when she does rise,
 Devoutly at her dawn in homage fall,
 And droop like flowers when evening shuts her eyes. . . .

Beneath a myrtle covert she does spend,
In maid's weak wishes, her whole stock of thought:
Fond maids! who love with mind's fine stuff would mend,
Which Nature purposely of bodies wrought.

She fashions him she loved of angels' kind;
Such as in holy story were employed
To the first fathers from the Eternal Mind,
And in short vision only are enjoyed.

As eagles, then, when nearest heaven they fly,
Of wild impossibles soon weary grow:
Feeling their bodies find no rest so high,
And therefore perch on earthly things below;

So now she yields; him she an angel deemed
Shall be a man, the name which virgins fear;
Yet the most harmless to a maid he seemed,
That ever yet that fatal name did bear.

Soon her opinion of his hurtless heart,
Affection turns to faith; and then love's fire
To heaven, though bashfully, she does impart,
And to her mother in the heavenly quire.

'If I do love,' said she, 'that love, O Heaven!
Your own disciple, Nature, bred in me;
Why should I hide the passion you have given,
Or blush to shew effects which you decree?'

'And you, my altered mother, grown above
Great Nature, which you read and revered here,
Chide not such kindness as you once called love,
When you as mortal as my father were.'

This said, her soul into her breast retires!
With love's vain diligence of heart she dreams
Herself into possession of desires,
And trusts unanchored hope in fleeting streams.

ABRAHAM COWLEY.

ABRAHAM COWLEY was perhaps the most popular English poet of his times. Waller stood next in public estimation. Dryden had as yet done nothing to stamp his name, and Milton's minor poems had not earned for him a national reputation: the same year that witnessed the death of Cowley ushered the 'Paradise Lost' into the world. Cowley was born in London in the year 1618, and was the posthumous son of a respectable stationer in Cheapside, who, dying in August 1618, left £140 each to his six children, and to the unborn infant, the poet. His mother had influence enough to procure admission for him as a king's scholar at Westminster; and in his eighteenth year he was elected of Trinity College, Cambridge, in which he afterwards obtained a fellowship. Cowley 'lisp'd in numbers.' In 1633, in his fifteenth year, appeared 'Poetical Blossomes by A. C.' with a portrait of Cowley prefixed, dated '13,' the age of the young poet when the portrait was taken. A copy of Spenser used to lie in his mother's parlour, with which he was infinitely delighted, and

which helped to make him a poet. The intensity of his youthful ambition may be seen from the first two lines in his 'Miscellanies:'

What shall I do to be forever known,
And make the age to come my own?

Cowley, being a royalist, was ejected from Cambridge, and afterwards studied at Oxford. He went with the queen-mother to France, where he remained twelve years. He was sent on various embassies, and deciphered the correspondence of Charles and his queen, which, for some years, took up all his days, and two or three nights every week. At last the Restoration came, with all its hopes and fears. England looked for happy days, and loyalty for its reward, but in both cases the cup of joy was dashed with disappointment. Cowley expected to be made master of the Savoy, or to receive some other appointment, but his claims were overlooked. In his youth, he had written an ode to Brutus, which was remembered to his disadvantage; and a dramatic production, the 'Cutter of Coleman Street,' which Cowley brought out shortly after the Restoration, and in which the jollity and debauchery of the cavaliers are painted in strong colours, was misrepresented or misconstrued at court. It is certain that Cowley felt his disappointment keenly, and he resolved to retire into the country. He had only just passed his fortieth year, but the greater part of his time had been spent in incessant labour, amidst dangers and suspense. 'He always professed,' says Dr. Sprat, his biographer, 'that he went out of the world as it was man's, into the same world as it was nature's and as it was God's. The whole compass of the creation, and all the wonderful effects of the divine wisdom, were the constant prospect of his senses and his thoughts. And, indeed, he entered with great advantage on the studies of nature, even as the first great men of antiquity did, who were generally both poets and philosophers.' He thus happily refers to his wish for retirement:

Be prudent, and the shore in prospect keep!
In a weak boat trust not the deep;
Placed beneath envy—above envying rise;
Pity great men—great things despise.

The wise example of the heavenly lark,
Thy fellow-poet, Cowley, mark!
Above the clouds let thy proud music sound;
Thy humble nest build on the ground.

Cowley obtained, through Lord St. Albans, and the Duke of Buckingham, the lease of some lands belonging to the queen, worth about £200 per annum—a decent provision for his retirement. The poet finally settled at Chertsey, on the banks of the Thames, where his house still remains. Here he cultivated his fields, his garden, and his plants; he wrote of solitude and obscurity, of the perils of greatness, and the happiness of liberty. He renewed his acquaintance with the beloved poets of antiquity, whom he rivalled occasionally

in ease and elegance, and in commemorating the charms of a country life; and he composed his fine prose discourses, so full of gentle thoughts and well-digested knowledge, heightened by a delightful *bonhomie* and communicativeness worthy of Horace or Montaigne. The style of these discourses is pure, natural, and lively. Sprat mentions that Cowley excelled in letter-writing, and that he and Mr. M. Clifford had a large collection of his letters, but they had decided that nothing of that kind should be published. This is much to be regretted. The private letters of a distinguished author are generally read with as much interest as his works, and Cowper and others owe much of their fame to such confidential disclosures of their habits, opinions and daily life. Cowley was not happy in his retirement. Solitude, that had so long wooed him to her arms, was a phantom that vanished in his embrace. He had attained the long-wished object of his studious youth and busy manhood; the woods and fields at length inclosed the 'melancholy Cowley' in their shades. But happiness was still distant. He had quitted the 'monster London;' he had gone out from Sodom, but had not found the little Zoar of his dreams. The place of his retreat was ill selected, and his health was affected by the change of situation. The people of the country, he found, were not a whit better or more innocent than those of the town. He could get no money from his tenants, and his meadows were eaten up every night by cattle put in by his neighbours. Dr. Johnson, who would have preferred Fleet Street to all the charms of Arcadia and the golden age, has published, with a sort of malicious satisfaction, a letter of Cowley's dated from Chertsey, in which the poet makes a querulous and rueful complaint over the downfall of his rural prospects and enjoyment. His retirement extended over a period of only seven years. One day, in the heat of summer, he had stayed too long amongst his labourers in the meadows, and was seized with a cold, which, being neglected, proved fatal in a fortnight. This is the account of his biographer Sprat, but Pope, in his conversations with Spence, said of Cowley: 'His death was occasioned by a mean accident, whilst his great friend Dean Sprat was with him on a visit. They had been together to see a neighbour of Cowley's, who, according to the fashion of those times, made them too welcome. They did not set out for their walk home till it was too late, and had drunk so deep that they lay out in the fields all night. This gave Cowley the fever that carried him off. The parish still talk of the drunken dean.' Cowley died on the 28th of July 1687. His remains were taken by water to Westminster, and interred with great pomp in the abbey. 'The king himself,' says Sprat, 'was pleased to bestow on him the best epitaph, when, upon the news of his death, his majesty declared that Mr. Cowley had not left a better man behind him.' From the will of the poet it appears that he made his brother sole heir and executor, and left legacies to his relatives and friends amounting to £480, exclusive of

his share in the Duke of York's theatre. The 'little Zoar' at Chertsey had not been saddened by any fear of poverty, and Cowley to the last retained his fellowship in Trinity College.

Cowley's poetical works are divided into four parts—Miscellanies; the 'Mistress, or Love Verses;' 'Pindaric Odes;' and the 'Davideis, a Heroical Poem of the Troubles of David.' The character of his genius is well expressed by Pope:

Who now reads Cowley? If he pleases yet,
His moral pleases, not his pointed wit:
Forgot his epic, nay, Pindaric art,
But still I love the language of his heart.

Cowper has also drawn a sketch of Cowley in his 'Task,' in which he laments that his 'splendid wit' should have been 'entangled in the cobwebs of the schools.' The manners of the court and the age inspired Cowley with a portion of gallantry, but he seems to have had no deep or permanent passion. He expresses his love in a style almost as fantastic as the euphuism of old Lyly or Sir Percie Shafton. 'Poets,' he says, 'are scarce thought freemen of their company, without paying some duties, and obliging themselves to be true to love;' and it is evident that he himself composed his 'Mistress' as a sort of taskwork. There is so much of this *wit-writing* in Cowley's poetry, that the reader is generally glad to escape from it into his prose, where he has good sense and right feeling, instead of cold though glittering conceits, forced analogies, and counterfeited passion. His anacreontic pieces are the happiest of his poems; in them he is easy, lively, and full of spirit. They are redolent of joy and youth, and of images of natural and poetic beauty, that touch the feelings as well as the fancy. His 'Pindaric Odes,' though deformed by metaphysical conceits, though they do not roll the full flood of Pindar's unnavigable song, though we admit that even the art of Gray was higher, yet contain some noble lines and illustrations. The best pieces of his 'Miscellanies,' next to the 'Anacreontics,' are his lines on the death of his college-companion, Hervey, and his elegy on the religious poet Crashaw, which are tender and imaginative. The 'Davideis' is tedious and unfinished, but we have extracted a specimen to shew how well Cowley could sometimes write in the heroic couplet. It is evident that Milton had read this neglected poem.

On the Death of Mr. Crashaw.

Foet and Saint! to thee alone are given
The two most sacred names of earth and heaven;
The hard and rarest union which can be,
Next that of Godhead with humanity.
Long did the Muses banished slaves abide,
And built vain pyramids to mortal pride;
Like Moses thou—though spells and charms withstand—
Has brought them nobly home, back to their holy land. . . .
How well, blest swan, did Fate contrive thy death,
And made thee render up thy tuneful breath
In thy great mistress' arms! Thou most divine

And richest offering of Loretto's shrine,
 Where, like some holy sacrifice t' expire,
 A fever burns thee, and Love lights the fire.
 Angels, they say, brought the famed chapel there,
 And bore the sacred load in triumph through the air.
 'Tis surer much they brought *thee* there, and they
 And thou, their charge, went singing all the way.
 Pardon, my mother-church, if I consent
 That angels led him when from thee he went;
 For even in error sure no danger is,
 When joined with so much piety as his.
 Ah, mighty God, with shame I speak 't and grief;
 Ah, that our greatest faults were in belief!
 And our weak reason were even weaker yet,
 Rather than thus our wills too strong for it.
 His *faith*, perhaps, in some nice tenets might
 Be wrong; his *life*, I'm sure, was in the right;
 And I myself a Catholic will be.
 So far, at least, great saint, to pray to thee.
 Hail, bard triumphant! and some care bestow
 On us, the poets militant below,
 Opposed by our old enemy, adverse chance,
 Attacked by envy and by ignorance,
 Enchained by beauty, tortured by desires,
 Exposed by tyrant love to savage beasts and fires;
 Thou from low earth in nobler flames didst rise,
 And, like Elijah, mount alive the skies!

Heaven and Hell.—From the 'Davideis.'

Sleep on! Rest, quiet as thy conscience, take,
 For though thou sleep'st thyself, thy God's awake.
 Above the subtle foldings of the sky,
 Above the well-set orbs' soft harmony;
 Above those petty lamps that gild the night,
 There is a place o'erflow'n with hallowed light;
 Where heaven, as if it left itself behind,
 Is stretched out far, nor its own bounds can find:
 Here peaceful flames swell up the sacred place,
 Nor can the glory contain itself in th' endless space.
 For there no twilight of the sun's dull ray
 Glimmers upon the pure and native day.
 No pale-faced moon does in stolen beams appear,
 Or with dim taper scatters darkness there.
 On no smooth sphere the restless seasons slide,
 No circling motion doth swift time divide;
 Nothing is there *to come*, and nothing *past*,
 But an eternal now does always last.

Beneath the silent chambers of the earth,
 Where the sun's fruitful beams give metals birth,
 Where he the growth of fatal gold does see—
 Gold which above more influence has than he—
 Beneath the dens where unfledged tempests lie,
 And infant winds their tender voices try;
 Beneath the mighty ocean's wealthy caves;
 Beneath the eternal fountain of all waves,
 Where their vast court the mother-waters keep.
 And, undisturbed by moons, in silence sleep,
 There is a place, deep, wondrous deep below,
 Which genuine Night and Horror does o'erflow:
 No bound controls the unwearied space but hell,

Endless as those dire pains that in it dwell.
 Here no dear glimpse of the sun's lovely face
 Strikes through the solid darkness of the place;
 No dawning morn does her kind red display;
 One slight weak beam would here be thought the day;
 No gentle stars, with their fair gems of light,
 Offend the tyrannous and unquestioned night.
 Here Lucifer, the mighty captive, reigns,
 Proud 'midst his woes, and tyrant in his chains:
 Once general of a gilded host of sprites,
 Like Hesper leading forth the spangled nights;
 But down like lightning which him struck he came,
 And roared at his first plunge into the flame.
 Myriads of spirits fell wounded round him there;
 With droppin' lights thick shone the singed air. .
 A dreadful silence filled the hollow place,
 Doubling the native terror of hell's face;
 Rivers of flaming brimstone, which before
 So loudly raged, crept softly by the shore;
 No hiss of snakes, no clank of chains was known,
 The souls amidst their tortures durst not groan.

To Pyrrha.—In Imitation of 'Horace's Ode,' lib. i. ed. 5.

To whom now, Pyrrha, art thou kind?	And see the billows rise
To what heart-ravished lover	Poor unexperienced he,
Dost thou thy golden locks unbind,	Who ne'er, alas, had been before at sea!
Thy hidden sweets discover,	He enjoys thy calm sunshine now,
And, with large bounty, open set	And no breath stirring hears;
All the bright stores of thy rich cabinet?	In the clear heaven of thy brow
Ah, simple youth! how oft will he	No smallest cloud appears.
Of thy changed faith complain!	He sees thee gentle, fair, and gay,
And his own fortunes find to be	And trusts the faithless April of thy May.
So airy and so vain;	Unhappy, thrice unhappy he,
Of so chameleon-like an hue,	To whom thou untried dost shine!
That still their colour changes with it too!	But there's no danger now for me,
How oft, alas, will he admire	Since o'er Loretto's shrine,
The blackness of the skies;	In witness of the shipwreck past,
Trembling to hear the winds sound	My consecrated vessel hangs at last.
higher,	

Anacreontics; Or some copies of verses translated paraphrastically out of 'Anacreon.'—Drinking.

The thirsty earth soaks up the rain,	Drinks up the sea, and when he has done,
And drinks, and gapes for drink again.	The moon and stars drink up the sun.
The plants suck in the earth, and are,	They drink and dance by their own light;
With constant drinking, fresh and fair.	They drink and revel all the night.
The sea itself, which one would think	Nothing in nature's sober found,
Should have but little need of drink,	But an eternal health goes round.
Drinks ten thousand rivers up,	Fill up the bowl, then, fill it high,
So filled that they o'erflow the cup.	Fill all the glasses there, for why
The busy sun—and one would guess	Should every creature drink but I;
By 's drunken fiery face no less—	Why, men of morals, tell me why?

The Epicure.

Fill the bowl with rosy wine,	To-day is ours; what do we fear?;
Around our temples roses twine,	To-day is ours; we have it here.
And let us cheerfully a while,	Let's treat it kindly, that it may
Like the wine and roses smile.	Wish at least with us to stay.
Crowned with roses, we condemn	Let's banish business, banish sorrow;
Gyges' wealthy diadem.	To the gods belongs to-morrow.

The Grasshopper.

Happy insect ! what can be
 In happiness compared to thee ?
 Fed with nourishment divine,
 The dewy morning's gentle wine !
 Nature waits upon thee still,
 And thy verdant cup does fill ;
 'Tis filled wherever thou dost tread,
 Nature's self 's thy Ganymede.
 Thou dost drink, and dance, and sing,
 Happier than the happiest king !
 All the fields which thou dost see,
 All the plants belong to thee ;
 All that summer hours produce,
 Fertile made with early juice.
 Man for thee does sow and plough ;
 Farmer he, and landlord thou !
 Thou dost innocently enjoy ;
 Nor does thy luxury destroy.

The shepherd gladly heareth thee,
 More harmonious than he.
 These country birds with gladness hear,
 Prophet of the ripened year !
 These Phœbus loves, and does inspire ;
 Phœbus is himself thy sire.
 To thee, of all things upon earth,
 Life is no longer than thy mirth.
 Happy insect ! happy thou,
 Dost neither age nor winter know.
 But when thou 'st drunk, and danced, and
 sung
 Thy fill, the flowery leaves among—
 Voluptuous and wise withal.
 Epicurean animal !—
 Sate with thy summer feast,
 Thou retir'st to endless rest.

From 'The Resurrection.'

Begin the song, and strike the living lyre !
 Lo, how the years to come, a numerous and well-fitted quire, .
 All hand in hand do decently advance,
 And to my song with smooth and equal measures dance !
 While the dance lasts, how long soe'er it be,
 My music's voice shall bear it company,
 Till all gentle notes be drowned
 In the last trumpet's dreadful sound.
 That to the spheres themselves shall silence bring,
 Untune the universal string ;
 Then all the wide-extended sky,
 And all the harmonious worlds on high,
 And Virgil's sacred work shall die ;
 And he himself shall see in one fire shine
 Rich Nature's ancient Troy, though built by hands divine.
 Whom thunder's dismal noise,
 And all that prophets and apostles louder spake,
 And all the creatures' plain conspiring voice
 Could not whilst they lived awake,
 This mightier sound shall make,
 When dead, to arise,
 And open tombs, and open eyes.
 To the long sluggards of five thousand years,
 This mightier sound shall wake its hearers' ears ;
 Then shall the scattered atoms crowding come
 Back to their ancient home ;
 Some from birds, from fishes some,
 Some from earth, and some from seas,
 Some from beasts, and some from trees,
 Some descend from clouds on high,
 Some from metals upwards fly ;
 And, when the attending soul naked and shivering stands,
 Meet, salute, and join their hands,
 As dispersed soldiers, at the trumpet's call,
 Haste to their colours all,
 Unhappy most, like tortured men,
 Their joints new set to be new racked again.
 To mountains they for shelter pray ;
 The mountains shake, and run about no less confused than they.

The Chronicle, a Ballad.

Margarita first possessed,
If I remember well, my breast—
Margarita first of all:
But when a while the wanton maid
With my restless heart had played,
Martha took the flying ball.

Martha soon did it resign
To the beauteous Catherine.
Beauteous Catherine gave place—
Though loath and angry she to part
With the possession of my heart—
To Eliza's conquering face.

Eliza till this hour might reign,
Had she not evil counsels ta'en;
Fundamental laws she broke,
And still new favourites she chose,
Till up in arms my passions rose,
And cast away her yoke.

Mary then, and gentle Anne,
Both to reign at once began:
Alternately they swayed;
And sometimes Mary was the fair,
And sometimes Anne the crown did wear,
And sometimes both I obeyed.

Another Mary then arose,
And did rigorous laws impose;
A mighty tyrant she!
Long, alas! should I have been
Under that iron-sceptered queen,
Had not Rebecca set me free.

When fair Rebecca set me free,
'Twas then a golden time with me.
But soon those pleasures fled;
For the gracious princess died
In her youth and beauty's pride,
And Judith reigned in her stead.

One month, three days, and half an hour,
Judith held the sovereign power.
Wondrous beautiful her face;
But so weak and small her wit,
That she to govern was unfit,
And so Susanna took her place.

But when Isabella came,
Armed with a restless flame,
And th' artillery of her eye,
Whilst she proudly marched about,
Greater conquests to find out,
She beat out Susan, by the by.

But in her place I then obeyed
Black-eyed Bees, her viceroy maid,
To whom ensued a vacancy.
Thousand worse passions then possessed
The interregnum of my breast:
Bless me from such an anarchy!

Gentle Henrietta then,
And a third Mary next began,
Then Joan, and Jane, and Andria,
And then a pretty Thomasine,
And then another Catherine,
And then a long 'et cetera.'

But should I now to you relate
The strength and riches of their state,
The powder, patches, and the pins,
The ribbons, jewels, and the rings,
The lace, the paint, and warlike things
That make up all their magazines:

If I should tell the politic arts
To take and keep men's hearts;
The letters, embassies, and spies,
The frowns, and smiles, and flatteries,
The quarrels, tears, and perjuries,
Numberless, nameless mysteries;

And all the little lime-twigs laid
By Machiavel, the waiting-maid;
I more voluminous should grow—
Chieffy if I like them should tell
All change of weathers that befell—
Than Holinshed or Stow.

But I will briefer with them be,
Since few of them were long with me.
A higher and a nobler strain
My present empress does claim,
Heleonora, first o' th' name,
Whom God grant long to reign!

Lord Bacon—From 'Ode to the Royal Society.'

From these and all long errors of the way,
In which our wandering predecessors went,
And like th' old Hebrews many years did stray
In deserts but of small extent,
Bacon, like Moses, led us forth at last;
The barren wilderness he passed,
Did on the very border stand

Of the blest promised land,
 And from the mountain's top of his exalted wit,
 Saw it himself, and shewed us it,
 But life did never to one man allow
 Time to discover worlds and conquer too ;
 Nor can so short a line sufficient be
 To fathom the vast depths of nature's sea ;
 The work he did we ought t' admire,
 And we're unjust if we should more require
 From his few years, divided 'twixt the excess
 Of low affliction and high happiness :
 For who on things remote can fix his sight,
 That's always in a triumph or a fight ?

From the Elegy 'On the Death of Mr. William Hervey.'

It was a dismal and a fearful night,
 Scarce could the morn drive on th' unwilling light,
 When sleep, death's image, left my troubled breast,
 By something liker death possessed.

My eyes with tears did uncommanded flow,
 And on my soul hung the dull weight
 Of some intolerable fate.
 What bell was that ? Ah me ! too much I know.)

My sweet companion, and my gentle peer,
 Why hast thou left me thus unkindly here,
 Thy end for ever, and my life to moan ?
 O thou hast left me all alone !

Thy soul and body, when death's agony
 Besieged around thy noble heart,
 Did not with more reluctance part
 Than I, my dearest friend, do part from thee.

My dearest friend, would I had died for thee !
 Life and this world henceforth will tedious be.
 Nor shall I know hereafter what to do,

If once my griefs prove tedious too.
 Silent and sad I walk about all day,
 As sullen ghosts stalk speechless by
 Where their hid treasures lie ;
 Alas, my treasure's gone ! why do I stay ?

He was my friend, the truest friend on earth ;
 A strong and mighty influence joined our birth.
 Nor did we envy the most sounding name

By friendship given of old to fame.
 None but his brethren he, and sisters, knew
 Whom the kind youth preferred to me ;
 And even in that we did agree,
 For much above myself I loved them too.

Say, for you saw us, ye immortal lights,
 How oft unwearied have we spent the nights ?
 Till the Ledaean stars, so famed for love,
 Wondered at us from above.

We spent them not in toys, in lusts, or wine,
 But search of deep philosophy,
 Wit, eloquence, and poetry ;
 Arts which I loved, for they, my friend, were thine.

Ye fields of Cambridge—our dear Cambridge!—say, |
 Have ye not seen us walking every day ?
 Was there a tree about which did not know

The love betwixt us two ?
Henceforth, ye gentle trees, for ever fade ;
Or your sad branches thicker join,
And into darksome shades combine,
Dark as the grave wherein my friend is laid !

The Wish.

Well, then, I now do plainly see
This busy world and I shall ne'er agree ;
The very honey of all earthly joy
Does of all meats the soonest cloy.
And they, methinks, deserve my pity.
Who for it can endure the stings,
The crowd, and buzz, and murmurings
Of this great hive, the city.

Ah ! yet ere I descend to th' grave,
May I a small house and large garden have,
And a few friends, and many books, both true,
Both wise, and both delightful too !
And since love ne'er will from me flee,
A mistress moderately fair,
And good as guardian angels are,
Only beloved, and loving me !

O fountains ! when in you shall I
Myself, eased of unpeaceful thoughts, espy ?
O fields ! O woods ! when, when shall I be made
The happy tenant of your shade ?
Here's the spring-head of Pleasure's flood,
Where all the riches lie, that she
Has coined and stamped for good.

Pride and ambition here
Only in far-fetched metaphors appear ;
Here nought but winds can hurtful murmurs scatter,
And nought but Echo flatter.
The gods, when they descended hither
From heaven, did always choose their way
And therefore we may boldly say,
That 'tis the way too thither.

How happy here should I,
And one dear She live, and embracing die !
She who is all the world, and can exclude
In deserts solitude.
I should have then this only fear,
Lest men, when they my pleasures see,
Should hither throng to live like me,
And so make a city here.

Epitaph on the Living Author.

Here, stranger, in this humble nest,
Here Cowley sleeps ; here lies,
'Scaped all the toils that life molest,
And its superfluous joys.

Here, in no sordid poverty,
And no inglorious ease,
He braves the world, and can defy
Its frowns and flatteries.

The little earth he asks, survey :
Is he not dead, indeed ?
'Light lie that earth,' good stranger, pray,
'Nor thorn upon it breed !'

With flowers, fit emblem of his fame,
Compass your poet round ;
With flowers of every fragrant name,
Be his warm ashes crowned !

HENRY VAUGHAN.

HENRY VAUGHAN (1621-1695) was author of a volume of poems 'published by a friend' in 1651, and entitled 'Olor Iscanus; a collection of some select Poems and Translations, by Mr. Henry Vaughan, Silurist.' Vaughan, it appears, called himself a Silurist from being resident in the rocky region of Wales inhabited of old by the Silures, a tribe of ancient Britons. He wrote also 'Silex Scintillans, or Sacred Poems and Private Ejaculations,' in two parts, 1650-55; 'Flores Solitudinis,' 1654; 'Thalia Rediviva,' 1678, &c. The poems of Vaughan evince considerable strength and originality of thought and copious imagery, though tinged with a gloomy sectarianism, and marred by crabbed rhymes. Campbell scarcely does justice to Vaughan in styling him 'one of the harshest even of the inferior order of the school of conceit,' though he admits that he has 'some few scattered thoughts that meet our eye amidst his harsh pages, like wild-flowers on a barren heath.' As a sacred poet, Vaughan has an intensity of feeling only inferior to Crashaw. He was born in Brecknockshire, and had a dash of Celtic enthusiasm. He first followed the profession of the law, but afterwards adopted that of a physician. He does not seem to have attained to a competence in either, for he complains much of the proverbial poverty and suffering of poets:

As they were merely thrown upon the stage,
The mirth of fools, and legends of the age.

In his latter days, Vaughan grew deeply serious and devout, and published his 'Sacred Poems,' which contain his happiest effusions. The poet was not without hopes of renown, and he wished the river of his native vale to share in the distinction:

When I am laid to rest hard by thy streams,
And my sun sets where first it sprang in beams,
I'll leave behind me such a large kind light
As shall redeem thee from oblivious night,
And in these vows which—living yet—I pay,
Shed such a precious and enduring ray,
As shall from age to age thy fair name lead
Till rivers leave to run, and men to read!

Early Rising and Prayer.—From 'Silex Scintillans,' or 'Sacred Poems.'

When first thy eyes unveil, give thy soul leave
To do the like; our bodies but forerun
The spirit's duty: true hearts spread and heave
Unto their God, as flowers do to the sun:
Give Him thy first thoughts then, so shalt thou keep
Him company all day, and in Him sleep.

Yet never sleep the sun up; prayer should
Dawn with the day: there are set awful hours
'Twixt heaven and us; the manna was not good
After sunrising; far day sullies flowers:
Rise to prevent the sun; sleep doth sins glut,
And heaven's gate opens when the world's is shut.

Walk with thy fellow-creatures ; note the hush
And whisperings amongst them. Not a spring
Or leaf but hath his morning-hymn ; each bush
And oak doth know I am. Canst thou not sing ?
O leave thy cares and follies ! Go this way,
And thou art sure to prosper all the day.

Serve God before the world ; let Him not go
Until thou hast a blessing ; then resign
The whole unto Him, and remember who
Prevailed by wrestling ere the sun did shine ;
Pour oil upon the stones, weep for thy sin,
Then journey on, and have an eye to heaven.

Mornings are mysteries ; the first the world's youth,
Man's resurrection, and the future's bud,
Shroud in their births ; the crown of life, light, truth,
Is styled their star ; the stone and hidden food ;
Three blessings wait upon them, one of which
Should move—they make us holy, happy, rich.

When the world's up, and every swarm abroad,
Keep well thy temper, mix not with each clay ;
Despatch necessities ; life hath a load
Which must be carried on, and safely may ;
Yet keep those cares without thee ; let the heart
Be God's alone, and choose the better part.

The Rainbow.—From the same.

Still young and fine, but what is still in view
We alight as old and soiled, though fresh and new.
How bright wert thou when Shem's admiring eye
Thy burnished flaming arch did first descry ;
When Zerah, Nahor, Haran, Abram, Lot,
The youthful world's gray fathers, in one knot
Did with intente looks watch every hour
For thy new light, and trembled at each shower !
When thou dost shine, darkness looks white and fair ;
Forms turn to music, clouds to smiles and air ;
Rain gently spends his honey-drops, and pours
Balm on the cleft earth, milk on grass and flowers.
Bright pledge of peace and sunshine, the sure tie
Of thy Lord's hand, the object of his eye !
When I behold thee, though my light be dim,
Distinct, and low, I can in thine see Him,
Who looks upon thee from his glorious throne,
And minds the covenant betwixt all and One.

*The Story of Endymion.—Written after reading M Gombault's romance of 'Endymion.'**

I've read thy soul's fair night-piece, and have seen
The amours and courtship of the silent queen ;
Her stolen descents to earth, and what did move her
To juggle first with heaven, then with a lover ;
With Latmos' louder rescue, and (alas !)
To find her out, a hue and cry in brass ;
Thy journal of deep mysteries, and sad
Nocturnal pilgrimage ; with thy dreams, clad
In fancies darker than thy cave ; thy glass
Of sleepy draughts ; and as thy soul did pass

* John Ogier de Gombault, a French poet. An English translation of his *Endymion*, by Richard Hurst, was published in 1637.

In her calm voyage, what discourse she heard
 Of spirits; what dark groves and ill-shaped guard
 Ismena led thee through; with thy proud sight
 O'er Periarides, and deep-musing night
 Near fair Eurotas' banks; what solemn green
 The neighbour shades wear; and what forms are seen
 In their large bowers; with that sad path and seat,
 Which none but light-heeled nymphs and fairies beat;
 Their solitary life, and how exempt
 From common frailty—the severe contempt
 They have of man—their privilege to live
 A tree or fountain, and in that relieve
 What ages they consume: with the sad vale
 Of Diophania; and the mournful tale
 Of the bleeding, vocal myrtle: these and more,
 Thy richer thoughts, we are upon the score
 To thy rare fancy for. Nor dost thou fall
 From thy first majesty, or ought at all
 Betray consumption. Thy full vigorous bays
 Wear the same green, and scorn the lean decays
 Of style or matter; just as I have known
 Some crystal spring, that from the neighbour down
 Derived her birth, in gentle murmurs steal
 To the next vale, and proudly there reveal
 Her streams in louder accents, adding still
 More noise and waters to her channel, till
 At last, swollen with increase, she glides along
 The lawns and meadows, in a wanton throng
 Of frothy billows, and in one great name
 Swallows the tributary brooks' drowned fame.
 Nor are they mere inventions, for we
 In the same piece find scattered philosophy,
 And hidden, dispersed truths, that folded lie
 In the dark shades of deep allegory,
 So neatly weaved, like arras, they decry
 Fables with truth, fancy with history.
 So that thou hast, in this thy curicus mould,
 Cast that commended mixture whebed of old,
 Which shall these contemplations render far
 Less mutable, and lasting as their star;
 And while there is a people, or a sun,
 Endymion's story with the moon shall run.

Timber.

Sure thou didst flourish once, and many springs,
 Many bright mornings, much dew, many showers,
 Passed o'er thy head; many light hearts and wings
 Which now are dead, lodged in thy living towers.
 And still a new succession sings and flies,
 Fresh groves grow up, and their green branches shoot
 Towards the old and still enduring skies,
 While the low violet thrives at their root.

THOMAS STANLEY.

THOMAS STANLEY (1625–1678), the editor of *Æschylus*, and author of a 'History of Philosophy' published a volume of verse in 1651. The only son of Sir Thomas Stanley, knight, of Camberlow-Green, in Hertfordshire, he was educated at Pembroke College, Oxford; spent part of his youth in travelling; and afterwards lived in the

Middle Temple. His poems, whether original or translated, are remarkable for a rich style of thought and expression, though deformed to some extent by the conceits of his age.

The Tomb.

When, cruel fair one, I am slain
By thy disdain
And, as a trophy of thy scorn,
To some old tomb am borne,
Thy letters must their power bequeath
To those of death ;
Nor can thy flame immortal burn,
Like monumental fires within an urn :
Thus freed from thy proud empire, I
shall prove
There is more liberty in death than love.

And when forsaken lovers come
To see my tomb,
Take heed thou mix not with the crowd,
And (as a victor) proud,
To view the spoils thy beauty made,
Press near my shade,

Least thy too cruel breath or name
Should fan my ashes back into a flame,
And thou, devoured by this revengeful
fire,
His sacrifice, who died as thine, expire.
But if cold earth, or marble, must
Conceal my dust,
Whilst hid in some dark ruins, I,
Dumb and forgotten, lie,
The pride of all thy victory
Will sleep with me ;
And they who should attest thy glory,
Will, or forget, or not believe this story.
Then to increase thy triumph, let me rest,
Since by thine eye slain, buried in thy
breast.

The Loss.

Yet ere I go,
Disdainful Beauty, thou shalt be
So wretched as to know
What joys thou fling'st away with me.

A faith so bright,
As Time or Fortune could not rust ;
So firm, that lovers might
Have read thy story in my dust,

And crowned thy name
With laurel verdant as thy youth,
Whilst the shrill voice of Fame
Spread wide thy beauty and my truth.

This thou hast lost ;
For all true lovers, when they find
That my just aims were crost,
Will speak thee lighter than the wind.

And none will lay
Any oblation on thy shrine,
But such as would betray
Thy faith to faiths as false as thine.

Yet, if thou choose
On such thy freedom to bestow,
Affection may excuse,
For love from sympathy doth flow.

The Deposition.

Though when I loved thee thou wert fair,
Thou art no longer so ;
Those glories, all the pride they wear
Unto opinion owe.
Beauties, like stars, in borrowed lustre
shine,
And 'twas my love that gave thee thine.

The flames that dwelt within thine eye
Do now with mine expire ;
Thy brightest graces fade and die

At once with my desire.
Love's fires thus mutual influence return ;
Thine cease to shine when mine to burn.

Then, proud Celinda, hope no more
To be implored or wooed ;
Since by thy scorn thou dost restore
The wealth my love bestowed ;
And thy despised disdain too late shall
find
That none are fair but who are kind.

Europa among the Flowers.

In a note to Moschus, Stanley translates the following from Marini, in which the Italian poet imitates the second idyll of Moschus.

Along the mead Europa walks,
To choose the fairest of its gems,
Which, plucking from their slender stalks,
She weaves in fragrant diadems.

Where'er the beauteous virgin treads,
The common people of the field,
To kiss her feet bowing their heads,
Homage as to their goddess yield.

Twixt whom ambitious wars arise,
Which to the queen shall first present
A gift Arabian spice outvies,
The votive offering of their scent.

When deathless Amaranth, this strife,
Greedy by dying to decide,
Begg would her green thread of life,
As love's fair destiny, divide.

Pliant Acanthus now the vine
And ivy enviously beholds,
Wishing her odorous arms might twine
About this fair in such strict folds.

The Violet, by her foot oppressed,
Doth from that touch enamoured rise,
But, losing straight what made her blest,
Hangs down her head, looks pale, and dies.

Clitia, to new devotion won,
Doth now her former faith deny,
Sees in her face a double sun,
And glories in apostacy.

The Gillyflower, which mocks the skies—
The meadow's painted rainbow—seeks
A brighter lustre from her eyes,
A richer scarlet from her cheeks.

The jocund Flower-de-luce appears,
Because neglected, discontent ;
The morning furnished her with tears -
Her sighs expiring odours vent.

Narcissus in her eyes, once more,
Seems his own beauty to admire
In water not so clear before,
As represented now in fire.

The Crocus, who would gladly claim
A privilege above the rest,
Begg with his triple tongue of flame,
To be transplanted to her breast.

The Hyacinth, in whose pale leaves
The hand of Nature writ his fate,
With a glad smile his sigh deceives,
In hopes to be more fortunate.

His head the drowsy Poppy raised,
Awaked by this approaching morn,
And viewed her purple light amazed,
Though his, alas ! was but her scorn.

None of this aromatic crowd,
But for their kind death humbly call,
Courting her hand, like martyrs proud,
By so divine a fate to fall.

The royal maid th' applause disdains
Of vulgar flowers, and only chose
The bashful glory of the plains,
Sweet daughter of the Spring, the Rose.

She, like herself, a queen appears,
Raised on a verdant thorny throne,
Guarded by amorous winds, and wears
A purple robe, a golden crown.

SIR JOHN DENHAM.

SIR JOHN DENHAM (1615-1668) was the son of the chief-baron of exchequer in Ireland, and was born at Dublin, but educated at Oxford, then the chief resort of all the poetical and high-spirited cavaliers. Denham was wild and dissolute in his youth, and squandered great part of his patrimony at the gaming-table. He was made governor of Farnham Castle by Charles I.; and after the monarch had been delivered into the hands of the army, his secret correspondence was partly carried on by Denham, who was furnished with nine several ciphers for the purpose. Charles had a respect for literature as well as the arts; and Milton records of him that he made Shakspeare's plays the closet-companion of his solitude. It would appear, however, that the king wished to keep poetry apart from state affairs; for he told Denham, on seeing one of his pieces, 'that when men are young, and have little else to do, they may vent the overflowings of their fancy in that way; but when they are thought fit for more serious employments, if they still persisted in that course, it looked as if they minded not the way to any better. The poet stood corrected, and bridled in his muse. In 1639, he succeeded to his father's estate,

and returned again to the gaming-table. In 1648, he was employed to convey the Duke of York to France, and resided in that country some time. His estate was sold by the Long Parliament; but the Restoration revived his fallen dignity and fortunes. He was made surveyor of the king's buildings, and a Knight of the Bath. In domestic life, the poet does not seem to have been happy. He had freed himself from his early excesses and follies, but an unfortunate marriage darkened his closing years, which were unhappily visited by insanity. He recovered, to receive the congratulations of Butler, his fellow-poet, and to commemorate the death of Cowley in one of his happiest effusions.

'Cooper's Hill,' the poem by which Denham is now best known, was first published in 1642, but afterwards corrected and enlarged. It consists of between three and four hundred lines, written in the heroic couplet. The descriptions are interspersed with sentimental digressions, suggested by the objects around—the river Thames, a ruined abbey, Windsor Forest, and the field of Runnymede. The view from Cooper's Hill is rich and luxuriant, but the muse of Denham was more reflective than descriptive. Dr. Johnson assigns to this poet the praise of being 'the author of a species of composition that may be denominated local poetry, of which the fundamental subject is some particular landscape, to be poetically described, with the addition of such embellishments as may be supplied by historical retrospection or incidental meditation.' Ben Jonson's fine poem on Penshurst may dispute the palm of originality on this point with 'Cooper's Hill,' but Jonson could not have written with such correctness, nor with such pointed expression, as Denham. The versification of this poet is generally smooth and flowing, but he had no pretensions to the genius of Cowley, or to the depth and delicacy of feeling possessed by the old dramatists, or the poets of the Elizabethan period. He reasoned fluently in verse, without glaring faults of style, and hence obtained the approbation of Johnson far above his deserts. Denham could not, like his contemporary, Chamberlayne, have described the beauty of a summer morning:

The morning hath not lost her virgin blush;
Nor step, but mine, soiled the earth's tinselled robe,
How full of heaven this solitude appears,
This healthful comfort of the happy swain;
Who from his hard but peaceful bed roused up,
In 's morning exercise saluted is
By a full quire of feathered choristers,
Wedding their notes to the enamoured air!
Here Nature in her unaffected dress
Plated with valleys, and embossed with hills
Enchased with silver streams, and fringed with woods,
Sits lovely in her native russet.*

Chamberlayne is comparatively unknown, and has never been included in any edition of the poets, yet every reader of taste or

* Chamberlayne's *Love's Victory*.

sensibility must feel that the above picture far transcends the cold sketches of Denham, and is imbued with a poetical spirit to which he was a stranger. 'That Sir John Denham began a reformation in our verse,' says Southey, 'is one of the most groundless assertions that ever obtained belief in literature. More thought and more skill had been exercised before his time in the construction of English metre, than he ever bestowed on the subject, and by men of far greater attainments and far higher powers. To improve, indeed, either upon the versification or the diction of our great writers, was impossible; it was impossible to exceed them in the knowledge or in the practice of their art, but it was easy to avoid the more obvious faults of inferior authors: and in this way he succeeded, just so far as not to be included in

The mob of gentlemen who wrote with ease;

nor consigned to oblivion with the "persons of quality" who contributed their rapid effusions to the miscellanies of those days. His proper place is among those of his contemporaries and successors who called themselves wits, and have since been entitled poets by the courtesy of England.* Denham, nevertheless, deserves a place in English literature, though not that high one which has heretofore been assigned to him. The traveller who crosses the Alps or Pyrenees, finds pleasure in the contrast afforded by level plains and calm streams; and so Denham's correctness pleases, after the wild imaginations and irregular harmony of the greater masters of the lyre who preceded him. In reading him, we feel that we are descending into a different scene—the romance is over, and we must be content with a smoothness, regularity, and order.

The Thames and Windsor Forest.—From 'Cooper's Hill.'

My eye, descending from the hill, surveys
Where Thames among the wanton valleys strays;
Thames, the most loved of all the Ocean's sons
By his old sire, to his embraces runs,
Hasting to pay his tribute to the sea,
Like mortal life to meet eternity.
Though with those streams he no remembrance hold,
Whose foam is amber and their gravel gold,
His genuine and less guilty wealth to explore,
Search not his bottom, but survey his shore,
O'er which he kindly spreads his spacious wing,
And hatches plenty for th' ensuing spring,
And then destroys it with too fond a stay,
Like mothers which their infants overlay;
Nor with a sudden and impetuous wave,
Like profuse kings, resumes the wealth he gave.
No unexpected inundations spoil
The mower's hopes, nor mock the ploughman's toil,
But Godlike his unwearied bounty flows;
First loves to do, then loves the good he does.
Nor are his blessings to his banks confined,

* Southey's *Life of Cooper*.

But free and common, as the sea or wind,
 When he to boast or to disperse his stores,
 Full of the tributes of his grateful shores,
 Visits the world, and in his flying towers
 Brings home to us, and makes both Indies ours :
 Finds wealth where 'tis, bestows it where it wants,
 Cities in deserts, woods in cities plants ;
 So that to us no thing, no place is strange,
 While his fair bosom is the world's Exchange.
O could I flow like thee, and make thy stream
My great example, as it is my theme !
Though deep, yet clear ; though gentle, yet not dull ;
Strong without rage ; without o'erflowing, full. . . .

But his proud head the airy mountain hides
 Among the clouds ; his shoulders and his sides
 A shady mantle clothes ; his curled brows
 Frown on the gentle stream, which calmly flows,
 While winds and storms his lofty forehead beat,
 The common fate of all that's high or great.
 Lo at his foot a spacious plain is placed,
 Between the mountain and the stream embraced,
 Which shade and shelter from the hill derives,
 While the kind river wealth and beauty gives ;
 And in the mixture of all these appears
 Variety, which all the rest endears.
 This scene had some bold Greek or British bard
 Beheld of old, what stories had we heard
 Of fairies, satyrs, and the nymphs their dames,
 Their feasts, their revels, and their amorous flames !
 'Tis still the same, although their airy shape
 All but a quick poetic sight escape.

The four lines printed in *italics* have been praised by every
 from Dryden to the present day.

The Reformation—Monks and Puritans.

Here should my wonder dwell, and here my praise,
 But my fixed thoughts my wandering eye betrays,
 Viewing a neighbouring hill, whose top of late
 A chapel crowned, till in the common fate
 Th' adjoining abbey fell. May no such storm
 Fall on our times, where ruin must reform !
 Tell me, my Muse, what monstrous dire offence,
 What crime could any Christian king incense
 To such a rage ? Was't luxury or lust ?
 Was he so temperate, so chaste, so just ?
 Were these their crimes ? They were his own much ;
 But wealth is crime enough to him that's poor,
 Who having spent the treasures of his crown,
 Condemns their luxury to feed his own.
 And yet this act, to varnish o'er the shame
 Of sacrilege, must bear devotion's name.
 No crime so bold, but would be understood
 A real, or at least a seeming good.
 Who fears not to do ill, yet fears the name,
 And, free from conscience, is a slave to fame.
 Thus he the church at once protects, and spoils :
 But princes' swords are sharper than their styles.
 And thus to th' ages past he makes amends,
 Their charity destroys, their faith defends.

Then did religion in a lasy cell,
 In empty, airy contemplation dwell ;
 And like the block unmoved lay ; but ours,
 As much too active, like the stork devours.
 Is there no temperate region can be known,
 Betwixt their frigid and our torrid zone ?
 Could we not wake from that lethargic dream,
 But to be restless in a worse extreme ?
 And for that lethargy was there no cure,
 But to be cast into a talenture ?
 Can knowledge have no bound, but must advance
 So far, to make us wish for ignorance,
 And rather in the dark to grope our way,
 Than, led by a false guide, to err by day ?

Denham had just and enlightened notions of the duty of a translator. 'It is not his business alone,' he says, 'to translate language into language, but poesy into poesy ; and poesy is so subtle a spirit, that, in pouring out of one language into another, it will all evaporate ; and if a new spirit be not added in the translation, there will remain nothing but a *caput mortuum* ; there being certain graces and happinesses peculiar to every language, which give life and energy to the words.' Hence, in his poetical address to Sir Richard Fanshawe, on his translation of 'Pastor Fido,' our poet says :

On Poetical Translations.

That servile path thou nobly dost decline
 Of tracing word by word, and line by line.
 Those are the laboured births of slavish brains,
 Not the effect of poetry, but pains.
 Cheap vulgar arts, whose narrowness affords
 No flight for thoughts, but poorly sticks at words
 A new and nobler way thou dost pursue,
 To make translations and translators too.
They but preserve the ashes, thou the flame,
True to his sense, but truer to his fame.

The last two lines are very happily conceived and expressed. Denham wrote a tragedy, the 'Sophy,' which is but a tame commonplace plot of Turkish jealousy, treachery, and murder. Occasionally, there is a vigorous thought or line, as when the envious king asks Italy :

Have not I performed actions
 As great, and with as great a moderation ?

The other replies :

Ay, sir ; but that's forgotten :
 Actions of the last age are like almanacs of the last year.

This sentiment was too truly felt by many of the cavaliers in the days of Charles II. We subjoin part of Denham's elegy on the death of Cowley, in which it will be seen that the poet forgot that Shakspeare was buried on the banks of his native Avon, not in Westminster Abbey, and that both he and Fletcher died long ere time had 'blasted their bays.'

On Mr. Abraham Cowley.—His Death and Burial amongst the Ancient Poets.

Old Chaucer, like the morning-star,
To us discovers day from far.
His light those mists and clouds dissolved
Which our dark nation long involved ;
But he, descending to the shades,
Darkness again the age invades ;
Next (like Aurora) Spenser rose,
Whose purple blush the day foreshews ;
The other three with his own fires
Phœbus, the poet's god, inspires :
By Shakespeare's, Jonson's, Fletcher's
lines,

Our stage's lustre Rome's outshines.
These poets near our princes sleep,
And in one grave their mansion keep.
They lived to see so many days,
Till time had blasted all their bays ;
But cursed be the fatal hour
That plucked the fairest, sweetest flower
That in the Muses' garden grew,
And amongst withered laurels threw.
Time, which made them their fame outlive,

To Cowley scarce did ripeness give.
Old mother-wit and nature gave
Shakespeare and Fletcher all they have :
In Spenser and in Jonson, art
Of slower nature got the start ;

But both in him so equal are,
None knows which bears the happiest share.

To him no author was unknown,
Yet what he wrote was all his own ;
He melted not the ancient gold,
Nor with Ben Jonson did make bold
To plunder all the Roman stores
Of poets and of orators :
Horace his wit and Virgil's state
He did not steal, but emulate ;
And when he would like them appear,
Their garb, but not their clothes, did wear :

He not from Rome alone, but Greece,
Like Jason brought the golden fleece ;
To him that language—though to none
Of th' others—as his own was known.
On a stiff gale, as Flaccus sings,
The Theban swan extends his wings,
When through th' ethereal clouds he flies
To the same pitch our swan doth rise ;
Old Pindar's heights by him are reached,
When on that gale his wings are stretch-
ed ;

His fancy and his judgment such,
Each to t' other seemed too much :
His severe judgment giving law.
His modest fancy kept in awe.

Song to Morpheus—From the 'Sophy,' Act V.

Morpheus, the humble god, that dwells
In cottages and smoky cells,
Hates gilded roofs and beds of down ;
And, though he fears no prince's frown,
Flies from the circle of a crown.

Come, I say, thou powerful god,
And they leaden charming rod,
Dipt in the Lethean lake,

O'er his wakeful temples shake,
Lest he should sleep and never wake.

Nature, alas ! why art thou so
Obliged to thy greatest foe ?
Sleep, that is thy best repast,
Yet of death it bears a taste,
And both are the same thing at last.

WILLIAM CHAMBERLAYNE.

WILLIAM CHAMBERLAYNE (1619–1689) describes himself in the title-page to his works as 'of Shaftesbury, in the county of Dorset.' The poet practised as a physician at Shaftesbury ; but he appears to have wielded the sword as well as the lancet, for he was present among the royalists at the battle of Newbury. His circumstances must have been far from flourishing, as, like Vaughan, he complains keenly of the poverty of poets, and states that he was debarred from the society of the wits of his day. The works of Chamberlayne consist of two poems—'Love's Victory,' a tragi-comedy, published in 1658 ; and 'Pharonnida, a Heroic Poem,' published in 1659. The scene of the first is laid in Sicily ; and that of 'Pharonnida' is also partly in Sicily, but chiefly in Greece. With no court connection, no light

or witty copies of verses to float him into popularity, relying solely on his two long and comparatively unattractive works—to appreciate which, through all the windings of romantic love, plots, escapes, and adventures, more time is required than the author's busy age could afford—we need hardly wonder that Chamberlayne was an unsuccessful poet. His works were almost totally forgotten, till Campbell, in his 'Specimens of the Poets,' in 1819, by quoting largely from 'Pharonnida,' and pointing out the 'rich breadth and variety of its scenes,' and the power and pathos of its characters and situations, drew attention to the passion, imagery, purity of sentiment, and tenderness of description, which lay, 'like metals in the mine,' in the neglected volumes of Chamberlayne. We cannot, however, suppose that the works of this poet can ever be popular; his beauties are marred by infelicity of execution; though not deficient in the genius of a poet, he had little of the skill of the artist. The heroic couplet then wandered at will, sometimes into a 'wilderness of sweets,' but at other times into tediousness, mannerism, and absurdity. The sense was not compressed by the form of the verse, or by any correct rules of metrical harmony. Chamberlayne also laboured under the disadvantage of his story being long and intricate, and his style such—from the prolonged tenderness and pathos of his scenes—as could not be appreciated except on a careful and attentive perusal. Denham was patent to all—short, sententious, and perspicuous.

The dissatisfaction of the poet with his obscure and neglected situation, depressed by poverty, breaks out in the following passage, descriptive of a rich simpleton :

How purblind is the world, that such a monster,
In a few dirty acres swaddled, must
Be mounted, in Opinion's empty scale,
Above the noblest virtues that adorn
Souls that make worth their centre, and to that
Draw all the lines of action ! Worn with age,
The noble soldier sits, whilst, in his cell,
The scholar stews his catholic brains for food.
The traveller returned, and poor may go
A second pilgrimage to farmer's doors, or end
His journey in an hospital ; few being
So generous to relieve, where virtue doth
Necessitate to crave. Harsh poverty,
That moth, which frets the sacred robe of wit,
Thousands of noble spirits blunts, that else
Had spun rich threads of fancy from the brain :
But they are souls too much sublimed to thrive.

The following description of a dream is finely executed, and seems to have suggested, or at least bears a close resemblance to, the splendid opening lines of Dryden's 'Religio Laici :

A Prophetic Dream.

A strong prophetic dream,
Diverting by enigmas nature's stream,
Long hovering through the portals of her mind,

On vain fantastic wings, at length did find
 The glimmerings of obstructed reasons, by
 A brighter beam of pure divinity
 Led into supernatural light, whose rays
 As much transcended reason's, as the day's
 Dull mortal fires, faith apprehends to be
 Beneath the glimmerings of divinity.
 Her unimprisoned soul, disrobed of all
 Terrestrial thoughts—like its original
 In heaven, pure and immaculate—a fit
 Companion for those bright angels' wit
 Which the gods made their messengers, to bear
 This sacred truth, seeming transported where,
 Fixed in the flaming centre of the world,
 The heart o' the microcosm, about which is buried
 The spangled curtains of the sky, within
 Whose boundless orbs the circling planets spin
 Those threads of time upon whose strength rely
 The ponderous hardens of mortality.
 An adamant world she sees, more pure,
 More glorious far than this—framed to endure
 The shock of doomsday's darts.

Chamberlayne, like Milton and the earlier poets, was fond of describing the charms of morning. We have copied one passage in the previous notice of Denham; and numerous brief sketches are interspersed throughout Chamberlayne's works. For example:

Where every bough
 Maintained a feathered chorister to sing
 Soft panegyrics, and the rude wings bring
 Into a murmuring slumber, whilst the calm
 Morn on each leaf did hang her liquid balm,
 With an intent, before the next sun's birth,
 To drop it in those wounds which the cleft earth
 Received from last day's beams.

Of virgin purity he says, with singular beauty of expression

The morning pearls,
 Dropt in the lily's spotless bosom, are
 Less chastely cool, ere the meridian sun
 Hath kissed them into heat.

In a grave narrative passage of 'Pharonnida,' he stops to note the beauties of the morning:

The glad birds had sung
 A lullaby to night; the lark was fled,
 On dropping wings, up from his dewy bed,
 To fan them in the rising sunbeams.

Unhappy Love.—From 'Pharonnida.'

'Is 't a sin to be
 Born high, that robs me of my liberty?
 Or is 't the curse of greatness to behold
 Virtue through such false optics as unfold
 No splendour, less from equal orbs they shine?
 What Heaven made free, ambitious men confine
 In regular degrees. Poor Love must dwell
 Within no climate but what's parallel

Unto our honoured births ; the envied fate
 Of princes oft these burdens find from state,
 When lowly swains, knowing no parent's voice
 A negative, make a free happy choice.
 And here she sighed ; then with some drops, distilled
 From Love's most sovereign elixir, filled
 Thy crystal fountains of her eyes, which, ere
 Dropped down, she thus recalls again : ' But ne'er,
 Ne'er, my Argalia, shall these fears destroy
 My hopes of thee : Heaven ! let me but enjoy
 So much of all those blessings, which their birth
 Can take from frail mortality : and Earth,
 Contracting all her curses, cannot make
 A storm of danger loud enough to shake
 Me to a trembling penitence ; a curse,
 To make the horror of my suffering worse,
 Sent in a father's name, like vengeance fell
 From angry Heaven, upon my head may dwell
 In an eternal stain—my honoured name
 With pale disgrace may languish—busy fame
 My reputation spot—affection be
 Termed uncommanded lust—sharp poverty,
 That weed that kills the gentle flower of love,
 As the result of all these ills, may prove
 My greatest misery—unless to find
 Myself unpitied. Yet not so unkind
 Would I esteem this mercenary band,
 As those far more malignant powers that stand,
 Armed with dissuasions, to obstruct the way
 Fancy directs ; but let those souls obey
 Their harsh commands, that stand in fear to shed
 Repentant tears : I am resolved to tread
 Those doubtful paths, through all the shades of fear
 That now benights them. Love ! with pity hear
 Thy suppliant's prayer, and when my clouded eyes
 Shall cease to weep, in smiles I'll sacrifice
 To thee such offerings, that the utmost date
 Of Death's rough hands shall never violate.'

EDMUND WALLER.

EDMUND WALLER (1605–1687) was a courtly and amatory poet. His poems have all the smoothness and polish of modern verse, and hence a high, perhaps too high, rank has been claimed for him as one of the first refiners and improvers of poetical diction. One cause of Waller's refinement was doubtless his early and familiar intercourse with the court and nobility. He wrote for the world of fashion and of taste—consigning

The noon of manhood to a myrtle shade—

and he wrote in the same strain till he was upwards of fourscore ! His life has more romance than his poetry. Waller was born at Coleahill, in Hertfordshire, and in his infancy was left heir to an estate of £3500 per annum. His mother was of the Hampdens of Buckinghamshire, and the poet was cousin to the patriot Hampden, and also related to Oliver Cromwell. His mother was a royalist in feeling, and used to lecture Cromwell for his share in the death of

Charles I. Her son, the poet, was either a Roundhead or a royalist, as the time served. He entered parliament and wrote his first poem when he was eighteen. At twenty-five, he married a rich heiress of London, who died the same year, and the poet immediately became a suitor of Lady Dorothea Sidney, eldest daughter of the Earl of Leicester. To this proud and peerless fair one, Waller dedicated the better portion of his poetry, and the groves of Penshurst echoed to the praises of his Sacharissa. Lady Dorothea, however, was inexorable, and bestowed her hand, in her twenty-second year, on the Earl of Sunderland. It is said that, meeting her long afterwards, when she was far advanced in years, the lady asked him when he would again write such verses upon her. 'When you are as young, madam, and as handsome, as you were then,' replied the ungallant poet. The incident affords a key to Waller's character. He was easy, witty, and accomplished, but cold and selfish; destitute alike of high principle and deep feeling. As a member of Parliament, Waller distinguished himself on the popular side, and was chosen to conduct the prosecution against Judge Crawley for his opinion in favour of levying ship-money. His speech, on delivering the impeachment, was printed, and 20,000 copies of it sold in one day. Shortly afterwards, however, Waller joined in a plot to surprise the city militia, and let in the king's forces, for which he was tried and sentenced to one year's imprisonment, and to pay a fine of £10,000. His conduct on this occasion was mean and abject. At the expiration of his imprisonment, the poet went abroad, and resided, amidst much splendour and hospitality, in France. He returned during the Protectorate, and when Cromwell died, Waller celebrated the event in one of his most vigorous and impressive poems. The image of the Commonwealth, though reared by no common hands, soon fell to pieces under Richard Cromwell, and Waller was ready with a congratulatory address to Charles II. The royal offering was considered inferior to the Panegyric on Cromwell, and the king himself—who admitted the poet to terms of courtly intimacy—is said to have told him of the disparity. 'Poets, sire,' replied the witty, self-possessed Waller, 'succeed better in fiction than in truth.' In the first parliament summoned by Charles, Waller sat for the town of Hastings, and he served for different places in all the parliaments of that reign. Bishop Burnet says he was the delight of the House of Commons. At the accession of James II. in 1685, the venerable poet, then eighty years of age, was elected representative for a borough in Cornwall. The mad career of James, in seeking to subvert the national church and constitution, was foreseen by this wary and sagacious observer: 'He will be left,' said he, 'like a whale upon the strand.' The editors of Chandler's Debates and the Parliamentary History ascribe to Waller a remarkable speech against standing armies, delivered in the House of Commons in 1685; but according to Lord Macauley, this speech was really made by Windham, member for Salisbury. 'It was with some concern,' adds

the historian, 'that I found myself forced to give up the belief that the last words uttered in public by Waller were so honourable to him.' Feeling his long-protracted life drawing to a close, Waller purchased a small property at Coleshill, saying: 'He would be glad to die like the stag, where he was roused.' The wish was not fulfilled; he died at Beaconsfield, on the 21st of October 1687; and in the church-yard of that place—where also rest the ashes of Edmund Burke—a monument has been erected to his memory.

The first collection of Waller's poems was made by himself, and published in the year 1664. It went through numerous editions in his lifetime; and in 1690 a second collection was made of such pieces as he had produced in his latter years. In a poetical dedication to Lady Harley, prefixed to this edition, and written by Elijah Fenton, Waller is styled

Maker and model of melodious verse.

This eulogium seems to embody the opinion of Waller's contemporaries, and it was afterwards confirmed by Dryden and Pope, who had not sufficiently studied the excellent models of versification furnished by the old poets, and their rich poetical diction. The smoothness of his versification, his good sense, and uniform elegance, rendered him popular with critics as with the multitude; while his prominence as a public man, for so many years, would increase curiosity as to his works. His poems are chiefly short and incidental, but he wrote a poem on Divine Love, in six cantos. Cowley had written his 'Davideis,' and recommended sacred subjects as adapted for poetry; but neither he nor Waller succeeded in this new and higher walk of the muse. Such an employment of their talents was graceful and becoming in advanced life, but their fame must ever rest on their light, airy, and occasional poems, dictated by that gallantry, adulation, and play of fancy which characterised the cavalier poets.

On Love.

Anger, in hasty words or blows,
Itself discharges on our foes;
And sorrow, too, finds some relief
In tears, which wait upon our grief
So every passion, but fond love,
Unto its own redress does move;
But that alone the wretch inclines
To what prevents his own designs,
Makes him lament, and sigh, and weep,
Disordered, tremble, fawn, and creep;
Postures which render him despised,
Where he endavours to be prized.
For women—born to be controlled—
Stoop to the forward and the bold;
Affect the haughty and the proud,
The gay, the frolic, and the loud.
Who first the generous steed oppressed
Not kneeling did salute the beast;
But with high-courage, life, and force,

Approaching, tamed th' unruly horse.

Unwisely we the wiser East
Pity, supposing them oppressed
With tyrants' force, whose law is will,
By which they govern, spoil, and kill;
Each nymph, but moderately fair,
Commands with no less rigour here.
Should some brave Turk, that walks
among
His twenty lasses, bright and young,
Behold as many gallants here,
With modest guise and silent fear,
All to one female idol bend,
While her high pride does scarce descend
To mark their follies, he would swear
That these her guards of eunuchs were,
And that a more majestic queen,
Or humbler slaves, he had not seen.
All this with indignation spoke.

In vain I struggled with the yoke
Of mighty Love : that conquering look,
When next beheld, like lightning strook
My blasted soul, and made me bow
Lower than those I pitted now.

So the tall stag, upon the brink
Of some smooth stream about to drink,
Surveying there his armed head,

With shame remembers that he fled
The scorned dog, resolves to ry
The combat next ; but if their cry
Invades again his trembling ear,
He straight resumes his wonted care ;
Leaves the untasted spring behind,
And, winged with fear, outflies the wind.

On a Girdle.

That which her slender waist confined
Shall now my joyful temples bind :
No monarch but would give his crown,
His arms might do what this hath done.

It was my heaven's extremest sphere,
The pale which held that lovely deer ;

My joy, my grief, my hope, my love,
Did all within this circle move !

A narrow compass ! and yet there
Dwelt all that 's good, and all that 's fair :
Give me but what this ribbon bound,
Take all the rest the sun goes round.

On the Marriage of the Dwarfs.

Design or chance makes others wive,
But nature did this match contrive :
Eve might as well have Adam fled,
As she denied her little-bed
To him, for whom Heaven seemed to
frame

And measure out this only dame.
Thrice happy is that humble pair,
Beneath the level of all care !
Over whose heads those arrows fly
Of sad distrust and jealousy ;

Secured in as high extreme,
As if the world held none but them.

To him the fairest nymphs do shew
Like moving mountains topped with
snow ;

And every man a Polypheme
Does to his Galatea seem.

Ah ! Chloris, that kind Nature thus
From all the world had severed us ;
Creating for ourselves us two,
As Love has me for only you !

From 'A Panegyric to my Lord Protector.'

While with a strong and yet a gentle hand,
You bridle faction, and our hearts command,
Protect us from ourselves, and from the foe,
Make us unite, and make us conquer too ;

Let partial spirits still aloud complain,
Think themselves injured that they cannot reign,
And own no liberty, but where they may
Without control upon their fellows prey.

Above the waves, as Neptune shewed his face,
To chide the winds, and save the Trojan race,
So has your Highness, raised above the rest,
Storms of ambition tossing us repressed.

Your drooping country, torn with civil hate,
Restored by you, is made a glorious state ;
The seat of empire, where the Irish come,
And the unwilling Scots, to fetch their doom.

The sea's our own and now all nations greet,
With bending sails, each vessel of our fleet ;
Your power extends as far as winds can blow,
Or swelling sails upon the globe may go.

Heaven, that hath placed this island to give law,
To balance Europe, and its states to awe,
In this conjunction doth on Britain smile,
The greatest leader, and the greatest isle !

Whether this portion of the world were rent
By the rude ocean from the continent,
Or thus created, it was sure designed
To be the sacred refuge of mankind.

Hither the oppressed shall henceforth resort,
Justice to crave, and succour at your court ;
And then your Highness, not for ours alone,
But for the world's Protector shali be known. . .

Still as you rise, the state exalted too,
Finds no distemper while 'tis changed by you ;
Changed like the world's great scene ! when, without noise
The rising sun night's vulgar lights destroys.

Had you, some ages past, this race of glory
Run, with amazement we should read your story ;
But living virtue, all achievements past,
Meets envy still to grapple with at last.

This Caesar found ; and that ungrateful age,
With losing him, went back to blood and rage ;
Mistaken Brutus thought to break their yoke,
But cut the bond of union with that stroke.

That sun once set, a thousand meaner stars
Gave a dim light to violence and wars ;
To such a tempest as now threatens all,
Did not your mighty arm prevent the fall.

If Rome's great senate could not wield that sword,
Which of the conquered world had made them lord,
What hope had ours, while yet the power was new,
To rule victorious armies, but by you ?

You, that had taught them to subdue their foes,
Could order teach, and their high spirits compose ;
To every duty could their minds engage,
Provoke their courage, and command their rage.

So when a lion shakes his dreadful mane,
And angry grows, if he that first took pain
To tame his youth approach the haughty beast,
He bends to him, but frights away the rest.

As the vexed world, to find repose, at last
Itself into Augustus' arms did cast ;
So England now does, with like toll oppress,
Her weary head upon your bosom rest.

Then let Muses, with such notes as these,
Instruct us what belongs unto our peace.
Your battles they hereafter shall indite,
And draw the image of our Mars in fight. .

Tell of towns stormed, and armies overrun,
And mighty kingdoms by your conduct won :
How, while you thundered, clouds of dust did choke
Contending troops, and seas lay hid in smoke.

Illustrious acts high raptures do infuse,
And every conqueror creates a Muse !
Here, in low strains, your milder deeds we sing,
But there, my lord, we 'll bays and olives bring

To crown your head; while you in triumph ride
O'er conquered nations, and the sea beside:
While all your neighbour Princes unto you,
Like Joseph's sheaves, pay reverence and due.

The British Navy.

When Britain, looking with a just disdain
Upon this gilded majesty of Spain,
And knowing well that empire must decline
Whose chief support and sinews are of coin,
Our nation's solid virtue did oppose
To the rich troublers of the world's repose.
And now some months, encamping on the main,
Our naval army had besieged Spain:
They that the whole world's monarchy designed,
Are to their ports by our bold fleet confined,
From whence our red cross they triumphant see,
Riding without a rival on the sea.
Others may use the ocean as their road,
Only the English make it their abode,
Whose ready sails with every wind can fly,
And make a covenant with the unconstant sky:
Our oaks secure, as if they there took root,
We tread on billows with a steady foot.

At Penshurst.

While in this park I sing, the listening deer
Attend my passion, and forget to fear;
When to the beeches I report my flame,
They bow their heads, as if they felt the same.
To gods appealing, when I reach their bowers
With loud complaints, they answer me in showers.
To thee a wild and cruel soul is given,
More deaf than trees, and prouder than the heaven!
Love's foe professed! why dost thou falsely feign
Thyself a Sidney? from which noble strain
He sprung, (1) that could so far exalt the name
Of Love, and warm our nation with his flame,
That all we can of love or high desire,
Seems but the smoke of amorous Sidney's fire.
Nor call her mother who so well does prove
One breast may hold both chastity and love.
Never can she, that so exceeds the spring
In joy and bounty, be supposed to bring
One so destructive. To no human stock
We owe this fierce unkindness, but the rock;
That cloven rock produced thee, by whose side
Nature, to recompense the fatal pride
Of such stern beauty, placed those healing springs (2)
Which not more help than that destruction brings.
The heart no ruder than the rugged stone,
I might, like Orpheus, with my numerous moan
Melt to compassion; now my traitorous song
With thee conspires to do the singer wrong;
While thus I suffer not myself to lose
The memory of what augments my woes;
But with my own breath still foment the fire,

1 Sir Philip Sidney.

2 Tunbridge Wells.

Which flames as high as fancy can aspire !
 This last complaint the indulgent ears did pierce
 Of just Apollo, president of verse ;
 Highly concerned that the Muse should bring
 Damage to one whom he had taught to sing :
 Thus he advised me : ' On yon aged tree
 Hang up thy lute, and hie thee to the sea,
 That there with wonders thy diverted mind
 Some truce, at least, may with this passion find.'
 Ah, cruel nymph ! from whom her humble swain
 Flies for relief unto the raging main,
 And from the winds and tempests does expect
 A milder fate than from her cold neglect !
 Yet there he 'll pray that the unkind may prove
 Blest in her choice ; and vows this endless love
 Springs from no hope of what she can confer,
 But from those gifts which Heaven has heaped on her.

The Bud.

Lately on yonder swelling bush,
 Big with many a coming rose,
 This early bud began to blush,
 And did but half itself disclose ;
 I plucked it though no better grown,
 And now you see how full 'tis blown.

Still, as I did the leaves inspire,
 With such a purple light they shone,
 As if they had been made of fire,

And spreading so would flame anon.
 All that was meant by air or sun,
 To the young flower my breath has done.

If our loose breath so much can do,
 What may the same in forms of love,
 Of purest love and music too,
 When Flavia it aspires to move ?
 When that which lifeless buds persuades
 To wax more soft, her youth invades ?

Song.—Go, Lovely Rose.

Go, lovely rose !
 Tell her that wastes her time and me,
 That now she knows,
 When I resemble her to thee,
 How sweet and fair she seems to be.

Tell her, that's young,
 And shuns to have her graces spied,
 That, hadst thou sprung
 In deserts, where no men abide,
 Thou must have uncommended died.

Small is the worth
 Of beauty from the light retired ;
 Bid her come forth,
 Suffer herself to be desired,
 And not blush so to be admired.

Then die ! that she
 The common fate of all things rare
 May read in thee,
 How small a part of time they share
 That are so wondrous sweet and fair !

Old Age and Death.

The seas are quiet when the winds give o'er :
 So calm are we when passions are no more :
 For then we know how vain it was to boast
 Of fleeting things, too certain to be lost.
 Clouds of affection from our younger eyes
 Conceal that emptiness which age describes.

The soul's dark cottage, battered and decayed,
 Lets in new light through chinks that time has made :
 Stronger by weakness, wiser men become,
 As they draw near to their eternal home.
 Leaving the old, both worlds at once they view,
 That stand upon the threshold of the new.

JOHN MILTON.

Above all the poets of this age, and, in the whole range of English poetry, inferior only to Shakspeare, was JOHN MILTON, born in London, December 9, 1608. His grandfather has been traced to a certain Richard Minton of Stanton St. John, near Shotover, in Oxfordshire, who was a zealous Catholic, and in the year 1601 was twice fined in the sum of £60, for absenting himself from the parish church, and refusing to conform or submit.* His son, John, the poet's father, nevertheless, embraced the Protestant faith, and was disinherited by his bigoted parent. He established himself in London as a scrivener—one who draws legal contracts, and places money at interest. The firmness and the sufferings of the father for conscience' sake tinctured the early feelings and sentiments of the son, who was a stern, unbending champion of religious freedom. The paternal example may also have had some effect on the poet's taste and accomplishments. The elder Milton was distinguished as a musical composer, and the son was well skilled in the same soothing and delightful art. The variety and harmony of his versification may, no doubt, be partly traced to the same source. Coleridge styles Milton a musical, not a picturesque poet. The saying, however, is more pointed than correct. In the most musical passages of Milton—as the lyrics in 'Comus'—the pictures presented to the mind are as distinct and vivid as the paintings of Titian or Raphael. Milton was educated with great care. He had a private tutor, a Puritan divine, a Scotsman named Thomas Young, and when about the age of twelve he was sent to St. Paul's School, London, whence he removed to Christ's College, Cambridge, being admitted a pensioner in February 1624-5. He was a severe student, of a nice and haughty temper, and jealous of constraint or control. He complained that the fields around Cambridge had no soft shades to attract the muse, as Robert Hall, a century and a half afterwards, attributed his first attack of insanity to the flatness of the scenery, and the want of woods in that part of England. Milton was designed for the church, but he preferred a 'blameless silence' to what he considered 'servitude and forswearing.' At this time, in his twenty-first year, he had written his grand 'Hymn on the Nativity,' any one verse of which was sufficient to shew that a new and great light was about to rise on English poetry. In 1632, he retired from the university, having taken his degree of M.A. and went to the house of his father, who had relinquished business, and purchased a small property at Horton, in Buckinghamshire. Here he lived five years, studying classical literature, and here he wrote his 'Arcades,' 'Comus,' and 'Lycidas.' The 'Arcades' formed part of a mask, presented to the Countess-dowager of Derby, at Harefield, near Horton, by some noble persons of her family.

* See *Life of Milton*, by Professor David Masson—an able work, evincing great research, and containing original information.

M. L. v. II.—6

'Comus,' also a mask, was presented at Ludlow Castle in 1634, before the Earl of Bridgewater, then president of Wales. This drama was founded on an actual occurrence. The Earl of Bridgewater then resided at Ludlow Castle; his sons, Lord Brackley and Mr. Egerton, and Lady Alice Egerton, his daughter, passing through Haywood Forest, in Herefordshire, on their way to Ludlow, were benighted, and the lady was for a short time lost. This accident being related to their father upon their arrival at his castle, Milton, at the request of his friend, Henry Lawes, the musician—who taught music in the family—wrote the mask. Lawes set it to music, and it was acted on Michaelmas night, 1634, the two brothers, the young lady, and Lawes himself, bearing each a part in the representation. 'Comus' is better entitled to the appellation of a *moral* mask than any by Jonson, Ford, or Massinger. It is a pure dream of Elysium. The reader is transported, as in Shakspeare's 'Tempest,' to scenes of fairy enchantment; but no grossness mingles with the poet's creations, and his muse is ever ready to 'moralise the song' with strains of solemn imagery and lofty sentiment. 'Comus' was first published in 1637, not by its author, but by Henry Lawes, who, in a dedication to Lord Bridgewater, says: 'Although not openly acknowledged by the author, yet it is a legitimate offspring, so lovely, and so much desired, that the often copying of it hath tired my pen to give my several friends satisfaction.' 'Lycidas' was also published the same year. This exquisite poem is a monody on a college companion of Milton's, Edward King, who perished by shipwreck on his passage from Chester to Ireland. Milton's descriptive poems, 'L'Allegro' and 'Il Penseroso,' are generally referred to the same happy period of his life; but from the cast of the imagery, we suspect they were sketched at St. Paul's School or at college, when he walked the 'studious cloisters pale,' amidst 'storied windows' and 'pealing anthems.' In 1638, the poet left the paternal roof, and travelled for fifteen months in France and Italy, returning homewards by the 'Leman lake' to Geneva and Paris. His society was courted by the 'choicest Italian wits,' and he visited Galileo, then a prisoner of the Inquisition. The statuesque grace and beauty of some of Milton's poetical creations—the figures of Adam and Eve, the angel Raphael, and parts of 'Paradise Regained'—were probably suggested by his study of the works of art in Florence and Rome. The poet had been with difficulty restrained from testifying against popery within the verge of the Vatican; and on his return to his native country, he engaged in controversy against the prelates and the royalists, and vindicated, with characteristic ardour, the utmost freedom of thought and expression. His prose works are noticed in another part of this volume. In 1613, Milton went to the country, and married Mary, the daughter of Richard Powell, a high cavalier of Oxfordshire, to whom the poet was probably known, as Mr. Powell had, many years before, borrowed £500 from his father. He

brought his wife to London; but in the short period of a month, the studious habits and philosophical seclusion of the republican poet proved so distasteful to the cavalier's fair daughter, that she left his house on a visit to her parents, and refused to return. Milton resolved to repudiate her, and published some treatises on divorce, in which he argues that the law of Moses, which allowed of divorcement for uncleanness, was not adultery only, but uncleanness of the mind as well as the body. This dangerous doctrine he maintained through life; but the year after her desertion—when the poet was practically enforcing his opinions by soliciting the hand of another lady—his erring and repentant wife fell on her knees before him, 'submissive in distress,' and Milton, like his own Adam, was 'fondly overcome with female charm.' He also behaved with great generosity to her parents when the further progress of the Civil War involved them in ruin. In 1649, Milton was appointed foreign or Latin secretary to the council of state. His salary was about £300 per annum, which was afterwards reduced one-half, when the duties were shared, first with Philip Meadows, and afterwards with the excellent Andrew Marvell. He served Cromwell when Cromwell had thrown off the mask and assumed all but the name of king; and it is to be regretted that the poet did not, like his friend Bradshaw, disclaim this new and usurped tyranny, though dignified by a master-mind. He was probably hurried along by the stormy tide of events, till he could not well recede.

For ten years, Milton's eyesight had been failing, owing to the 'wearisome studies and midnight watchings' of his youth. The last remains of it were sacrificed in the composition of the *Defensio Populi*—he was willing and proud to make the sacrifice—and by the close of the year 1652, he was totally blind, 'dark, dark, irrecoverably dark.' His wife died about the same time. In November, 1656, he married Katherine Woodcock, daughter of a Captain Woodcock of Hackney; a child was born to them in October, 1657, which died, and in February, 1658, the mother also died. The poet consecrated to her memory one of his simple, but solemn and touching sonnets:

Sonnet on his Deceased Wife.

Methought I saw my late espoused saint
Brought to me like Alceste from the grave,
Whom Jove's great son to her glad husband gave,
Rescued from death by force, though pale and faint.
Mine, as whom washed from spot of childbed taint
Purification in the old law did save,
And such as yet once more I trust to have
Full sight of her in heaven without restraint,
Came veiled all in white, pure as her mind;
Her face was veiled, yet to my fancied sight,
Love, goodness, sweetness, in her person shined
So clear, as in no face with more delight.
But, oh! as to embrace me she inclined,
I waked, she fled, and day brought back my night.

The Restoration deprived Milton of his public employment, and exposed him to danger, but by the interest of Davenant and Marvell, as has been said, his name was included in the general amnesty. The great poet was now at liberty to pursue his private studies, and to realise the devout aspirations of his youth for an immortality of literary fame. His spirit was unsubdued. 'Paradise Lost' was begun about 1658, when the division of the secretaryship gave him greater leisure; it was completed in 1665, as we learn from Ellwood the Quaker, who visited Milton at a cottage at Chalfont, in Bucks, to which the poet had withdrawn from the plague, then raging in the metropolis. He had then married a third time. In his helpless state, he stood in need of female assistance and society, and he requested a medical friend, Dr. Paget, to recommend him a wife. Paget recommended his own cousin, Elizabeth Minshull, daughter of a respectable yeoman residing at Wisaston, near Nantwich in Cheshire. They were married, as recent inquiries have ascertained, in 1663, the lady being then little more than twenty-four years of age. She had no issue by Milton, whom she survived fifty-three years. 'Paradise Lost' was published in 1667. The copyright was purchased by Samuel Simmons, a bookseller, on the following terms; an immediate payment of £5, and £5 more when 1800 copies should be sold; the like sum after the same number of the second edition—each edition to consist of 1500 copies—and other £5 after the sale of the third. The third edition was not published till 1678, when the poet was no more, and his widow sold all her claims to Simmons for £8. It appears that, in the comparatively short period of two years, the poet became entitled to his second payment, so that 1800 copies of 'Paradise Lost' had been sold in the first two years of its publication—a proof that the nation was not, as has been vulgarly supposed, insensible to the merits of the divine poem then entering on its course of immortality. In eleven years from the date of its publication, 3000 copies had been sold; and a modern critic has expressed a doubt whether 'Paradise Lost,' published eleven years since, would have met with a greater demand! The fall of man was a theme suited to the serious part of the community in that age, independently of the claims of a work of genius. The Puritans had not yet wholly died out—their beatific visions were not quenched by the gross sensualism of the times. Compared with Dryden's plays, how pure, how lofty and sanctified, must have appeared the epic strains of Milton! The blank verse of 'Paradise Lost' was, however, a stumbling-block to the reading public. So long a poem in this measure had not before been attempted, and ere the second edition was published, Samuel Simmons procured from Milton a short and spirited explanation of his reasons for departing from the 'troublesome bondage of rhyming.' In 1671 the poet published his 'Paradise Regained' and 'Samson Agonistes.' The severe simplicity and the restricted plan of these poems have rendered them less popular than 'Comus' or 'Paradise Lost;' but they

exhibit the intensity and force of Milton's genius: they were 'the ebb of a mighty tide.' The survey of Greece and Rome in 'Paradise Regained,' and the poet's description of the banquet in the grove, are as rich and exuberant as anything in 'Paradise Lost;' while his brief sketch of the thunder-storm in the wilderness, in the same poem, is perhaps the most strikingly dramatic and effective passage of the kind in all his works. The active and studious life of the poet was now near a close. It is pleasing to reflect that Poverty, in her worst shape, never entered his dwelling, irradiated by visions of Paradise; and that, though long a sufferer from hereditary disease, his mind was calm and bright to the last. He died without a struggle in his house in the Artillery Walk, Bunhill Fields—a small house rated at 'four hearths'—on Sunday the 8th of November 1674. By his first rash and ill-assorted marriage, Milton left three daughters, whom, it is said, he taught to read and pronounce several languages, though they only understood their native tongue. He complained that the children were 'undutiful and unkind' to him; and they were all living apart from their illustrious parent for some years before his death. His widow inherited a fortune of about £1000, of which she gave £100 to each of his daughters.*

Milton's early poems have much of the manner of Spenser, particularly his 'Lycidas.' In 'Comus' there are various traces of Fletcher, Shakespeare, and other poets. Dryden, in his preface to the 'Fables,' says: 'Milton has acknowledged to me that Spenser was his original.' Browne, Fletcher, Burton, and Drummond also assisted: Milton, as has been happily remarked, was a great collector of sweets from these wild-flowers. Single words, epithets, and images he freely borrowed, but they were so combined and improved by his own splendid and absorbing imagination, as not to detract from his originality. His imperial fancy, as was said of Burke, laid all art and nature under tribute, yet never lost its 'own original brightness.' Milton's diction is peculiarly rich and pictorial in effect. In force and dignity, he towers over all his contemporaries. He is of no class of poets; 'his soul was like a star, and dwelt apart.' The style of Milton's verse was moulded on classic models, chiefly the Greek tragedians; but his musical taste, his love of Italian literature, and the lofty and solemn cast of his own mind, gave strength and harmony to the whole. His minor poems alone would have rendered his name immortal, but there still wanted his great epic to complete the measure of his fame and the glory of his country.

'Paradise Lost,' or the fall of man, had long been familiar to Milton as a subject for poetry. He at first intended it as a drama, and

* Their acknowledgments of the sums received from the widow still exist, and facsimiles of them have been engraved. Anne, the eldest daughter, was unable to write, and makes her mark. The second, Mary, was barely able to trace the letters, in a very rude manner, and she mis-spells her name *Milton*. The third, Deborah, makes a tolerably distinct signature. Their education must have been very defective.

two draughts of his scheme are preserved among his manuscripts in Trinity College Library, Cambridge. His genius, however, was better adapted for an epic than a dramatic poem. His 'Samson,' though cast in a dramatic form, has little of dramatic interest or variety of character. His multifarious learning and uniform dignity of manner would have been too weighty for dialogue; whereas in the epic form, his erudition was well employed in episode and illustration. He was perhaps too profuse of learned illustration, yet there is something very striking and imposing even in his long catalogues of names and cities. They are generally sonorous and musical. 'The subject of "Paradise Lost,"' says Campbell, 'was the origin of evil—an era in existence—an event more than all others dividing past from future time—an isthmus in the ocean of eternity. The theme was in its nature connected with everything important in the circumstances of human history; and amidst these circumstances, Milton saw that the fables of paganism were too important and poetical to be omitted. As a Christian, he was entitled wholly to neglect them; but as a poet, he chose to treat them, not as dreams of the human mind, but as the delusions of infernal existences. Thus anticipating a beautiful propriety for all classical allusions, thus connecting and reconciling the co-existence of fable and truth, and thus identifying his fallen angels with the deities of "gay religions full of pomp and gold," he yoked the heathen mythology in triumph to his subject, and clothed himself in the spoils of superstition.' The first two books of 'Paradise Lost' are remarkable for their grandeur and sublimity. The delineation of Satan and the fallen angels 'hurled headlong flaming from the ethereal sky,' and their assembled deliberations in the infernal council, are astonishing efforts of human genius—their appearance dwarfs every other poetical conception.' At a time when the common superstition of the country presented the Spirit of Evil in the most low and debasing shapes, Milton invested him with colossal strength and majesty, with unconquerable pride and daring, with passion and remorse, sorrow and tears—the archangel ruined, and the excess of glory obscured.' Pope has censured the dialogues in heaven as too metaphysical, and every reader feels that they are prolix, and, in some instances, unnecessary and unbecoming. The taste of Milton, and that of the age in which his mind was formed, inclined towards argumentative speech and theology, and this at times overpowered his poetical imagination. It has also been objected that there is a want of human interest in the poem. This objection, however, is *not* felt. The poet has drawn the characters of Adam and Eve with such surpassing art and beauty, and has invested their residence in Paradise with such an accumulation of charms, that our sympathy with them is strong and unbroken; it accompanies them in their life of innocence, their daily employment among fruits and flowers,

their purity, affection, and piety, and it continues after the ruins of the Fall. More perfect and entire sympathy could not be excited by any living agents. In these tender and descriptive scenes, the force and occasional stiffness of Milton's style, and the march of his stately sonorous verse, are tempered and modulated with exquisite skill. The allegorical figures of Sin and Death have been found fault with: 'they will not bear exact criticism,' says Hallam, 'yet we do not wish them away.' They appear to us to be among the grandest of Milton's conceptions—terrific, repulsive, yet sublime, and sternly *moral* in their effects. Who but must entertain disgust and hatred at sin thus portrayed? The battle of the angels in the sixth book is perhaps open to censure. The material machinery is out of place in heaven, and seems to violate even poetical probability. The reader is sensible how the combat must end, and wishes that the whole had been more veiled and obscure. 'The martial demons,' remarks Campbell, 'who charmed us in the shades of hell, lose some portion of their sublimity when their artillery is discharged in the daylight of heaven.' The discourses of the angel Raphael, and the vision of Michael in the last two books—leading the reader gently and slowly, as it were, from the empyrean heights down to earth—have a tranquil dignity of tone and pathos that are deeply touching and impressive. The Christian poet triumphs and predominates at the close.

Hymn on the Nativity.

It was the winter wild,
While the heaven-born child
All meanly wrapt in the rude manger lies;
Nature, in awe to him,
Had doffed her gaudy trim,
With her great Master so to sympathise:
It was no season then for her
To wanton with the sun, her lusty paramour,

Only with speeches fair
She wooes the gentle air
To hide her guilty front with innocent snow,
And on her naked shame,
Pollute with sinful blame,
The saintly veil of maiden-white to throw;
Confounded, that her Maker's eyes
Should look so near upon her foul deformities.

But He, her fears to cease,
Sent down the meek-eyed Peace;
She, crowned with olive green, came softly sliding
Down through the turning sphere,
His ready harbinger,
With turtle wing the amorous clouds dividing,
And waving wide her myrtle wand,
She strikes an universal peace through sea and land.

No war, or battle's sound,
 Was heard the world around :
 The idle spear and shield were high up hung ;
 The hooked chariot stood
 Unstained with hostile blood ;
 The trumpet spake not to the armed throng :
 And kings sat still with awful eye,
 As if they surely knew their sovran Lord was by.

But peaceful was the night,
 Wherein the Prince of Light
 His reign of peace upon the earth began :
 The winds, with wonder whilst,
 Smoothly the waters kissed,
 Whispering new joys to the mild ocean.
 Who now hath quite forgot to rave,
 While birds of calm sit brooding on the charmed wave.

The stars, with deep amaze,
 Stand fixed in steadfast gaze,
 Bending one way their precious influence ;
 And will not take their flight,
 For all the morning-light,
 Or Lucifer, that often warned them thence ;
 But in their glimmering orbs did glow,
 Until their Lord himself bespake, and bid them go.

And though the shady gloom
 Had given day her room,
 The sun himself withheld his wonted speed,
 And hid his head for shame,
 As his inferior flame
 The new-enlightened world no more should need ;
 He saw a greater sun appear
 Than his bright throne or burning axletree could bear.

The shepherds on the lawn,
 Or ere the point of dawn,
 Sat simply chatting in a rustic row ;
 Full little thought they then
 That the mighty Pan
 Was kindly come to live with them below ;
 Perhaps their loves, or else their sheep,
 Was all that did their silly thoughts so busy keep.

When such music sweet
 Their hearts and ears did greet,
 As never was by mortal finger strook,
 Divinely warbled voice
 Answering the stringed noise,
 As all their souls in blissful rapture took :
 The air, such pleasure loath to lose,
 With thousand echoes still prolong each heavenly close.

Nature, that heard such sound,
 Beneath the hollow round
 Of Cynthia's seat, the airy region thrilling,
 Now was almost won,
 To think her part was done,
 And that her reign had here its last fulfilling ;
 She knew such harmony alone
 Could hold all Heaven and Earth in happier union.

At last surrounds their sight
A globe of circular light,
That with long beams the shamefaced night arrayed ;
The helmed cherubim,
And sworded seraphim,
Are seen in glittering ranks with wings displayed,
Harping in loud and solemn quire,
With unexpressive notes, to Heaven's new-born heir.

Such music, as 'tis said,
Before was never made,
But when of old the Sons of Morning sung,
While the Creator great
His constellations set,
And the well-balanced world on hinges hung,
And cast the dark foundations deep,
And bid the weltering waves their oozy channel keep.

Ring out, ye crystal spheres,
Once bless our human ears
(If ye have power to touch our senses so),
And let your silver chime
Move in melodious time ;
And let the base of Heaven's deep organ blow ;
And, with your ninefold harmony,
Make up full consort to the angelic symphony.

For if such holy song
Enwrap our fancy long,
Time will run back, and fetch the Age of Gold ;
And speckled Vanity
Will sicken soon and die ;
And leprous Sin will melt from earthly mould ;
And Hell itself will pass away,
And leave her dolorous mansions to the peering day.

Yea, Truth and Justice then
Will down return to men,
Orbed in a rainbow ; and, like glories wearing,
Mercy will sit between,
Throned in celestial sheen,
With radiant feet the tissued clouds down steering ;
And Heaven, as at some festival,
Will open wide the gates of her high palace hall.

But wisest Fate says no,
This must not yet be so,
The babe yet lies in smiling infancy,
That on the bitter cross
Must redeem our loss,
So both himself and us to glorify :
Yet first, to those ychained in sleep,
The wakeful trump of doom must thunder through the deep,

With such a horrid clang
As on Mount Sinal rang,
While the red fire and smouldering clouds out brake :
The aged earth aghast,
With terror of that blast,
Shall from the surface to the centre shake :
When at the world's last session,
The dreadful Judge in middle air shall spread his throne.

And then at last our bliss
 Full and perfect is,
 But now begins ; for, from this happy day,
 The Old Dragon under ground
 In straiter limits bound,
 Not half so far casts his usurped sway ;
 And wroth to see his kingdom fall,
 Swinges the scaly horror of his folded tail.

The oracles are dumb ;
 No voice or hideous hum
 Runs through the arched roof in words deceiving.
 Apollo from his shrine
 Can no more divine.
 With hollow shriek the steep of Delphos leaving.
 No nightly trance, or breathed spell,
 Inspires the pale-eyed priest from the prophetic cell.

The lonely mountains o'er,
 And the resounding shore,
 A voice of weeping heard and loud lament ;
 From haunted spring, and dale
 Edged with poplar pale,
 The parting Geminis is with sighing sent ;
 With flower-inwoven tresses torn,
 The nymphs in twilight shade of tangled thickets mourn.

In consecrated earth,
 And on the holy hearth,
 The Lare and Lemures mourn with midnight plaint ;
 In urns, and altars round,
 A drear and dying sound
 Affrights the Flamines at their service quaint ;
 And the chill marble seems to sweat,
 While each peculiar power foregoes his wonted seat.

Peor and Baalim
 Forsake their temples dim.
 With that twice-battered god of Palestine ;
 And mooned Ashtaroth,
 Heaven's queen and mother both,
 Now sits not gilt with tapers' holy shine ;
 The Lybic Hammon shrinks his horn ;
 In vain the Tyrian maids their wounded Thammuz mourn.

And sullen Moloch fled,
 Hath left in shadows dread
 His burbling idol all of blackest hue ;
 In vain with cymbals' ring
 They call the grisly king,
 In dismal dance about the furnace blue :
 The brutish gods of Nile as fast,
 Isis, and Orus, and the dog Anubis, haste.

Nor is Osiris seen
 In Memphian grove or green,
 Trampling the unshowered grass with lowings loud ;
 Nor can he be at rest
 Within his sacred chest ;
 Nought but profoundest hell can be his shroud ;
 In vain with timbrelled anthems dark
 The sable-stoled sorcerers bear his worshipped ark.

He feels from Juda's land
 The dreaded Infant's hand,
 The rays of Bethlehem blind his dusky eye;
 Nor all the gods beside
 Longer dare abide,
 Not Typhon huge ending in snakey twine:
 Our Babe, to shew his Godhead true,
 Can in his swaddling bands control the damned crew.

So, when the sun in bed,
 Curtained with cloudy red,
 Pillows his chin upon an orient wave,
 The flocking shadows pale,
 Troop to the infernal jail,
 Each fettered ghost alips to his several grave;
 And the yellow-skirted fays
 Fly after the night-steeds, leaving their moon-loved mass.

But see, the Virgin blest
 Hath laid her Babe to rest;
 Time is our tedious song should here have ending:
 Heaven's youngest teemed star
 Hath fixed her polished car,
 Her sleeping Lord with handmaid lamp attending;
 And all about the courtly stable
 Bright-harnessed angels sit in order serviceable.

Song on May Morning.

Now the bright morning-star, day's harbinger,
 Comes dancing from the east, and leads with her
 The flowery May, who from her green lap throws
 The yellow cowslip and the pale primrose.
 Hail, bounteous May! that dost inspire
 Mirth, and youth, and warm desire;
 Woods and groves are of thy dressing,
 Hill and dale doth boast thy blessing!
 Thus we salute thee with our early song,
 And welcome thee, and wish thee long.

Sonnet 'On his Blindness.'

When I consider how my light is spent
 Ere half my days, in this dark world and wide,
 And that one talent which is death to hide,
 Lodged with me useless, though my soul more bent
 To serve therewith my Maker, and present
 My true account, lest he, returning, chide;
 'Doth God exact day-labour, light denied?'
 I fondly ask. But Patience, to prevent
 That murmur, soon replies: 'God doth not need
 Either man's work, or his own gifts; who best
 Bear his mild yoke, they serve him best; his state
 Is kingly; thousands at his bidding speed,
 And post o'er land and ocean without rest;
 They also serve who only stand and wait.'

When the Assault was intended to the City.

Captain, or Colonel, or Knight in arms,
 Whose chance on these defenceless doors may come,
 If deed of honour did thee ever please,
 Guard them, and him within protect from harm.
 He can requite thee; for he knows the charms

That call fame on such gentle acts as these,
 And he can spread thy name o'er lands and seas,
 Whatever clime the sun's bright circle warms,
 Lift not thy spear against the Muses' bower;
 The great Emathian conqueror bid spare
 The house of Pindarus, when temple and tower
 Went to the ground : and the repeated air
 Of sad Electra's poet had the power
 To save the Athenian walls from ruin bare.

*On the late Massacre in Piemont.**

Avenge, O Lord ! thy slaughtered saints, whose bones
 Lie scattered on the Alpine mountains cold ;
 Even them who kept thy truth so pure of old,
 When all our fathers worshipped stocks and stones,
 Forget not : in thy book record their groans,
 Who were thy sheep, and in their ancient fold
 Slain by the bloody Piemontese, that rolled
 Mother with infant down the rocks. Their moans
 The vales redoubled to the hills, and they
 To Heaven. Their martyred blood and ashes sow
 O'er all the Italian fields, where still doth sway
 The triple tyrant ; that from these may grow
 A hundredfold, who, having learned thy way
 Early, may fly the Babylonian woe.

Scene from 'Comus.'

The LADY loquitur.

This is the place, as well as I may guess,
 Whence even now the tumult of loud mirth
 Was rife, and perfect in my listening ear ;
 Yet naught but single darkness do I find.
 What might this be ? A thousand fantasies
 Begin to throng into my memory,
 Of calling shapes, and beckoning shadows dire,
 And airy tongues, that syllable men's names
 On sands, and shores, and desert wildernesses.
 These thoughts may startle well, but not astound
 The virtuous mind, that ever walks attended
 By a strong siding champion, Conscience.—
 O welcome, pure-eyed Faith ; white-handed Hope,
 Thou hovering angel, girt with golden wings :
 And thou unblemished form of Chastity !
 I see ye visibly, and now believe
 That He, the Supreme Good, to whom all things ill
 Are but as slavish officers of vengeance,
 Would send a glistering guardian, if need were,
 To keep my life and honour unassailed.
 Was I deceived, or did a sable cloud
 Turn forth her silver lining on the night ?
 I did not err ; there does a sable cloud
 Turn forth her silver lining on the night,
 And casts a gleam over this tufted grove :

* In 1685, the Duke of Savoy determined to compel his reformed subjects in the valleys of Piedmont to embrace Popery, or quit their country. All who remained and refused to be converted, with their wives and children, suffered a most barbarous massacre. Those who escaped fled into the mountains, from whence they sent agents into England to Cromwell for relief. He instantly commanded a general fast, and promoted a national contribution, in which nearly £45,000 were collected.—WATSON.

I cannot halloo to my brothers, but
Such noise as I can make to be heard farthest,
I'll venture; for my new enlivened spirits
Prompt me; and they perhaps are not far off.

Song.

Sweet Echo, sweetest nymph, that liv'st unseen
Within thy airy shell,
By slow Meander's margin green,
And in the violet-embroidered vale,
Where the love-lorn nightingale
Nightly to thee her sad song mourneth well;
Canst thou not tell me of a gentle pair
That likest thy Narcissus are?
Oh, if thou have
Hid them in some flowery cave,
Tell me but where,
Sweet queen of parley, daughter of the sphere!
So mayst thou be translated to the skies,
And give resounding grace to all Heaven's harmonies.

Enter COMUS.

Can any mortal mixture of earth's mould
Breathe such divine enchanting ravishment?
Sure something holy lodges in that breast,
And with these raptures moves the vocal air
To testify his hidden residence:
How sweetly did they float upon the wings
Of silence through the empty vaulted night,
At every fall smoothing the raven down
Of darkness till it smiled! I have oft heard
My mother Circe, with the Syrens three,
Amidst the flowery-kirtled Naiades,
Culling their potent herbs and baleful drugs,
Who, as they sung, would take the prisoned soul
And lap it in Elysium: Scylla wept,
And chid her barking waves into attention,
And fell Charybdis unmurmured soft applause.
Yet they in pleasing slumber lulled the sense,
And in sweet madness robbed it of itself;
But such a sacred and home-felt delight,
Such sober certainty of waking bliss,
I never heard till now.

The Spirit's Epilogue in 'Comus.'

To the ocean now I fly,
And those nappy climes that lie
Where day never shuts his eye,
Up in the broad fields of the sky:
There I suck the liquid air
All amidst the gardens fair
Of Hesperus, and his daughters three,
That sing about the golden tree:
Along the crisped shades and bowers
Revels the spruce and jocund Spring;
The Graces, and the rosy-bosomed Hours,
Thither all their bounties bring;
There eternal Summer dwells,
And west-winds, with musky wing,
About the cedarn alleys fling
Mard and cassia's balmy smells.

Iris there with hamd bow
Waters the odorous banks, that blow
Flowers of more mingled hue
Than her purpled scarf can shew;
And drenches with Elysian dew—
List, mortals, if your ears be true—
Beds of hyacinth and roses,
Where young Adonis oft reposes,
Waxing well of his deep wound
In slumber soft, and on the ground
Sadly sits the Assyrian queen:
But far above, in spangled sheen,
Celestial Cupid, her famed son, advanced,
Holds his dear Psyche sweet entranced,
After her wandering labours long,
Till free consent the gods among

Make her his eternal bride,
And from her fair unspotted side
Two blissful twins are to be born,
Youth and Joy ; so Jove hath sworn.

But now my task is smoothly done ;
I can fly, or I can run,
Quickly to the green earth's end,
Where the bowed welkin slow doth bend ;

And from thence can soar as soon
To the corners of the moon.

Mortals, that would follow me,
Love Virtue ; she alone is free :
She can teach ye how to climb
Higher than the spheric chime ;
Or if Virtue foebie were,
Heaven itself would stoop to her.

L' Allegro.

Hence, loathed Melancholy,
Of Cerberus and blackest Midnight born,
In Stygian cave forlorn,
'Mongst horrid shapes, and shrieks, and
sights unholy ;

Find out some uncouth cell,
Where brooding darkness spreads his
jealous wings,

And the night-raven sings ;
There under ebon shades, and low-
browed rocks,

As ragged as thy locks,
In dark Cimmerian desert ever dwell.

But come, thou goddess fair and free,
In heaven ycleped Euphrosyne,
And by men, heart-easing Mirth ;
Whom lovely Venus at a birth,
With two sister Graces more,
To ivy-crowned Bacchus bore ;
Or whether—as some sages sing—
The frolic wind that breathes the spring.

Zephyr, with Aurora playing,
As he met her once a-Maying,
There on beds of violets blue,
And fresh-blown roses washed in dew,
Filled her with thee a daughter fair,
So buxom, blithe, and debonaire.

Haste, thee, nymph, and bring with thee

Jest and youthful Jollity,
Quips, and cranks, and wanton wiles,
Nods, and becks, and wreathed smiles,
Such as hang on Hebe's cheek,
And love to live in dimple sleek ;
Sport that wrinkled care derides,
And Laughter holding both his sides.
Come, and trip it as you go
On the light fantastic toe ;

And in thy right hand lead with thee
The mountain-nymph, sweet Liberty ;
And, if I give thee honour due,
Mirth, admit me of thy crew,
To live with her, and live with thee,
In unreproved pleasures free :

To hear the lark begin his flight,
And singing startle the dull night,
From his watch-tower in the skies,
Till the dappled dawn doth rise ;
Then to come, in spite of sorrow,
And at my window bid good-morrow,
Through the sweet-brier, or the vine,

Or the twisted eglantine ;
While the cock with lively din
Scatters the rear of darkness thin,
And to the stack, or the barn-door,
Stoutly struts his dames before :

Oft listening how the hounds and horn
Cheerly rouse the slumbering morn,
From the side of some hoar hill,
Through the high wood echoing shrill :

Sometimes walking not unseen
By hedgerow elms, on hillocks green,
Right against the eastern gate,
Where the great sun begins his state,
Robed in flames and amber light,
The clouds in thousand liveries dight ;
While the ploughman near at hand
Whistles o'er the furrowed land,
And the milkmaid singeth blithe,
And the mower whets his scythe,
And every shepherd tells his tale,
Under the hawthorn in the dale,

Straight mine eye hath caught new
pleasures,

Whilst the landscape round it measures ;
Russet lawns, and fallows gray,
Where the nibbling flocks do stray ;
Mountains on whose barren breast
The labouring clouds do often rest ;
Meadows trim with daisies pied ;
Shallow brooks, and rivers wide :
Towers and battlements it sees
Bosomed high in tufted trees,
Where perhaps some beauty lies,
The cynosure of neighbouring eyes.

Hard by a cottage chimney smokes,
From betwixt two aged oaks,
Where Corydon and Thyrsis met,
Are at their savoury dinner set
Of herbs, and other country messes,
Which the neat-handed Phillis dresses,
And then in haste her bower she leaves,
With Thestylis to bind the sheaves ;
Or, if the earlier season lead,
To the tanned haycock in the mead.

Sometimes, with secure delight,
The upland hamlets will invite,
When the merry bell's ring round,
And the jocund rebecks sound
To many a youth and many a maid,
Dancing in the chequered shade ;
And young and old come forth to play

On a sunshine holiday,
Till the livelong daylight fall:
Then to the spicy nut-brown ale,
With stories told of many a fellow;
How Fairy Mab the jinkets eat;
She was pinched, and pulled, she said,
And he by friar's lantern led,
Tells how the drudging goblin sweat
To earn his cream-bowl duly set.
When in one night, ere glimpse of morn,
His shadowy flail had thrashed the corn,
That ten days' labourers could not end,
Then lays him down, the lubber fiend,
And, stretched out all the chimney's
length,
Basks at the fire his hairy strength;
And cropful out of doors he flings
Ere the first cock his matin rings.
Thus done the tale, to bed they creep,
By whispering winds soon lulled asleep.
Towered cities please us then,
And the busy hum of men,
Where throngs of knights and barons
bold,
In weeds of peace high triumphs hold,
With store of ladies, whose bright eyes
Rain influence, and judge the prize
Of wit or arms, while both contend
To win her grace, whom all commend.

There let Hymen oft appear
In saffron robe, with taper clear,
And pomp, and feast, and revelry,
With mask and antique pageantry;
Such sights as youthful poets dream
On summer eves by haunted stream.
Then to the well-trod stage anon,
If Jonson's learned sock be on,
Or sweetest Shakespeare, Fancy's child,
Warble his native wood-notes wild.
And ever against eating cares,
Lap me in soft Lydian airs,
Married to immortal verse,
Such as the meeting soul may pierce,
In notes, with many a winding bout
Of linked sweetness long drawn out,
With wanton heed, and giddy cunning,
The melting voice through mazes run-
ning;
Untwisting all the chains that tie
The hidden soul of harmony;
That Orpheus' self may heave his head
From golden slumber on a bed
Of heaped Elysian flowers, and hear
Such strains as would have won the ear
Of Pluto, to have quite set free
His half-regained Eurydice.
These delights, if thou canst give,
Mirth, with thee I mean to live.

Il Penseroso.

Hence, vain deluding joys,
The brood of Folly, without father bred!
How little you bested,
Or fill the fixed mind with all your toys!
Dwell in some idle brain,
And fancies fond with gaudy shapes pos-
sess,
As thick and numberless
As the gay notes that people the sun-
beams,
Or likest hovering dreams,
The fickle pensioners of Morpheus' train.
But hail, thou goddess, sage and holy,
Hail, divinest Melancholy!
Whose saintly visage is too bright
To hit the sense of human sight;
And therefore to our weaker view
O'erlaid with black, staid Wisdom's hue;
Black, but such as in esteem
Prince Memnon's sister might beseeem;
Or that starred Ethiop queen that strove
To set her beauty's praise above
The sea-nymphs, and their powers of-
fended:
Yet thou art higher far descended.
Thee, bright-haired Vesta, long of yore,
To solitary Saturn bore;
His daughter she—in Saturn's reign
Such mixture was not held a stain—
Oft, in glimmering bowers and glades,

He met her, and in secret shades
Of woody Ida's utmost grove,
While yet there was no fear of Jove.
Come, pensive nun, devout and pure,
Sober, steadfast, and demure,
All in a robe of darkest grain,
Flowing with majestic train,
And sable stole of cypress-lawn,
Over thy decent shoulders drawn.
Come, but keep thy wonted state,
With even step, and musing gait,
And looks commercing with the skies,
Thy rapt soul sitting in thine eyes:
There, held in holy passion still,
Forget thyself to marble, till
With a sad leaden downward cast
Thou fix them on the earth as fast;
And join with thee calm Peace, and Quiet,
Spare Fast, that oft with gods doth diet,
And hears the Muses in a ring,
Aye round about Jove's altar sing;
And add to these retired Leisure,
That in trim gardens takes his pleasure.
But first, and chiefest, with thee bring
Him that you soars on golden wing,
Guiding the fiery-wheel'd throne,
The cherub Contemplation:
And the mute Silence hist along,
'Less Philomel will deign a song,
In her sweetest, saddest plight,

Smoothing the rugged brow of Night ;
While Cynthia checks her dragon-yoke,
Gently o'er the accosted oak.
Sweet bird, that slunn'et the noise of
folly.

Most musical, most melancholy !
Thee, chantrress, oft the woods among
I woo, to hear thy even-song ;
And missing thee I walk unseen
On the dry smooth-shaven green,
To behold the wandering moon,
Riding near her highest noon,
Like one that had been led astray
Through the heaven's wide pathless way ;
And oft, as if her head she bowed,
Stooping through a fleecy cloud,
Oft on a plat of rising ground,
I heard the far-off curfew sound,
Over some wide-watered shore,
Swinging slow with sullen roar.
Or if the air will not permit,
Some still removed place will fit,
Where glowing embers through the room
Teach light to counterfeit a gloom ;
Far from all resort of mirth,
Save the cricket on the hearth,
Or the bellman's drowsy charm,
To bless the doors from nightly harm,
Or let my lamp, at midnight hour,
Be seen in some high lonely tower,
Where I may oft out-watch the Bear,
With thrice-great Hermes ; or unsphere
The spirit of Plato, to unfold
What worlds, or what vast regions, hold
The immortal mind that hath forsook
Her mansion in this fleshly nook :
And of those demons that are found
In fire, air, flood, or under ground,
Whose power hath a true consent
With planet, or with element.
Sometime let gorgeous Tragedy
In sceptred pall come sweeping by,
Presenting Thebes, or Pelops' line,
Or the tale of Troy divine,
Or what—though rare—of later age
Ennobled hath the buskin'd stage.

But oh, sad virgin, that thy power
Might raise Museums from his bowels !
Or bid the soul of Orpheus sing
Such notes as, warbled to the string,
Drew iron tears down Pluto's cheek,
And made hell grant what love did seek !
Or call up him that left half-told
The story of Cambuscan bold,
Of Camball, and of Algarsife,
And who had Canace to wife,
That owned the virtuous ring and glass,
And of the wondrous horse of brass,
On which the Tartar king did ride ;
And if aught else great bards beside
In sage and solemn tunes have sung,
Of tourneys and of trophies hung,

Of forests and enchantments drear,
Where more is meant than meets the ear.

Thus, Night, oft see me in thy pale
career,

Till civil-suited Morn appear ;
Not tricked and frownced as she was
wout

With the Attic boy to hunt,
But kerchiefed in a comely cloud,
While rocking winds are piping loud,
Or ushered with a shower still,
When the gust hath blown his fill,
Endling on the rustling leaves,
With minute drops from off the eaves.
And when the sun begins to fling
His flaming beams, me, Goddess, bring
To arched walks of twilight groves,
And shadows brown, that Sylvan loves,
Of pine, or monumental oak,
Where the rude axe, with heaved stroke,
Was never heard the nymphs to daunt,
Or fright them from their hallowed haunt.
There in close covert by some brook,
Where no profaner eye may look,
Hide me from day's garish eye,
While the bee with honeyed thigh,
That at her flowery work doth sing,
And the waters murmuring,
With such consort as they keep,
Entice the dewy-feathered sleep ;
And let some strange mysterious dream
Wave at his wings in airy stream
Of lively portraiture displayed,
Softly on my eyelids laid.
And, as I wake, sweet music breathe
Above, about, or underneath,
Sent by some spirit to mortals good,
Or the unseen Genins of the wood.

But let my due feet never fail
To walk the studious cloisters pale,
And love the high embowed roof,
With antic pillars massy proof,
And storied windows richly dight,
Casting a dim religious light.
There let the pealing organ blow
To the full-voiced quire below,
In service high, and anthems clear,
As may with sweetness, through mine
ear,

Dissolve me into ecstasies,
And bring all heaven before mine eyes.

And may at last my weary age
Find out the peaceful hermitage,
The hairy gown and mossy cell,
Where I may sit and rightly spell
Of every star that heaven doth show,
And every herb that sips the dew ;
Till old experience do attain
To something like prophetic strain.

These pleasures, Melancholy, give,
And I with thee will choose to live.

From 'Lycidas.'

Yet once more, O ye laurels ! and once more,
 Ye myrtles brown, with ivy never sere,
 I come to pluck your berries harsh and crude,
 And, with forced fingers rude,
 Shatter your leaves before the mellowing year :
 Bitter constraint, and sad occasion dear,
 Compels me to disturb your season due :
 For Lycidas is dead, dead ere his prime,
 Young Lycidas, and hath not left his peer.
 Who would not sing for Lycidas ? He knew
 Himself to sing, and build the lofty rhyme.
 He must not float upon his watery bier
 Unwept, and welter to the parching wind,
 Without the meed of some melodious tear.
 Begin, then, sisters of the sacred well,
 That from beneath the seat of Jove doth spring ;
 Begin, and somewhat loudly sweep the string :
 Hence with denial vain, and coy excuse ;
 So may some gentle Muse
 With lucky words favour my destined urn,
 And, as he passes, turn,
 And bid fair peace be to my sable shroud.
 For we were nursed upon the self-same hill,
 Fed the same flock by fountain, shade, and rill,
 Together both, ere the high lawns appeared
 Under the opening eye-lids of the morn,
 We drove a-field, and both together heard
 What time the gray-fly winds her sultry horn,
 Battening our flocks with the fresh dews of night,
 Oft till the stars that rose at evening bright,
 Toward heaven's descent had sloped his westerling wheel.
 Meanwhile the rural ditties were not mute,
 Tempered to the oaten flute ;
 Rough satyrs danced, and fauns with cloven heel
 From the glad sound would not be absent long ;
 And old Dametas loved to hear our song.
 But oh, the heavy change, now thou art gone,
 Now thou art gone, and never must return !
 Thee, shepherd, thee the woods and desert caves
 With wild-thyme and the gadding vine o'ergrown,
 And all their echoes mourn :
 The willows, and the hazel copes green,
 Shall now no more be seen
 Fanning their joyous leaves to thy soft lays.
 As killing as the canker to the rose,
 Or taint-worm to the weanling herds that grass,
 Or frost to flowers, that their gay wardrobe wear,
 When first the white-thorn blows ;
 Such, Lycidas, thy loss to shepherd's ear.
 Where were ye, nymphs, when the remorseless deep
 Closed o'er the head of your loved Lycidas ?
 For neither were ye playing on the steep,
 Where your old birds, the famous Druids, lie,
 Nor on the shaggy top of Mona high,
 Nor yet where Deva spreads her wizard stream :
 Ay me ! I fondly dream !
 Had ye been there—for what could that have done ?
 What could the Muse herself that Orpheus bore,
 The Muse herself, for her enchanting son,
 Whom erst she loved, have won that lament,

When, by the rout that made the hideous roar,
His gory visage down the stream was sent,
Down the swift Hebrus to the Lesbian shore?

Alas! what boots it with incessant care
To tend the homely, slighted, shepherd's trade,
And strictly meditate the thankless Muse?
Were it not better done, as others use,
To sport with Amaryllis in the shade,
Or with the tangles of Nessera's hair?
Fame is the spur that the clear spirit doth raise—
That last infirmity of noble mind—
To scorn delights, and live laborious days;
But the fair guerdon, when we hope to find,
And think to burst out into sudden blaze,
Comes the blind Fury with the abhorred shears,
And slits the thin-spun life. 'But not the praise.'
Phœbus replied, and touched my trembling ears;
'Fame is no plant that grows on mortal soil,
Nor in the glittering foil
Set off to the world, nor in broad rumour lies;
But lives and spreads aloft by those pure eyes,
And perfect witness of all-judging Jove;
As he pronounces lastly on each deed,
Of so much fame in heaven expect thy meed.'

Satan's Address to the Sun.—From 'Paradise Lost,' Book iv. 32.

O thou, that, with surpassing glory crowned,
Look'st from thy sole dominion like the god
Of this new world; at whose sight all the stars
Hide their diminished heads; to thee I call,
But with no friendly voice; and add thy name,
O Sun, to tell thee how I hate thy beams,
That bring to my remembrance from what state
I fell, how glorious once above thy sphere;
Till pride and worse ambition threw me down,
Warring in heaven against heaven's matchless king.
Ah, wherefore? He deserved no such return
From me, whom he created what I was
In that bright eminence, and with his good
Upbraided none; nor was his service hard.
What could be less than to afford him praise,
The easiest recompense, and pay him thanks?
How due!—yet all his good proved ill in me,
And wrought but malice; lifted up so high,
I 'scaped subjection, and thought one step higher
Would set me highest, and in a moment quit
The debt immense of endless gratitude,
So burdensome still paying, still to owe;
Forgetful what from him I still received;
And understood not that a grateful mind
By owing owes not, but still pays, at once
Indebted and discharged: what burden then?
Oh, had his powerful destiny ordained
Me some inferior angel, I had stood
Then happy; no unbounded hope had raised
Ambition! Yet why not?—some other power
As great might have aspired, and me, though mean,
Drawn to his part; but other powers as great
Fell not, but stand unshaken, from within
Or from without, to all temptations armed.
Hadst thou the same free will and power to stand?

Thou hadst : whom hast thou, then, or what to accuse,
 But Heaven's free love dealt equally to all ?
 Be then his love accursed ; since love or hate,
 To me alike, it deals eternal woe :
 Nay, cursed be thou ; since against his thy will
 Chose freely what it now so justly rue.
 Me miserable !—which way shall I fly
 Infinite wrath and infinite despair ?
 Which way I fly is hell ; myself am hell ;
 And in the lowest deep a lower deep
 Still threatening to devour me opens wide,
 To which the hell I suffer seems a heaven.
 Oh, then at last relent : is there no place
 Left for repentance, none for pardon left ?
 None left but my submission ; and that word
 Disdain forbids me, and my dread of shame
 Among the spirits beneath, whom I seduced
 With other promises and other vaunts
 Than to submit, boasting I could subdue
 The Omnipotent. Aye me ! they little know
 How dearly I abide that boast so vain ;
 Under what torments inwardly I groan,
 While they adore me on the throne of hell.
 With diadem and sceptre high advanced,
 The lower still I fall ; only supreme
 In misery : such joy ambition finds.
 But say I could repent, and could obtain
 By act of grace my former state ; how soon
 Would height recall high thoughts, how soon unsay
 What feigned submission swore ! Ease would recant
 Vows made in pain, as violent and void.
 For never can true reconciliation grow
 Where wounds of deadly hate have pierced so deep ;
 Which would but lead me to a worse relapse
 And heavier fall : so should I purchase dear
 Short intermission bought with double smart.
 This know my Punisher ; therefore as far
 From granting he, as I from begging, peace :
 All hope excluded thus, behold, instead
 Of us, outcast, exiled, his new delight,
 Mankind created, and for him this world.
 So farewell hope ; and with hope, farewell fear ;
 Farewell remorse ! all good to me is lost ;
 Evil, be thou my good ; by thee at least
 Divided empire with heaven's king I hold,
 By thee, and more than half perhaps will reign ;
 As man ere long and this new world shall know.

Assembling of the Fallen Angels.—From the same, Book I. 532.

All these and more came flocking ; but with looks
 Downcast and da'p, yet such wherein appeared
 Obscure some glimpse of joy, to have found their chief
 Not in despair, to have found themselves not lost
 In loss itself ; which on his countenance cast
 Like doubtful hue : but he, his wonted pride
 Soon recollecting, with high words that bore
 Semblance of worth, not substance, gently raised
 Their fainting courage, and dispelled their fears.
 Then straight commands that, at the warlike sound
 Of trumpets loud and clarions, be upreared
 His mighty standard ; that proud honour claimed

Asazel as his right, a cherub tall ;
 Who forthwith from the glittering staff unfurled
 The imperial ensign, which, full high advanced,
 Shone like a meteor streaming to the wind,
 With gems and golden lustre rich emblazed,
 Seraphic arms and trophies ; all the while
 Sonorous metal blowing martial sounds :
 At which the universal host up sent
 A shout, that tore Hell's concave, and beyond
 Frighted the reign of Chaos and old Night.
 All in a moment through the gloom were seen
 Ten thousand banners rise into the air
 With orient colours waving : with them rose
 A forest huge of spears ; and thronging helms
 Appeared, and serried shields in thick array,
 Of depth immeasurable : anon they move
 In perfect phalanx to the Dorian mood
 Of flutes and soft recorders ; such as raised
 To height of noblest temper heroes old
 Arming to battle ; and, instead of rage,
 Deliberate valour breathed, firm and unmoved,
 With dread of death, to flight or foul retreat ;
 Nor wanting power to mitigate and 'suage,
 With solemn touches, troubled thoughts, and chase
 Anguish, and doubt, and fear, and sorrow, and pain,
 From mortal or immortal minds. Thus they,
 Breathing united force, with fixed thought,
 Moved on in silence to soft pipes, that charmed
 Their painful steps o'er the burnt soil ; and now
 Advanced in view, they stand, a horrid front
 Of dreadful length, and dazzling arms, in guise
 Of warriors old with ordered spear, and shield,
 Awaiting what command their mighty chief
 Had to impose. . . . He, above the rest
 In shape and gesture proudly eminent,
 Stood like a tower ; his form had not yet lost
 All her original brightness, nor appeared
 Less than Archangel ruined, and th' excess
 Of glory obscured : as when the sun, new risen,
 Looks through the horizontal misty air,
 Shorn of his beams ; or from behind the moon,
 In dim eclipse, disastrous twilight sheds
 On half the nations, and with fear of change
 Perplexes monarchs. Darkened so, yet shone
 Above them all the Archangel : but his face
 Deep scars of thunder had intrenched, and care
 Sat on his faded cheek, but under brows
 Of dauntless courage and considerate pride,
 Waiting revenge : cruel his eye, but cast
 Signs of remorse and passion to behold
 The fellows of his crime, the followers rather—
 Far other once beheld in bliss—condemned
 For ever now to have their lot in pain ;
 Millions of spirits for his fault amerced
 Of heaven, and from eternal splendours flung
 For his revolt, yet faithful how they stood,
 Their glory withered, as when heaven's fire
 Hath scathed the forest oaks, or mountain pines,
 With singed top their stately growth, though bare,
 Stands on the blasted heath. He now prepared
 To speak ; whereat their doubled ranks they bend
 From wing to wing, and half inclose him round

With all his peers : attention held them mute.
 Thrice he assayed : and thrice, in spite of scorn,
 Tears, such as angels weep, burst forth ; at last
 Words, interwove with sighs, found out their way.

The Garden of Eden.—From the same, Book iv. 181.

So on he fares, and to the border comes
 Of Eden, where delicious Paradise,
 Now nearer, crowns with her inclosure green,
 As with a rural mound, the champaign head
 Of a steep wilderness, whose hairy sides
 With thicket overgrown, grotesque and wild,
 Access denied ; and overhead upgrew
 Insuperable height of loftiest shade,
 Cedar and pine, and fir, and branching palm,
 A sylvan scene ; and as the ranks ascend,
 Shade above shade, a woody theatre
 Of stateliest view. Yet higher than their tops
 The verdurous wall of Paradise up-sprung :
 Which to our general sire gave prospect large
 Into his nether empire neighbouring round.
 And higher than that wall a circling row
 Of goodliest trees, loaden with fairest fruit,
 Blossoms and fruits at once of golden hue,
 Appeared, with gay enamelled colours mixed ;
 On which the sun more glad impressed his beams
 Than in fair evening cloud, or humid bow,
 When God bath showered the earth ; so lovely seemed
 That landscape ; and of pure, now purer air
 Meets his approach, and to the heart inspires
 Vernal delight and joy, able to drive
 All sadness but despair : now gentle gales,
 Fanning their odoriferous wings, dispense
 Native perfumes, and whisper whence they stole
 Those balmy spoils. As when to them who sail
 Beyond the Cape of Hope, and now are past
 Mozambique, off at sea north-east winds blow
 Sabean odours from the spicy shore
 Of Araby the blest ; with such delay
 Well pleased they slack their course, and many a league,
 Cheered with the grateful smell, old Ocean smiles.

Morning Hymn in Paradise.—From the same, Book v. 158:

‘ These are thy glorious works, Parent of good,
 Almighty ! thine this universal frame,
 Thus wondrous fair ; thyself how wondrous then,
 Unspeakable ! who sitt’st above these heavens,
 To us invisible, or dimly seen
 In these thy lowest works ; yet these declare
 Thy goodness beyond thought, and power divine.
 Speak, ye who best can tell, ye sons of light,
 Angels ! for ye behold him, and with songs
 And choral symphonies, day without night,
 Circle his throne rejoicing ; ye in heaven,
 On earth join all ye creatures to extol
 Him first, him last, him midst, and without end !
 Fairest of stars, last in the train of night,
 If better thou belong not to the dawn.
 Sure pledge of day, that crown’st the smiling morn,
 With thy bright circlet, praise him in thy sphere,
 While day arises, that sweet hour of prime.

Thou sun, of this great world both eye and soul,
 Acknowledge him thy greater ; sound his praise
 In thy eternal course, both when thou climb'st,
 And when high noon has gained, and when thou fall'st.
 Moon, that now meet'st the orient sun, now fly'st,
 With the fixed stars, fixed in their orb that flies ;
 And ye five other wandering fires, that move
 In mystic dance not without song, resound
 His praise, who out of darkness called up light.
 Air, and ye elements, the eldest birth
 Of nature's womb, that in quaternion run
 Perpetual circle, multiform ; and mix
 And nourish all things ; let your ceaseless change
 Vary to our great Maker still new praise.
 Ye mists and exhalations, that now rise
 From hill or steaming lake, dusky or gray,
 Till the sun paint your fleecy skirts with gold,
 In honor to the world's great Author rise ;
 Whether to deck with clouds the uncoloured sky,
 Or wet the thirsty earth with falling showers,
 Rising or falling, still advance his praise.
 His praise, ye winds, that from four quarters blow,
 Breathe soft or loud ; and wave your tops, ye pines,
 With every plant, in sign of worship wave.
 Fountains, and ye that warble as ye flow,
 Melodious murmurs, warbling tune his praise.
 Join voices, all ye living souls ; ye birds,
 That singing up to heaven-gate ascend,
 Bear on your wings and in your notes his praise.
 Ye that in waters glide, and ye that walk
 The earth, and stately tread, or lowly creep,
 Witness if I be silent, morn or even,
 To hill, or valley, fountain, or fresh shade,
 Made vocal by my song, and taught his praise. |
 Hail, universal Lord ! be bounteous still
 To give us only good ; and, if the night
 Have gathered aught of evil or concealed,
 Disperse it, as now light dispels the dark !'
 So prayed they innocent, and to their thoughts
 Firm peace recovered soon, and wonted calm.
 On to their morning's rural work they haste
 Among sweet dews and flowers ; where any row
 Of fruit-trees, over-woody, reached too far
 Their pampered boughs, and needed hands to check
 Fruitless embraces ; or they led the vine
 To wed her elm ; she, spoused, about him twines
 Her marriageable arms, and with her brings
 Her dower, the adopted clusters, to adorn
 His barren leaves.

Evening in Paradise.—From the same, Book iv. 508.

Now came still evening on, and twilight gray
 Had in her sober livery all things clad ;
 Silence accompanied ; for beast and bird,
 They to their grassy couch, these to their nests,
 Were slunk, all but the wakeful nightingale
 She all night long her amorous descant sung ;
 Silence was pleased : now glowed the firmament
 With living sapphires ; Hesperus, that led
 The starry host, rode brightest, till the moon,
 Rising in clouded majesty, at length,

Apparent queen, unveiled her peerless light,
 And o'er the dark her silver mantle threw.
 When Adam thus to Eve: 'Fair consort, the hour
 Of night, and all things now retired to rest,
 Mind us of like repose, since God hath set
 Labour and rest, as day and night, to men
 Successive; and the timely dew of sleep,
 Now falling with soft alumberous weight, inclines
 Our eyelids: other creatures all day long
 Rove idle unemployed, and less need rest;
 Man hath his daily work of body or mind
 Appointed, which declares his dignity,
 And the regard of Heaven on all his ways;
 While other animals unactive range,
 And of their doings God takes no account.
 To-morrow, ere fresh morning streak the east
 With first approach of light, we must be risen,
 And at our pleasant labour to reform
 Yon flowery arbours, yonder alleys green,
 Our walk at noon, with branches overgrown,
 That mock our scant manuring, and require
 More hands than ours to lop their wanton growth:
 Those blossoms also, and those dropping gums
 That lie bestrown, unsightly and unsmooth,
 Ask riddance, if we mean to tread with ease:
 Meanwhile, as Nature wills, night bids us rest.'
 To whom thus Eve, with perfect beauty adorned:
 'My author and disposer, what thou bidst
 Unargued I obey; so God ordains;
 God is thy law, thou mine: to know no more
 Is woman's happiest knowledge and her praise.
 With thee conversing I forget all time;
 All seasons and their change, all places alike.
 Sweet is the breath of morn, her rising sweet,
 With charm of earliest birds; pleasant the sun,
 When first on this delightful land he spreads
 His orient beams, on herb, tree, fruit, and flower,
 Glistening with dew; fragrant the fertile earth
 After soft showers; and sweet the coming on
 Of grateful evening mild; then silent night,
 With this her solemn bird, and this fair moon,
 And these the gems of heaven, her starry train;
 But neither breath of morn, when she ascends
 With charm of earliest birds; nor rising sun
 On this delightful land: nor herb, fruit, flower,
 Glistening with dew; nor fragrance after showers;
 Nor grateful evening mild; nor silent night,
 With this her solemn bird; nor walk by moon,
 Or glittering starlight, without thee is sweet.
 But wherefore all night long shine these? for whom
 This glorious sight, when sleep hath shut all eyes?'
 To whom our general ancestor replied:
 'Daughter of God and Man, accomplished Eve,
 These have their course to finish round the earth
 By morrow evening, and from land to land
 In order, though to nations yet unborn,
 Ministering light prepared, they set and rise;
 Lest total darkness should by night regain
 Her old possession, and extinguish life
 In nature and all things, which these soft fires
 Not only enlighten, but with kindly heat
 Of various influence, foment and warm,

Temper or nourish, or in part shed down
 Their stellar virtue on all kinds that grow
 On earth, made hereby apter to receive
 Perfection from the sun's more potent ray.
 These, then, though unbeheld in deep of night,
 Shine not in vain; nor think, though men were none,
 That heaven would want spectators, God want praise.
 Millions of spiritual creatures walk the earth
 Unseen, both when we wake, and when we sleep:
 All these with ceaseless praise his works behold
 Both day and night. How often from the steep
 Of echoing hill or thicket have we heard
 Celestial voices to the midnight air,
 Sole, or responsive each to other's note,
 Singing their great Creator! Oft in bands,
 While they keep watch, or nightly rounding walk,
 With heavenly touch of instrumental sounds
 In full harmonic numbers joined, their songs
 Divide the night, and lift our thoughts to heaven.'

Thus talking, hand in hand alone they passed
 On to their blissful bower; it was a place
 Chosen by the sovereign Planter, when he framed
 All things to Man's delightful use; the roof
 Of thickest covert was inwoven shade
 Laurel and myrtle, and what higher grew
 Of firm and fragrant leaf; on either side
 Acanthus, and each odorous bushy shrub,
 Fenced up the verdant wall; each beauteous flower;
 Iris all hues, roses, and jessamine,
 Reared high their flourished heads between, and wrought
 Mosaic; underfoot the violet,
 Crocus, and hyacinth, with rich inlay
 Brodered the ground, more coloured than with stone
 Of costliest emblem: other creatures here,
 Beast, bird, insect, or worm, durst enter none;
 Such was their awe of Man. . . .

Thus, at their shady lodge arrived, both stood,
 Both turned, and under open sky adored
 The God that made both sky, air, earth, and heaven,
 Which they beheld, the moon's resplendent globe,
 And starry pole: 'Thou also mad'st the night,
 Maker Omnipotent, and thou the day,
 Which we in our appointed work employed
 Have finished, happy in our mutual help
 And mutual love, the crown of all our bliss,
 Ordained by thee, and this delicious place,
 For us too large, where thy abundance wants
 Partakers, and uncropt falls to the ground.
 But thou hast promised from us two a race
 To fill the earth, who shall with us extol
 Thy goodness infinite, both when we wake,
 And when we seek, as now, thy gift of sleep.'

Expulsion from Paradise.—From the same, Book xi. 263; Book xii. 596

He added not; for Adam at the news
 Heart-struck with chilling gripe of sorrow stood,
 That all his senses bound; Eve, who unseen
 Yet all had heard, with audible lament
 Discovered soon the place of her retire!
 'O unexpected stroke; worse than of death!
 Must I thus leave thee, Paradise? thus leave

Thee, native soil ! these happy walks and shades,
 Fit haunt of gods ? where I had hope to spend,
 Quiet, though sad, the respite of that day
 That must be mortal to us both. O flowers,
 That never will in other climate grow,
 My early visitation, and my last
 At even, which I bred up with tender hand
 From the first opening bud, and gave ye names !
 Who now shall rear ye to the sun, or rank
 Your tribes, and water from the ambrosial fount ?
 Thee lastly, nuptial bower, by me adorned
 With what to sight or smell was sweet, from thee
 How shall I part, and whither wander down
 Into a lower world, to this obscure
 And wild ? how shall we breathe in other air
 Less pure, accustomed to immortal fruits ?

Whom thus the Angel interrupted mild :
 ‘ Lament not, Eve, but patiently resign
 What justly thou hast lost ; nor set thy heart,
 Thus over-fond, on that which is not thine :
 Thy going is not lonely ; with thee goes
 Thy husband ; him to follow thou art bound ;
 Where he abides, think there thy native soil.’

Adam, by this from the cold sudden damps
 Recovering, and his scattered spirits returned,
 To Michael thus his humble words addressed :
 ‘ Celestial, whether among the thrones, or named
 Of them the highest, for such of shape may seem
 Prince above princes, gently hast thou told
 Thy message, which might else in telling wound,
 And in performing end us ; what besides
 Of sorrow, and dejection, and despair,
 Our frailty can sustain, thy tidings bring ;
 Departure from this happy place, our sweet
 Recess, and only consolation left
 Familiar to our eyes ; all places else
 Inhospitable appear and desolate,
 Nor knowing us, nor known : and if by prayer
 Incessant I could hope to change the will
 Of him who all things can, I would not cease
 To weary him with my assiduous cries :
 But prayer against his absolute decree
 No more avails than breath against the wind,
 Blown stifling back on him that breathes it forth :
 Therefore to his great bidding I submit.
 This most afflicts me, that, departing hence,
 As from his face I shall be hid, deprived
 His blessed countenance ; here I could frequent
 With worship place by place where he vouchsafed
 Presence divine, and to my sons relate,
 On this mount he appeared ; under this tree
 Stood visible ; among these pines his voice
 I heard ; here with him at this fountain talked :
 So many grateful altars I would rear
 Of grassy turf, and pile up every stone
 Of lustre from the brook, in memory,
 Or monument to ages, and thereon
 Offer sweet-smelling gums, and fruits, and flowers.
 In yonder nether world where shall I seek
 His bright appearances, or footsteps trace ?
 For though I fled him angry, yet, recalled
 To life prolonged and promised race, I now

Gladly behold though but his utmost skirts
Of glory, and far off his steps adore. . . .

Now, too nigh
The Archangel stood, and from the other hill
To their fixed station, all in bright array,
The cherubim descended ; on the ground,
Gilding meteorous, as evening mist
Risen from a river o'er the marsh glides,
And gathers ground fast at the labourer's heel
Homeward returning. High in front advanced,
The brandished sword of God before them blazed
Fierce as a comet ; which with torrid heat,
And vapour as the Libyan air adust,
Began to parch that temperate clime : whereat,
In either hand the hastening Angel caught
Our lingering parents, and to the eastern gate
Led them direct, and down the cliff as fast
To the subjected plain ; then disappeared.
They, looking back, all the eastern side beheld
Of Paradise, so late their happy seat,
Waved over by that flaming brand, the gate
With dreadful faces thronged and fiery arms :
Some natural tears they dropt, but wiped them soon.
The world was all before them, where to choose
Their place of rest, and Providence their guide :
They, hand in hand, with wandering steps and slow,
Through Eden took their solitary way.

Satan's Survey of Greece.—From 'Paradise Regained,' Book iv. 287

Westward, much nearer by south-west, behold
Where on the Ægean shore a city stands.
Built nobly, pure the air, and light the soil ;
Athena, the eye of Greece, mother of arts
And eloquence, native to famous wits
Or hospitable, in her sweet recess.
City or suburban, studious walks and shades.
See there the olive grove of Academe,
Plato's retirement, where the Attic bird
Trills her thick-warbled notes the summer long ;
There flowery hill Hymettus, with the sound
Of bees' industrious murmur, oft invites
To studious musing ; there Ilissus rolls
His whispering stream : within the walls, then view
The schools of ancient sages ; his who bred
Great Alexander to subdue the world,
Lyceum there, and painted Stoa next :
There shalt thou hear and learn the secret power
Of harmony, in tones and numbers hit
By voice or hand ; and various-measured verse,
Æolian charms and Dorian lyric odes,
And his who gave them breath, but higher sung.
Blind Melesigenes, thence Homer called,
Whose poem Phœbus challenged for his own :
Thence what the lofty grave tragedians taught
In Chorus or Iambic, teachers best
Of moral prudence, with delight received
In brief sententious precepts, while they treat
Of fate, and chance, and change in human life ;
High actions and high passions best describing :
Thence to the famous orators repair,

Those ancient, whose resistless eloquence
 Wielded at will that fierce democratic,
 Shook the arsenal, and fulminated over Greece,
 To Macedon and Artaxerxes' throne :
 To sage Philosophy next lend thine ear,
 From heaven descended to the low-roofed house
 Of Socrates : see there his tenement,
 Whom well inspired the oracle pronounced
 Wisest of men ; from whose mouth issued forth
 Mellifluous streams, that watered all the schools
 Of Academics old and new, with those
 Surnamed Peripatetics, and the sect
 Epicurean, and the Stoic severe :
 These here revolve, or, as thou lik'st, at home,
 Till time mature thee to a kingdom's weight :
 These rules will render thee a king complete
 Within thyself, much more with empire joined.

ANDREW MARVELL.

ANDREW MARVELL is better known as a prose writer than a poet, and is still more celebrated as a patriotic member of parliament. He was associated with Milton in friendship and in public service. Marvell was born in the village of Winestead, in Lincolnshire, March 2, 1620-21. His father was rector of Winestead, which living he resigned in 1624, for the readership of Trinity Church, Hull. A romantic story is related of the elder Marvell, and of the circumstances attending his death. A young lady from the opposite side of the Humber had visited him on the occasion of the baptism of one of his children. She was to return next day, and though the weather proved tempestuous, the lady insisted on fulfilling the promise she had made to her mother. Mr. Marvell accompanied her ; but having a presentiment of danger, he threw his cane ashore from the boat, saying to the spectators, that, in case he should perish, the cane was to be given to his son, with the injunction, that he should remember his father. His fears were but too truly verified ; the boat went down in the storm, and the party perished. The mother of the young lady, it is added, provided for the orphan child of the deceased minister, and at her death left him her fortune. Young Marvell was educated at Cambridge, and travelled abroad for some time. He was afterwards secretary to the embassy at Constantinople. A letter from Milton to Secretary Bradshaw was, in 1623, discovered in the State Paper Office, in which the poet recommends Marvell as a person well fitted to assist himself in his office of Latin secretary, he being a good scholar, and lately engaged by General Fairfax to give instructions in the languages to his daughter. The letter is dated February 1652-3. Marvell, however, was not engaged as Milton's assistant till 1657. Shortly before the Restoration, he was elected member of parliament for his native city. He was not, like Waller, an eloquent speaker, but his consistency and integrity made him highly esteemed and respected. He maintained a close correspondence with his constituents, and his let-

ters fill four hundred printed pages. His constituents, in return, occasionally sent him a stout cask of ale. Marvell is supposed to have been the last English member who received wages from his constituents.* Charles II. delighted in his society, and believing, like Sir Robert Walpole, that every man had his price, he sent Lord Danby, his treasurer, to wait upon Marvell, with an offer of a place at court, and an immediate present of a thousand pounds. The inflexible member for Hull resisted his offers, and it is said humorously illustrated his independence by calling his servant to witness that he had dined for three days successively on a shoulder of mutton! The story adds—but the whole seems highly improbable—that when the treasurer was gone, Marvell was forced to send to a friend to borrow a guinea! The patriot preserved his integrity to the last, and satirised the profligacy and arbitrary measures of the court with much wit and pungency. He died on the 18th of August 1678, from a tertian ague, unskillfully treated by an ignorant, obstinate doctor (Morton's 'Pyretologia,' 1692). The town of Hull voted a sum of money to erect a monument to Marvell's memory, but the court interfered, and forbade the votive tribute.

Marvell's prose writings were exceedingly popular in their day, but being written for temporary purposes, they have mostly gone out of date with the circumstances that produced them. In 1673, he attacked Dr. (afterwards Bishop) Parker, in a piece entitled 'The Rehearsal Transposed.' In this production he vindicates the fair fame of Milton, who, he says, 'was and is a man of as great learning and sharpness of wit as any man.' One of Marvell's treatises, 'An Account of the Growth of Popery and Arbitrary Government in England,' was considered so formidable, that a reward was offered for the discovery of the author and printer. Among the first, if not the very first, traces of that vein of sportive humour and raillery on national manners and absurdities, which was afterwards carried to perfection by Addison, Steele, Arbuthnot, and Swift, may be found in Marvell. He wrote with great liveliness, point, and vigour, though often coarse and personal. His poetry is elegant rather than forcible: it was an embellishment to his character of patriot and controversialist, but not a substantive ground of honour and distinction. Only a good and amiable man could have written his verses on 'The Emigrants in the Bermudas,' so full of tenderness and pathos. His poem on 'The Nymph Complaining for the Death of her Fawn,' is also finely conceived and expressed.

* The ancient wages of a burgess, for serving in parliament, were 2s. a day; those of a knight for the shire, 4s. They were reduced to this certain sum the 18th of Edward II. We have seen the original of an agreement between a member and his constituents, dated September 1641, in which the former stipulated to serve without 'any manner of wages or pay' from the mayor, aldermen, and burgesses of the town. The excitement of the Civil War had increased the desire of many to sit in parliament.

The Emigrants in the Bermudas.

Where the remote Bermudas ride
In the ocean's bosom unespied,
From a small boat that rowed along,
The listening winds received this song :
' What should we do but sing his praise
That led us through the watery maze
Unto an isle so long unknown,
And yet far kinder than our own ?
Where he the huge sea-monsters racks,
That lift the deep upon their backs ;
He lands us on a grassy stage,
Safe from the storms and prelates' rage.
He gave us this eternal spring
Which here enamels everything,
And sends the fowls to us in care
On daily visits through the air.
He hangs in shades the orange bright,
Like golden lamps in a green night,
And does in the pomegranates close
Jewels more rich than Ormus shews.

He makes the figs our mouths to meet,
And throws the melons at our feet,
But apples, plants of such a price,
No tree could ever bear them twice.
With cedars, chosen by his hand,
From Lebanon he stores the land ;
And makes the hollow seas that roar,
Proclaim the ambergris on shore.
He cast—of which we rather boast—
The Gospel's pearl upon our coast ;
And in these rocks for us did frame
A temple where to sound his name.
O let our voice his praise exalt,
Till it arrive at heaven's vault,
Which then perhaps rebounding may
Echo beyond the Mexique bay.
Thus sang they in the English boat
A holy and a cheerful note,
And all the way, to guide their chime,
With falling oars they kept the time.

The Nymph complaining for the Death of her Fawn.

The wanton troopers riding by
Have shot my fawn, and it will die.
Ungentle men ! They cannot thrive
Who killed thee. Thou ne'er didst, alive,
Them any harm ; alas ! nor could
Thy death to them do any good.
I'm sure I never wished them ill,
Nor do I for all this ; nor will :
But, if my simple prayers may yet
Prevail with Heaven to forget
Thy murder, I will join my tears
Rather than fall. But O my fears !
It cannot die so Heaven's King
Keeps register of every thing,
And nothing may we use in vain ;
Even beasts must be with justice slain ;
Else men are made their deodands.
Though they should wash their guilty
hands
In this warm life-blood, which doth part
From thine, and wound me to the heart,
Yet could they not be clean ; their stain
Is dyed in such a purple grain,
There is not such another in
The world to offer for their sin.

Inconstant Sylvio, when yet
I had not found him counterfeit,
One morning, I remember well,
Tied in this silver chain and bell,
Gave it to me : nay, and I know
What he said then—I'm sure I do.
Said he : ' Look how your huntsman here
Hath taught a fawn to hunt his deer.'

But Sylvio soon had me beguiled :
This waxed tame, while he grew wild,
And, quite regardless of my smart,
Left me his fawn, but took his heart.

Thenceforth I set myself to play
My solitary time away
With this ; and very well content
Could so mine idle life have spent ;
For it was full of sport, and light
Of foot and heart, and did invite
Me to its game ; it seemed to bless
Itself in me. How could I less
Than love it ? Oh, I cannot be
Unkind to a beast that loveth me !

Had it lived long, I do not know
Whether it, too, might have done so
As Sylvio did ; his gifts might be
Perhaps as false, or more, than he.
For I am sure, for aught that I
Could in so short a time espy,
Thy love was far more better than
The love of false and cruel man.

With sweetest milk and sugar first
I it at mine own fingers nursed ;
And as it grew so every day,
It waxed more white and sweet than
they.
It had so sweet a breath ! and oft
I blushed to see its foot more soft,
And white, shall I say ? than my hand—
Than any lady's of the land !

* This piece of Marvell's, particularly the last verse, seems to have been in the mind of Moore when he composed his fine lyric, the *Canarian Boat-song*.

It was a wondrous thing how fleet
 'Twas on those little silver feet.
 With what a pretty skipping grace
 It oft would challenge me the race;
 And when 't had left me far away,
 'Twould stay, and run again, and stay;
 For it was nimbler much than hinds,
 And trod as if on the four winds.
 I have a garden of my own,
 But so with roses overgrown,
 And lilies, that you would it guess
 To be a little wilderness;
 And all the spring-time of the year
 It loved only to be there.
 Among the beds of lilies I

Have sought it oft, where it should lie;
 Yet could not, till itself would rise;
 Find it, although before mine eyes;
 For in the flaxen lilies' shade,
 It like a bank of lilies laid,
 Upon the roses it would feed,
 Until its lips even seemed to bleed;
 And then to me 'twould boldly trip,
 And print those roses on my lip.
 But all its chief delight was still
 On roses thus itself to fill;
 And its pure virgin lips to fold
 In whitest sheets of lilies cold.
 Had it lived long, it would have been
 Lilies without, roses within.

*The Death of Cromwell.—From 'A Poem on the Death of His Late
 Highness, the Lord Protector.'*

He without noise still travelled to his end,
 As silent suns to meet the night descend;
 The stars that for him fought, had only power
 Left to determine now his fatal hour,
 Which, since they might not hinder, yet they cast
 To choose it worthy of his glories past.
 No part of time but bare his mark away
 Of honour—all the year was Cromwell's day!
 But this of all the most auspicious found,
 Twice had in open field him victor crown'd,
 When up the armed mountains of Dunbar
 He marched, and through deep Sovern, ending war:
 What day should him eternalise but the same
 That had before immortalis'd his name?
 That so whoso'er would at his death have joyed
 In their own griefs might find themselves employed.
 But those that sadly his departure grieved,
 Yet joyed, remembering what he once achieved.
 And the last minute his victorious ghost
 Gave chase to Ligny on the Belgic coast:
 Here ended all his mortal toils; he laid
 And slept in peace under the laurel shade. . . .
 I saw him dead: a leaden slumber lies,
 And mortal sleep, over those wakeful eyes;
 Those gentle rays under the lids were fled,
 Which through his looks that piercing sweetness shed;
 That port, which so majestic was and strong,
 Loose, and deprived of vigour, stretched along—
 All withered, all discoloured, pale and wan,
 How much another thing, no more that man!
 O human glory vain! O death! O wings!
 O worthless world! O transitory things!
 Yet dwelt that greatness in his shape decayed,
 That still, though dead, greater than death, he laid,
 And in his alter'd face you something feign
 That threatens death he yet will live again!

*A Whimsical Satire on Holland.**

Holland, that scarce deserves the name of land,
 As but the off-scouring of the British sand.

* Holland was the enemy of the Commonwealth, and protector of the exiled king; therefore odious to Marvell.

And so much earth as was contributed
 By English pilots when they heaved the lead;
 Or what by the ocean's slow alluvion fell,
 Of shipwrecked cockle and the mussel-shell;
 This indigested vomit of the sea
 Fell to the Dutch by just propriety.
 Glad then, as miners who have found the ore,
 They, with mad labour, fished the land to shore;
 And dived as desperately for each piece
 Of earth, as if 't had been of ambergris;
 Collecting anxiously small loads of clay,
 Less than what building swallows bear away;
 Or than those pills which sordid beetles roll,
 Transfusing into them their dunghill soul.
 How did they rivet, with gigantic piles,
 Thorough the centre their new-catched miles;
 And to the stake a struggling country bound,
 Where barking waves still bait the forced ground;
 Building their watery Babel far more high
 To reach the sea, than those to scale the sky.
 Yet still his claim the injured ocean laid,
 And oft at leap-frog o'er their steeples played;]
 As if on purpose it on land had come
 To shew them what 's their *mare liberum*.
 A dally deluge over them does boil;
 The earth and water play at level-coil.
 The fish oftentimes the burgher dispossessed,
 And sat, not as a meat, but as a guest;
 And oft the Tritons, and the sea-nymphs, saw
 Whole shoals of Dutch served up for Cabillau;
 Or, as they over the new level ranged,
 For pickled herring, pickled heeren changed.
 Nature, it seemed, ashamed of her mistake,
 Would throw their land away at duck and drake,
 Therefore necessity, that first made kings,
 Something like government among them brings;
 For, as with Pigmies, who best kills the crane,
 Among the hungry he that treasures grain,
 Among the blind the one-eyed blinkard reigns,
 So rules among the drowned he that drains.
 Not who first see the rising sun commands:
 But who could first discern the rising lands.
 Who best could know to pump an earth so leak,
 Him they their lord, and country's father, speak.
 To make a bank was a great plot of state;
 Invent a shovel, and be a magistrate.
 Hence some small dike-grave, unperceived invades
 The power, and grows, as 'twere, a king of spades;
 But, for less envy, some joined states endures,
 Who look like a commission of the sewers:
 For these half-anders, half-wet, and half-dry,
 Nor bear strict service, nor pure liberty.
 'Tis probable religion, after this,
 Came next in order: which they could not miss
 How could the Dutch but be converted, when
 The apostles were so many fishermen?
 Besides, the waters of themselves did rise,
 And, as their land, so them did re-baptise.

SAMUEL BUTLER.

It is rarely that a pasquinade, written to satirise living characters or systems, outlives its own age; and where such is the case, we may well conclude that there is something remarkable in the work, if not in its author. Such a work is 'Hudibras,' a cavalier burlesque of the extravagant ideas and rigid manners of the English Puritans of the Civil War and Commonwealth. Distinguished for felicity of versification and a profusion of wit never excelled in our literature, this poem still retains its place amongst the classic productions of the English muse, although seldom, perhaps, read through at once, for which, indeed, its incessant brilliancy in some measure unfits it. **SAMUEL BUTLER** was born in 1612 at Strensham, Worcestershire. His father was a farmer, possessing a small estate of his own; of the class of English yeomen. The poet, having received some education at the grammar-school of Worcester, removed to Cambridge, probably with the design of prosecuting his studies there; but, as he is ascertained to have never matriculated, it is supposed that the limited circumstances of his parents had deprived him of the advantages, which he would have enjoyed, of an academical career. On this, as on all other parts of Butler's life, there rests great obscurity. It appears that he spent some years of his youth in performing the duties of clerk to a Justice of the peace in his native district and that in this situation he found means of cultivating his mind. His talents may be presumed to have interested some of his friends and neighbours in his behalf, for he is afterwards found in the family of the Countess of Kent, where he had the use of a library, and the advantage of conversation with the celebrated Selden, who often employed the poet as his amanuensis and transcriber. He appears to have had ample leisure for study, and he amused himself, it is said, with music and painting, enjoying the friendship of Samuel Cooper, the popular miniature painter. So far Butler's youth must be considered fortunate, rather than otherwise. He is next found in the family of Sir Samuel Luke, a Bedfordshire gentleman, whom it is supposed he served in the capacity of tutor. Luke was one of Cromwell's officers—scoutmaster for Bedfordshire—and was probably marked by the well-known peculiarities of his party. The situation could not be a very agreeable one to a man whose disposition was so much towards wit and humour, even though those qualities had not made their owner a royalist, which in such an age they could scarcely fail to do. Daily exposed to association with persons whose character, from antagonism to his own, he could not but dislike, it is not surprising that the now mature muse of Butler should have conceived the design of a general satire on the sectarian party. Perhaps personal grievances of his own might add to the poignancy of his feelings regarding the Puritans. The matchless fiction of Cervantes supplied him with a model, in which he had only to substitute the extra-

gances of a political and religious fanaticism for those of chivalry. Luke himself is understood to be depicted in Sir Hudibras, and for this Butler has been accused of a breach of the laws of hospitality: we have no facts to rebut the charge; but it may in candour be allowed to remain in doubt, until we know something more precise as to the circumstances attending the connection of the poet with his patron.

The Restoration threw a faint and brief sunshine over the life of Butler. He was appointed secretary to the Earl of Carbery, president of the principality of Wales; and when the Wardenship of the Marches was revived, the earl made his secretary steward of Ludlow Castle. The poet, now fifty years of age, seemed to add to his security for the future by marrying a widow named Herbert, who was of good family and fortune; but this prospect proved delusive, in consequence of the failure of parties on whom the lady's fortune depended. It was now that Butler appeared as an author. The first part of 'Hudibras' was published in 1663, and immediately became popular. Its wit, so suited to the taste of the time, and the breadth of the satiric pictures which it presented, each of which had scores of prototypes within the recollection of all men then living, could not fail to give it extensive currency. By the Earl of Dorset, an accomplished friend of letters, it was introduced to the notice of the court; and the king is said to have had pleasure in reading and quoting it. A second part appeared in 1664, and a third fourteen years later. But though the poet and his work were the praise of all ranks, from royalty downwards, he was himself little benefited by it. What emoluments he derived from his stewardship, or whether he derived any emolument from it at all, does not appear; but according to all contemporary evidence, the latter part of his life was spent in poverty and obscurity in London. The Earl of Clarendon promised him a place at court, but he never obtained it. The king, it is said, ordered him a present of three hundred guineas, but the statement has received no proof. He was favoured with an interview by the Duke of Buckingham, who, however, seeing two court-ladies pass, ran out to them, and did not come back, so that Butler had to depart disappointed. Such are the only circumstances related as checking a twenty years' life of obscure misery which befell the most brilliant comic genius that perhaps our country has ever produced. Butler died in 1680, in Rose Street, Covent Garden—the street in which Dryden was waylaid and beaten—and was interred in St. Paul's Churchyard, Covent Garden, the expense of his funeral being defrayed by his friend Mr. Longueville.

'Hudibras' is not only the best burlesque poem written against the Puritans of that age, so fertile in satire, but is the best burlesque in the English language. The same amount of learning, wit, shrewdness, ingenious and deep thought, felicitous illustration, and irresistible drollery, has never been comprised in the same limits.

The idea of the knight, Sir Hudibras, going out 'a-colonelling' with his squire Ralph, is of course copied from Cervantes; but the filling up of the story is original. 'Don Quixote' presents us with a wide range of adventures, which interest the imagination and the feelings. There is a freshness and a romance about the Spanish hero, and a tone of high honor and chivalry, which Butler did not attempt to imitate. His object was to cast ridicule on the whole body of the English Puritans, especially their leaders, and to debase them by low and vulgar associations. It must be confessed that in many of their proceedings there was scope for sarcasm. Their affected dress, language, and manners, their absurd and fanatical legislation against walking in the fields on Sundays, village May-poles, and other subjects beneath the dignity of public notice, were fair subjects for the satirical poet. Their religious enthusiasm also led them into intolerance and absurdity. Contending for so dear a prize as liberty of conscience, and believing that they were specially appointed to shake and overturn the old corruptions of the kingdom, the Puritans were little guided by considerations of prudence, policy, or forbearance. Even Milton, the friend and associate of the party, was forced to admit

That New Presbyter was but Old Priest writ large.

The higher qualities of these men, their indomitable courage and lofty zeal, were of course overlooked or despised by the royalists, their opponents, and Butler did not choose to remember them. His burlesque was read with delight, and was popular for generations after the Puritans had merged into the more sober and discreet English dissenters. The plot or action of 'Hudibras' is limited and defective, and seems only to have been used as a sort of peg on which he could hang his satirical portraits and allusions. The first cantos were written early, when the Civil War commenced, but we are immediately conveyed to the death of Cromwell, at least fifteen years later, and have a sketch of public affairs to the dissolution of the Rump Parliament. The bare idea of a Presbyterian justice saluting out with his attendant, an Independent clerk, to redress superstition and correct abuses, has an air of ridicule, and this is kept up by the dialogues between the parties, which are highly witty and ludicrous; by their attack on the bear and the fiddle; their imprisonment in the stocks; the voluntary penance of whipping submitted to by the knight, and his adventures with his lady.

The love of Hudibras is almost as rich as that of Falstaff, and he argues in the same manner for the utmost freedom, men having, he says, nothing but 'frail vows' to oppose to the stratagems of the fair. He moralises as follows:

For women first were made for men,
Not men for them: It follows, then,
That men have right to every one,
And they no freedom of their own:

And therefore men have power to choose,
 But they no charter to refuse.
 Hence 'tis apparent that, what course
 Soe'er we take to your amours,
 Though by the indirectest way,
 'Tis no injustice nor foul play;
 And that you ought to take that course
 As we take you, for better or worse,
 And gratefully submit to those
 Who you, before another, chose.

The poem was left unfinished, but more of it would hardly have been read even in the days of Charles. There is, in fact, a *plethora* of wit in 'Hudibras,' and a condensation of thought and style which becomes oppressive and tiresome. The faculties of the reader cannot be kept in a state of constant tension; and after perusing some thirty or forty pages, he is fain to relinquish the task, and seek out for the simplicity of nature. Some of the short burlesque descriptions are inimitable. For example, of Morning :

The sun had long since, in the lap
 Of Thetis, taken out his nap,
 And, like a lobster boiled, the morn
 From black to red began to turn.

Of Night :

The sun grew low and left the skies,
 Put down, some write, by ladies' eyes;
 The moon pulled off her veil of light,
 That hides her face by day from sight—
 Mysterious veil, of brightness made,
 That's both her lustre and her shade—
 And in the lantern of the night,
 With shining horns hung out her light;
 For darkness is the proper sphere,
 Where all false glories use t' appear.
 The twinkling stars began to muster,
 And glitter with their borrowed lustre;
 While sleep the wearied world relieved,
 By counterfeiting death revived.

Many of the lines and similes in 'Hudibras' are completely identified with the language, and can never be separated from it. Such are the opening lines of Part II. canto iii. :

Doubtless the pleasure is as great
 Of being cheated as to cheat;
 As lookers-on feel most delight
 That least perceive a juggler's sleight;
 And still the less they understand,
 The more they admire his sleight-of-hand.

Or where the knight remarks, respecting the importance of money :

For what in worth is anything,
 But so much money as 'twill bring.

Butler says of his brother-poets :

Those that write in rhyme, still make
 The one verse for the other's sake;
 For one for sense, and one for rhyme,
 I think 's sufficient at one time.

There are a few such compelled rhymes in 'Hudibras,' but the number is astonishingly small.

Accomplishments of Hudibras.

When civil dudgeon first grew high,
And men fell out, they knew not why:
When hard words, jealousies, and fears,
Set folks together by the ears,
And made them fight, like mad or drunk,
For Dame Religion as for punk;
Whose honesty they all durst swear for,
Though not a man of them knew where-
fore:

When gospel-trumpeter, surrounded
With long-eared rout, to battle sounded,
And pulpit, drum ecclesiastic,
Was beat with fist, instead of a stick:
Then did Sir Knight abandon dwelling,
And out he rode a-colonelling.

A wight he was, whose very sight would
Entitle him, mirror of knighthood;
That never bowed his stubborn knee
To anything but chivalry;

Nor put up blow, but that which laid
Right-worshipful on shoulder-blade:
Chief of domestic knights and errant,
Either for cartel or for warrant:
Great on the bench, great in the saddle,
That could as well bind o'er, as swaddle:
Mighty he was at both of these,
And styled of war as well as peace.

(So some rats, of amphibious nature,
Are either for the land or water.)
But here our authors make a doubt,
Whether he were more wise or stout;
Some hold the one, and some the other:
But howso'er they make a pother,
The difference was so small, his brain
Outweighed his rage but half a grain;
Which made some take him for a tool
That knaves do work with, called a fool.

For't has been held by many, that
As Montaigne, playing with his cat,
Complains she thought him but an ass,
Much more she would Sir Hudibras.
(For that's the name our valiant knight
To all his challenges did write)

But they're mistaken very much;
'Tis plain enough he was no such:
We grant, although he had much wit,
He was very shy of using it;
As being loath to wear it out,
And therefore bore it not about,
Unless on holidays, or so.

As men, their best apparel do;
Beside, 'tis known he could speak Greek
As naturally as pigs squeak;
That Latin was no more difficult
Than to a blackbird 'tis to whistle
Being rich in both, he never scant
His bounty unto such as wanted;
But much of either would afford

To many, that had not one word. . . .

He was in logic a great critic,
Profoundly skilled in analytic;
He could distinguish, and divide
A hair 'twixt south and south-west side;
On either which he would dispute,
Confute, change hands, and still confute;
He'd undertake to prove by force
Of argument a man's no horse;
He'd prove a buzzard is no fowl,
And that a lord may be an owl—
A calf, an alderman—a goose, a justice—
And rooks, committee-men and trustees.
He'd run in debt by disputation,
And pay with ratiocination:
All this by syllogism, true
In mood and figure, he would do.

For rhetoric, he could not ope
His mouth but out there flew a trope;
And when he happened to break off
I' th' middle of his speech, or cough,
H' had hard words, ready to shew why,
And tell what rules he did it by:
Else, when with greatest art he spoke,
You'd think he talked like other folk;
For all a rhetorician's rules
Teach nothing but to name his tools.
But, when he pleased to shew 't, his
speech

In loftiness of sound was rich;
A Babylonish dialect,
Which learned pedants much affect:
It was a party-coloured dress
Of patched and piebald languages;
'Twas English cut on Greek and Latin,
Like fustian heretofore on satin.
It had an odd promiscuous tone,
As if he had talked three parts in one,
Which made some think, when he did
gabble,

Th' had heard three laboures of Babel;
Or Cerberus himself pronounce
A leash of languages at once.
This he as volubly would vent
As if his stock would ne'er be spent;
And truly, to support that charge,
He had supplies as vast and large:
For he could coin or counterfeit
New words, with little or no wit;
Words so debased and hard, no stone
Was hard enough to touch them on:
And when with hasty noise he spoke 'em,
The ignorant for current took 'em.
That had the orator, who once
Did fill his mouth with pebble-stones
When he harangued, but known his
phrase,
He would have used no other ways.

Religion of Hudibras.

For his religion, it was fit
To match his learning and his wit,
T'was Presbyterian tru-blue;
For he was of that stubborn crew
Of errant saints, whom all men grant
To be the true church militant;
Such as do build their faith upon
The holy text of pike and gun;
Decide all controversy by
Infallible artillery;
And prove their doctrine orthodox
By apostolic blows and knocks;
Call fire, and sword, and derolation,
A godly thorough reformation.
Which always must be carried on,
And still be doing, never done;
As if religion were intended
For nothing else but to be mended;
A sect whose chief devotion lies
In odd perverse antipathies;
In falling out with that or this,
And finding somewhat still amiss;
More peevish, cross, and splenetic,
Than dog distraught or monkey sick;
That with more care keep holiday

The wrong, than others the right way;
Compound for sins they are inclined to,
By damning those they have no mind to.
Still so perverse and opposite,
As if they worshipp'd God for spite:
The self-same thing they will abhor
One way, and long another for;
Free-will they one way disavow,
Another, nothing else allow;
All piety consists therein
In them, in other men all sin;
Rather than fail, they will defy
That which they love most tenderly:
Quarrel with mince pies, and disparage
Their best and dearest friend, plum-porridge;
Fat pig and goose itself oppose,
And blaspheme custard through the nose.
Th' apostles of this fierce religion,
Like Mahomet's, were ass and widgeon,
To whom our knight, by fast instinct
Of wit and temper was so linked,
As if hypocrisy and nonsense
Had got th' advowson of his conscience,

Personal Appearance of Hudibras.

His tawny beard was th' equal grace
Both of his wisdom and his face;
In cut and dye so like a tile.
A sudden view it would beguile;
The upper part thereof was whey,
The nether, orange, mixed with gray.
This hairy meteor did denounce
The fall of sceptres and of crowns;
With grisly type did represent
Declining age of government;
And tell, with hieroglyphic spade,
Its own grave and the state's were made.
Like Samson's heart-breakers, it grew
In time to make a nation rue;
Though it contributed its own fall,
To wait upon the public downfall;
It was monastic, and did grow
In holy orders by strict vow;
Of rule as sullen and severe,
As that of rigid Cordelier;
'Twas bound to suffer persecution,
And martyrdom with resolution;
'To oppose itself against the hate
And vengeance of th' incensed state
In whose defiance it was worn,
Still ready to be pulled and torn;
With red-hot irons to be tortured,
Revild, and spit upon, and martyred;
Maugre all which 'twas to stand fast
As long as monarchy should last;
But when the state should hap to reel,
'Twas to submit to fatal steel,
And fall, as it was consecrate,

A sacrifice to fall of state;
Whose thread of life the fatal Sisters
Did twist together with its whiskers,
And twine so close, that Time should
never,
In life or death, their fortunes sever;
But with his rusty sickle mow
Both down together at a blow.
His doublet was of sturdy buff,
And though not sword, yet cudgel proof;
Whereby 'twas fitter for his use,
Who feared no blows but such as bruise.
His breeches were of rugged woollen,
And had been at the siege of Bullen;
To old king Harry so well known,
Some writers hold they were his own;
Though they were lined with many a
piece
Of ammunition, bread and cheese,
And fat black-puddings, proper food
For warriors that delight in blood;
For, as we said, he always chose
To carry victual in his hose,
That often tempt'd rats and mice
The ammunition to surprise;
And when he put a hand but in
The one or t'other magazine,
They stoutly on defence on 't stood,
And from the wounded foe drew blood;
And till th' were storm'd and beaten out,
Nearer the fortifi'd redoubt;
And though knights-errant, as some think,
Of old, did neither eat nor drink,

Because when thorough deserts vast,
And regions desolate they passed,
Where belly-timber above ground,
Or under, was not to be found,
Unless they grazed, there's not one word
Of their provision on record ;
Which made some confidently write
They had no stomachs but to fight.
'Tis false; for Arthur wore in hall
Round table like a farthingal ;
On which, with shirt pulled out behind,
And eke before, his good knights dined ;
Though 'twas no table some suppose,
But a huge pair of round trunk-hose,
In which he carried as much meat
As he and all the knights could eat ;
When laying by their swords and trun-
cheons,
They took their breakfasts or their nun-
cheous.

But let that pass at present, lest
We should forget where we digressed,
As learned authors use, to whom
We leave it, and to th' purpose come.
His puissant sword unto his side,
Near his undaunted heart, was tied,
With basket-hilt that would hold broth,
And serve for fight and dinner both ;
In it he melted lead for bullets
To shoot at fowls, and sometimes pullets,
To whom he bore so fell a grutch,
He ne'er gave quarter t' any such.
The trauchant blade, Toledo trusty,

For want of fighting, was grown rusty,
And ate into itself, for lack
Of somebody to hew and hack :
The peaceful scabbard where it dwelt,
The rancour of its edge had felt ;
For of the lower end two handful
It had devoured, 'twas so manifold,
And so much scorned to lurk in case,
As if it durst not shew its face.
In many desperate attempts
Of warrants, exigents, contempts,
It had appeared with courage bolder
Than Sergeant Bunn invading shoulder :
Oft had it ta'en possession,
And prisoners too, or made them run.
This sword a dagger had, his page,
That was but little for his age ;
And therefore waited on him so
As dwarfs upon knights-errant do :
It was a serviceable dudgeon,
Either for fighting, or for drudging :
When it had stabbed or broke a head,
It would scrape trenchers, or chip bread ;
Toast cheese or bacon, though it were
To bait a mouse-trap, would not care :
'Twould make clean shoes, and in the
earth
Set leeks and onions, and so forth :
It had been 'prentice to a brewer,
Where this and more it did endure,
But left the trade, as many more
Have lately done on the same score.*

Miscellaneous Thoughts.—From Butler's Remains.

The truest characters of ignorance
Are vanity, and pride, and arrogance ;
As blind men use to bear their noses
higher
Than those that have their eyes and sight
entire.
All wit and fancy, like a diamond,
The more exact and curious 'tis ground,
Is forced for every carat to abate
As much in value as it wants in weight.

Love is too great a happiness
For wretched mortals to possess ;
For could it hold inviolate
Against those cruelties of fate
Which all felicities below
By rigid laws are subject to,
It would become a bliss too high
For perishing mortality ;
Translate to earth the joys above ;

For nothing goes to heaven but love.
All love at first, like generous wine,
Ferments and frets until 'tis fine ;
For when 'tis settled on the lee,
And from the impure matter free,
Becomes the richer still the older,
And proves the pleasanter the colder.

As at the approach of winter, all
The leaves of great trees use to fall,
And leave them naked, to engage
With storms and tempests when they
rage,
While humbler plants are found to wear
Their fresh green liveries all the year ;
So when their glorious reason 's gone
With great men, and hard times come on,
The greatest calamities oppress
The greatest still, and spare the less.

* An allusion to Cromwell. There was a tradition that the Protector's father had a brewery in Huntingdon, which was carried on successfully after his death by his widow. It is certain that the premises occupied by the family had previously been employed as a brewery. The father, Robert Cromwell, was a country gentleman of good estate, younger son of a knight.

In Rome no temple was so low
As that of Honour, built to shew
How humble honour ought to be,
Though there 'twas all authority,

All smatterers are more brisk and pert
Than those that understand an art ;
As little sparkles shine more bright
Than glowing coals that give them light.

To his Mistress.

Do not unjustly blame
My guiltless breast,
For venturing to disclose a flame
It had so long suppress.

In its own ashes it designed
For ever to have lain ;
But that my sighs, like blasts of wind,
Made it break out again.

CHARLES COTTON.

The name of CHARLES COTTON (1630-1687) calls up a number of agreeable associations. It is best known from its piscatory and affectionate union with that of good old Izaak Walton ; but Cotton was a cheerful, witty, accomplished man, and only wanted wealth and prudence to have made him one of the leading characters of his day. His father, Sir George Cotton, died in 1658, leaving the poet an estate at Ashbourne, in Derbyshire, near the river Dove, so celebrated in the annals of trout-fishing. The property was much encumbered, and the poet soon added to its burdens. As a means of pecuniary relief, as well as recreation, Cotton translated several works from the French and Italian, including Montaigne's Essays. In his fortieth year, he obtained a captain's commission in the army ; and afterwards made a fortunate second marriage with the Countess-dowager of Ardglass, who possessed a jointure of £1500 a year. It does not appear, however, that Cotton ever got out of his difficulties. The lady's fortune was secured from his mismanagement, and the poet died insolvent. His happy, careless disposition seems to have enabled him to study, amuse and delight his friends, amidst all his embarrassments. He published several burlesques and travesties, some of them grossly indelicate ; but he wrote also some copies of verses full of genuine poetry. One of his humorous pieces, 'A Journey to Ireland,' seems to have anticipated, as Campbell remarks, the manner of Anstey in the 'New Bath Guide.' As a poet, Cotton may be ranked with Andrew Marvell.

The New Year.

Hark ! the cock crows, and you bright
star
Tells us the day himself 's not far ;
And see ! where, breaking from the night,
He glides the western hills with light.
With him old Janus doth appear,
Peeping into the future year,
With such a look, as seems to say
The prospect is not good that way.
Thus do we rise ill sights to see,
And 'gainst ourselves to prophesy :
When the prophetic fear of things
A more tormenting mischief brings,
More full of soul-tormenting gall
Than direct mischiefs can befall.

But stay ! but stay ! methinks my sight,
Better informed by clearer light,
Discerns serenity in that brow,
That all contracted seemed but now.
His reversed face may shew distaste,
And frown upon the ill as past ;
But that which this way looks is clear,
And smiles upon the new-born year.
He looks, too, from a place so high,
The year lies open to his eye ;
And all the moments open are
To the exact discoverer.
Yet more and more he smiles upon
The happy revolution.
Why should we then suspect or fear,

The influences of a year,
So smiles upon us the first morn,
And speaks us good as soon as born?
Plague on't! the last was ill enough,
This cannot but make better proof;
Or, at the worst, as we brush'd through
The last, why so w^e may this too;
And then the next in reason should
Be super-excellently good:
For the worst ill, w^e daily see,
Have no more perpetuity
Than the best fortunes that do fall;
Which also brings us wherewithal
Longer their being to support,

Than those do of the other sort:
And who has one good year in three,
And yet repines at d^e st^einy.
Appears ungrateful in the case,
And merits not the good he has.
Then let us welcom^e the new guest
With lusty brimmers of the b^est:
Mirth always should good-fortune meet,
And renders e'en disaster sweet;
And though the princess turn her back,
Let us but line ourselves with sack,
We better shall by far hold out
Till the next year she face about.

Invitation to Izaak Walton.

In his eighty-third year, Walton professed a resolution to begin a pilgrimage of more than a hundred miles into a country then difficult and hazardous for an aged man to travel in, to visit his friend Cotton, and, doubtless, to enjoy his favourite diversion of angling in the delightful streams of the Dove. To this journey he seems to have been invited by Cotton in the following beautiful stanzas, printed with other of his poems in 1689. and addressed to his dear and most worthy friend, Mr. Izaak Walton.

Whilst in this cold and blustering climate,
Where bleak winds howl, and tempests
 roar,

We pass away the roughest time
Has been of many years before;

Whilst from the most tempestuous nooks
The chilliest blasts our peace invade,
And by great rains our smallest brooks
Are almost navigable made;

Whilst all the ills are so improved
Of this dead quarter of the year,
That even you, so much beloved,
We would not now wish us here:

In this estate, I say, it is
Some comfort to us to suppose
That in a better climate than this,
You, our dear friend, have more repose;

And some delight to me the while,
Though Nature now does weep in rain,
To think that I have seen her smile,
And haply I may do again.

If the all-ruling Power please
We live to see another May,

We'll recompense an age of these
Foul days in our fine fishing-day.

We then shall have a day or two,
Perhaps a week, wherein to try
What the best master's hand can do
With the most deadly killing fly.

A day with not too bright a beam;
A warm, but not a scorching sun;
A southern gale to curl the stream;
And, master, half our work is done.

Then, whilst behind some bush we wait
The scaly people to betray,
We'll prove it just, with treacherous bait,
To make the preying trout our prey;

And think ourselves, in such an hour,
Happier than those, though not so high,
Who, like Leviathans, devour
Of meaner men the smaller fry.

This, my best friend, at my poor home,
Shall be our pastime and our theme;
But then—should you not deign to come,
You make all this a flattering dream.

A Welsh Guide.

The sun in the morning disclosed his light,
With complexion as ruddy as mine overnight;
And o'er th' eastern mountains peeping up's head,
The casement being open, espied me in bed;
With his rays he so tickled my lids, I awaked,
And was half ashamed, for I found myself naked;
But up I soon start, and was dressed in a trice,
And called for a draught of ale, sugar, and spice;

Which having turned off, I then call to pay,
 And packing my pawls, whipt to horse, and away,
 A guide I had got who demanded great vaile,
 For conducting me over the mountains of Wales :
 Twenty good shillings, which sure very large is ;
 Yet that would not serve, but I must bear his charges ;
 And yet for all that, rode astride on a beast,
 The worst that e'er went on three legs. I protest ;
 It certainly was the most ugly of jades ;
 His hips and his rump made a right ace of spades ;
 His sides were two ladders, well spur-galled withal ;
 His neck was a helve, and his head was a nail ;
 For his colour, my pains and your trouble I'll spare,
 For the creature was wholly denuded of hair ;
 And, except for two things, as bare as my nail ;
 A tuft of a mane, and a sprig of a tail ;
 Now, such as the beast was, even such was the rider,
 With a head like a nutmeg, and legs like a spider ;
 A voice like a cricket, a look like a rat,
 The brains of a goose, and the heart of a cat ;
 Ev'n such was my guide and his beast ; let them pass,
 The one for a horse, and the other an ass.

The Retirement—Stanzas Irregulars, to Mr. Izaak Walton.

Farewell, thou busy world ! and may
 We never meet again :
 Here I can eat, and sleep, and pray,
 And do more good in one short day
 Than he who his whole age outwears
 Upon the most conspicuous theatres,
 Where nought but vanity and vice do
 reign.

Good God, how sweet are all things here !
 How beautiful the fields appear !
 How cleanly do we feed and lie !
 Lord, what good hours do we keep !
 How quietly we sleep !
 What peace, what unanimity !
 How innocent from the lewd fashion,
 Is all our business, all our recreation !

Oh, how happy here's our leisure !
 Oh, how innocent our pleasure !
 Oh, ye valleys ! Oh, ye mountains !
 Oh, ye groves and crystal fountains !
 How I love, at liberty,
 By turns to come and visit ye !

Dear Solitude, the soul's best friend,
 That man acquainted with himself dost
 make,
 And all his Maker's wonders to intend,
 With thee I here converse at will,
 And would be glad to do so still,
 For it is thou alone that keep'st the soul
 awake.

How calm and quiet a delight
 Is it, alone,
 To read, and meditate, and write,

By none offended, and offending none !
 To walk, ride, sit, or sleep at one's own ease,
 And, pleasing a man's self, none other to
 displease.

Oh, my beloved nymph, fair Dove,
 Princess of rivers, how I love
 Upon thy flowery banks to lie,
 And view thy silver stream,
 When gilded by a summer's beam !
 And in it all thy wanton fry,
 Playing at liberty ;
 And with my angle, upon them
 The all of treachery
 I ever learned, industriously to try !

Such streams Rome's yellow Tiber can-
 not shew ;
 The Iberian Tagus, or Ligurian Po,
 The Maese, the Danube, and the Rhine,
 Are puddle-water all compared with
 thine ;
 And Loire's pure streams yet too pol-
 luted are
 With thine, much purer, to compare ;
 The rapid Garonne and the winding
 Seine
 Are both too mean,
 Beloved Dove, with thee
 To vie priority ;
 Nay, Thame and Isis, when conjoined,
 submit,
 And lay their trophies at thy silver feet.

Oh, my beloved rocks, that rise
 To awe the earth and brave the skies,
 From some aspiring mountain's crown,

How dearly do I love,
Giddy with pleasure, to look down,
And from the vales, to view the noble
heights above!
Oh, my beloved caves! from dog-star's
heat,
And all anxieties, my safe retreat;
What safety, privacy, what true delight,
In the artificial night,
Your gloomy entrails make,
Have I taken, do I take!
How oft, when grief has made me fly,
To hide me from society,
E'en of my dearest friends, have I,
In your recesses' friendly shade,
All my sorrows open laid,

And my most secret woes intrusted to
your privacy!

Lord, would men let me alone,
What an over-happy one
Should I think myself to be;
Might I in this desert place—
Which most men in discourse disgrace—
Live but undisturbed and free!
Here, in this despised recess,
Would I, manure winter's cold,
And the summer's worst excess,
Try to live out to sixty full years old;
And, all the while,
Without an envious eye
On any thriving under Fortune's smile,
Contented live, and then contented die.

EARL OF ROSCOMMON.

The reign of Charles II. was a period fraught with evil and danger to all the sober restraints, the decencies, and home-bred virtues of domestic life. Poetry suffered in the general deterioration, and Pope has said, that

In all Charles's days
Roscommon only boasts unspotted bays.

WENTWORTH DILLON, EARL OF ROSCOMMON (1684-1685), was the nephew and godson of the celebrated Earl of Strafford. He travelled abroad during the Civil War, and returned at the time of the Restoration, when he was made captain of the band of pensioners, and subsequently Master of the Horse to the Duchess of York. Roscommon, like Denham, was addicted to gambling; but he cultivated his taste for literature, and produced a poetical 'Essay on Translated Verse,' a translation of Horace's 'Art of Poetry,' and some other minor pieces. He planned, in conjunction with Dryden, a scheme for refining our language and fixing its standard; but, while meditating on this and similar topics connected with literature, the arbitrary measures of James II. caused public alarm and commotion. Roscommon, dreading the result, prepared to retire to Rome, saying, it was best to sit near the chimney when the chamber smoked. An attack of gout prevented the poet's departure. He died, and was buried (January 21, 1684-5) in Westminster Abbey. 'At the moment in which he expired,' says Johnson, 'he uttered, with an energy of voice that expressed the most fervent devotion, two lines of his own version of "Dies Iræ:"

My God, my Father, and my Friend,
Do not forsake me in my end!

The only work of Roscommon's which may be said to elevate him above mediocrity, is his 'Essay on Translated Verse,' in which he inculcates in didactic poetry the rational principles of translation previously laid down by Cowley and Denham. It was published in 1681; and it is worthy of remark, that Roscommon notices the sixth

book of 'Paradise Lost'—published only four years before—for its sublimity. Dryden has heaped on Roscommon the most lavish praise, and Pope has said that 'every author's merit was his own.' Posterity has not confirmed these judgments. Roscommon stands on the same ground with Denham—elegant and sensible, but cold and unimpassioned. We shall subjoin a few passages from his 'Essay on Translated Verse':

The Modest Muse.

With how much ease is a young maid betrayed—
How nice the reputation of the maid!
Your early, kind, paternal care appears
By chaste instruction of her tender years.
The first impression in her infant breast
Will be the deepest, and should be the best.
Let not austerity breed servile fear;
No wanton sound offend her virgin ear.
Secure from foolish pride's affected state,
And specious flattery's more pernicious bait;
Habitual innocence adorns her thoughts;
But your neglect must answer for her faults.
Immodest words adn it of no defence,
For want of decency is want of sense.
What moderate fop would rake the park or stews,
Who among troops of faultless nymphs may choose?
Variety of such is to be found;
Take then a subject proper to expound,
But moral, great, and worth a poet's voice;
For men of sense despise a trivial choice;
And such applause it must expect to meet,
As would some painter busy in a street
To copy bulls and bears, and every sign
That calls the staring rôte to nasty wine.
Yet 'tis not all to have a subject good;
It must delight us when 'tis understood.
He that brings fulsome objects to my view—
As many old have done, and many new—
With nauseous images my fancy fills,
And all goes down like oxymel of squilla.
Instruct the listening world how Maro sings
Of useful subjects and of lofty things.
These will such true, such bright ideas raise,
As merit gratitude, as well as praise.
But foul descriptions are offensive still,
Either for being like or being ill.
For who without a qualm hath ever looked
On holy garbage, though by Homer cooked?
Whose railing heroes, and whose wounded gods,
Make some suspect he snores as well as nods.
But I offend—Virgil begins to frown,
And Horace looks with indignation down;
My blushing Muse, with conscious fear retires,
And whom they like implicitly admires.

Caution Against False Pride.

On sure foundations let your fabric rise,
And with attractive majesty surprise;
Not by affected meretricious arts,
But strict harmonious symmetry of parts;

Which through the whole insensibly must pass
 With vital heat, to animate the mass :
 A pure, an active, an auspicious flame,
 And bright as heaven, from whence the blessing came,
 But few—O few ! souls pre-ordained by fate,
 The race of gods, have reached that envied height.
 No rebel Titans' sacrilegious crime,
 By heaping hills on hills, can hither climb :
 'The grisly ferryman of hell denied'
 Æneas entrance, till he knew his guide.
 How justly then will impious mortals fall,
 Whose pride would soar to heaven without a call !
 Pride—of all others the most dangerous fault—
 Proceeds from want of sense, or want of thought.
 The men who labour and digest things most,
 Will be much apter to despond than boast ;
 For if your author be profoundly good,
 'Twill cost you dear before he's understood.
 How many ages since has Virgil writ !
 How few are they who understand him yet !
 Approach his altars with religious fear ;
 No vulgar deity inhabits there.
 Heaven shakes not more at Jove's imperial nod
 Than poets should before their Mantuan god.
 Hall, mighty Maro ; may that sacred name
 Kindle my breast with thy celestial flame,
 Sublime ideas and apt words infuse ;
 The Muse instruct my voice, and thou inspire the Muse !

An Author must Feel what he Writes.

I pity, from my soul, unhappy men,
 Compelled by want to prostitute the pen ;
 Who must, like lawyers, either starve or plead,
 And follow, right or wrong, where guineas lead !
 But you, Pompilian, wealthy pampered heirs,
 Who to your country owe your swords and cares ;
 Let no vain hope your easy mind seduce,
 For rich ill poets are without excuse ;
 'Tis very dangerous tampering with the Muse ;
 The profit's small, and you have much to lose ;
 For though true wit adorns your birth or place,
 Degenerate lines degrade the attainted race.
 No poet any passion can excite,
 But what they feel transport them when they write.

On the Day of Judgment.—Version of the 'Dies Irae.'

That day of wrath, that dreadful day, Shall the whole world in ashes lay, As David and the Sibyls say.	Behold the pale offender rise, And view the Judge with conscious eyes.
What horror will invade the mind, When the strict Judge, who would be kind ! Shall have few venial faults to find !	Then shall, with universal dread, The sacred mystic book be read, To try the living and the dead.
The last loud trumpet's wondrous sound Shall through the rending tombs re- bound, And wake the nations under ground.	The Judge ascends his awful throne ; He makes each secret sin be known, And all with shame confess their own.
Nature and Death shall, with surprise,	O then, what interest shall I make To save my last important stake, When the most just have cause to quake ?

Thou mighty, formidable king,
Thou mercy's unexhausted spring,
Some comfortable pity bring!

Prostrate my contrite heart I rend,
My God, my Father, and my Friend,
Do not forsake me in my end!

Forget not what my ransom cost,
Nor let my dear-nought soul be lost
In storms of guilty terror tossed. . .

Well may they curse their second breath,
Who rise to a reviving death.
Thou great Creator of mankind,
Let guilty man compassion find!

EARL OF ROCHESTER.

JOHN WILMOT, EARL OF ROCHESTER (1647-1680), is known principally from his having—to use the figurative language of Johnson —‘blazed out his youth and his health in lavish voluptuousness,’ and died from physical exhaustion and decay at the age of thirty-three. Like most of the courtiers of the day, Rochester travelled in France and Italy. He was at sea with the Earl of Sandwich and Sir Edward Spragge, and distinguished himself for bravery. In the heat of an engagement, he went to carry a message in an open boat amidst a storm of shot. This manliness of character forsook Rochester in England, for he was accused of betraying cowardice in street-quarrels, and he refused to fight with the Duke of Buckingham. In the profligate court of Charles, Rochester was the most profligate; his intrigues, his low amours and disguises, his erecting a stage and playing the mountebank on Tower-hill, and his having been *five years* in a state of inebriety, are circumstances well known and partly admitted by himself. It is remarkable, however, that his domestic letters shew him in a different light—‘tender, playful, and alive to all the affections of a husband, a father, and a son.’ His repentance itself says something for the natural character of the unfortunate profligate: to judge from the memoir left by Dr. Burnet, who was his lordship’s spiritual guide on his death-bed, it was sincere and unreserved. We may, therefore, with some confidence, set down Rochester as one of those whose vices are less the effect of an inborn tendency, than of external corrupting circumstances. It may fairly be said of him, ‘Nothing in his life became him like the leaving it.’ His poems consist of slight effusions, thrown off without labour. Many of them are so very licentious as to be unfit for publication: but in one of these, he has given *in one line* a happy character of Charles II.:

A merry monarch, scandalous and poor.

His songs are sweet and musical. Rochester wrote a poem ‘Upon Nothing,’ which is merely a string of puns and conceits. It opens, however, with a fine image:

Nothing, thou elder brother even to shade,
That hadst a being ere the world was made,
And, well fixed, art alone of ending not afraid.

Song.

While on those lovely looks I gaze,
To see a wretch pursuing,
In raptures of a blest amaze,
His pleasing happy ruin ;
'Tis not for pity that I move ;
His fate is too aspiring,
Whose heart, broke with a load of love,
Dies wishing and admiring.

But if this murder you'd forego,
Your slave from death removing,
Let me your art of charming know,
Or learn you mine of loving.
But whether life or death betide,
In love 'tis equal measure ;
The victor lives with empty pride,
The vanquished die with pleasure.

Constancy—A Song.

I cannot change as others do,
Though you unjustly scorn ;
Since that poor swain that sighs for you,
For you alone was born.
No, Phillis, no ; your heart to move
A surer way I'll try ;
And, to revenge my slighted love,
Will still love on, will still love on, and die.

When, killed with grief, Amyntas lies,
And you to mind shall call
The sighs that now unpitied rise,
The tears that vainly fall ;
That welcome hour that ends this smart
Will then begin your pain,
For such a faithful tender heart
Can never break, can never break in vain.

Song.

Too late, alas ! I must confess,
You need not arts to move me :
Such charms by nature you possess,
'Twere madness not to love you.

Then spare a heart you may surprise,
And give my tongue the glory
To boast, though my unfaithful eyes
Betray a tender story.

Song.

My dear mistress has a heart
Soft as those kind looks she gave me,
When, with love's resistless art,
And her eyes, she did enslave me.
But her constancy 's so weak,
She's so wild and apt to wander,
That my jealous heart would break,
Should we live one day asunder.

Melting joys about her move,
Killing pleasures, wounding blisses ;
She can dress her eyes in love,
And her lips can warm with kisses.
Angels listen when she speaks ;
She's my delight, all mankind's wonder ;
But my jealous heart would break,
Should we live one day asunder.

A few specimens of Rochester's letters to his wife and son are subjoined :

I am very glad to hear news from you, and I think it very good when I hear you are well ; pray be pleased to send me word what you are apt to be pleased with, that I may shew you how good a husband I can be ; I would not have you so formal as to judge of the kindness of a letter by the length of it, but believe of everything that it is as you would have it.

'Tis not an easy thing to be entirely happy ; but to be kind is very easy, and that is the greatest measure of happiness. I say not this to put you in mind of being kind to me ; you have practised that so long, that I have a joyful confidence you will never forget it ; but to shew that I myself have a sense of what the methods of my life seemed so utterly to contradict, I must not be too wise about my own follies, or else this letter had been a book dedicated to you, and published to the world. It will be more pertinent to tell you, that very shortly the king goes to Newmarket, and then I shall wait on you at Adderbury ; in the meantime, think of anything you would have me do, and I shall thank you for the occasion of pleasing you.

Mr. Morgan I have sent on this errand, because he plays the regue here in town so extremely, that he is not to be endured ; pray, if he behaves himself so at Adderbury, send me word, and let him stay till I send for him. Pray, let Ned come up to town ; I have a little business with him, and he shall be back in a week.

Wonder not that I have not written to you all this while, for it was hard for me to know what to write upon several accounts ; but in this I will only desire you not to

be too much amazed at the thoughts my mother has of you, since, being mere imaginations, they will as easily vanish, as they were groundlessly erected; for my own part, I will make it my endeavour they may. What you desired of me in your other letter, shall punctually be performed. You must, I think, obey my mother in her commands to wait on her at Aylesbury, as I told you in my last letter. I am very dull at this time, and therefore think it pity in this humour to testify myself to you any further; only, dear wife, I am your humble servant,
ROCHESTER.

MY WIFE.—The difficulties of pleasing your ladyship do increase so fast upon me, and are grown so numerous, that, to a man less resolved than myself never to give it over, it would appear a madness ever to attempt it more; but through your frailties mine ought not to multiply; you may therefore secure yourself that it will not be easy for you to put me out of my constant resolutions to satisfy you in all I can. I confess there is nothing will so much contribute to my assistance in this as your dealing freely with me; for since you have thought it a wise thing to trust me less and have reserves, it has been out of my power to make the best of my proceedings effectual to what I intended them. At a distance, I am likeliest to learn your mind, for you have not a very obliging way of delivering it by word of mouth; if, therefore, you will let me know the particulars in which I may be useful to you, I will shew my readiness as to my own part: and if I fail of the success I wish, it shall not be the fault of your humble servant,
ROCHESTER.

I intend to be at Adderbury some time next week.

I hope, Charles, when you receive this, and know that I have sent this gentlemen to be your tutor, you will be very glad to see I take such care of you, and be very grateful, which is best shown in being obedient and diligent. You are now grown big enough to be a man, and you can be wise enough; for the way to be truly wise is to serve God, learn your book, and observe the instructions of your parents first, and next your tutor, to whom I have entirely resigned you for this seven years, and according as you employ that time, you are to be happy or unhappy for ever; but I have so good an opinion of you, that I am glad to think you will never deceive me; dear child, learn your book and be obedient, and you shall see what a father I will be to you. You shall want no pleasure while you are good, and that you may be so are my constant prayers.
ROCHESTER.

Charles, I take it very kindly that you write me, though seldom, and wish heartily you would behave yourself so as I might shew how much I love you without being ashamed. Obedience to your grandmother, and those who instruct you in good things, is the way to make you happy here and for ever. Avoid idleness, scorn lying, and God will bless you
ROCHESTER.

SIR CHARLES SEDLEY.

SIR CHARLES SEDLEY (1639–1701) was one of the brightest satellites of the court of Charles II.—as witty and gullant as Rochester, as fine a poet, and a better man. He was the son of a Kentish baronet, Sir John Sedley of Aylesford. The Restoration drew him to London, and he became such a favourite for his taste and accomplishments, that Charles is said to have asked him if he had not obtained from Nature a patent to be Apollo's viceroy. His estate, his time, and morals, were squandered away at court; but latterly the poet redeemed himself, became a constant attender of parliament, in which he had a seat, opposed the arbitrary measures of James II. and assisted to bring about the Revolution. James had seduced Sedley's daughter, and created her Countess of Dorchester—a circumstance which probably quickened the poet's zeal against the court. 'I hate ingratitude,' said the witty Sedley; 'and as the king has made my daughter a countess, I will endeavour to make his daughter a queen'—alluding to the Princess Mary, married to the Prince of Orange. Sir Charles

wrote plays and poems, which were extravagantly praised by his contemporaries. Buckingham enlogised the *witchcraft* of Sedley, and Rochester spoke of his 'gentle prevailing art.' His songs are light and graceful, with a more studied and felicitous diction than is seen in most of the court-poets. One of the finest, 'Ah! Chloris, that I now could sit,' has been often printed as the composition of the Scottish patriot, Duncan Forbes of Culloden, Lord President of the Court of Session : * the verses occur in Sedley's play, 'The Mulberry Garden,' 1668. Sedley's conversation was highly prized, and he lived on, delighting all his friends, till past his sixtieth year. As he says of one of his own heroines, he

Bloom'd in the winter of his days,
Like Glastonbury thorn.

Song.

Ah! Chloris, that I now could sit
As unconcerned as when
Your infant beauty could beget
No pleasure, nor no pain.

When I the dawn used to admire,
And praised the coming day,
I little thought the growing fire
Must take my rest away.

Your charms in harmless childhood lay
Like metals in a mine;
Age from no face took more away,
Than youth concealed in thine.

But as your charms insensibly
To their perfection prest,
Fond love as unperceived did fly,
And in my bosom rest.

My passion with your beauty grew,
And Cupid at my heart,
Still as his mother favoured you,
Threw a new flaming dart.

Each gloried in their wanton part;
To make a lover, he
Employed the utmost of his art—
To make a beauty, she.

Though now I slowly bend to love,
Uncertain of my fate,
If your fair self my chains approve,
I shall my freedom hate.

Lovers, like dying men, may well
At first disordered be,
Since none alive can truly tell
What fortune they must see.

Song.

Love still has something of the sea,
From whence his mother rose;
No time his slaves from doubt can free,
Nor give their thoughts repose.

They are becalmed in clearest days,
And in rough weather tossed;
They wither under cold delays,
Or are in tempests lost.

One while they seem to touch the port,
Then straight into the main
Some angry wind, in cruel sport,
The vessel drives again.

At first disdain and pride they fear,
Which, if they chance to 'scape,

Rivals and falsehood soon appear
In a more dreadful shape.

By such degrees to joy they come,
And are so long withstood;
So slowly they receive the sum,
It hardly does them good.

'Tis cruel to prolong a pain;
And to defer a joy,
Believe me, gentle Clemeene,
Offends the winged boy.

A hundred thousand oaths your fears
Perhaps would not remove;
And if I gaz'd a thousand years,
I could no deeper love.

* The error may have arisen from the circumstance that Allan Ramsay published the song, without the author's name, in his *Tea-table Miscellany*, 1744. Ramsay made several alterations—for example :

Ah! Chloris, could I now but sit
As unconcerned as when
Your infant beauty could beget
No happiness nor pain.

When I this dawning did admire,
And praised the coming day,
I little thought that rising fire
Would take my rest away.

Song.

Phillis, men say that all my vows
Are to thy fortune paid;
Alas! my heart he little knows,
Who thinks my love a trade.

Were I of all these woods the lord,
One berry from thy hand
More real pleasure would afford
Than all my large command.

My humble love has learned to live
On what the nicest maid,
Without a conscious blush, may give
Beneath the myrtle shade.

Of costly food it hath no need,
And nothing will devour;
But like the harm! as bee can feed,
And not impair the flower.

A spotless innocence like thine
May such a flame allow;
Yet thy fair name for ever shine
As doth thy beauty now.

I heard thee wish my lambs might stray
Safe from the fox's power,
Though every one become his prey,
I'm richer than before!

DUCHESS OF NEWCASTLE.

MARGARET, DUCHESS OF NEWCASTLE (1624-1673), was specially distinguished for her faithful attachment to her lord in his long exile during the time of the Commonwealth, and for her indefatigable pursuit of literature. She was the daughter of Sir Charles Lucas, and one of the maids of honour to Henrietta Maria. Having accompanied the queen to France, she met with the Marquis (afterwards Duke) of Newcastle, and was married to him at Paris in 1645. The marquis took up his residence at Antwerp, till the troubles were over, and there his lady wrote and published (1650) a volume, entitled 'Poems and Fancies.' The marquis assisted her in her compositions, a circumstance which Horace Walpole has ridiculed in his 'Royal and Noble Authors;' and so indefatigable were the noble pair, that they filled nearly twelve volumes, folio, with plays, poems, orations, philosophical fancies, etc. 'It pleased God,' she said, 'to command his servant Nature, to indue me with a poetical and philosophical genius even from my very birth.' In her dresses the duchess was as peculiar as in her books. 'I took great delight,' she confesses, in attiring myself in fine dressing and fashions, especially such fashions as I did invent myself' Of these we learn something from Secretary Pepys. 'Met my Lady Newcastle going with her coaches and footmen all in velvet; herself with her velvet cap, her hair about her ears, many black patches about her mouth, without anything about her neck, and a black vest fitted to the body.' Pepys afterwards saw her in her coach with a hundred boys and girls running after her! The duchess wrote the life of her husband the duke, a work which Charles Lamb considered a jewel for which no casket was rich enough. It is interesting from the complete devotion of the writer to her husband (whom she ranks above Julius Cæsar), and from the picture it presents of antiquated gallantry, chivalrous loyalty, and pure affection. Loving and flattering one another, the duke and duchess lived on in their eccentric magnificent way for many years; and when both were gone, a stately monument in Westminster Abbey bore record that there lay 'the loyal Duke of Newcastle and his

Duchess,' adding, in language written by the duchess, which Addison admired, 'Her name was Margaret Lucas, younger sister to the Lord Lucas of Colchester; a noble family, for all the brothers were valiant, and all the sisters virtuous.' The most popular of the duchess's poetical effusions is entitled 'The Pastime and Recreation of the Queen of Fairies in Fairy Land.' It often echoes the imagery of Shakspeare, but has some fine lines, descriptive of the elfish queen,

She on a dewy leaf doth bathe,
And as she sits, the leaf doth wave;
There like a new-fallen flake of snow,
Doth her white limbs in beauty shew.
Her garments fair her maids put on,
Made of the pure light from the sun.

'Mirth and Melancholy' is another of these fanciful personifications. The former woos the poetess to dwell with her, promising sport and pleasure, and drawing a gloomy but forcible and poetical sketch of her rival, Melancholy:

Her voice is low, and gives a hollow sound;
She hates the light, and is in darkness found;
Or sits with blinking lamps, or tapers small,
Which various shadows make against the wall.
She loves nought else but noise which discord makes,
As croaking frogs whose dwelling is in lakes;
The raven's hoarse, the mandrake's hollow groan,
And shrieking owls which fly 't' the night alone;
The tolling bell, which for the dead rings out;
A mill, where rushing waters run about;
The roaring winds, which shake the cedars tall,
Plough up the seas, and beat the rocks withal.
She loves to walk in the still moonshine night,
And in a thick dark grove she takes delight;
In hollow caves, thatched houses, and low cells,
She loves to live, and there alone she dwells.

KATHERINE PHILIPS.

Mrs KATHERINE PHILIPS (1631-1661) was honoured with the praise of Cowley and Dryden, and Jeremy Taylor addressed to her a 'Discourse on Friendship' Her poetical name of *Orinda* was highly popular with her contemporaries. This amiable lady was the wife of James Philips of the Priory, Cardigan.

Against Pleasure—an Ode.

There's no such thing as pleasure here;	For by our pleasures we are cloyed,
'Tis all a perfect cheat.	And so desire is done;
Which does but shine and disappear,	Or else, like rivers, they make wide
Whose charm is but deceit;	The channels where they run;
The empty bribe of yielding souls,	And either way true bliss destroys,
Which first betrays, and then controls.	Making us narrow, or our joys.

'Tis true, it looks at distance fair;
But if we do approach,
The fruit of Sodom will impair,
And perish at a touch;
It being then in fancy less,
And we expect more than possess.

We covet pleasure easily,
But ne'er true bliss possess;
For many things must make it be,
But one may make it less;
Nay, were our state as we could choose it,
'T would be consumed by fear to lose it.

What art thou, then, thou winged air,
More weak and swift than fame,
Whose next successor is Despair,

And its attendant Shame?
The experienced prince then reason had,
Who said of Pleasure—'It is mad.'

JOHN DRYDEN.

JOHN DRYDEN, one of the great masters of English verse, and whose masculine satire has never been excelled, was born at Aldwinckle, in Northamptonshire, August 9, 1631. His father, Erasmus Driden (the poet first spelled the name with a y), was a strict Puritan, of an ancient family, long established in Northamptonshire, and possessed of a small estate, Blakesley—worth about £60 per annum—which the poet inherited. He was the eldest of fourteen children. His mother was Mary, daughter of the Rev. H. Pickering, rector of Aldwinckle All Saints. Dryden was educated first at Westminster, and afterwards at Trinity College, Cambridge. His first acknowledged publication was a poem on the death of Lord Hastings, 1649. Next year he wrote some commendatory verses prefixed to the poems of John Hoddesdon; but his most important and promising early production was a set of 'Heroic Stanzas' on the death of Cromwell (1659), which possess a certain ripeness of style and versification that foretold future excellence. In all Waller's poem on the same subject, there is nothing equal to such verses as the following:

(6)
His grandeur he derived from Heaven alone,
For he was great ere Fortune made him so;
And wars, like mists that rise against the sun,
Made him but greater seem, not greater grow.

(18)
Nor was he like those stars which only shine
When to pale mariners they storms portend.
He had his calmer influence, and his mien
Did love and majesty together blend.

When monarchy was restored, Dryden went over with the tuneful throng who welcomed in Charles II. He had done with the Puritans, and he wrote poetical addresses to the king and the lord chancellor; 'Astræa Redux' (1660); a 'Panegyric,' addressed to the king on his coronation (1661); 'To Lord Chancellor Clarendon' (1662). The amusements of the drama revived after the Restoration, and Dryden became a candidate for theatrical laurels. His numerous dramas will be afterwards noticed. In December, 1663, he married the Lady Elizabeth Howard, daughter of the Earl of Berkshire. The match was an unhappy one; the lady's conduct had not been free from reproach, and her temper was violent. The poet afterwards revenged himself by constantly inveighing against matrimony. In his play of the 'Spanish Friar,' he most unpolitely states that 'woman was made from the dross and refuse of a man;' upon which his antagonist, Jeremy Collier, remarks with some humour and smartness, 'I

did not know before that a man's dross lay in his ribs; I believe it sometimes lies higher.' All Dryden's plays are marked with licentiousness, that vice of the age, which he fostered, rather than attempted to check. In 1667, he published a long poem, '*Annus Mirabilis*,' being an account of the great events of the previous twelve months, 1665-6—the Dutch War, the Plague, and the Fire of London. This poem abounds in vigorous, picturesque description. Dryden's next work (published in 1669) was an '*Essay on Dramatic Poesy*,' in which he vindicates the use of rhyme in tragedy. The style of his prose was easy, natural, and graceful. The poet undertook to write for the king's players no less than three plays a year, for which he was to receive one share and a quarter in the profits of the theatre—said to be about £300 per annum. He was afterwards made poet-laureate and royal historiographer, with a salary of £100 each office, and with the laureateship was the usual tierce of wine. It appears that, in 1684, four years of the laureate pension were due, and the poet wrote to Lord Rochester, First Lord of the Treasury, supplicating some payment to account, or 'some small employment in the Customs or Excise.' A certain portion of the arrear was paid, and a pension of £100 per annum was granted to him in addition to his salary as laureate and historiographer. Dryden went on manufacturing his rhyming plays, in accordance with the vitiated French taste which then prevailed. He got involved in controversies and quarrels, chiefly at the instigation of Rochester, who set up a wretched rhymester, Elkanah Settle, in opposition to Dryden. The great poet was also successfully ridiculed by Buckingham in his '*Rehearsal*.' In November 1681, Dryden published the satire of '*Absalom and Achitophel*,' written in the style of a scriptural narrative, the names and situations of personages in the holy text being applied to those contemporaries to whom the author assigned places in his poem. The Duke of Monmouth was Absalom; and the Earl of Shaftesbury, Achitophel; while the Duke of Buckingham was drawn under the character of Zimri. The success of this bold political satire—the most vigorous and elastic, the most finely versified, varied, and beautiful, which the English language can boast—was almost unprecedented. Dryden was now placed above all his poetical contemporaries. Shortly afterwards (March 1682), he continued the feeling against Shaftesbury in a poem called '*The Medal, a Satire against Sedition*.' The attacks of a rival poet, Shadwell, drew another vigorous satire from Dryden, '*Mac-Flecknoe*' (October 1682). A month afterwards, a second part of '*Absalom and Achitophel*' was published, but the body of the poem was written by Nabum Tate. Dryden contributed about two hundred lines, containing highly wrought characters of Settle and Shadwell, under the names of Doeg and Og. 'His antagonists,' says Scott, 'came on with infinite zeal and fury, discharged their ill-aimed blows on every side, and exhausted their strength in violent and ineffectual rage; but the keen and trenchant blade of

Dryden never makes a thrust in vain, and never strikes but at a vulnerable point.' In the same year was published Dryden's 'Religio Laici,' a poem written to defend the Church of England against the dissenters, yet evincing a sceptical spirit with regard to revealed religion. The opening of this poem is singularly solemn and majestic:

Reason and Religion.

Dim as the borrowed beams of moon and stars
To lonely, weary, wandering travellers,
Is Reason to the soul; and as on high
Those rolling fires discover but the sky,
Not light us here; so Reason's glimmering ray
Was lent, not to assure our doubtful way,
But guide us upward to a better day,
And as those nightly tapers disappear,
When day's bright lord ascends our hemisphere;
So pale grows Reason at Religion's sight;
So dies, and so dissolves in supernatural light.

Dryden's doubts about religion were dispelled by his embracing the Roman Catholic faith. Satisfied or overpowered by the prospect of an infallible guide, he closed in with the court of James II. and gladly exclaimed:

Good life be now my task—my doubts are done,

His pension was at first stopped by James, but it was resumed. Mr. Bell, one of the late editors of Dryden, has stated that the pension was resumed while the poet was still a Protestant, in 1685-6: 'the defence of the Duchess of York's paper, in which Dryden for the first time espoused the doctrines of the Church of Rome, appeared late in 1686.' We regret to find that this defence cannot be maintained. Dryden's pension was restored by letters-patent on the 4th of March 1685-6, but his 'apostacy,' says Lord Macauley, 'had been the talk of the town at least six weeks before. See Evelyn's "Diary," January 19, 1685-6.' And certainly, in Evelyn's 'Diary' of the date specified, is an entry alluding to the talk that Dryden and his sons had gone over to the Romish Church, by which Evelyn thought the church would gain no great credit. The poet's change of religion happening at a time when it suited his interests to become a Catholic, was looked upon with suspicion. The candour evinced by Dr. Johnson on this subject, and the patient inquiry of Sir Walter Scott, may be noted. We may lament the fall of the great poet, but his conduct is not necessarily open to the charge of sordid and unprincipled selfishness. He brought up his family, and died in his new belief. The first public fruits of Dryden's change of creed were his allegorical poem of the 'Hind and Panther' (April 1687), in which the main argument of the Roman Church—all that has or can be said for tradition and authority—is fully stated. 'The wit in the "Hind and Panther,"' says Hallam, 'is sharp, ready, and pleasant; the reasoning is sometimes admirably close and strong; it is the energy of Bossuet in

verse.' The hind is the Church of Rome; the panther, the Church of England. The Independents, Quakers, Anabaptists, and other sects are represented as bears, hares, boars, &c. The Calvinists are strongly but coarsely caricatured:

More haughty than the rest, the wolfish race
Appear, with belly gaunt and famished face—
Never was so deformed a beast of grace.
His ragged tail betwixt his legs he wears,*
Close clapped for shame, but his rough crest he rears,
And pricks up his predestinating ears.

The obloquy and censure which Dryden's change of religion entailed upon him, is glanced at in the 'Hind and Panther,' with more depth of feeling than he usually evinced:

If joys hereafter must be purchased here
With loss of all that mortals hold so dear,
Then welcome infamy and public shame,
And last, a long farewell to worldly fame!
'Tis said with ease, but oh, how hardly tried
By haughty souls to human honour tied!
O sharp convulsive pangs of agonising pride!
Down then, thou rebel, never more to rise,
And what thou didst, and dost so dearly prize,
That fame, that darling fame, make that thy sacrifice!
'Tis nothing thou hast given; then add thy tears
For a long race of unrepenting years:
'Tis nothing yet, yet all thou hast to give;
Then add those may-be years thou hast to live:
Yet nothing still; then poor and naked come;
Thy father will receive his unthrift home,
And thy blest Saviour's blood discharge the mighty sum.

He had previously, in the same poem, alluded to the weight of ancient witness or tradition, which had prevailed over private reason; and his feelings were strongly excited:

But, gracious God! how well dost Thou provide
For erring judgments an unerring guide!
Thy throne is darkness in the abyss of light,
A blaze of glory that forbids the sight.
O teach me to believe Thee thus concealed,
And search no farther than Thyself revealed,
But her alone for my director take
Whom Thou hast promised never to forsake!
My thoughtless youth was winged with vain desires,
My manhood, long misled by wandering fires,
Followed false lights; and when their glimpse was gone,
My pride struck out new sparkles of her own.
Such was I, such by nature still I am;
Be Thine the glory, and be mine the shame!

The Revolution in 1688 deprived Dryden of his offices. But the want of independent income seems only to have stimulated his faculties, and his latter unendowed years produced the noblest of his works. Besides several plays, he gave to the world, in 1692, versions of Ju-

* An allusion, no doubt, to the Geneva gown

venal and Persius, in which he was aided by his sons; and a translation of Virgil, published in 1697, but the work of nearly three years. This is considered the least happy of all his great works. Dryden was deficient in sensibility, while Virgil excels in tenderness and in a calm and serene dignity. This laborious undertaking brought the poet a sum of about £1200. His publisher, Tonson, endeavoured in vain to get the poet to inscribe the translation to King William, and failing in this, he took care to make the engraver 'aggravate the nose of *Æneus* in the plates into a sufficient resemblance of the hooked promontory of the Deliverer's countenance.' The immortal 'Ode to St. Cecilia,' commonly called 'Alexander's Feast,' was Dryden's next work (1697); and it is the loftiest and most imaginative of all his compositions. 'No one has ever qualified his admiration of this noble poem.' In 1700, Dryden published his 'Fables,' 7500 verses more or less, as the contract with Tonson bears, being a partial delivery to account of 10,000 verses, which he agreed to furnish for the sum of 250 guineas, to be made up to £300 upon publication of a second edition. The poet was then in his sixty-eighth year, but his fancy was brighter and more prolific than ever; it was like a brilliant sunset, or a river that expands in breadth, and fertilises a wider tract of country, ere it is finally engulged in the ocean. The 'Fables' are imitations of Boccaccio and Chaucer, and afford the finest specimens of Dryden's happy versification. No narrative poems in the language have been more generally admired or read. They shed a glory on the last days of the poet, who died on the 1st of May 1700. A subscription was made for a public funeral; and his remains, after being embalmed, and lying in state twelve days, were interred with great pomp in Westminster Abbey.

Dryden has been very fortunate in his critics, annotators, and biographers. His life by Johnson is the most carefully written, the most eloquent and discriminating, of all the 'Lives of the Poets.' Malone collected and edited his essays and other prose writings. Sir Walter Scott wrote a copious life of the poet, and edited a complete edition of his works, the whole extending to eighteen volumes. A late edition (1870) has been ably and carefully edited by Mr. W. D. Christie.

It has become the fashion to print the works of some of our poets in the order in which they were written, not as arranged and published by themselves. Cowper and Burns have been presented in this shape, and the consequence is, that light ephemeral trifles, or personal sallies, are thrust in between the more durable memorials of genius, disturbing their symmetry and effect. In the case of Dryden, however, such a chronological survey would be instructive; for between the *Annus Mirabilis* and the 'Ode to St. Cecilia' or the 'Fables,' through the plays and poems, how varied is the range in style and taste! It is like the progress of Spenser's 'Good Knight,' through labyrinths of uncertainty, fantastic conceits, flowery vice, and unnatural splendour, to the sober daylight of truth, virtue, and

reason. Dryden never attained to finished excellence in composition. His genius was debased by the false taste of the age, and his mind vitiated by its bad morals. He mangled the natural delicacy and simplicity of Shakspeare's 'Tempest;' and where even Chaucer is pure, Dryden is impure. 'This great high-priest of all the nine,' remarks Campbell, 'was not a confessor to the finer secrets of the human breast. Had the subject of "Eloisa" fallen into his hands, he would have left but a coarse draught of her passion.' But if Dryden was deficient in the higher emotions of love and tenderness, their absence is partly atoned for in his late works, by wide surveys of nature and mankind, by elevated reasoning and declamation, and by the hearty individuality of his satire. The 'brave negligence' of his versification, and his 'long resounding line,' have an indescribable charm. His style is like his own panther, of the 'spotted kind,' and its faults and virtues lie equally mixed; but it is beloved in spite of spots and blemishes, and pleases longer than the verse of Pope, which like the milk-white hind, is 'immortal and unchanged.' The satirical portraits of Pope, excepting those of Addison, Atossa, and Lord Hervey, are feeble compared with those of Dryden, whom he acknowledged to be his master and instructor in versification. Dryden, with his tried and homely materials, and bold pencil, was true to nature; his sketches are still fresh as a Van Dyck or Rembrandt. His language was genuine English. He was sometimes *Galloised* by the prevailing taste of the day; but he felt that this was a license to be sparingly used. 'If too many foreign words are poured in upon us,' said he, 'it looks as if they were designed not to assist the natives, but to conquer them.' In better times, and with more careful culture, Dryden's genius would have avoided the vulgar descents which he seldom escaped, except in his most finished passages and his choicest lyrical odes. As it is, his muse was a fallen angel, cast down for manifold sins and impurities, yet radiant with light from heaven. The natural freedom and magnificence of his verse it would be vain to eulogise.

Character of Shaftesbury.—From 'Absalom and Achitophel.'

Of these the false Achitophel was first;
A name to all succeeding ages curst:
For close designs and crooked counsels fit,
Sagacious, bold, and turbulent of wit,
Restless, unfixed in principles and place,
In power unpleased, impatient of disgrace:
A fiery soul, which, working out its way,
Fretted the pigmy body to decay,
And o'er-informed the tenement of clay.
A daring pilot in extremity;
Pleased with the danger, when the waves went high,
He sought the storms; but, for a calm unfit,
Would steer too nigh the sands to boast his wit.
Great wits are sure to madness near allied,

And thin partitions do their bounds divide ;
 Else why should he, with wealth and honour blest,
 Refuse his age the needful hours of rest ?
 Punish a body which he could not please ;
 Bankrupt of life, yet prodigal of ease ?
 And all to leave what with his toil he won,
 To that unfeather'd two-legged thing, a son ;
 Got, while his soul did huddled notions try,
 And born a shapeless lump, like anarchy.
 In friendship false, implacable in hate ;
 Resolved to ruin or to rule the state :
 To compass this, the triple bond he broke,
 The pillars of the public safety shook,
 And fitted Israel for a foreign yoke :
 Then, seized with fear, yet still affecting fame,
 Usurped a patriot's all-atoning name.
 So easy still it proves, in factions times,
 With public zeal to cancel private crimes ;
 How safe is treason, and how sacred ill,
 Where none can sin against the people's will !
 Where crowds can wink, and no offence be known,
 Since in another's guilt they find their own !
 Yet fame deserved no enemy can grudge ;
 The statesman we abhor, but praise the judge.
 In Israel's courts ne'er sat an Abbethdin †
 With more discerning eyes, or hands more clean,
 Unbribed, unsought, the wretched to redress,
 Swift of despatch, and easy of access.
 Oh ! had he been content to serve the crown
 With virtues only proper to the gown,
 Or had the rankness of the soil been freed
 From cockle, that oppressed the noble seed,
 David for him his tuneful harp had strung,
 And heaven had wanted one immortal song.
 But wild ambition loves to slide, not stand,
 And Fortune's ice prefers to Virtue's land.
 Achitophel, grown weary to possess
 A lawful fame and lazy happiness
 Disdained the golden fruit to gather free,
 And lent the crowd his arm to shake the tree.

Villiers, Duke of Buckingham.—From the same.

Some of their chiefs were princes of the land :
 In the first rank of these did Zimri stand ;
 A man so various that he seemed to be
 Not one, but all mankind's epitome :
 Stiff in opinions, always in the wrong,
 Was everything by starts, and nothing long ;
 But, in the course of one revolving moon,
 Was chemist, fiddler, statesman, and buffoon ;
 Then all for women, painting, drinking,

* The proposition of Dryden, that great wit is allied to madness, will not bear the test of scrutiny. It has been successfully combated by Hazlitt and Charles Lamb. 'The greatest wits,' says Lamb, 'will ever be found to be the sanest writers. It is impossible for the mind to conceive of a mad Shakespeare. The greatness of wit, by which the poetic talent is here chiefly to be understood, manifests itself in the admirable balance of all the faculties. Madness is the disproportionate straining or excess of any one of them.' Shaftesbury's restlessness was owing to his ambition and his vanity ; to a want of judgment and principle, not to an excess of wit.

† The Abbethdin (so spelt by Dryden) was president of the Jewish judicature literally father (ab) of the house of judgment (beth-din).—CHRISTIE.

Besides ten thousand freaks that died in thinking.
 Blest madman, who could every hour employ
 With something new to wish or to enjoy !
 Railing and praising were his usual themes,
 And both, to shew his judgment, in extremes :
 So over-violent, or over-civil,
 That every man with him was god or devil.
 In squandering wealth was his peculiar art ;
 Nothing went unrewarded but desert :
 Beggared by fools, whom still he found too late,
 He had his jest, and they had his estate ;
 He laughed himself from court, then sought relief
 By forming parties, but could ne'er be chief ;
 For, spite of him, the weight of business fell
 On Absalom and wise Achitophel :
 Thus, wicked but in will, of means bereft,
 He left not faction, but of that was left.

Shaftesbury's Address to Monmouth.—From the same.

Auspicious prince, at whose nativity
 Some royal planet ruled the southern sky,
 Thy louing country's darling and desire,
 Their cloudy pillar and their guardian fire ;
 Their second Moses, whose extended wand
 Divides the seas, and shews the promised land ;
 Whose dawning day in every distant age
 Has exercised the sacred prophet's rage :
 The people's prayer, the glad diviner's theme,
 The young men's vision, and the old men's dream !
 Thee, Saviour, thee, the nation's vows confess,
 And, never satisfied with seeing, bless :
 Swift unbespoken pomps thy steps proclaim,
 And stammering babes are taught to lip thy name :
 How long wilt thou the general joy detain,
 Starve and defraud the people of thy reign ?
 Content ingloriously to pass thy days,
 Like one of Virtue's fools, that feed on praise ;
 Till thy fresh glories, which now shine so bright,
 Grow stale, and tarnish with our daily sight ;
 Believe me, royal youth, thy fruit must be
 Or gathered ripe, or rot upon the tree :
 Heaven has to all allotted, soon or late,
 Some lucky revolution of their fate ;
 Whose motions, if we watch and guide with skill—
 For human good depends on human will—
 Our fortune rolls as from a smooth descent,
 And from the first impression takes the bent ;
 But if unseized, she glides away like wind,
 And leaves repenting folly far behind.
 Now, now she meets you with a glorious prize,
 And spreads her locks before you as she flies !
 Had thus, old David, from whose loins you spring,
 Not dared, when fortune called him to be king,
 At Gath an exile he might still remain,
 And heaven's anointing oil had been in vain.
 Let his successful youth your hopes engage,
 But shun the example of declining age ;
 Behold him setting in his western skies,
 The shadows lengthening as the vapours rise.
 He is not now as when on Jordan's sand,
 The joyful people thronged to see him land,
 Covering the beach, and blackening all the strand !

The Hind and the Panther.

A milk-white Hind, immortal and unchanged,
Fed on the lawns, and in the forest ranged;
Without unspotted, innocent within.
She feared no danger, for she knew no sin.
Yet had she oft been chased with horns and hounds,
And Scythian shafts, and many winged wounds
Aimed at her heart; was often forced to fly,
And doomed to death, though fated not to die. . . .
The Panther, sure the noblest next the Hind,
And fairest creature of the spotted kind;
Oh, could her inborn stains be washed away,
She were too good to be a beast of prey!
How can I praise or blame, and not offend,
Or how divide the frailty from the friend?
Her faults and virtues lie so mixed, that she
Nor wholly stands condemned nor wholly free.
Then, like her injured Lion, let me speak;
He cannot bend her, and he would not break.
Unkind already, and estranged in part,
The Wolf begins to shew her wandering heart.
Though unpolluted yet with actual ill,
She half commits who sins but in her will.
If, as our dreaming Platonists report,
There could be spirits of a middle sort,
Too black for heaven, and yet too white for hell,
Who just dropped half way down, nor lower fell;
So poised, so gently she descends from high,
It seems a soft dismissal from the sky.

*Ode to the Memory of Mrs. Anne Killigrew.**

Thou youngest virgin-daughter of the skies,
Made in the last promotion of the blest;
Whose palms, new-plucked from Paradise,
In spreading branches more sublimely rise,
Rich with immortal green above the rest:
Whether, adopted to some neighbouring star,
Thou roll'st above us, in thy wandering race,
Or, in procession fixed and regular,
Mov'st with the heaven-majestic pace;
Or, called to more superior bliss,
Thou tread'st, with seraphims, the vast abyss:
Whatever happy region is thy place,
Cease thy celestial song a little space;
Thou wilt have time enough for hymns divine,
Since Heaven's eternal year is thine.
Hear, then, a mortal Muse thy praise rehearse,
In no ignoble verse;
But such as thy own voice did practise here,
When thy first-fruits of poetry were given;
To make thyself a welcome inmate there:
While yet a young probationer,
And candidate of heaven.
If by traduction came thy mind,
Our wonder is the less to find
A soul so charming from a stock so good;

* Daughter of Dr. Henry Killigrew, a prebendary of Westminster. She died of small-pox in 1686, aged twenty-five. A volume of her poems was published after her death.

Thy father was transfused into thy blood :
 So wert thou born into the tuneful strain,
 An early, rich, and inexhausted vein.
 But if thy pre-existing soul
 Was formed at first with myriads more,
 It did through all the mighty poets roll,
 Who Greek or Latin laurels wore,
 And was that Sappho last, which once it was before.
 If so, then cease thy flight, O heaven-born mind !
 Thou hast no dross to purge from thy rich ore :
 Nor can thy soul a fairer mansion find
 Than was the beauteous frame she left behind.
 Return to fill or mend the quire of thy celestial kind. . . .

O gracious God ! how far have we
 Profaned thy heavenly gift of Poesy !
 Made prostitute and profligate the Muse,
 Debased to each obscene and impious use,
 Whose harmony was first ordained above
 For tongues of angels, and for hymns of love !
 Oh wretched we ! why were we hurried down
 This lubric and adulterate age—
 Nay, added fat pollutions of our own—
 To increase the steaming ordures of the stage ?
 What can we say to excuse our second fall ?
 Let this thy vestal, Heaven, atone for all ;
 Her Arethusian stream remains unsolled,
 Unmixed with foreign filth, and undefiled ;
 Her wit was more than man ; her innocence a child. . . .)

When in mid-air the golden trump shall sound,
 To raise the nations underground ;
 When in the valley of Jehoshaphat
 The judging God shall close the book of Fate ;
 And there the last assizes keep
 For those who wake, and those who sleep ;
 When rattling bones together fly
 From the four corners of the sky ;
 When sinews o'er the skeletons are spread,
 Those clothed with flesh, and life inspires the dead ;
 The sacred poets first shall hear the sound,
 And foremost from the tomb shall bound,
 For they are covered with the lightest ground,
 And straight, with inborn vigour, on the wing,
 Like mountain larks, to the new morning sing.
 There thou, sweet saint, before the quire shall go,
 As harbinger of heaven, the way to shew.
 The way which thou so well hast learned below.

Satire on Shadwell.—From 'Mac-Flecknoe.'

All human things are subject to decay :
 And, when Fate summons, monarchs must obey.
 This Flecknoe (1) found, who, like Augustus, young
 Was called to empire, and had governed long ;
 In prose and verse was owned, without dispute,
 Through all the realms of Nonsense, absolute.
 This aged prince, now flourishing in peace,
 And blest with issue of a large increase,
 Worn out with business, did at length debate

1 Richard Flecknoe, an Irish Roman Catholic priest, and a well-known poetaster and dramatist, who died in 1678.

To settle the succession of the state ;
 And pondering which of all his sons was fit
 To reign, and wage immortal war with Wit,
 Cried : 'Tis resolved : for Nature pleads, that he
 Should only rule who most resembles me,
 Shadwell,⁽¹⁾ alone, my perfect image bears,
 Mature in dulness from his tender years :
 Shadwell, alone, of all my sons, was he,
 Who stands confirmed in full stupidity.
 The rest to some faint meaning make pretence ;
 But Shadwell never deviates into sense.
 Some beams of wit on other souls may fall,
 Strike through, and make a lucid interval ;
 But Shadwell's genuine night admits no ray ;
 His rising fogs prevail upon the day.
 Besides, his goodly fabric fills the eye,
 And seems designed for thoughtless majesty :
 Thoughtless as monarch oaks, that shade the plain,
 And, spread in solemn state, supinely reign.
 Heywood and Shirley were but types of thee,
 Thou last great prophet of tantology !'

*From the Epistle 'To my dear Friend, Mr. Congreve, on his Comedy
 called the Double Dealer.'*

O that your brows my laurel had sustained !
 Well had I been deposed, if you had reigned :
 The father had descended for the son ;
 For only you are lineal to the throne.
 Thus, when the state one Edward did depose,
 A greater Edward in his room arose :
 But now, not I, but poetry is cursed ;
 For Tom the second reigns like Tom the first. (2)
 But let them not mistake my patron's part,
 Nor call his charity their own desert.
 Yet this I prophesy—thou shalt be seen,
 Though with some short parenthesis between,
 High on the throne of wit, and, seated there,
 Not mine—that 's little—but thy laurel wear.
 Thy first attempt an early promise made,
 That early promise this has more than paid.
 So bold, yet so judiciously you dare,
 That your least praise is to be regular.
 Time, place, and action may with pains be wrought,
 But genius must be born, and never can be taught.
 This is your portion ; this your native store ;
 Heaven, that but once was prodigal before,
 To Shakspeare gave as much ; she could not give him more.
 Maintain your post : that 's all the fame you need ;
 For 'tis impossible you should proceed.
 Already I am worn with cares and age,
 And just abandoning the ungrateful stage :
 Unprofitably kept at Heaven's expense,
 I live a rent-charge on His providence ;
 But you, whom every Muse and Grace adorn,
 Whom I foresee to better fortune born,
 Be kind to my remanus ; and oh, defend,

¹ Thomas Shadwell, the dramatic author, was a rival of Dryden, both in politics and poetry. His scenes of low comedy evince considerable talent in the style of Ben Jonson, whom he also resembled in his person and habits.

² Thomas Shadwell and Thomas Kymer, editor of the *Federa*.

Against your judgment, your departed friend !
 Let not the insulting foe my fame pursue,
 But shade those laurels which descend to you :
 And take for tribute what these lines express :
 You merit more, nor could my love do less.

*On Milton.**

Three poets, in three distant ages born,
 Greece, Italy, and England did adorn.
 The first in loftiness of thought surpassed :
 The next in majesty ; in both the last.
 The force of Nature could no further go ;
 'To make a third, she joined the former two.

The Swallows — From the 'Hind and Panther.'

The swallow, privileged above the rest
 Of all the birds as man's familiar guest,
 Pursues the sun in summer, brisk and bold,
 But wisely shuns the persecuting cold ;
 Is well to chancels and to chimneys known,
 Though 'tis not thought she feeds on smoke alone.
 From hence she has been held of heavenly line,
 Endued with particles of soul divine :
 This merry chorister had long possessed
 Her summer seat, and feathered well her nest,
 Till frowning skies began to change their cheer,
 And time turned up the wrong side of the year ;
 The shedding trees began the ground to strow
 With yellow leaves, and bitter blasts to blow ;
 Such anguries of winter thence she drew,
 Which by instinct or prophecy she knew :
 When prudence warned her to remove betimes,
 And seek a better heaven and warmer climes,
 Her sons were summoned on a steeple's height,
 And, called in common council, voted a flight.
 The day was named, the next that should be fair :
 All to the general rendezvous repair ;
 They try their fluttering wings, and trust themselves in air.
 Who but the swallow now triumphs alone ?
 The canopy of heaven is all her own :
 Her youthful offspring to their haunts repair,
 And glide along in glades, and skim in air,
 And dip for insects in the purling springs,
 And stoop on rivers, to refresh their wings.

Dreams. — From 'The Cock and the Fox,' modernised from Chaucer.

Dreams are but interludes which Fancy makes ;
 When monarch Reason sleeps, this mimic wakes :
 Compounds a medley of disjointed things,
 A mob of cobblers, and a court of kings : (1)
 Light fumes are merry, grocer fumes are sad :
 Both are the reasonable soul run mad ;
 And many monstrous forms in sleep we see,
 That neither were, nor are, nor e'er can be.
 Sometimes forgotten things long cast behind
 Rush forward in the brain, and come to mind.

* Printed under a portrait of Milton prefixed to *Piranesi's Lost*, folio, 1838.
 1 Perhaps a misprint, as suggested by Leigh Hunt, for

A court of cobblers, and a mob of kings.

The nurse's legends are for truths received,
And the man dreams but what the boy believed.
Sometimes we but rehearse a former play,
The night restores our actions done by day,
As hounds in sleep will open for their prey.

*Alexander's Feast ; or, the Power of Music—A Song in Honour of
St. Cecilia's Day, 1697.*

'Twas at the royal feast, for Persia won
By Philip's warlike son :
Aloft in awful state
The godlike hero sate
On his imperial throne ;
His valiant peers were placed around,
Their brows with roses and with myrtles bound :
(So should desert in arms be crowned).
The lovely Thais by his side
Sate like a blooming Eastern bride,
In flower of youth and beauty's pride.
Happy, happy, happy pair !
None but the brave,
None but the brave,
None but the brave deserves the fair.

Timotheus, placed on high
Amid the tuneful quire,
With flying fingers touched the lyre :
The trembling notes ascend the sky,
And heavenly joys inspire.
The song began from Jove,
Who left his blissful seats above—
Such is the power of mighty Love !
A dragon's fiery form belied the god :
Sublime on radiant spires he rode,
When he to fair Olympia pressed ;
And while he sought her snowy breast,
Then round her slender waist he curled,
And stamped an image of himself, a sovereign of the world.
The listening crowd admire the lofty sound ;
A present deity, they shout around ;
A present deity, the vaulted roofs rebound :
With ravished ears
The monarch hears.
Assumes the god,
Affects to nod,
And seems to shake the spheres.

The praise of Bacchus then the sweet musician sung,
Of Bacchus ever fair and ever young :
The jolly god in triumph comes ;
Sound the trumpets, beat the drums ;
Flushed with a purple grace
He shews his honest face.
Now, give the hautboys breath ; he comes ! he comes !
Bacchus, ever fair and young,
Drinking joys did first ordain :
Bacchus' blessings are a treasure ;
Drinking is the soldier's pleasure :
Rich the treasure,
Sweet the pleasure ;
Sweet is pleasure after pain.

Soothed with the sound, the king grew vain :
 Fought all his battles o'er again ;
 And thrice he routed all his foes, and thrice he slew the slain.
 The master saw the madness rise,
 His glowing cheeks, his ardent eyes :
 And while he heaven and earth defied,
 Changed his hand, and checked his pride.
 He chose a mournful Muse,
 Soft pity to infuse :
 He sung Darius great and good,
 By too severe a fate
 Fallen, fallen, fallen, fallen,
 Fallen from his high estate,
 And weltering in his blood ;
 Deserted at his utmost need
 By those his former bounty fed,
 On the bare earth exposed he lies,
 With not a friend to close his eyes.
 With downcast look the joyless victor sate,
 Revolving in his altered soul
 The various turns of chance below ;
 And now and then a sigh he stole,
 And tears began to flow.

The mighty master smiled to see
 That love was in the next degree ;
 'Twas but a kindred sound to move,
 For pity melts the mind to love.
 Softly sweet in Lydian measures,
 Soon he soothed his soul to pleasures ;
 War, he sung, is toil and trouble ;
 Honour but an empty bubble ;
 Never ending, still beginning,
 Fighting still, and still destroying ;
 If the world be worth thy winning,
 Think, O think it worth enjoying :
 Lovely Thais sits beside thee,
 Take the good the gods provide thee.
 The many rend the skies with loud applause ;
 So Love was crowned, but Music won the cause.
 The prince, unable to conceal his pain,
 Gazed on the fair
 Who caused his care,
 And sighed and looked, sighed and looked,
 Sighed and looked, and sighed again.
 At length, with love and wine at once oppress'd,
 The vanquished victor sunk upon her breast.

Now strike the golden lyre again ;
 A louder yet, and yet a louder strain,
 Break his bands of sleep asunder,
 And rouse him like a rattling peal of thunder.
 Hark : hark ! the horrid sound
 Has raised up his head,
 As awaked from the dead,
 And, amazed, he stares around.
 ' Revenge, revenge ! ' Timotheus cries ;
 ' See the Furies arise ;
 See the snakes that they rear,
 How they hiss in their hair,
 And the sparkles that flash from their eyes :
 Behold a ghastly band,

Each a torch in his hand !
 Those are Grecian ghosts, that in battle were slain,
 And unburied remain
 Inglorious on the plain :
 Give the vengeance due
 To the vallant crew.
 Behold how they toss their torches on high !
 How they point to the Persian abodes,
 And glittering temples of their hostile gods ?
 The princes applaud with a furious joy ;
 And the king seized a flambeau, with zeal to destroy ;
 That's led the way,
 To light him to his prey,
 And, like another Helen, fired another Troy.

Thus long ago,
 Ere heaving bellows learned to blow,
 While organs yet were mute,
 Timotheus to his breathing flute
 And sounding lyre,
 Could swell the soul to rage, or kindle soft desire.
 At last divine Cecilia came,
 Inventress of the vocal frame :
 The sweet enthusiast, from her sacred store,
 Enlarged the former narrow bounds,
 And added length to solemn sounds,
 With Nature's mother-wit, and arts unknown before.
 Let old Timotheus yield to prize,
 Or both divide the crown :
 He raised a mortal to the skies ;
 She drew an angel down.

Theodore and Honoria.—From Boccaccio.

Of all the cities in Romanian lands,
 The chief, and most renowned, Ravenna stands,
 Adorned in ancient times with arms and arts,
 And rich inhabitants with generous hearts.
 But Theodore the brave, above the rest,
 With gifts of fortune and of nature blessed,
 The foremost place for wealth and honour held,
 And all in feats of chivalry excelled.
 This noble youth to madness loved a dame
 Of high degree ; Honoria was her name ; -
 Fair as the fairest, but of hanghty mind,
 And fiercer than became so soft a kind.
 Proud of her birth—for equal she had none—
 The rest she scorned, but hated him alone.
 His gifts, his constant courtship, nothing gained ;
 For she, the more he loved, the more disdained.
 He lived with all the pomp he could devise,
 At tilts and tournaments obtained the prize,
 But found no favour in his lady's eyes :
 Relentless as a rock, the lofty maid
 Turned all to poison that he did or said :
 Nor prayers, nor tears, nor offered vows, could move ;
 The work went backward ; and the more he strove
 To advance his suit, the farther from her love.
 Wearied at length, and wanting remedy,
 He doubted oft, and oft resolved to die.
 But pride stood ready to prevent the blow,
 For who would die to gratify a foe ?

His generous mind disdained so mean a fate;
That passed, his next endeavour was to hate.
But valner that relief than all the rest;
The less he hoped, with more desire possessed;
Love stood the siege, and would not yield his breast.

Change was the next, but change deceived his care;
He sought a fairer, but found none so fair.
He would have worn her out by slow degrees,
As men by fasting starve the untamed disease:
But present love required a present ease.
Looking, he feeds alone his famished eyes,
Feeds lingering death, but looking not, he dies.
Yet still he chose the longest way to fate,
Wasting at once his life and his estate.

His friends beheld, and pitied him in vain,
For what advice can ease a lover's pain?
Absence, the best expedient they could find,
Might save the fortune, if not cure the mind:
This means they long proposed, but little gained,
Yet, after much pursuit, at length obtained.

Hard you may think it was to give consent,
But struggling with his own desires he went,
With large expense, and with a pompous train,
Provided as to visit France or Spain,
Or for some distant voyage o'er the main.
But Love had clipped his wings, and cut him short;
Confined within the purlieus of the court,
Three miles he went, no farther could retreat;
His travels ended at his country-seat:
To Chaseli's pleasing plains he took his way,
There pitched his tents, and there resolved to stay.

The spring was in the prime; the neighbouring grove
Supplied with birds, the choristers of love,
Music unbought, that ministered delight
To morning walks, and lulled his cares by night:
There he discharged his friends, but not the expense
Of frequent treats and proud magnificence.
He lived as kings retire, though more at large
From public business, yet with equal charge;
With house and heart still open to receive;
As well content as love would give him leave:
He would have lived more free; but many a guest,
Who could forsake the friend, pursued the feast.

It happened one morning, as his fancy led,
Before his usual hour he left his bed;
To walk within a lonely lawn, that stood
On every side surrounded by the wood:
Alone he walked, to please his pensive mind,
And sought the deepest solitude to find
'Twas in a grove of spreading pines he strayed;
The winds within the quivering branches played,
And dancing trees a mournful music made.
The place itself was suited to his care,
Uncouth and savage, as the cruel fair.
He wandered on, unknowing where he went,
Lost in the wood, and all on love intent:
The day already half his race had run,
And summoned him to due repast at noon,
But love could feel no hunger but his own.

Whilst listening to the murmuring leaves he stood,
More than a mile immersed within the wood,
At once the wind was laid; the whispering sound

Was dumb; a rising earthquake rocked the ground:
 With deeper brown the grove was overspread;
 A sudden horror seized his giddy head,
 And his ears tinkled, and his colour fled;
 Nature was in alarm; some danger nigh
 Seemed threatened, though unseen to mortal eye.
 Unused to fear, he summoned all his soul,
 And stood collected in himself—and whole;
 Not long: for soon a whirlwind rose around,
 And from afar he heard a screaming sound,
 As of a dame distressed, who cried for aid,
 And filled with loud laments the secret shade.
 A thicket close beside the grove there stood,
 With briars and brambles choked, and dwarfish wood;
 From thence the noise, which now, approaching near,
 With more distinguished notes invades his ear;
 He raised his head, and saw a beauteous maid,
 With hair dishevelled, issuing through the shade;
 Stripped of her clothes, and even those parts revealed
 Which modest nature keeps from sight concealed.
 Her face, her hands, her naked limbs were torn,
 With passing through the brakes and prickly thorn;
 Two mastiffs gaunt and grim her flight pursued,
 And oft their fastened fangs in blood imbrued:
 Off they came up, and plucked her tender side:
 'Mercy, O mercy, Heaven P' she ran, and cried;
 When Heaven was named, they loosed their hold again,
 Then sprung she forth, they followed her amain.
 Not far behind, a knight of swarthy face,
 High on a coal-black steed pursued the chase;
 With flashing flames his ardent eyes were filled,
 And in his hands a naked sword he held:
 He cheered the dogs to follow her who fled,
 And vowed revenge on her devoted head.
 As Theodore was born of noble kind,
 The brutal action roused his manly mind;
 Moved with unworthy usage of the maid,
 He, though unarmed, resolved to give her aid.
 A sapling pine he wrenched from out the ground,
 The readiest weapon that his fury found.
 Thus furnished for offence, he crossed the way
 Betwixt the graceless villain and his prey.
 The knight came thundering on, but, from afar,
 Thus in imperious tone forbade the war:
 'Cease, Theodore, to proffer vain relief;
 Nor stop the vengeance of so just a grief;
 But give me leave to seize my destined prey,
 And let eternal justice take the way:
 I but revenge my fate, dislained, betrayed,
 And suffering death for this ungrateful maid.'
 He said, at once dismounting from the steed;
 For now the hell-hounds with superior speed
 Had reached the dame, and, fastening on her side,
 The ground with issuing streams of purple dyed;
 Stood Theodore surprised in deadly fright,
 With chattering teeth, and bristling hair upright;
 Yet armed with inborn worth: 'Whate'er,' said he,
 'Thou art, who know'st me better than I thee;
 Or prove thy rightful cause, or be defied:
 The spectre, fiercely staring, thus replied:
 'Know, Theodore, thy ancestry I claim,
 And Guido Caraceni was my name.'

One common sire our fathers did beget ;
 My name and story some remember yet :
 Thee, then a boy, within my arms I laid,
 When for my sins I loved this haughty maid ;
 Not less adored in life, nor served by me,
 Than proud Honoria now is loved by thee.
 What did I not her stubborn heart to gain ?
 But all my vows were answered with disdain :
 She scorned my sorrows, and despised my pain.
 Long time I dragged my days in fruitless care ;
 Then, loathing life, and plunged in deep despair,
 To finish my unhappy life, I fell
 On this sharp sword, and now am damned in hell.
 'Short was her joy ; for soon the insulting maid
 By Heaven's decree in the cold grave was laid.
 And as in unrepenting sin she died,
 Doomed to the same bad place is punished for her pride ;
 Because she deemed I well deserved to die,
 And made a merit of her cruelty.
 There, then, we met ; both tried, and both were cast,
 And this irrevocable sentence passed :
 That she, whom I so long pursued in vain,
 Should suffer from my hands a lingering pain :
 Renewed to life, that she might daily die,
 I daily doomed to follow, she to fly ;
 No more a lover, but a mortal foe,
 I seek her life (for love is none below) :
 As often as my dogs with better speed
 Arrest her flight, is she to death decreed :
 Then with this fatal sword, on which I died,
 I pierce her opened back or tender side,
 And tear that hardened heart from out her breast,
 Which, with her entrails, makes my hungry hounds a feast.
 Nor lies she long, but, as her fates ordain,
 Springs up to life, and fresh to second pain,
 Is saved to-day, to-morrow to be slain.
 This, versed in death, the infernal knight relates,
 And then for proof fulfilled their common fates ;
 Her heart and bowels through her back he drew,
 And fed the hounds that helped him to pursue ;
 Stern looked the fiend, as frustrate of his will,
 Not half sufficed, and greedy yet to kill.
 And now the soul, expiring through the wound,
 Had left the body breathless on the ground.
 When thus the grisly spectre spoke again :
 'Behold the fruit of ill-rewarded pain :
 As many months as I sustained her hate,
 So many years is she condemned by Fate
 To daily death ; and every several place,
 Conscious of her disdain and my disgrace,
 Must witness her just punishment, and be
 A scene of triumph and revenge to me !
 As in this grove I took my last farewell,
 As on this very spot of earth I fell,
 As Friday saw me die, so she my prey
 Becomes even here, on this revolving day.'
 Thus, while he spoke, the virgin from the ground,
 Upstart fresh, already closed the wound,
 And unconcerned for all she felt before,
 Precipitates her flight along the shore :
 The hell-hounds, as ungorged with flesh and blood,
 Pursue their prey, and seek their wanted food ;

The fiend remounts his courser, mends his pace,
 And all the vision vanished from the place.
 Long stood the noble youth oppressed with awe,
 And stupid at the wondrous things he saw,
 Surpassing common faith, transgressing Nature's law.
 He would have been asleep, and wished to wake,
 But dreams, he knew, no long impression make,
 Though strong at first; if vision, to what end,
 But such as must his future state portend,
 His love the damsel, and himself the fiend?
 But yet, reflecting that it could not be
 From Heaven, which cannot impious acts decree,
 Resolved within himself to shun the snare
 Which hell for his destruction did prepare;
 And, as his better genius should direct,
 From an ill cause to draw a good effect.
 Inspired from Heaven, he homeward took his way,
 Nor palled his new design with long delay:
 But of his train a trusty servant sent
 To call his friends together at his tent.
 They came, and, usual salutations paid,
 With words premeditated thus he said:
 'What you have often counselled, to remove
 My vain pursuit of unregarded love,
 By thrift my sinking fortune to repair,
 Though late, yet is at last become my care:
 My heart shall be my own; my vast expense
 Reduced to bounds by timely providence;
 This only I require; invite for me
 Honoria, with her father's family.
 Her friends and mine; the cause I shall display
 On Friday next, for that's the appointed day.'
 Well pleased were all his friends, the task was light;
 The father, mother, daughter, they invite;
 Hardly the dame was drawn to this repast;
 But yet resolved, because it was the last.
 The day was come, the guests invited came,
 And, with the rest, the inexorable dame:
 A feast prepared with riotous expense,
 Much cost, more care, and most magnificence.
 The place ordained was in that haunted grove
 Where the revenging ghost pursued his love:
 The tables in a proud pavillion spread,
 With flowers below, and tissue overhead;
 The rest in rank, Honoria chief in place,
 Was artfully contrived to set her face
 To front the thicket, and behold the chase.
 The feast was served, the time so well forecast,
 That just when the dessert and fruits were placed,
 The fiend's alarm began; the hollow sound
 Sung in the leaves, the forest shook around,
 Air blackened, rolled the thunder, groined the ground.
 Nor long before the loud laments arise
 Of one distressed, and mastiffs' mingled cries;
 And first the dame came rushing through the wood,
 And next the famished hounds that sought their food,
 And gripp'd her flanks, and oft essayed their jaws in blood.
 Last came the felon on his sable steed,
 Armed with his naked sword, and urged his dogs to speed.
 She ran, and cried, her flight directly bent—
 A guest unbidden—to the fatal tent,
The scene of death, and place ordained for punishment.

Loud was the noise, aghast was every guest.
 The women shrieked, the men forsook the feast;
 The hounds at nearer distance hoarsely bayed;
 The hunter close pursued the visionary maid;
 She rent the heaven with loud laments, imploring aid.

The gallants, to protect the lady's right,
 Their falchions brandished at the grisly sprite;
 High on his stirrups he provoked the fight.
 Then on the crowd he cast a furious look,
 And withered all their strength before he strook:
 'Back, on your lives! let be,' said he, 'my prey,
 And let my vengeance take the destined way:
 Vain are your arms, and vain your defence,
 Against the eternal doom of Providence:
 Mine is the ungrateful maid by Heaven designed:
 Mercy she would not give, nor mercy shall she find.'
 At this the former tale again he told
 With thundering tone, and dreadful to behold:
 Sunk were their hearts with horror of the crime,
 Nor needed to be warned a second time,
 But bore each other back: some knew the face,
 And all had heard the much-lamented case
 Of him who fell for love, and this the fatal place.

And now the infernal minister advanced,
 Seized the due victim, and with fury lanced
 Her back, and, piercing through her inmost heart,
 Drew backward, as before, the offending part.
 The reeking entrails next he tore away,
 And to his meagre mastiffs made a prey.
 The pale assistants on each other stared,
 With gaping mouths for insulting words prepared;
 The still-born sounds upon the palate hung,
 And died imperfect on the faltering tongue.
 The fright was general; but the female band—
 A helpless train—in more confusion stand—
 With horror shuddering, on a heap they run,
 Sick at the sight of hateful justice done;
 For conscience rung the alarm, and made the case their own.

So, spread upon a lake with upward eye,
 A plump of fowl behold their foe on high:
 They close their trembling troop; and all attend
 On whom the soaring eagle will descend.

But most the proud Honoria feared the event,
 And thought to her alone the vision sent.
 Her guilt presents to her distracted mind
 Heaven's justice, Theodore's revengeful kind,
 And the same fate to the same sin assigned;
 Already sees herself the monster's prey,
 And feels her heart and entrails torn away.
 'Twas a mute scene of sorrow, mixed with fear;
 Still on the table lay the unfinished cheer:
 The knight and hungry mastiffs stood around;
 The mangled dame lay breathless on the ground:
 When on a sudden, re-inspired with breath,
 Again she rose, again to suffer death;
 Nor stayed the hell-hounds, nor the hunter stayed,
 But followed, as before, the flying maid:
 The avenger took from earth the avenging sword,
 And mounting light as air, his sable steed he spurred:
 The clouds dispelled, the sky resumed her light,
 And Nature stood recovered of her fright.

But fear, the last of ill, remained behind,

And horror heavy sat on every mind.
 Nor Theodore encouraged more his feast,
 But sternly looked, as hatching in his breast
 Some deep designs; which, when Honoria viewed,
 The fresh impulse her former fright renewed;
 She thought herself the trembling dame who fled,
 And him the grisly ghost who spurred the infernal steed:
 The more dismayed, for when the guests withdrew,
 Their courteous host, saluting all the crew,
 Regardless passed her o'er; nor graced with kind adieu;
 That sting infix'd within her haughty mind
 The downfall of her empire she divin'd,
 And her proud heart with secret sorrow pined.
 Home as they went, the sad discourse renewed,
 Of the relentless dame to death pursued,
 And of the sight obscene so lately viewed.
 None dost arraign the righteous doom she bore;
 Even they who pitied most, yet blamed her more;
 The parallel they needed not to name,
 But in the dead they damned the living dame.
 At every little noise she looked behind,
 For still the knight was present to her mind:
 And anxious oft she started on the way,
 And thought the horseman-ghost came thundering for his prey.
 Returned, she took her bed with little rest,
 But in short slumbers dreamt the funeral feast:
 Awaked, she turned her side, and slept again;
 The same black vapours mounted in her brain,
 And the same dreams returned with double pain.
 Now forced to wake, because afraid to sleep,
 Her blood all fevered, with a furious leap
 She sprung from bed, distracted in her mind,
 And feared, at every step, a twitching sprite behind.
 Darkling and desperate, with a staggering pace,
 Of death afraid, and conscious of disgrace;
 Fear, pride, remorse, at once her heart assailed;
 Pride put remorse to flight, but fear prevailed.
 Friday, the fatal day, when next it came,
 Her soul forethought the fiend would change his game,
 And her pursue, or Theodore be slain,
 And two ghosts join their packs to hunt her o'er the plain.
 This dreadful image so possessed her mind,
 That, deep, rare any succour else to find,
 She ceased all farther hope; and now began
 To make reflection on the unhappy man,
 Rich, brave, and young, who past expression loved;
 Proof to disdain, and not to be removed:
 Of all the men respected and admired;
 Of all the dames, except herself, desired:
 Why not of her? preferred above the rest
 By him with knightly deeds, and open love professed?
 So had another been, where he his vows addressed.
 This quelled her pride, yet other doubts remained,
 That, once disdaining, she might be disdained.
 The fear was just, but greater fear prevailed;
 Fear of her life by hellish bounds assailed:
 He took a lowering leave; but who can tell
 What outward hate might inward love conceal?
 Her sex's arts she knew; and why not then
 Might deep dissembling have a place in men?
 Her hope began to dawn; resolved to try,
 She fixed on this her utmost remedy:

Death was behind, but hard it was to die.
 'Twas time enough at last on death to call,
 The precipice in sight, a shrub was all
 That kindly stood betwixt to break the fatal fall.
 One maid she had, beloved above the rest ;
 Secure of her, the secret she confessed ;
 And now the cheerful light her fears dispelled ;
 She with no winding turns the truth concealed,
 But put the woman off, and stood revealed :
 With faults confessed, commissioned her to go,
 If pity yet had place, and reconcile her foe ;
 The welcome message made, was soon received ;
 'Twas what he wished, and hoped, but scarce believed ;
 Fate seemed a fair occasion to present ;
 He knew the sex, and feared she might repent,
 Should he delay the moment of consent.
 There yet remained to gain her friends (a care
 The modesty of maidens well might spare) ;
 But she with such a zeal the cause embraced
 (As women, where they will, are all in haste),
 The father, mother, and the kin beside,
 Were overborne by fury of the tide ;
 With full consent of all, she changed her state ;
 Resistless in her love, as in her hate.
 By her example warned, the rest beware ;
 More easy, less imperious, were the fair ;
 And that one hunting, which the devil designed
 For one fair female, lost him half the kind.

*Enjoyment of the Present Hour.—From the twenty-ninth ode of the
 Third Book of Horace.*

Enjoy the present smiling hour,
 And put it out of Fortune's power :
 The tide of business, like the running stream,
 Is sometimes high and sometimes low,
 A quiet ebb or a tempestuous flow,
 And always in extreme.
 Now with a noiseless gentle course
 It keeps within the middle bed :
 Anon it lifts aloft the head,
 And bears down all before it with impetuous force ;
 And trunks of trees come rolling down ;
 Sheep and their folds together drown :
 Both house and homestead into seas are borne ;
 And rocks are from their old foundations torn ;
 And woods, made thin with winds, their scattered honours mourn.

Happy the man, and happy he alone,
 He who can call to-day his own :
 He who, secure within, can say,
 To-morrow, do thy worst, for I have lived to-day.
 Be fair or foul, or rain or shine,
 The joys I have possessed, in spite of fate, are mine.
 Not heaven itself upon the past has power ;
 But what has been, has been, and I have had my hour !

Fortune, that with malicious joy
 Does man, her slave, oppress,
 Proud of her office to destroy,
 Is seldom pleased to bless :
 Still various, and inconstant still.

But with an inclination to be ill,
 Promotes, degrades, delights in strife,
 And makes a lottery of life.
 I can enjoy her while she 's kind;
 But when she dances in the wind,
 And shakes her wings, and will not stay,
 I puff the prostitute away:
 The little or the much she gave is quietly resigned:
 Content with poverty, my soul I arm;
 And virtue, though in rags, will keep me warm.

What is 't to me,
 Who never sail in her unfaithful sea,
 If storms arise, and clouds grow black;
 If the mast split, and threaten wreck?
 Then let the greedy merchant fear
 For his ill-gotten gain;
 And pray to gods that will not hear.
 While the debating winds and billows bear
 His wealth into the main.
 For me, secure from Fortune's blows,
 Secure of what I cannot lose,
 In my small pinnace I can sail,
 Contemning all the blustering roar;
 And running with a merry gale,
 With friendly stars my safety seek,
 Within some little winding creek,
 And see the storm ashore.

JOHN PHILIPS.

Southey has said that the age from Dryden to Pope is the worst age of English poetry. In this interval—which was but short, for Dryden bore fruit to the last, and Pope was early in blossom—there were about twenty poets, most of whom might be blotted from our literature, without being missed or regretted. The names of Smith, Duke, King, Sprat, Hughes, Blackmore, Fenton, Yalden, Hammond, Savage, &c. have been preserved by Dr. Johnson, but they excite no poetical associations. Their works present a dead-level of tame and uninteresting mediocrity. The artificial taste introduced in the reign of Charles II. to the exclusion of the romantic spirit which animated the previous reign, sunk at last into a mere collocation of certain phrases and images, of which each repetition was more weak than the last. Pope revived the national spirit by his polished satire and splendid versification; but the true poetical feeling lay dormant till Thomson's 'Seasons' and Percy's 'Reliques of Ancient Poetry' spoke to the heart of the people, and recalled the public taste from art to nature.

Of the artificial poets of this age, JOHN PHILIPS (1676-1708) evinced considerable talent in his 'Splendid Shilling,' a parody on the style of Milton. He was the son of Dr. Philips, archdeacon of Salop. Philips wrote a poem on the victory of Blenheim (1705), and another on Cider, the latter in imitation of the 'Georgics.' This was published in 1708, Tonson the publisher purchasing the copyright for

forty guineas. Phillips was an avowed imitator of Milton, but regretted that, like his own Abdiel, the great poet had not been 'faithful found.'

But he—however let the Muse abstain,
Nor *blast his fame*, from whom she learned to sing
In much inferior strains, grovelling beneath
Th' Olympian hill, on plains and vales intent—
Mean follower.

The notion that Phillips was able, by whatever he might write, to blast the fame of Milton, is one of those preposterous conceits which even able men will sometimes entertain.

The Splendid Shilling.

Happy the man who, void of care and strife,
In silken or in leathern purse retains
A Splendid Shilling; he nor hears with pain
New oysters cried, nor sighs for cheerful ale;
But with his friends, when nightly mists arise,
To Juniper's Magpie or Town-hall (1) repairs;
Where, mindful of the nymph, whose wanton eye
Transfixed his soul, and kindled amorous flames,
Chloe or Phillis, he each circling glass
Wishes her health, and joy, and equal love.
Meanwhile he smokes, and laughs at merry tale,
Or pun ambiguous, or conundrum quaint.
But I, whom gripping penury surrounds,
And hunger, sure attendant upon want,
With scanty offals, and small acid tiff,
Wretched repast! my meagre corpee sustain:
Then solitary walk, or doze at home
In garret vile, and with a warming puff
Regale chilled fingers; or from tube as black
As winter-chimney, or well-polished jet,
Exhale mundungus, ill-perfuming scent:
Not blacker tube, nor of a shorter size,
Smokes Cambro-Briton—versed in pedigree,
Sprung from Cadwallader and Arthur, kings
Full famous in romantic tale—when he
O'er many a craggy hill and barren cliff,
Upon a cargo of famed Cestrian choese,
High overshadowing rides, with a design
To vend his wares, or at the Avonian mart,
Or Maridunum, or the ancient town
Cyclopeo Brechinia, or where Vaga's stream
Encircles Ariconium, fruitful soil!
Whence flow nectareous wines, that well may vie
With Massic, Setin, or renowned Falern.

Thus, while my joyless minutes tedious flow
With looks demure, and silent pace, a dun,
Horrible monster! hated by gods and men,
To my aerial citadel ascends:
With vocal heel thrice thundering at my gate;
With hideous accent thrice he calls; I know
The voice ill-boding, and the solemn sound.
What should I do? or whither turn? Amased,
Confounded, to the dark recess I fly
Of wood-hole; straight my bristling hairs erect

1 Two noted alehouses in Oxford, 1708.

Through sudden fear : a chilly sweat bedews
 My shuddering limbs, and—wonderful to tell !—
 My tongue forgets her faculty of speech ;
 So horrible he seems ! His faded brow
 Intrenched with many a frown, and conic beard,
 And spreading band, admired by modern *saints*,
 Disastrous acts forbode ; in his right hand
 Long scrolls of paper solemnly he waves,
 With characters and figures dire inscribed,
 Grievous to mortal eyes—ye gods, avert
 Such plagues from righteous men !—Behind him stalls
 Another monster, not unlike himself,
 Sullen of aspect, by the vulgar called
 A catchpole, whose polluted hands the gods
 With force incredible, and magic charms,
 First have endured : if he his ample palm
 Should haply on ill-fated shoulder lay
 Of debtor, straight his body, to the touch
 Obsequious—as whilom knights were wont—
 To some enchanted castle is conveyed,
 Where gates impregnable, and coercive *chains*,
 In durance strict detain him, till, in form
 Of money, *Pallas* sets the captive free.

Beware, ye debtors ! when ye walk, beware,
 Be circumspect ; oft with insidious ken
 This calliff eyes your steps aloof, and oft
 Lies perdue in a nook or gloomy cave.
 Prompt to enchant some inadvertent wretch
 With his unhallowed touch. So—poets sing—
 Grimalkin, to domestic vermin sworn
 An everlasting foe, with watchful eye
 Lies nightly brooding o'er a chinky gap,
 Portending her fell claws, to thoughtless mice ;
 Sure ruin. So her disembowelled web
 Arachne, in a hall or kitchen, spreads
 Obvious to vagrant flies : she secret stands
 Within her woven cell ; the humming prey,
 Regardless of their fate, rush on the toils
 Inextricable ; nor will aught avail
 Their arts, or arms, or shapes of lovely hue ;
 The wasp insidious, and the buzzing drone,
 And butterfly, proud of expanded wings
 Distinct with gold, entangled in her snares,
 Useless resistance make : with eager strides,
 She tow'ring flies to her expected spoils :
 Then, with envenomed jaws, the vital blood
 Drinks of reluctant foes, and to her cave
 Their bulky carcasses triumphant drags.

So pass my days. But, when nocturnal shades
 This world envelop, and th' inclement air
 Persuades men to repel benumbing frosts
 With pleasant wines and crackling blaze of wood,
 Me, lonely sitting, nor the glimmering light
 Of make-weight candle, nor the joyous talk
 Of loving friend, delights ; distressed, forlorn,
 Amidst the horrors of the tedious night,
 Darkling I sigh, and feed with dismal thoughts
 My anxious mind ; or sometimes mournful verse
 Indite, and sing of groves and myrtle shades,
 Or desperate lady near a purling stream,
 Or lover pendent on a willow-tree,
 Meanwhile I labour with eternal drought,

And restless wish, and rave ; my parched throat
 Finds no relief, nor heavy eyes repose :
 But if a slumber haply does invade
 My weary limbs, my fancy's still awake ;
 Thoughtful of drink, and eager, in a dream,
 Tipples imaginary pots of ale,
 In vain ; awake, I find the settled thirst
 Still gnawing, and the pleasant phantom curae.
 Thus do I live, from pleasure quite debarr'd,
 Nor taste the fruits that the sun's genial rays
 Mature, John-apple, nor the downy peach,
 Nor walnut in rough-furrowed coat secure,
 Nor medlar, fruit delicious in decay.
 Afflictions great ! yet greater still remain :
 My galligaskins, that have long withstood
 The winter's fury and encroaching frosts,
 By time subdued—what will not time subdue !—
 A horrid chasm disclosed with orifice
 Wide, discontinuous ; at which the winds
 Eurus and Austere, and the dreadful force
 Of Boreas, that congeals the Cronian waves,
 Tumultuous enter with dire chilling blasts,
 Portending agues. Thus, a well-fraught ship,
 Long sailed secure, or through th' Ægean deep,
 Or the Ionian, till, cruising near
 The Lilybean shore, with hideous crush
 On Scylla or Charybdis—dangerous rocks !—
 She strikes rebounding ; whence the shattered oak,
 So fierce a shock unable to withstand,
 Admits the sea ; in at the gaping side
 The crowding waves gush with impetuous rage,
 Resistless, overwhelming ! horrors seize
 The mariners ; death in their eyes appears .
 They stare, they lave, they pump, they swear, they pray ;
 (Vain efforts !) still the battering waves rush in,
 Implacable ; till, deluged by the foam,
 The ship sinks foundering in the vast abyss.

JOHN POMFRET.

JOHN POMFRET (1667-1708) was the son of a clergyman, rector of Luton, in Bedfordshire, and himself a minister of the Church of England. He obtained the rectory of Malden, also in Bedfordshire, and had the prospect of preferment ; but the bishop of London considered, unjustly, his poem, the 'Choice,' as conveying an immoral sentiment, and rejected the poetical candidate. Detained in London by this unsuccessful negotiation, Pomfret caught the small-pox, and died. His works consist of occasional poems and some 'Pindaric Essays,' the latter evidently copied from Cowley. The only piece of Pomfret's now remembered—we can hardly say read—is the 'Choice.' Dr. Johnson remarks that no composition in our language has been oftener perused ; and Southey asks why Pomfret's 'Choice' is the most popular poem in the English language. To the latter observation, Campbell makes a quaint reply : 'It might have been demanded with equal propriety, why London Bridge is built of Parian marble.' It is difficult in the present day, when the English muse has awakened to so much higher a strain of thought and expression, and a

large body of poetry, full of passion, natural description, and emotion, lies between us and the times of Pomfret, to conceive that the 'Choice' could ever have been a very popular poem. It is tame and commonplace. The idea, however, of a country retirement, a private seat, with a wood, garden, and stream, a clear and competent estate, and the enjoyment of lettered ease and happiness, is so grateful and agreeable to the mind of man, especially in large cities, that we can hardly forbear liking a poem that recalls so beloved an image to our recollection. Swift and Pope, in their exquisite imitation of Horace ('Sat.' Book li. 6), have drawn a similar picture; and Thomson and Cowper, by their descriptions of rural life, have completely obliterated from the public mind the feeble draft of Pomfret.

Extract from 'The Choice.'

If Heaven the grateful liberty would give
That I might choose my method how to live;
And all those hours propitious fate should lend,
In blissful ease and satisfaction spend;
Near some fair town I'd have a private seat,
Built uniform, not little, nor too great;
Better, if on a rising ground it stood;
On this side fields, on that a neighbouring wood.
It should within no other things contain
But what are useful, necessary, plain;
Methinks 'tis nauseous, and I'd ne'er endure
The needless pomp of gaudy furniture.
A little garden grateful to the eye,
And a cool rivulet run 'murmuring by;
On whose delicious banks a stately row
Of shady limes or sycamores should grow.
At the end of which a silent study placed,
Should be with all the noblest authors graced:
Horace and Virgil, in whose mighty lines
Immortal wit and solid learning shines;
Sharp Juvenal, and amorous Ovid too,
Who all the turns of love's soft passion knew:
He that with judgment reads his charming lines,
In which strong art with stronger nature joins,
Must grant his fancy does the best excel—
His thoughts so tender, and expressed so well:
With all those moderns, men of steady sense,
Esteemed for learning and for eloquence.
In some of these, as fancy should advise,
I'd always take my morning exercise;
For sure no minutes bring us more content
Than those in pleasing useful studies spent.
I'd have a clear and competent estate,
That I might live genteelly, but not great;
As much as I could moderately spend;
A little more, sometimes to oblige a friend.
Nor should the sons of poverty repine
Too much at fortune; they should taste of mine;
And all that objects of true pity were,
Should be relieved with what my wants could spare;
For that our Maker has too largely given
Should be returned in gratitude to Heaven.

A frugal plenty should my table spread ;
 With healthy, not luxurious, dishes spread ;
 Enough to satisfy, and something more,

To feed the stranger, and the neighbouring poor.
 Strong meat indulges vice, and pampering food
 Creates diseases, and inflames the blood.
 But what's sufficient to make nature strong,
 And the bright lamp of life continue long,
 I'd freely take ; and, as I did possess,
 The bounteous Author of my plenty bless.

EARL OF DORSET.

CHARLES SACKVILLE, EARL OF DORSET (1637-8—1705-6), wrote little, but was capable of doing more, and being a liberal patron of poets, was a nobleman highly popular in his day. In the first Dutch war, 1665, when Earl of Buckhurst, he went a volunteer under the Duke of York, and was said to have written or finished a song—his best composition, 'one of the prettiest that ever was made,' according to Prior—the night before the naval engagement in which Opdam, the Dutch admiral, was blown up, with all his crew. The circumstance of such a lively, easy-flowing song, consisting of eleven stanzas, having been written on board ship, on the eve of an engagement, was justly held to be a fine instance of courage and gallantry. But when Pepys's 'Diary' was published, it was found that the song existed six months before the great sea-fight. Prior's story was an embellishment. Dorset was a lord of the bedchamber to Charles II. and was chamberlain of the household to William and Mary. Prior relates, that when Dorset, as lord-chamberlain, was obliged to take the king's pension from Dryden, he allowed him an equivalent out of his own estate. He introduced Butler's 'Hudibras' to the notice of the court, was consulted by Waller, and almost idolised by Dryden. Hospitable, generous, and refined, we need not wonder at the incense which was heaped upon Dorset by his contemporaries. His works are trifling ; a few satires and songs make up the catalogue. They are elegant, and sometimes forcible ; but when a man like Prior writes of them, 'there is a lustre in his verses like that of the sun in Claude Lorraine's landscapes,' it is impossible not to be struck with that gross adulation of rank and fashion which disgraced the literature of the age.

Song.

Dorinda's sparkling wit and eyes,
 United, cast too fierce a light,
 Which blazes high, but quickly dies ;
 Pains not the heart, but hurts the sight.

Love is a calmer, gentler joy ;
 Smooth are his looks, and soft his pace ;
 Her Cupid is a blackguard boy,
 That runs his link full in your face.

Song.

'Written at sea, by the late Earl of Dorset, in the First Dutch War.' (Lintot's 'Miscellany,' 1712.

To all you ladies now at land,
We men at sea indite;
But first would have you understand
How hard it is to write;
The Muses now, and Neptune too,
We must implore to write to you.
With a fa la, la, la, la.

For though the Muses should prove kind,
And fill our empty brain;
Yet if rough Neptune rouse the wind,
To wave the azure main,
Our paper, pen and ink, and we,
Roll up and down our ships at sea.
With a fa, &c.

Then, if we write not by each post,
Think not we are unkind;
Nor yet conclude our ships are lost
By Dutchmen or by wind:
Our tears we'll send a speedier way—
The tide shall bring them twice a day.
With a fa, &c.

The king with wonder and surprise,
Will swear the seas grow bold;
Because the tide will higher rise
Than ever they used of old:
But let him know it is our tears
Bring floods of grief to Whitehall-stairs.
With a fa, &c.

Should foggy Opdam chance to know
Our sad and dismal story,
The Dutch would scorn so weak a foe,
And quit their fort at Geree;
For what resistance can they find
From men who've left their hearts be-
hind?
With a fa, &c.

Let wind and weather do its worst,
Be you to us but kind;
Let Dutchmen vapour, Spaniards curse,

No sorrow we shall find:
'Tis then no matter how things go,
Or who's our friend, or who's our foe.
With a fa, &c.

To pass our tedious hours away,
We throw a merry main;
Or else at serious ombre play;
But why should we in vain
Each other's ruin thus pursue?
We were undone when we left you.
With a fa, &c.

But now our fears tempestuous grow,
And cast our hopes away;
Whilst you, regardless of our woe,
Sit careless at a play:
Perhaps permit some happier man
To kiss your hand, or flirt your fan.
With a fa, &c.

When any mournful tune you hear,
That dies in every note,
As if it sighed with each man's care
For being so remote:
Think then how often love we've made
To you, when all those tunes were played.
With a fa, &c.

In justice, you can not refuse
To think of our distress,
When we for hopes of honour lose
Our certain happiness;
All those designs are but to prove
Ourselves more worthy of your love
With a fa, &c.

And now we've told you all our loves,
And likewise all our fears,
In hopes this declaration moves
Some pity for our tears;
Let's hear of no inconstancy,
We have too much of that at sea.
With a fa la, la, la, la.

DUKE OF BUCKINGHAMSHIRE.

JOHN SHEFFIELD, DUKE OF BUCKINGHAMSHIRE (1649—1720—21), was associated in his latter days with the wits and poets of the reign of Queen Anne, but he properly belongs to the previous age. He went with Prince Rupert against the Dutch, and was afterwards colonel of a regiment of foot. In order to learn the art of war under Marshal Turenne, he made a campaign in the French service. The literary taste of Sheffield was never neglected amidst the din of arms, and he made himself an accomplished scholar. He was a member

of the privy council of James II. but *acquiesced* in the Revolution, and was afterwards a member of the cabinet council of William and Mary, with a pension of £3000. Sheffield is said to have 'made love' to Queen Anne when they were both young, and her majesty heaped honours on the favourite immediately on her accession to the throne. He lived in great state in a magnificent house he had built in St. James's Park, of which he has given a long description—dwelling with delight on its gardens, terrace, park, and canal, and the rows of goodly elms and limes through which he approached his mansion. This stately residence was purchased by George III. and taken down by George IV. to make way for the present royal palace, which still bears the name of Buckingham. The noble poet continued actively engaged in public affairs till his death. Sheffield wrote several poems and copies of verses. Among the former is an 'Essay on Satire,' which Dryden is reported, but erroneously, to have revised. His principal work, however, is his 'Essay on Poetry,' which was published anonymously in 1683; the second edition, enlarged in 1691, received the praises of Roscommon, Dryden, and Pope. This poem was retouched by Pope, and in return some of the last lines of Buckingham were devoted to the praise of the young poet of 'Windsor Forest.' The 'Essay on Poetry' is written in the heroic couplet, and seems to have suggested Pope's 'Essay on Criticism.' It is of the style of Denham and Roscommon, plain, perspicuous, and sensible, but contains little true poetry—less than any of Dryden's prose essays.

Extract from the 'Essay on Poetry.'

Of all those arts in which the wise excel,
Nature's chief master-piece is writing well;
No writing lifts exalted man so high
As sacred and soul-moving Poesy:
No kind of work requires so nice a touch,
And, if well finished, nothing shines so much.
But Heaven forbid we should be so profane
To grace the vulgar with that noble name,
'Tis not a flash of fancy, which, sometimes
Dazzling our minds, sets off the slightest rhymes;
Bright as a blaze, but in a moment done:
True wit is everlasting like the sun,
Which, though sometimes behind a cloud retired,
Breaks out again, and is by all admired.
Number and rhyme, and that harmonious sound
Which not the nicest ear with harshness wound,
Are necessary, yet but vulgar arts:
And all in vain these superficial parts
Contribute to the structure of the whole:
Without a genius, too, for that 's the soul:
A spirit which inspires the work throughout,
As that of nature moves the world about;
A flame that glows amidst conceptions fit,
Even something of divine, and more than wit;
Itself unseen, yet all things by it shewn,
Describing all men, but described by none. . . .

First, then, of songs, which now so much abound,
 Without his song no fop is to be found;
 A most offensive weapon which he draws
 On all he meets, against Apollo's laws.
 Though nothing seems more easy, yet no part
 Of poetry requires a nicer art;
 For as in rows of richest pearl there lies
 Many a blemish that escapes our eyes,
 The least of which defects is plainly shown
 In one small ring, and brings the value down;
 So songs should be to just perfection wrought;
 Yet when can one be seen without a fault?
 Exact propriety of words and thought;
 Expression easy, and the fancy high;
 Yet that not seem to creep, nor this to fly;
 No words transposed, but in such order all,
 As wrought with care, yet seem by chance to fall. . . .

Of all the ways that wisest men could find
 To mend the age, and mortify mankind,
 Satire well writ has most successful proved,
 And cures, because the remedy is loved.
 'Tis hard to write on such a subject more,
 Without repeating things oft said before.
 Some vulgar errors only we'll remove,
 That stain a beauty which we so much love.
 Of chosen words some take not care enough,
 And think they should be, as the subject, rough;
 This poem must be more exactly made,
 And sharpest thoughts in smoothest words conveyed.
 Some think, if sharp enough, they cannot fail,
 As if their only business was to rail;
 But human frailty, nicely to unfold,
 Distinguishes a satire from a scold.
 Rage you must hide, and prejudice lay down;
 A satyr's smile is sharper than his frown;
 So while you seem to slight some rival youth,
 Malice itself may pass sometimes for truth. . . .

By painful steps at last we labour up
 Parnassus' hill, on whose bright airy top
 The epic poets so divinely shew,
 And with just pride behold the rest below.
 Heroic poems have a just pretence
 To be the utmost stretch of human sense;
 A work of such inestimable worth,
 There are but two the world has yet brought forth—
 Homer and Virgil; with what sacred awe
 Do those mere sounds the world's attention draw!
 Just as a changeling seems below the rest
 Of men, or rather as a two-legged beast.
 So these gigantic souls, amazed, we find
 As much above the rest of human-kind!
 Nature's whole strength united! endless fame
 And universal shouts attend their name!
 Read Homer once, and you can read no more,
 For all books else appear so mean, so poor,
 Verse will seem prose; but still persist to read,
 And Homer will be all the books you need.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

A Hymn to my Redeemer.

By GEORGE SANDYS, the accomplished traveller, translator of Ovid, and author of 'Metrical Paraphrases of the Psalms, the Book of Job, &c.' 1636. This hymn was hung by Sandys as an offering on the sepulchre of Christ.

Saviour of mankind—man—Emmanuel,
Who sinless died for sin, who vanquished hell,
The first fruits of the grave; whose life did give
Light to our darkness: in whose death we live,
O strengthen Thou my faith! correct my will,
That mine may thine obey! Protect me still,
So that the latter death may not devour
My soul, sealed with thy seal!—so in the hour
When Thou, whose body sanctified this tomb,
Unjustly judged, a glorious judge shalt come
To judge the world with justice, by that sign
I may be known, and entertained for thine!

From Sandys' Version of the Nineteenth Psalm.

God's glory the vast heavens proclaim,
The firmament His mighty frame;
Day unto day, and night to night,
The wonders of His works recite.
To these nor speech nor words belong,
Yet understood without a tongue.
The globe of earth they compass round,
Through all the world disperse their sound.
There is the sun's pavilion set,
Who from his rosy cabinet,
Like a fresh bridegroom shews his face,
And as a giant runs his race.

The Old Man's Wish.

This song, by Dr. WALTER POPE (died in 1714), was first published in 1685. It was imitated in Latin by VINCENT BOURNE (1697-1747), usher in Westminster School, who was affectionately remembered by Cowper and other pupils.

If I live to grow old, as I find I go down,
Let this be my fate in a country town:
May I have a warm house, with a stone at my gate,
And a cleanly young girl to rub my bald pate.
May I govern my passions with an absolute sway,
Grow wiser and better as my strength wears away,
Without gout or stone, by a gentle decay.

In a country town, by a murmuring brook,
With the ocean at distance on which I may look,
With a spacious plain without hedge or stile,
And an easy pad nag to ride out a mile.
May I govern, &c.

With Horace and Plutarch, and one or two more
Of the best wits that lived in the ages before;
With a dish of roast-mutton, not ven'son nor teal,
And clean, though coarse linen at every meal.
May I govern, &c.

With a pudding on Sunday, and stout humming liquor,
And remnants of Latin to puzzle the vicar;

With a hidden reserve of Burgundy wine
To drink the king's health as oft as I dine.
May I govern, &c.

With a courage undaunted, may I face my last day,
And when I am dead may the better sort say,
In the morning when sober, in the evening when mellow,
'He's gone and he n't left behind him his fellow;
For he governed his passions with an absolute sway,
And grew wiser and better as his strength wore away,
Without gout or stone, by a gentle decay.'

Colin's Complaint.—By NICHOLAS ROWE.

Despairing beside a clear stream,
A shepherd forsaken was laid;
And while a false nymph was his theme,
A willow supported his head,
The wind that blew over the plain,
To his sighs with a sigh did reply;
And the break, in return to his pain,
Ran mournfully murmuring by.

'Alas, silly swain that I was I'
Thus sadly complaining he cried;
'When first I beheld that fair face
'Twere better by far I had died.
She talked, and I blessed the dear tongue;
When she smiled 'twas a pleasure too
great:

I listened and cried when she sung,
"Was nightingale ever so sweet?"

'How foolish was I to believe
She could dote on so lowly a clown.
Or that her fond heart would not grieve
To forsake the fine folk of the town.
To think that a beauty so gay,
So kind and so constant could prove,
Or go clad like our maidens in gray,
Or live in a cottage on love.

'What though I have skill to complain,
Though the Muses my temple have
crowned?
What though, when they hear my soft
strain,
The virgins sit weeping around?

Ah, Colin, thy hopes are in vain;
Thy pipe and thy laurel resign;
Thy false one inclines to a swain
Whose music is sweeter than thine.

'And you, my companions so dear,
Who sorrow to see me betrayed,
Whatever I suffer, forbear—
Forbear to accuse the false maid.
Though through the wide world I should
range,

'Tis in vain from my fortune to fly;
'Twas hereto be false and to change,
'Tis mine to be constant and die.

'If while my hard fate I sustain,
In her breast any pity is found,
Let her come with the nymph of the
plain,

And see me laid low in the ground.
The last humble boon that I crave,
Is to shade me with cypress and yew;
And when she looks down on my grave,
Let her own that her shepherd was
true.

'Then to her new love let her go,
And deck her in golden array,
Be finest at every fine show,
And frolic it all the long day;
While Colin, forgotten and gone,
No more shall be talked of or seen,
Unless when beneath the pale moon
His ghost shall glide over the green.'

The Blind Boy.—By COLLEY CIBBER.

O say what is that thing called light,
Which I must ne'er enjoy,
What are the blessings of the sight—
O tell your poor blind boy!

You talk of wondrous things you see;
You say the sun shines bright;
I feel him warm, but how can he
Or make it day or night?

My day or night myself I make,
Where'er I sleep or play;

And could I ever keep awake,
With me 'twere always day.

With heavy sighs I often hear
You mourn my hapless woe;
But, sure, with patience I can bear
A loss I ne'er can know.

Then let not what I cannot have
My cheer of mind destroy;
While thus I sing, I am a king,
Although a poor blind boy.

SCOTTISH POETS.

THE MARQUIS OF MONTROSE.

The celebrated JAMES GRAHAM, Marquis of Montrose (1612-1650), had some taste for literature. He wrote a few copies of versica, irregular in style, but occasionally happy and vigorous in expression, and characteristic of that daring romantic spirit he displayed both as Covenanter and cavalier. The following is the most popular of his effusions:

Ballad—I'll Never Love Thee More.

My dear and only love, I pray
That little world of thee
Be governed by no other sway
Than purest monarchy;
For if confusion have a part,
Which virtuous souls abhor,
And hold a synod in thine heart,
I'll never love thee more.

As Alexander I will reign,
And I will reign alone;
My thoughts did ever more disdain
A rival on my throne.
He either fears his fate too much,
Or his deserts are small,
That dares not put it to the touch
To gain or lose it all!

But I will reign and govern still,
And always give the law,
And have each subject at my will,
And all to stand in awe.

But 'gainst my batteries if I find
Thou kick, or vex me sore,
As that thou set me up a blind,
I'll never love thee more.

And in the empire of thine heart,
Where I should solely be,
If others do pretend a part,
Or dare to vie with me;
Or committees if thou erect,
And go on such a score,
I'll laugh and sing at thy neglect,
And never love thee more.

But if thou wilt prove faithful, then,
And constant of thy word,
I'll make thee glorious by my pen,
And famous by my sword;
I'll serve thee in such noble ways
Was never heard before;
I'll crown and deck thee all with bays,
And love thee more and more.

Lines written by Montrose after sentence of death was passed upon him.

Let them bestow on every airt (1) a limb,
Then open all my veins, that I may swim
To Thee, my Maker, in that crimson lake;
Then place my parboiled head upon a stake,
Scatter my ashes, strew them in the air:
Lord! since Thou know'st where all those atoms are,
I'm hopeful Thou 'lt recover once my dust,
And confident Thou 'lt raise me with the just!

ROBERT SEMPILL.

The Semples of Beltrees were a poetical family, and one piece by ROBERT SEMPILL (1595-1659) evinces a talent for humorous description. Allan Ramsay, and afterwards Burns, copied the style and form of verse in Sempill's poem, 'The Piper of Kilbarchan.'

Kilbarchan now may say 'Alas!
For she hath lost her game and grace,
Both Trixie and the Maiden Trace;
But what remedy?
For no man can supply his place—
Hab Simson 's dead!

Now who shall play, 'The Day it dawns,
Or 'Hunts up,' when the cock he craws?
Or who can for our kirk-town cause
Stand us in stead?
On bagpipes now naebod blaws
Sin' Habbie 's dead.

1 Every point of the compass (Gaelic *ard*, a cardinal point).

Sempill wrote other pieces, which have not been preserved. He was a royalist, and fought on the side of Charles I.

WILLIAM CLELAND.

WILLIAM CLELAND (circa 1661-1689) wrote a Hudibrastic satire on the Jacobite army known as the 'Highland Host,' in 1678. He was author also of a wild, fanciful piece, 'Hallo, my Fancy.' Cleland commanded the Covenanting forces, and fell in the moment of victory at Dunkeld. The poems of this gallant young officer were not published till 1697. Sir Walter Scott, in the 'Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border,' has stated that Colonel Cleland was father of a certain Major Cleland, the friend of Pope, whose name is signed to a letter prefixed to the 'Dunciad;' but this is an error; the Covenanting officer was only twelve or thirteen years of age when Major Cleland was born.

The Highland Host

But those who were their chief commanders,

As such who bore the pirnie (1) standarts;
Who led the van and drove the rear,
Were right well mounted of their gear;
With brogues, and trews, and pirnie
plaids,

And good blue bonnets on their heads,
Which on the one side had a pipe (2)
Adorned with a tobacco pipe;
With dirk, and snap-pipe, (3) and snuff-
mill,

A bag which they with onions fill,
And, as their strict observers say,
A tase-horn filled with usquebae;
A slashed-cut coat beneath their plaids,
A targe of timber, nails, and hides;
With a long two-handed sword,
As good's the country can afford—

Had they not need of bulk and bones,
Who fight with all these arms at once?
It's marvellous how in such weather,
O'er bill and moss they came together;
How in such storms they came so far;
The reason is they're smeared with tar,
Which doth defend them heel and neck,
Just as it does their sheep protect. (4) . . .
Nought like religion they retain,
Of moral honesty they're clean;
In nothing they're accounted sharp,
Except in bagpipe and in harp.
For a misobliging word
She'll dunk her neighbour o'er the board;
And then she'll see like fire from flint,
She'll scarcely ward the second dint;
If any ask her of her thrift,
Foorsooth, her *nastest* lives by theft.

From 'Hallo, my Fancy.'

When I look before me,
There I do behold
There's none that sees or knows me;
All the world's a-gadding,
Running madding;

None doth his station hold.

He that is below envleth him that riseth,
And he that is above, him that's below despiseth,
So every man his plot and counter-plot deviseth.

Hallo, my fancy, whither wilt thou go?

Look, look, what bustling

Here I do espy;
Each another jostling,
Every one turmolling,
Th' other spoiling,
As I did pass them by.

1 Having unequal threads or different colours.

2 A fold, a lap.

3 Pistol.

4 The Highlanders at an early period wore linen shirts smeared with wax or tar.

One sitteth musing in a dumpish passion,
 Another hangs his head because he's out of fashion,
 A third is fully bent on sport and recreation.

Hallo, my fancy, whither wilt thou go ?

Amidst the foamy ocean,
 Fain would I know
 What doth cause the motion,
 And returning
 In its journeying,

And doth so seldom swerve !

And how these little fishes that swim beneath salt water,
 Do never blind their eye ; methinks it is a matter
 An inch above the reach of old Erra Pater !

Hallo, my fancy, whither wilt thou go ?

Fain would I be resolved
 How things are done ;
 And where the bull was calved
 Of bloody Phalaris,
 And where the tailor is

That works to the man I' the moon !

Fain would I know how Cupid aims so rightly ;
 And how these little fairies do dance and leap so lightly ;
 And where fair Cynthia makes her ambles nightly.

Hallo, my fancy, whither wilt thou go ?

In conceit like Phaeton,
 I'll mount Phœbus' chair,
 Having ne'er a hat on,
 All my hair a-burning
 In my journeying,

Hurrying through the air.

Fain would I hear his fiery horses neighing,
 And see how they on foamy bits are playing ;
 All the stars and planets I will be surveying !

Hallo, my fancy, whither wilt thou go ?

Hallo, my fancy, hallo,
 Stay, stay at home with me ;
 I can thee no longer follow,
 For thou hast betrayed me,
 And bewrayed me ;

It is too much for thee.

Stay, stay at home with me ; leave off thy lofty soaring ;
 Stay thou at home with me, and on thy books be poring ;
 For he that goes abroad, lays little up in storing :

Thou'rt welcome home, my fancy, welcome home to me.

Some of the interesting ballads and fragments in Scott's 'Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border' belong to this period. One of these is 'Gilderoy' (that is, the Red Lad), a Highland freebooter, who was executed in 1636. He was a noted cateran or robber, but a dashing one like Captain Macheath, with roses in his shoon, silken hose, and fine garters. There is one true touch of feeling in the ballad. Alluding to the scene of Gilderoy's death on the scaffold, the heroine who laments his fate, says :

I never loved to see the face
 That gazed on Gilderoy.

Another ballad entitled 'Lady Ann Bothwell's Lament' is about the same date :

Below, (1) my babe, lie still and sleep;
It grieves me sair to hear thee weep:
If thou'lt be silent, I'll be glad;
Thy mourning makes my heart full sad.

One of the finest of these poetical relics (for which, Professor Aytoun says, there is evidence to shew that it was composed before 1566) we print entire:

Waly, Waly. (2)

O waly, waly up the bank,
And waly, waly down the brae,
And waly, waly by yon burnside.
Where I and my love were wont to gae!
I lent my back unto an alk,
I thought it was a trusty tree;
But first it bowed, and syne it brak,
Sae my true love did lightly me.

O waly, waly gin my love be bonny,
A little time while it is new;
But when it's auld, it waxeth cauld,
And fades away like morning dew.
O wherefore should I bask n.y head,
Or wherefore should I kaim my hair;
For my true love has me forsook,
And says he'll never lo'e me mair?

Now Arthur's Seat shall be my bed,
The sheets shall ne'er be pressed by me;
Saint Anton's well shall be my drink,
Since my true love's forsaken me.
Martinmas wind, when wilt thou blaw,

And shake the green leaves aff the tree?
O gentle death, when wilt thou come,
For of my life I am wearie?

'Tis not the frost that freezes fell,
Nor blawing snow's inclemencie;
'Tis not sic cauld that makes me cry,
But my love's heart grown cauld to me.
When we came in by Glasgow town
We were a comely sight to see;
My love was clad i' the black velvet,
And I myself in cramoisie.

But had I wissed before I kissed,
That love had been sic ill to win,
I had locked my heart in a case of gowd,
And pinned it wi' a siller pin.
Oh, oh! if my young babe were born,
And set upon the nurse's knee,
And I myself were dead and gane,
For a maid again I'll never be.

We should perhaps include among the poetical productions of this time the translation of the Psalms which is still sung in the Scottish Presbyterian churches. A version was made in 1643 by a Puritanical versifier, FRANCIS ROUSE (1679-1659), which was revised and adopted as now in use. The fine old version of the Hundredth Psalm, however, was in use, words and music, so early as 1565.

DRAMATISTS.

JASPER MAYNE.

Two comedies, illustrative of city manners in the time of Charles I. were produced by JASPER MAYNE (1604-1672). The first of these, 'The City Madam' (1639), is one of the best of our early comedies—humorous, but not indelicate; the second, entitled 'The Amorous

1 *Below*, a lullaby; probably from the French *bas, la le loup*, be still, the wolf is coming.

2 *Waly*, expressive of lamentation (Ang.-Sax. *wa-la*, from *wa*, woe, and *la*, oh!).

War, is a tragi-comedy, published in 1648. Mayne was a native of Devonshire, educated for the church, and afterwards archdeacon of Chichester, and chaplain in ordinary to King Charles II. He was a humorist, and has been compared even to Dean Swift,* though little remains to justify the comparison. Besides his plays, he wrote occasional poems, and translated Lucian's 'Dialogues.' The Puritans, of course, found no favour with this dramatic divine.

A Puritanical Waiting-maid.

AURELIA. BANESWRIGHT.

AURELIA. Oh, Mr. Baneswright, are you come? My woman Was in her preaching fit; she only wanted A table's end.

BANESWRIGHT. Why, what's the matter?

AUR. Never
Poor lady had such unbred holiness
About her person; I am never drest
Without a sermon; but am forced to prove
The lawfulness of curling-irons before
She'll crisp me in a morning. I must shew
Texts for the fashions of my gowns. She'll ask
Where jewels are commanded? Or what lady
I' the primitive times wore robes of pearl or rubies?
She will urge councils for her little ruff,
Called in Northamptonshire; and her whole service
Is a mere confutation of my clothes.

BANE. Why, madam, I assure you, time hath been,
However she be otherwise, when she had
A good quick wit, and would have made to a lady
A servicable sinner.

AUR. She can't preserve
The gift for which I took her; but as though
She were inspired from Ipswich, she will make
The acts and monuments in sweetmeats; quinces,
Arraigned and burnt at a stake; all my banquets
Are persecutions; Diocletian's days
Are brought for entertainment; and we eat martyrs.

BANE. Madam, she is far gone.

AUR. Nay, sir, she is a Puritan at her needle too.

BANE. Indeed!

AUR. She works religious petticoats; for flowers
She'll make church histories. Her needle doth
So sanctify my cushionets! Besides,
My smock-sleeves have such holy embroideries,
And are so learned, that I fear, in time,
All my apparel will be quoted by
Some pure instructor. Yesterday I went
To see a lady that has a parrot; my woman,
While I was in discourse, converted the fowl;
And now it can speak nought but Knox's works;
So there's a parrot lost.

* A practical joke is related of him. One of his servants waiting upon him with attention in his last illness, was told by his master that if he would look in one of his chests, after his death, he would find something that would make him drink. The man redoubled his attentions; and after the master's death, on examining the chest, found that his legacy was a red herring!

DAVENANT AND DRYDEN.

The civil war was for a time fatal to the dramatic Muse. In 1642, the nation was convulsed with the elements of discord, and in the same month that the sword was drawn, the theatres were closed. On the 2d of September, the Long Parliament issued an ordinance, 'suppressing public stage-players throughout the kingdom during these calamitous times.' An infraction of this ordinance took place in 1644, when some players were apprehended for performing Beaumont and Fletcher's 'King and no King'—an ominous title for a drama at that period. Another ordinance was issued in 1647, and a third in the following year, when the House of Commons appointed a provost-marshal for the purpose of suppressing plays and seizing ballad-singers. Parties of strolling actors occasionally performed in the country; but there were no regular theatrical performances in London, till Davenant brought out his opera, the 'Siege of Rhodes,' in the year 1651. Two years afterwards, he removed to the Cockpit Theatre, Drury Lane, where he performed until the eve of the Restoration. A strong partiality for the drama existed in the nation, which all the storms of the civil war, and the zeal of the Puritans, had not been able to crush or subdue. At the restoration of the monarchy, the drama was also restored, and with new lustre, though less decency. Two theatres were licensed in the metropolis, one under the direction of Sir William Davenant, whose performers were, in compliment to the Duke of York, named the Duke's Company. The other establishment was managed by Thomas Killigrew, a well-known wit and courtier, whose company took the name of the King's Servants. Davenant effected two great improvements in theatrical representation—the regular introduction of actresses, or female players, and the use of movable scenery and appropriate decorations. Females had performed on the stage previous to the Restoration, and considerable splendour and variety of scenery had been exhibited in the court masks and revels. Neither, however, had been familiar to the public, and they now formed a great attraction to the two patent theatres. Unfortunately, these powerful auxiliaries were not brought in aid of the good old dramas of the age of Elizabeth and James. Instead of adding grace and splendour to the creations of Shakespeare and Jonson, they were lavished to support a new and degenerate dramatic taste, which Charles II. had brought with him from the continent. Rhyming or heroic plays had long been fashionable in France, and were dignified by the genius of Corneille and Racine. They had little truth of colouring or natural passion, but dealt exclusively with personages in high life and of transcendent virtue or ambition; with fierce combats and splendid processions; with superhuman love and beauty; and with long dialogues alternately formed of metaphysical subtlety and the most extravagant and bombastic expression. 'Blank verse,' says Dryden, 'is

acknowledged to be *too low for a poem*, nay, more, for a paper of verses; but if too low for an ordinary sonnet, how much more for tragedy? Accordingly, the heroic plays were all in rhyme, set off not only with superb dresses and decorations, but with 'the richest and most ornate kind of verse, and the furthest removed from ordinary colloquial diction.' The comedies were degenerate in a different way. They were framed after the model of the Spanish stage, and adapted to the taste of the king, as exhibiting a variety of complicated intrigues, successful disguises, and constantly shifting scenes and adventures. The old native English virtues of sincerity, conjugal fidelity, and rudeness were held up to constant ridicule, as if amusement could only be obtained by obliterating the moral feelings. Dryden ascribes the licentiousness of the stage to the example of the king. Part, however, must be assigned to the earlier comedies of Beaumont and Fletcher, and part to the ascetic puritanism and denial of all public amusements during the time of the Commonwealth. If the Puritans had contented themselves with regulating and purifying the theatres, they would have conferred a benefit on the nation; but, by shutting them up entirely, and denouncing all public recreations, they provoked a counteraction in the taste and manners of the people. The over-austerity of one period led naturally to the shameless degeneracy of the succeeding period; and deeply is it to be deplored that the great talents of Dryden were the most instrumental in extending and prolonging this depravation of the national taste.

The operas and comedies of Sir William Davenant were the first pieces brought out on the stage after the Restoration. He wrote twenty-five in all; but, notwithstanding the partial revival of the old dramatists, none of Davenant's productions continue to be read. 'His last work,' says Southey, 'was his worst; it was an alteration of the *'Tempest'*, executed in conjunction with Dryden; and marvellous indeed it is that two men of such great and indubitable genius should have combined to debase, and vulgarise, and pollute such a poem as the *"Tempest."*' The marvel is enhanced when we consider that Dryden writes of their joint labour with evident complacency, at the same time that his prologue to the adapted play contains the following just and beautiful character of his great predecessor:

As when a tree's cut down, the secret root
Lives under ground, and thence new branches shoot;
So from old Shakespeare's honoured dust, this day
Springs up and buds a new reviving play.
Shakespeare, who, taught by none, did first impart
To Fletcher *art*; to labouring Jonson *art*;
He, monarch-like, gave these his subjects law,
And is that nature which they paint and draw.
Fletcher reached that which on his heights did grow,
Whilst Jonson crept and gathered all below.
This did his love, and this his mirth digest;

One imitates him most, the other best.
If they have since outwrit all other men,
'Tis with the drops which fell from Shakspeare's pen.
The storm which vanished on the neighbouring shore,
Was taught by Shakspeare's 'Tempest' first to roar.
That innocence and beauty which did smile
In Fletcher, grew on this Enchanted Isle.
*But Shakspeare's magic could not copied be;
Within that circle none durst walk but he.*

Dryden was in the full tide of his theatrical popularity when Davenant died, in 1668. The great poet commenced writing for the stage in 1662-3, when he produced his 'Wild Gallant,' which was followed next year by the 'Rival Ladies,' the serious parts of which are in rhyme. He then joined Sir Robert Howard in composing the 'Indian Queen,' a rhyming heroic play, brought out in 1663-4 with a splendour never before seen in England upon a public stage. A continuation of this piece was shortly afterwards written by Dryden, entitled the 'Indian Emperor,' and both were received with great applause. All the defects of his style, and many of the choicest specimens of his smooth and easy versification, are to be found in these inflated tragedies. In 1666-7 was represented his 'Maiden Queen,' a tragi-comedy; and shortly afterwards the 'Tempest.' These were followed by two comedies copied from the French of Molière and Corneille; by the 'Royal Martyr,' another furious tragedy, and by his 'Conquest of Granada,' in two parts (1672), in which he concentrated the wild magnificence, incongruous splendour, and absurd fable that run through all his heroic plays, mixed up with occasional gleams of true genius. The extravagance and unbounded popularity of the heroic drama, now at its height, prompted the Duke of Buckingham to compose a lively and amusing farce, in ridicule of Dryden and the prevailing taste of the public, which was produced in 1671, under the title of the 'Rehearsal.' The success of the 'Rehearsal' was unbounded; 'the very popularity of the plays ridiculed, aiding,' as Sir Walter Scott has remarked, 'the effect of the satire, since everybody had in their recollection the originals of the passages parodied.' The 'Rehearsal' is a clever travesty, and it was well timed. A fatal blow was struck at the rhyming plays, and at the rant and fustian to which they gave birth. Dryden now resorted to comedy, and produced 'Marriage à-la-Mode' and the 'Assignment.' In 1678, he constructed a dramatic poem, the 'State of Innocence, or the Fall of Man,' out of the great epic of Milton, destroying, of course, nearly all that is sublime, simple, and pure in the original. His next play, 'Aurengzebe' (1676), was also 'heroic,' stilted, and unnatural; but this was the last great literary sin of Dryden. He was now engaged in his immortal satires and fables, and he abandoned henceforward the false and glittering taste which had so long deluded him. His 'All for Love' and 'Troilus and Cressida' are able adaptations from Shakspeare in blank verse. The 'Spanish Friar' is a good comedy, remarkable for its happy union of two

plots, and its delineation of comic character. His principal remaining plays are 'Don Sebastian' (1690), 'Amphitryon' (1690), 'Cleomenes' (1692), and 'Love Triumphant' (1694). 'Don Sebastian' is his highest effort in dramatic composition, and though deformed, like all his other plays, by scenes of spurious and licentious comedy, it contains passages that approach closely to Shakspeare. The quarrel and reconciliation of Sebastian and Dorax is a masterly copy from the similar scene between Brutus and Cassius. In the altercation between Ventidius and Antony, in 'All for Love,' he has also challenged comparison with the great poet, and seems to have been inspired to new vigour by the competition. This latter triumph in the genius of Dryden was completed by his 'Ode to St. Cecilia,' and the 'Fables,' published together in the spring of 1700, a few weeks before his death—thus realising a saying of his own Sebastian:

A setting sun
Should leave a track of glory in the skies.

Dryden's plays have fallen completely into oblivion. He could reason powerfully in verse, and had the command of rich stores of language, information and imagery. Strong energetic characters and passions he could portray with considerable success, but he had not art or judgment to construct an interesting or consistent drama, or to preserve himself from extravagance and absurdity. The female character and softer passions seem to have been entirely beyond his reach. His love is always licentiousness—his tenderness a mere trick of the stage. Like Voltaire, he probably never drew a tear from reader or spectator. His merit consists in a sort of Eastern magnificence of style, and in the richness of his versification. The bowl and dagger—glory, ambition, lust, and crime—are the staple materials of his tragedy, and lead occasionally to poetical grandeur and brilliancy of fancy. His comedy is, with scarce an exception, false to nature, improbable and ill-arranged, and offensive equally to taste and morality.

Before presenting a scene from Dryden, we shall string together a few of those similes or detached sentiments which relieve the great mass of his turgid dramatic verse:

Love is that madness which all lovers have;
But yet 'tis sweet and pleasing so to rave.
'Tis an enchantment, where the reason's bound;
But Paradise is in th' enchanted ground.
A palace void of envy, cares, and strife;
Where gentle hours delude so much of life.
To take those charms away, and set me free,
Is but to send me into misery.
And prudence, of whose care so much you boast,
Restores those pains which that sweet folly lost.

Conquest of Granada, Part II.

As some fair tulip, by a storm oppress'd,
Shrinks up, and folds its silken arms to rest;

And bending to the blast, all pale and dead,
Hears from within the wind sing round its head ;
So, shrouded up, your beauty disappears.
Unveil, my love, and lay aside your fears ;
The storm that caused your fright is past and done. *Ibid, Part I.*

That friendship which from withered love doth shoot,
Like the faint herbage on a rock, wants root ;
Love is a tender amity, refined :
Grafted on friendship, it exalts the mind ;
But when the graft no longer does remain,
The dull stock lives, but never bears again. *Ibid, Part II.*

So Venus moves, when to the Thunderer,
In smiles or tears, she would some suit prefer.
When, with her ceastus girt,
And drawn by doves, she cuts the liquid skies, .
To every eye a goddess is confest ;
By all the heavenly nations she is blest,
And each with secret joy admits her to his breast. *Ibid, Part I.*

Love various minds does variously aspire :
He stirs in gentle natures gentle fire,
Like that of incense on the altars laid ;
But raging flames tempestuous souls invade.
A fire which every windy passion blows ;
With pride it mounts, and with revenge it glows. *Tyrannic Love,*

Savage Freedom.

No man has more contempt than I of breath ;
But whence hast thou the right to give me death ?
I am as free as Nature first made man,
Ere the base laws of servitude began,
When wild in woods the noble savage ran.
Conquest of Granada, Part I.

Love and Beauty.

A change so swift what heart did ever feel !
It rushed upon me like a mighty stream,
And bore me in a moment far from shore.
I've loved away myself ; in one short hour
Already am I gone an age of passion.
Was it his youth, his valour, or success ?
These might, perhaps, be found in other men.
'Twas that respect, that awful homage paid me ;
That fearful love which trembled in his eyes,
And with a silent earthquake shook his soul.
But when he spoke, what tender words he said !
So softly, that like flakes of feathered snow,
They melted as they fell. *Spanish Friar.*

Midnight Repose.

All things are hushed, as Nature's self lay dead ;
The mountains seem to nod their drowsy head,
The little birds in dreams their songs repeat,
And sleeping flowers beneath the night-dew sweat ;
Even lust and envy sleep, yet love denies
Rest to my soul and slumber to my eyes.
Three days I promised to attend my doom,
And two long days and nights are yet to come ;
'Tis sure the noise of a tumultuous fight ;
They break the truce, and sally out by night. *[Noise within. Indian Emperor,*

Wordsworth has remarked that the above lines on midnight, once highly celebrated, are 'vague, bombastic, and senseless.' Their charm consists in their melody.

Tears.

What precious drops are those
Which silently each other's track pursue,
Bright as young diamonds in their infant dew !

Conquest of Granada, Part II.

Mankind.

Men are but children of a larger growth ;
Our appetites as apt to change as theirs,
And full as craving too, and fall as vain ;
And yet the soul shut up in her dark room,
Viewing so clear abroad, at home sees nothing ;
But, like a mole in earth, busy and blind,
Works all her folly up, and casts it outward
To the world's open view.

All for Love.

Man is but man ; unconstant still, and various ;
There's no to-morrow in him like to-day.
Perhaps the atoms rolling in his brain
Make him think honestly this present hour ;
The next, a swarm of base ungrateful thoughts
May mount aloft ; and where's our Egypt then ?
Who would trust chance ? since all men have the seeds
Of good and ill, which should work upward first.

Cleopatra.

Picture of Life.

When I consider life, 'tis all a cheat ;
Yet, fooled with hope, men favour the deceit,
Trust on, and think to-morrow will repay.
To-morrow's false than the former day ;
Lies worse ; and while it says, ' We shall be blest
With some new joys,' cuts off what we possessed.
Strange counsel ! None would live past years again,
Yet all hope pleasure in what yet remain ;
And from the drops of life think to receive
What the first sprightly running could not give.
I'm tired of waiting for this chemic gold,
Which fools us young, and beggars us when old.
—'Tis not for nothing that we life pursue ;
It pays our hopes with something still that's new :
Each day's a mistress unenjoyed before ;
Like travellers, we're pleased with seeing more.
Did you but know what joys your way attend,
You would not hurry to your journey's end.

Aurengzebe.

Fear of Death.

BERENICE. ST. CATHERINE.

BERENICE. Now death draws near, a strange perplexity
Creeps coldly on me, like a fear to die ;
Courage uncertain dangers may abate,
But who can bear the approach of certain fate ?

ST. CATHERINE. The wisest and the best some fear may show,
And wish to stay, though they resolve to go.

BER. As some faint pilgrim, standing on the shore,
First views the torrent he would venture o'er,
And then his lun upon the farther ground,

Loath to wade through, and loather to go round:
Then dipping in his staff, does trial make
How deep it is, and, sighing, pulls it back:
Sometimes resolved to fetch his leap; and then
Runs to the bank, but there stops short again.
So I at once
Both heavenly faith and human fear obey;
And feel before me in an unknown way.
For this blest voyage I with joy prepare,
Yet am ashamed to be a stranger there.

Tyrannic Love.

Scene between Mark Antony and Ventidius, his general.

Dryden says he preferred this scene to anything which he had written of that kind. It occurs in the first act of 'All for Love,' a tragedy founded on the story of Antony and Cleopatra, and avowedly written in imitation of Shakspeare. 'All for Love' was the only play Dryden ever wrote for himself; the rest, he says, were given to the people. It will be observed that this scene, as also that between Dorax and Sebastian, is copied from the quarrel between Brutus and Cassius in 'Julius Caesar.'

ANTONY. They tell me 'tis my birthday, and I'll keep it
With double pomp of sadness.
'Tis what the day deserves which gave me breath.
Why was I raised the meteor of the world,
Hung in the skies, and blazing as I travelled,
Till all my fires were spent, and then cast downward
To be trod out by Cæsar?

VENTIDIUS. [Aside.] On my soul
'Tis mournful, wondrous mournful!

ANT. Count thy gains,
Now, Antony: wouldst thou be born for this?
Glutton of fortune, thy devouring youth
Has starved thy wanting age.

VENT. [Aside.] How sorrow shakes him!
So now the tempest tears him by the roots,
And on the ground extends the noble ruin.

ANT. [Having thrown himself down.] Lie there, thou shadow of an emperor;

The place thou preessest on thy mother-earth
Is all thy empire now: now it contains thee;
Some few days hence, and then 'twill be too large,
When thou'rt contracted in thy narrow urn,
Shrunk to a few cold ashes; then Octavia—
For Cleopatra will not live to see it—
Octavia then will have thee all her own,
And bear thee in her widowed hand to Cæsar.
Cæsar will weep, the crocodile will weep,
To see his rival of the universe
Lie still and peaceful there. I'll think no more on't,
Give me some music; look that it be sad;
I'll soothe my melancholy, till I swell,
And burst myself with sighing.
'Tis somewhat to my humour. Stay, I fancy
I'm now turned wild, a commoner of nature;
Of all forsaken, and forsaking all;
Live in a shady for st's silvan scene;
Stretched at my length beneath some blasted oak,
I lean my head upon the mossy bark,
And look just of a piece, as I grew from it;
My uncombed locks, matted like mistletoe,
Hang o'er my hoary face; a murm'ring brook
Runs at my foot—

VENT. Methinks I fancy
Myself there too.

ANT. The herd come jumping by me,
And, fearless, quench their thirst, while I look on
And take me for their fellow-citizen,
More of this image; more; it lulls my thoughts.

VENT. I must disturb him. I can hold no longer.

[Stands before him.]

ANT. [Starting up.] Art thou Ventidius?

VENT. Are you Antony?

I'm liker what I was, than you to him
I left you last.

ANT. I'm angry.

VENT. So am I.

ANT. I would be private. Leave me.

VENT. Sir, I love you,
And therefore will not leave you.

ANT. Will not leave me!

Where have you learned that answer? Who am I?

VENT. My emperor; the man I love next heaven.
If I said more, I think 'twere scarce a sin:
You're all that's good and godlike.

ANT. All that's wretched.

You will not leave me, then?

VENT. 'Twas too presuming

To say I would not: but I dare not leave you;
And 'tis unkind in you to chide me hence
So soon, when I so far have come to see you.

ANT. Now thou hast seen me, art thou satisfied?
For, if a friend, thou hast beheld enough,
And, if a foe, too much.

VENT. Look, emperor; this is no common dew;
I have not wept this forty years; but now
My mother comes afresh unto my eyes;
I cannot help her softness.

ANT. By heaven, he weeps! poor good old man, he weeps!
The big round drops course one another down
The furrows of his cheeks. Stop 'em, Ventidius,
Or I shall blush to death; they set my shame,
That caused 'em, full before me.

VENT. I'll do my best.

ANT. Sure there's contagion in the tears of friends;
See, I have caught it too. Believe me, 'tis not
For my own griefs, but thine— Nay, father—

VENT. Emperor!

ANT. Emperor! Why, that's the style of victory.
The conquering soldier, and with unfelt wounds,
Salutes his general so: but never more
Shall that sound reach my ears.

VENT. I warrant you.

ANT. Actium, Actium! Oh—

VENT. It sits too near you.

ANT. Here, here it lies; a lump of lead by day;
And in my short, distracted, nightly slumbers,
The hag that rides my dreams—

VENT. Out with it; give it vent.

ANT. Urge not my shame—
I lost a battle.

VENT. So has Julius done.

ANT. Thou favor'st me, and speak'st not half thou think'st;
For Julius fought it out, and lost it fairly;
But Antony—

VENT. Nay, stop not.

ANT. Antony—

Well, thou wilt have it—like a coward, fled,
Fled while his soldiers fought! fled first, Ventidius,
Thou long'st to curse me, and I give thee leave.
I know thou can'st prepared to rail.

VENT. I did.

ANT. I'll help thee—I have been a man, Ventidius.

VENT. Yes, and a brave one; but—

ANT. I know thy meaning.

But I have lost my reason, have disgraced
The name of soldier with inglorious ease;
In the full vintage of my flowing honours
Sat still, and saw it pressed by other hands.
Fortune came smiling to my youth, and wooed it.
And purple greatness met my ripened years.
When first I came to empire, I was borne
On tides of people, crowding to my triumphs.
The wish of nations, and the willing world,
Received me as its pledge of future peace.
I was so great, so happy, so beloved,
Fate could not ruin me: till I took pains,
And worked against my fortune, chid her from me,
And turned her loose: yet still she came again.
My careless days and my luxurious nights
At length have wearied her, and now she's gone;
Gone, gone, divorced for ever. Help me, soldier,
To curse this madman, this industrious fool,
Who laboured to be wretched. Prythee, curse me.

VENT. No.

ANT. Why?

VENT. You are too sensible already
Of what you've done: too conscious of your failings,
And like a scorpion, whipped by others first
To fury, sting yourself in mad revenge.
I would bring balm, and pour it in your wounds,
Cure your distempered mind, and heal your fortunes.

ANT. I know thou wouldst.

VENT. I will.

ANT. Ha, ha, ha, ha!

VENT. You laugh.

ANT. I do, to see officious love
Give cordials to the dead.

VENT. You would be lost, then?

ANT. I am.

VENT. I say you are not. Try your fortune.

ANT. I have to the utmost. Dost thou think me desperate
Without just cause? No; when I found all lost
Beyond repair, I hid me from the world,
And learned to scorn it here; which now I do
So heartily, I think it is not worth
The cost of keeping.

VENT. Caesar thinks not so:
He'll thank you for the gift he could not take.
You would be killed like Tully, would you? Do
Hold out your throat to Caesar, and die tamely.

ANT. No, I can kill myself; and so resolve.

VENT. I can die with you, too, when time shall serve;
But fortune calls upon us now to live,
To fight, to conquer.

ANT. Sure thou dream'st, Ventidius!

VENT. No; 'tis you dream; you sleep away your hours.

In desperate sloth, miscalled philosophy.
Up, up, for honour's sake ; twelve legions wait you,
And long to call you chief. By painful journeys
I led 'em patient both of heat and hunger,
Down from the Parthian marches to the Nile.
'Twill do you good to see their sunburnt faces,
Their scarred cheeks, and chapt hands ; there's virtue in 'em ;
They'll sell those mangled limbs at dearer rates
Than you trim hands can buy.

ANT. Where left you them ?

VENT. I said in Lower Syria.

ANT. Bring 'em hither ;

There may be life in these.

VENT. They will not come.

ANT. Why didst thou mock my hopes with promised aids,
To double my despair ? They're mutinous.

VENT. Most firm and loyal.

ANT. Yet they will not march

To succour me. Oh, trifle !

VENT. They petition

You would make haste to head 'em.

ANT. I'm besieged.

VENT. There's but one way shut up. How came I hither ?

ANT. I will not stir.

VENT. They would perhaps desire

A better reason.

ANT. I have never used

My soldiers to demand a reason of

My actions. Why did they refuse to march ?

VENT. They said they would not fight for Cleopatra.

ANT. What was 't they said ?

VENT. They said they would not fight for Cleopatra.
Why should they fight, indeed, to make her conquer,
And make you more a slave ? To gain your kingdoms
Which, for a kiss, at your next midnight feast
You'll sell to her ? Then she new-names her jewels,
And calls this diamond such or such a tax.
Each pendant in her ear shall be a province.

ANT. Ventidius, I allow your tongue free licence
On all my other faults ; but, on your life,
No word of Cleopatra ; she deserves
More worlds than I can lose.

VENT. Behold, your powers,
To whom you have intrusted humankind ;
See Europe, Afric, Asia put in balance,
And all weighed down by one light, worthless woman !
I think the gods are Antonies, and give,
Like prodigals, this nether world away
To none but wasteful hands.

ANT. You grow presumptuous.

VENT. I take the privilege of plain love to speak.

ANT. Plain love ! plain arrogance ! plain insolence !

Thy men are cowards, thou an envious traitor ;

Who, under smiling honesty, hath vented

The burden of thy rank o'erflowing gall.

Oh, that thou wert my equal ; great in arms

As the first Cæsar was, that I might kill thee

Without stain to my honour !

VENT. You may kill me.

You have done more already—called me traitor—

ANT. Art thou not one ?

VENT. For shewing you yourself,

Which none else durst have done. But had I been
That name which I disdain to speak again,
I needed not have sought your abject fortunes,
Come to partake your fate, to die with you.
What hindered me to 've led my conquering eagles
To fill Octavius' bands? I could have been
A traitor then, a glorious happy traitor,
And not have been so called.

ANT. Forgive me, soldier;
I've been too passionate.

VENT. You thought me false:
Thought my old age betrayed you. Kill me, sir:
Pray, kill me; yet you need not; your unkindness
Has left your sword no work.

ANT. I did not think so;
I said it in my rage; pry'thee, forgive me,
Why didst thou tempt my anger, by discovery
Of what I would not hear?

VENT. No prince but you
Could merit that sincerity I used;
Nor durst another man have ventured it;
But you, ere love misled your wandering eyes,
Were sure the chief and best of human race,
Framed in the very pride and boast of nature.

ANT. But Cleopatra—
Go on; for I can bear it now.

VENT. No more.
ANT. Thou dar'st not trust my passion; but thou mayst:
Thou only lov'st, the rest have flattered me.
VENT. Heaven's blessing on your heart for that kind word.
May I believe you love me? Speak again.

ANT. Indeed I do. Speak this, and this, and this.
Thy praises were unjust; but I'll deserve 'em,
And yet mend all. Do with me what thou wilt;
Lead me to victory; thou know'st the way.

VENT. And will you leave this—
ANT. Pry'thee, do not curse her,
And I will leave her; though, Heaven knows, I love
Beyond life, conquest, empire, all but honour:
But I will leave her.

VENT. That's my royal master.
And shall we fight?

ANT. I warrant thee, old soldier;
Thou shalt behold me once again in iron,
And, at the head of our old troops, that beat
The Parthians, cry aloud, 'Come, follow me.'

VENT. Oh, now I hear my emperor! In that word
Octavius fell. Gods, let me see that day,
And, if I have ten years behind, take all;
I'll thank you for the exchange.

ANT. Oh, Cleopatra!
VENT. Again!

ANT. I've done. In that last sigh she went;
Cæsar shall know what 'tis to force a lover
From all he holds most dear.

VENT. Methinks you breathe
Another soul; your looks are more divine:
You speak a hero, and you move a god.

ANT. Oh, thou hast fired me; my soul's up in arms,
And mans each part about me. Once again
That noble eagerness of fight has seized me;
That eagerness with which I darted upward

To Cassius' camp. In vain the steepy hill
Opposed my way; in vain a war of spears
Sung round my head, and planted all my shield;
I won the trenches, while my foremost men
Lagged on the plain below.

VENT. Ye gods, ye gods,
For such another honour!

ANT. Come on, my soldier;
Our hearts and arms are still the same. I long
Once more to meet our foe; that thou and I,
Like Time and Death, marching before our troops,
May taste fate to 'em, mow 'em out a passage,
And, entering where the utmost squadrons yield,
Begin the noble harvest of the field.

Scene between Dorax and Sebastian.

Don Sebastian, King of Portugal, is defeated in battle, and taken prisoner by the Moors. He is saved from death by Dorax, a noble Portuguese, then a renegade in the court of the Emperor of Barbary, but formerly Don Alonso of Alcazar. The train being dismissed, Dorax takes off his turban, and assumes his Portuguese dress and manner. (*Act IV. last scene.*)

DORAX. Now, do you know me?

SEBASTIAN. Thou shouldst be Alonso

DOR. So you should be Sebastian;
But when Sebastian ceased to be himself,
I ceased to be Alonso.

SEB. As in a dream
I see thee here, and scarce believe mine eyes.
DOR. Is it so strange to find me where my wrongs
And your inhuman tyranny have sent me?
Think not you dream: or, if you did, my injuries
Shall call so loud that lethargy should wake,
And death should give you back to answer me.
A thousand nights have brushed their balmy wings
Over these eyes; but ever when they closed,
Your tyrant image forced them open again,
And dried the dew they brought.
The long-expected hour is come at length,
By manly vengeance to redeem my fame:
And that once cleared, eternal sleep is welcome.

SEB. I have not yet forgot I am a king,
Whose royal office is redress of wrongs:
If I have wronged thee, charge me face to face:
I have not yet forgot I am a soldier.

DOR. 'Tis the first justice thou hast ever done me;
Then, though I loathe this woman's war of tongues,
Yet shall my cause of vengeance first be clear:
And, honour, be thou judge.

SEB. Honour befriend us both.
Beware, I warn thee yet, to tell thy griefs
In terms becoming majesty to hear:
I warn thee thus, because I know thy temper
Is insolent and haughty to superiors:
How often hast thou braved my peaceful court,
Filled it with noisy brawls and windy boasts;
And with past service, nauseously repeated,
Reproached even me, thy prince?

DOR. And well I might, when you forgot reward,
The part of heaven in kings; for punishment
Is hangman's work, and drudgery for devils.
I must and will reproach thee with my service,

Tyrant ! It irks me so to call my prince ;
But just resentment and hard usage coined
The unwilling word, and, grating as it is,
Take it, for 'tis thy due.

SEN. How, tyrant ?

DON. Tyrant !

SEN. Traitor ! that name thou canst not echo back :
That robe of infamy, that circumcison,
Ill hid beneath that robe, proclaim thee traitor ;
And if a name

More foul than traitor be, 'tis renegade.

DON. If I'm a traitor, think, and blush, thou tyrant,
Whose injuries betrayed me into treason,
Effaced my loyalty, unhinged my faith,
And hurried me from hopes of heaven to hell ;
All these, and all my yet unfinished crimes,
When I shall rise to plead before the saints,
I charge on thee, to make thy damning sure.

SEN. Thy old presumptuous arrogance again,
That bred my first dislike, and then my loathing ;
Once more be warned, and know me for thy king.

DON. Too well I know thee, but for king no more :

This is not Lisbon, nor the circle this,
Where, like a statue, thou hast stood besieged
By sycophants and fools, the growth of courts ;
Where thy gulled eyes, in all the gaudy round,
Met nothing but a lie in every face ;
And the gross flattery of a gaping crowd,
Envious who first should catch, and first applaud
The stuff or royal nonsense : when I spoke,
My honest homely words were carped, and censured,
For want of courtly style : related actions,
Though modestly reported, passed for boasts :
Secure of merit, if I asked reward,
Thy hungry minions thought their rights invaded,
And the bread snatched from pimps and parasites.
Henriquez answered, with a ready lie,
To save his king's, the boon was begged before.

SEN. What say'st thou of Henriquez ? Now, by Heaven,
Thou mov'st me more by barely naming him.

Than all thy foul, unmannered, scurril taunts.

DON. And therefore 'twas to gall thee that I named him ;
That thing, that nothing, but a cringe and smile ;
That woman, but more daubed ; or if a man,
Corrupted to a woman ; thy man-mistress.

SEN. All false as hell or thou.

DON. Yes ; full as false

As that I served the fifteen hard campaigns,
And pitched thy standard in these foreign fields ;
By me thy greatness grew ; thy years grew with it,
But thy ingratitude outgrew them both.

SEN. I see to what thou tend'st ; but tell me first,
If those great acts were done alone for me :

If love produced not some, and pride the rest ?

DON. Why, love does all that's noble here below :

But all the advantage of that love was thine :

For, coming fraughted back, in either hand

With palm and olive, victory and peace,

I was indeed prepared to ask my own—

For Violante's vows were mine before—

Thy malice had prevention, ere I spoke ;

And asked me Violante for Henriquez.

SEN. I meant thee a reward of greater worth.

DOR. Where justice wanted, could reward be hoped?
 Could the robbed passenger expect a bounty
 From those rapacious hands who stripped him first?

SEN. He had my promise ere I knew thy love.

DOR. My services deserved thou shouldst revoke it.

SEN. Thy insolence had cancelled all thy service;
 To violate my laws, even in my court,
 Sacred to peace, and safe from all affronts;
 Even to my face, and done in my despite,
 Under the wing of awful majesty
 To strike the man I loved!

DOR. Even in the face of heaven, a place more sacred,
 Would I have struck the man who, prompt by power,
 Would seize my right, and rob me of my love:
 But, for a blow provoked by thy injustice,
 The hasty product of a just despair,
 When he refused to meet me in the field,
 That thou shouldst make a coward's cause thy own!

SEN. He durst: nay, more, desired and begged with tears,
 To meet thy challenge fairly: 'twas thy fault
 To make it public; but my duty then
 To interpose, on pain of my displeasure,
 Betwixt your swords.

DOR. On pain of infamy
 He should have disobeyed.

SEN. The indignity thou didst was meant to me:
 Thy gloomy eyes were cast on me with scorn,
 As who should say, the blow was there intended;
 But that thou didst not dare to lift thy hands
 Against anointed power: so was I forced
 To do a sovereign justice to myself,
 And spurn thee from my presence.

DOR. Thou hast dared
 To tell me what I durst not tell myself:
 I durst not think that I was spurned, and live;
 And live to hear it boasted to my face.
 All my long avarice of honour lost,
 Heaped up in youth, and hoarded up for age:
 Has honour's fountain then sucked back the stream?
 He has; and hooting boys may dry-shod pass,
 And gather pebbles from the naked ford.
 Give me my love, my honour; give them back—
 Give me revenge, while I have breath to ask it.

SEN. Now, by this honour'd order which I wear,
 More gladly would I give than thou dar'st ask it.
 Nor shall the sacred character of king
 Be urged to shield me from thy bold appeal.
 If I have injured thee, that makes us equal:
 The wrong, if done, debased me down to thee:
 But thou hast charged me with ingratitude;
 Hast thou not charged me? Speak.

DOR. Thou know'st I have:
 If thou disown'st that imputation, draw,
 And prove my charge a lie.

SEN. No: to disprove that lie, I must not draw:
 Be conscious to thy worth, and tell thy soul
 What thou hast done this day in my defence;
 To fight thee, after this, what were it else
 Than owning that ingratitude thou urg'st?
 That isthmus stands between two rushing seas,
 Which, mounting, view each other from afar,

And strive in vain to meet.

DOR. I'll cut that isthmus:

Thou know'st I meant not to preserve thy life,

But to relieve it, for my own revenge.

I saved thee out of honourable malice:

Now, draw; I should be loath to think thou dar'st not:

Beware of such another vile excuse

SEA. Oh, patience, Heaven!

DOR. Beware of patience too;

That's a suspicious word: it had been proper,

Before thy foot had spurned me; now, 'tis base:

Yet, to disarm thee of thy last defence,

I have thy oath for my security:

The only boon I begg'd was this fair combat:

Fight, or be perjur'd now; that's all thy choice.

SEA. Now can I thank thee as thou wouldst be thanked: [*Drawing.*

Never was vow of honour better paid,

If my true sword but hold, than this shall be.

The sprightly bridegroom, on his wedding night,

More gladly enters not the lists of love.

Why, 'tis enjoyment to be summ'oned thus.

Go; bear my message to Henriquez' ghost;

And say his master and his friend revenged him.

DOR. His ghost! then is my hated rival dead?

SEA. The question is beside our present purpose;

Thou seest me ready; we delay too long.

DOR. A minute is not much in either's life,

When there's but one betwixt us; throw it in,

And give it him of us who is to fall.

SEA. He's dead: make haste, and thou mayst yet o'ertake him.

DOR. When I was hasty, thou delay'dst me longer.

I prythee, let me hedge one moment more

Into thy promise: for thy life preserved,

Be kind; and tell me how that rival died,

Whose death, next thine, I wished.

SEA. If it would please thee, thou shouldst never know.

But thou, like jealousy, inquir'st a truth,

Which found, will torture thee: he did in fight:

Fought next my person; as in concert fought:

Kept pace for pace, and blow for every blow;

Save when he heaved his shield in my defence,

And on his naked side received my wound:

Then, when he could no more, he fell at once,

But rolled his falling body cross their way,

And mad a bulwark of it for his prince.

DOR. I never can forgive him such a death!

SEA. I prophesied thy friend could not bear it.

Now, judge thyself, who best deserved my love.

I knew you both; and, durst I say, as Heaven

Foreknew among the shining angel host

Who should stand firm, who fall.

DOR. Had he been tempted so, so had he fallen;

And so had I been favoured, had I stood.

SEA. What had been, is unknown; what is, appears;

Confess he justly was preferred to thee.

DOR. Had I been born with his indulgent stars,

My fortune had been his, and his been mine,

Oh, worse than hell! what glory have I lost,

And what has he acquired by such a death!

I should have fallen by Sebastian's side;

My corpse had been the bulwark of my king.

His glorious end was a patched work of fate,

Ill-sorted with a soft effeminate life :

It suited better with my life than his
So to have died : mine had been of a piece,
Spent in your service, dying at your feet.

SEA. The more effeminate and soft his life,
The more his fame, to struggle to the field;
And meet his glorious fate : confess, proud spirit—
For I will have it from thy very mouth—
That better he deserved my love than thou.

DON. Oh, whither would you drive me ! I must grant,
Yes, I must grant, but with a swelling soul,
Henriquez had your love with more desert :
For you he fought and died ; I fought against you ;
Through all the mazes of the bloody field
Hunted your sacred life ; which that I missed,
Was the propitious error of my fate,
Not of my soul ; my soul 's a regicide.

SEA. Thou might'st have given it a more gentle name ;
Thou mean'st to kill a tyrant, not a king.
Speak ; didst thou not, Alonzo ?

DON. Can I speak ?
Alas ! I cannot answer to Alonzo :
No, Dorax cannot answer to Alonzo :
Alonzo was too kind a name for me.
Then, when I fought and conquered with your arms,
In that blest age : I was the man you named ;
Till rage and pride debased me into Dorax,
And lost, like Lucifer, my name above.

SEA. Yet twice this day I owed my life to Dorax.
DOR. I saved you but to kill you ; there 's my grief.
SEA. Nay, if thou canst be grieved, thou canst repent ;
Thou couldst not be a villain, though thou wouldst :
Thou own'st too much, in owning thou hast erred ;
And I too little, who provoked thy crime.

DON. Oh, stop this headlong torrent of your goodness ;
It comes too fast upon a feeble soul
Half-drowned in tears before ; spare my confusion :
For pity, spare, and say not first you erred.
For yet I have not dared, through guilt and shame,
To throw myself beneath your royal feet.

[Falls at his feet.]

Now spurn this rebel, this proud renegade :

'Tis just you should, nor will I more complain.

SEA. Indeed thou shouldst not ask forgiveness first ;

But thou prevent'st me still, in all that 's noble.
Yes, I will raise thee up with better news :
Thy Violante's heart was ever thine ;
Compelled to wed, because she was my ward,
Her soul was absent when she gave her hand :
Nor could my threats, or his pursuing courtship,
Effect the consummation of his love :
So, still indulging tears, she pines for thee,
A widow and maid.

[Taking him up.]

DON. Have I been cursing Heaven, while Heaven blessed me ?
I shall run mad with ecstasy of joy :

What, in one moment to be reconciled
To Heaven, and to my king, and to my love !
But pity is my friend, and stops me short,
For my unhappy rival. Poor Henriquez !

SEA. Art thou so generous, too, to pity him ?

Nay, then, I was unjust to love him better.
Here let me ever hold thee in my arms ;
And all our quarrels be but such as these,

[Embracing him.]

Who shall love best, and closest shall embrace :
Be what Henriquez was : be my Alonzo.

Don. What ! my Alonzo, said you ? My Alonzo ?
Let my tears thank you ; for I cannot speak ;

And if I could,
Words were not made to vent such thoughts as mine.

Sus. Thou canst not speak, and I can ne'er be silent.
Some strange reverse of fate must sure attend

This vast profusion, this extravagance
Of Heaven to bless me thus. 'Tis gold so pure,
It cannot bear the stamp, without alloy.

Be kind, ye powers, and take but half away :
With ease the gifts of fortune I resign ;
But let my love and friend be ever mine.

THOMAS OTWAY.

Where Dryden failed, one of his young contemporaries succeeded. The tones of domestic tragedy and the deepest distress were sounded, with a power and intenseness of feeling never surpassed, by the unfortunate THOMAS OTWAY—a brilliant name associated with the most melancholy history. Otway was born at Trotting, in Sussex, March 8, 1651, the son of a clergyman. He was educated first at Winchester School, and afterwards at Oxford, but left college without taking his degree. In 1672 he made his appearance as an actor on the London stage. To this profession his talents were ill adapted, but he probably acquired a knowledge of dramatic art, which was serviceable to him when he began to write for the theatre. He produced three tragedies, 'Alcibiades,' 'Don Carlos,' and 'Titus and Berenice,' which were successfully performed ; but Otway was always in poverty. In 1677, the Earl of Plymouth procured him an appointment as a cornet of dragoons, and the poet went with his regiment to Flanders. He was soon cashiered, in consequence of his irregularities, and returning to England, he resumed writing for the stage. In 1680, he produced 'Caius Marcius' and the 'Orphan,' tragedies ; in 1681, the 'Soldier's Fortune,' and in 1683, 'Venice Preserved.' The short eventful life of Otway, checkered by want and extravagance, was prematurely closed April 14, 1685. One of his biographers relates that the immediate cause of his death was his hastily swallowing, after a long fast, a piece of bread which charity had supplied. According to another account, he died of fever, occasioned by fatigue, or by drinking water when violently heated. Whatever was the immediate cause of his death, he was at the time in circumstances of great poverty.

The fame of Otway now rests on his two tragedies, the 'Orphan' and 'Venice Preserved,' but on these it rests as on the pillars of Hercules. His talents in scenes of passionate affection 'rival, at least,' says Sir Walter Scott, 'and sometimes excel, those of Shakspeare: more tears have been shed, probably for the sorrows of Belvidera and Monimia than for those of Juliet and Desdemona.' This is excessive praise. The plot of the 'Orphan,' from its inherent indelicacy and painful associations, has driven that play from the theatres ;

but 'Venice Preserved' is still one of the most popular and effective tragedies. The stern plotting character of Pierre is well contrasted with the irresolute, sensitive, and affectionate nature of Jaffier; and the harsh unnatural cruelty of Priuli serves as a dark shade, to set off the bright purity and tenderness of his daughter. The pathetic and harrowing plot is well managed, and deepens towards the close; and the genius of Otway shines in his delineation of the passions of the heart, the ardour of love, and the excess of misery and despair. The versification of these dramas is sometimes rugged and irregular, and there are occasional redundancies and inflated expressions, which a more correct taste would have expunged; yet, even in propriety of style and character, how much does this young and careless poet excel the great master Dryden!

Scene from 'Venice Preserved.'

Scene—St. Marks. Enter PRIULI and JAFFIER.

PRIULI. No more! I'll hear no more! begone, and leave me!

JAFFIER. Not hear me! by my sufferings but you shall!

My lord—my lord! I'm not that abject wretch

You think me. Patience! where 's the distance throws

Me back so far, but I may boldly speak

In right, though proud oppression will not hear me?

PRI. Have you not wronged me?

JAF. Could my nature e'er

Have brooked injustice, or the doing wrong,

I need not now thus low have bent myself

To gain a hearing from a cruel father.

Wronged you?

PRI. Yes, wronged me! in the nicest point,

The honour of my house, you've done me wrong.

You may remember—for I now will speak,

And urge its baseness—when you first came home

From travel, with such hopes as made you looked on,

By all men's eyes, a youth of expectation;

Pleased with your growing virtue, I received you;

Courted, and sought to raise you to your merits;

My house, my table, nay, my fortune too,

My very self, was yours; you might have used me

To your best service; like an open friend

I treated, trusted you, and thought you mine;

When in requital of my best endeavours,

You treacherously practised to undo me;

Seduced the weakness of my age's darling,

My only child, and stole her from my bosom.

Oh, Belvidera!

JAF. 'Tis to me you owe her;

Childless had you been else and in the grave

Your name extinct; no more Priuli heard of.

You may remember, scarce five years are past,

Since in your brigantine you sailed to see

The Adriatic wedded by our duke;

And I was with you; your unskilful pilot

Dashed us upon a rock; when to your boat

You made for safety: entered first yourself;

The affrighted Belvidera, following next,

As she stood trembling on the vessel's side,

Was by a wave washed off into the deep;

When instantly I plunged into the sea,
And buſſeting the billows to her reſcue,
Redeemed her life with half the loſs of mine.
Like a rich conqueſt, in one hand I bore her,
And with the other daſhed the ſaucy waves,
That thronged and preſſed to rob me of my prize.
I brought her, gave her to your deſpairing arms :
Indeed, you thanked me ; but a nobler gratitude
Rose in her ſoul : for from that hour ſhe loved me,
Till for her life ſhe paid me with herſelf.

PRI. You ſtole her from me ; like a thief you ſtole her,
At dead of night ! that curſed hour you choſe
To riſe me of all my heart held dear.
May all your joys in her prove falſe, like mine !
A ſterile fortune and a barren bed
Attend you both : continual diſcord make
Your days and nights bitter, and grievous ſtill :
May the hard hand of a vexatious need
Oppreſs and grind you ; till at laſt you find
The curſe of diſobedience all your portion !

JAF. Half of your curſe you have beſtowed in vain.
Heaven has already crowned our faithful loves
With a young boy, ſweet as his mother's beauty :
May he live to prove more gentle than his grandſire,
And happier than his father !

PRI. Rather live
To bate thee for his bread, and din your ears
With hungry cries ; whiſt his unhappy mother
Sits down and weeps in bitterneſs of want.

JAF. You talk as if 'twould pleaſe you.

PRI. 'Twould, by Heaven !

JAF. Would I were in my grave !

PRI. And ſhe, too, with thee ;

For, living here, you 're but my curſed remembrancers
I once was happy !

JAF. You uſe me thus, becauſe you know my ſoul
Is fond of Belvidera. You perceive
My life feeds on her, therefore thus treat you me.
Wer: I that thief, the doer of ſuch wrongs
As you upbraid me with, what hinders me
But I might ſend her back to you with contumely,
And court my fortune where ſhe would be kinder ?

PRI. You dare not do 't.

JAF. Indeed, my lord, I dare not.

My heart, that awes me, is too much my maſter :
Three years are paſt ſince firſt our vows were plighted,
During which time the world muſt bear me witness
I've treated Belvidera like your daughter,
The daughter of a ſenator of Venice :
Diſtinction, place, attendance, and obſervance,
Due to her birth, ſhe always has commanded :
Out of my little fortune I've done this ;
Be cauſe—though hopeleſs e'er to win your nature—
The world might ſee I loved her for herſelf ;
Not as the heiſſeſs of the great Friuli.

PRI. No more.

JAF. Yes, all, and then adieu for ever.
There's not a wretch that lives on common charity
But's happier than me ; for I have known
The luscious ſweets of plenty ; every night
Have ſlept with ſoft content about my head,
And never wak'd but to a joyful morning :

Yet now must fall, like a full ear of corn,
Whose blossom 'scaped, yet 's withered in the ripening.

PRU. Home, and be humble; study to retrench;
Discharge the lazy vermin in thy hall,
Those pageants of thy folly:
Reduce the glittering trappings of thy wife
To humble weeds, fit for thy little state:
Then to some suburb cottage both retire;
Drudge to feed loathsome life; get brats, and starve.
Home, home, I say.

[Exit.

JAF. Yes, if my heart would let me—
This prond, this swelling heart: home I would go,
But that my doors are hateful to my eyes,
Filled and dammed up with gaping creditors:
I've now not fifty ducats in the world,
And still I am in love, and pleased with ruin.
O Belvidera! Oh! she is my wife—
And we will bear our wayward fate together,
But ne'er know comfort more. . . .

Enter BELVIDERA.

BELVIDERA. My lord, my love, my refuge!
Happy my eyes when they behold thy face!
My heavy heart will leave its doleful beating
At sight of thee, and bound with sprightly joys.
Oh, smile as when our loves were in their spring,
And cheer my fainting soul!

JAF. As when our loves
Were in their spring! Has, then, my fortune changed thee?
Art thou not, Belvidera, still the same,
Kind, good, and tender, as my arms first found thee?
If thou art altered, where shall I have harbour?
Where ease my loaded heart? Oh! where complain?

BEL. Does this appear like change, or love decaying,
When thus I throw myself into thy bosom,
With all the resolution of strong truth?
I joy more in thee

Than did thy mother, when she hugged thee first.
And blessed the gods for all her travail past.

JAF. Can there in woman be such glorious faith?
Sure, all ill stories of thy sex are false!
Oh, woman, lovely woman! Nature made thee
To temper man: we had been brutes without you!
Angels are painted fair, to look like you:
There's in you all that we believe of Heaven;
Amazing brightness, purity, and truth,
Eternal joy, and everlasting love!

BEL. If love be treasure, we'll be wondrous rich.
Oh! lead me to some desert, wide and wild,
Barren as our misfortunes, where my soul
May have its vent, where I may tell aloud
To the high heavens, and every list'ning planet,
With what a boundless stock my bosom 's fraught.

JAF. O Belvidera! doubly I'm a beggar:
Undone by fortune, and in debt to thee.
Want, worldly want, that hungry meagre fiend,
Is at my heels, and chases me in view.
Canst thou bear cold and hunger? Can these limbs,
Framed for the tender offices of love,
Endure the bitter gripes of smarting poverty?
When banished by our miseries abroad—
As suddenly we shall be—to seek out

In some far climate, where our names are strangers,
For charitable succour, wilt thou then,
When in a bed of straw we shrink together,
And the bleak winds shall whistle round our heads;
Wilt thou then talk thus to me? Wilt thou then
Hush my cares thus, and shelter me with love?

BEL. Oh! I will love, even in madness love thee!
Though my distracted senses should forsake me,
I'd find some intervals when my poor heart
Should usage itself, and be let loose to thine
Though the bare earth be all our resting-place,
Its roots our food, some cliff our habitation,
I'll make this arm a pillow for thine head:
And, as thou sighing fleest and swelled with sorrow,
Creep to thy bosom, pour the balm of love
Into thy soul, and kies thee to thy rest:
Then praise our God and watch thee till the morning.

JAF. Hear this, you Heavens, and wonder how you made her;
Reign, reign, ye monarchs, that divide the world:
Busy rebellion ne'er will let you know
Tranquillity and happiness like mine:
Like gaudy ships, the obsequious billows fall,
And rise again to lift you in your pride;
They wait but for a storm, and then devour you!
I, in my private bark already wrecked,
Like a poor merchant, driven to unknown land,
That had, by chance, packed up his choicest treasure
In one dear casket, and saved only that;
Since I must wander farther on the shore,
Thus hug my little, but my precious store,
Resolved to scorn and trust my fate no more.

[Exeunt.]

Parting.

Where am I? Sure I wander 'midst enchantment,
And never more shall find the way to rest.
But, O Monimia! art thou indeed resolved
To punish me with everlasting absence?
Why turn'st thou from me? I'm alone already!
Methinks I stand upon a naked beach
Sighing to winds, and to the seas complaining;
Whilst afar off the vessel sails away,
Where all the treasure of my soul's embarked!
Wilt thou not turn? O could those eyes but speak!
I should know all, for love is pregnant in them!
They swell, they press their beams upon me still!
Wilt thou not speak? If we must part for ever,
Give me but one kind word to think upon,
And please myself with, while my heart is breaking.

The Orphan.

Picture of a Witch.

Through a close lane as I pursued my journey,
And meditating on the last night's vision,
I spied a wrinkled hag, with age grown double,
Picking dry sticks, and mumbling to herself;
Her eyes with scalding rheum were galled and red,
And palsy shook her head; her hands seem withered;
And on her crooked shoulder had she wrapped
The tattered remnant of an old striped hanging,
Which served to keep her carcass from the cold.
So there was nothing of a piece about her.

Her lower weeds were all o'er coarsely patched
 With different coloured rags—black, red, white, yellow,
 And seemed to speak variety of wretchedness.
 I asked her of the way, which she informed me;
 Then craved my charity, and bade me hasten
 To save a sister.

Description of Morning.

Wished Morning's come; and now upon the plains
 And distant mountains, where they feed their flocks,
 The happy shepherds leave their homely huts,
 And with their pipes proclaim the new-born day.
 The lusty swain comes with his well-filled scrip
 Of healthful viands, which, when hunger calls,
 With much content and appetite he eats,
 To follow in the field his daily toil,
 And dress the grateful glebe that yields him fruits.
 The beasts that under the warm hedges slept,
 And weathered out the cold bleak night, are up;
 And, looking towards the neighbouring pastures, raise
 Their voice, and bid their fellow-brutes good-morrow.
 The cheerful birds, too, on the tops of trees,
 Assemble all in choirs; and with their notes
 Salute and welcome up the rising sun.

Killing a Boar.

Forth from the thicket rushed another boar,
 So large, he seemed the tyrant of the woods,
 With all his dreadful bristles raised on high.
 They seemed a grove of spears upon his back:
 Foaming, he came at me, where I was posted,
 Whetting his huge long tusks, and gaping wide,
 As he already had me for his prey;
 Till, brandishing my well-poised javelin high,
 With this bold executing arm I struck
 The ugly brindled monster to the heart.

NATHANIEL LEE.

Another tragic poet of this period was NATHANIEL LEE, who possessed no small portion of the fire of genius, though unfortunately 'near allied' to madness. Lee was the son of a Hertfordshire clergyman, and received a classical education, first at Westminster School, and afterwards at Trinity College, Cambridge. He tried the stage both as an actor and author, was four years in Bedlam from wild insanity; but recovering his reason, resumed his labours as a dramatist, and though subject to fits of partial derangement, continued to write till the end of his life. He was the author of eleven tragedies, besides assisting Dryden in the composition of two pieces, 'Œdipus' and the 'Duke of Guise.' The unfortunate poet was in his latter days supported by charity: he died in London, and was buried in St. Clement's Church, April 6, 1692, aged thirty-seven. The best of Lee's tragedies are the 'Rival Queens, or Alexander the Great,' 'Mithridates,' 'Theodosius,' and 'Lucius Junius Brutus.' In

praising 'Alexander,' Dryden alludes to the power of his friend in moving the passions, and counsels him to despise those critics who condemn

The too much vigor of his youthful muse.

We have here indicated the source both of Lee's strength and of his weakness. In tenderness and genuine passion, he excels Dryden; but his style often degenerates into bombast and extravagant frenzy—a defect which was heightened in his late productions by his mental malady. The author was aware of his weakness. 'It has often been observed against me,' he says in his dedication of 'Theodosius,' 'that I abound in *ungoverned fancy* ; but I hope the world will pardon the sallies of youth : age, despondency, and dulness come too fast of themselves. I discommend no man for keeping the beaten road ; but I am sure the noble hunters that follow the game must leap hedges and ditches sometimes, and at all, or never come into the fall of a quarry.' He wanted discretion to temper his tropical genius, and reduce his poetical conceptions to consistency and order ; yet among his wild ardour and martial enthusiasm are very soft and graceful lines. Dryden himself has no finer image than the following :

Speech is morning to the mind ;
It spreads the beauteous images abroad,
Which else lie furled and clouded in the soul.

Or this declaration of love :

I disdain
All pomp when thou art by ; far be the noise
Of kings and courts from us, whose gentle souls
Our kinder stars have steered another way.
Free as the forest-birds we'll pair together,
Fly to the arbours, grots, and flowery meads,
And, in soft murmurs, interchange our souls :
Together drink the crystal of the stream,
Or taste the yellow fruit which autumn yields ;
And when the golden evening calls us home,
Wing to our downy nest, and sleep till morn.

The heroic style of Lee—verging upon rodomontade—may be seen in such lines as the following, descriptive of Junius Brutus throwing off his disguise of idiocy after the rape of Lucrece by Tarquin :

As from night's womb the glorious day breaks forth,
And seems to kindle from the setting stars ;
So, from the blackness of young Tarquin's crime
And furnace of his lust, the virtuous soul
Of Junius Brutus catches bright occasion.
I see the pillars of his kingdom totter :
The rape of Lucrece is the midnight lantern
That lights my genius down to the foundation.
Leave me to work, my Titus, O my son !
For from this spark a lightning shall arise,
That must ere night purge all the Roman air,
And then the thunder of his ruin follows,

Self murder.

What torments are allotted those sad spirits,
 Who, groaning with the burden of despair,
 No longer will endure the cares of life,
 But boldly set themselves at liberty,
 Through the dark caves of death to wander on,
 Like wildered travellers, without a guide;
 Eternal rovers in the gloomy maze.
 Where, scarce the twilight of an infant morn,
 By a faint glimmer check'ring through the trees,
 Reflects to dismal view the walking ghosts,
 That never hope to reach the blessed fields.

Theocritus.

JOHN CROWNE.

JOHN CROWNE was a native of Nova Scotia, son of an Independent minister. Coming to England, he was some time gentleman-usher to an old lady, afterwards an author by profession. He died in obscurity about 1703. Crowne was patronised by Rochester, in opposition to Dryden, as a dramatic poet. Between 1661 and 1698, he wrote seventeen pieces, two of which—namely, the tragedy of 'Thyestes,' and the comedy of 'Sir Courtly Nice'—evinced considerable talent. The former is, indeed, founded on a repulsive classical story. Atreus invites his banished brother, Thyestes, to the court of Argos, and there at a banquet sets before him the mangled limbs and blood of his own son, of which the father unconsciously partakes. The return of Thyestes from his retirement, with the fears and misgivings which follow, are vividly described:

Extract from 'Thyestes.'

THYESTES. PHILISTHENES. PENEUS.

THYESTES. O wondrous pleasure to a banished man,
 I feel my loved, long looked-for native soil!
 And oh! my weary eyes, that all the day
 Had from some mountain travelled toward this place,
 Now rest themselves upon the royal towers
 Of that great palace where I had my birth.
 O sacred towers, sacred in your height,
 Mingling with clouds, the villas of the gods,
 Whither for sacred pleasures they retire:
 Sacred, because you are the work of gods;
 Your lofty looks boast your divine descent;
 And the proud city which lies at your feet,
 And would give place to nothing but to you,
 Ours her original is short of yours.
 And now a thousand objects more ride fast
 On morning beams, and meet my eyes in throngs:
 And see, all Argos meets me with loud shouts!

PHILISTHENES. O joyful sound!

THY. But with them Atreus too —

PHIL. What ails my father that he stops, and shakes,
 And now retires?

THY. Return with me, my son,
 And old friend Peneus, to the honest beasts,
 And faithful desert, and well-seated caves;
 Trees shelter man, by whom they often die,

And never seek revenge ; no villainy
Lies in the prospect of a humble cave.

PEN. Talk you of villainy, of foes, and fraud ?

THY. I talk of Atreus.

PEN. What are these to him ?

THY. Nearer than I am, for they are himself

PEN. Gods drive these impious thoughts out of your mind.

THY. The gods for all our safety put them there.

Return, return with me.

PEN. Against our oaths ?

I cannot stem the vengeance of the gods.

THY. Here are no gods ; they've left this dire abode.

PEN. True race of Tantalus ! who parent-like
Are doomed in midst of plenty to be starved,
His hell and yours differ alone in this :

When he would catch at joys, they fly from him ;

When glories catch at you, you fly from them.

THY. A fit comparison ; our joys and his
Are lying shadows, which to trust is hell.

Wishes for Obscurity.

How miserable a thing is a great man !
Take noisy vexing greatness they that please ;
Give me obscure and safe, and silent ease.
Acquaintance and commerce let me have none
With any powerful thing but Time alone :
My rest let Time be fearful to offend,
And creep by me as by a slumbering friend ;
Till, with ease glutted, to my bed I steal,
As men to sleep after a plentiful meal.
Oh, wretched he who, called abroad by power,
To know himself can never find an hour !
Strange to himself, but to all others known,
Lends every one his life, but uses none ;
So, ere he tasted life, to death he goes,
And himself loses ere himself he knows.

Passions.

We oft by lightning read in darkest nights ;
And by your passions I read all your natures,
Though you at other times can keep them dark.

Love in Women.

These are great maxims, sir, it is confessed ;
Too stately for a woman's narrow breast.
Poor love is lost in men's capacious minds ;
In ours, it fills up all the room it finds.

Inconstancy of the Multitude.

I'll not such favour to rebellion shew,
To wear a crown the people do bestow ;
Who, when their piddy violence is past,
Shall from the king, the adored, revolt at last ;
And then the throne they gave they shall invade,
And scorn the idol which themselves have made.

Warriors.

I hate these potent madmen, who keep all
Mankind awake, while they, by their great deeds,
Are drumming hard upon this hollow world,
Only to make a sound to last for ages.

THOMAS SHADWELL—SIR GEORGE ETHEREGE—WILLIAM WYCHERLEY
—MRS. APHRA BEHN.

A more popular rival and enemy of Dryden was THOMAS SHADWELL (1640–1693), who also wrote seventeen plays, chiefly comedies, in which he affected to follow Ben Jonson. Shadwell, though chiefly known now as the Mac-Flecknoe of Dryden's satire, possessed no inconsiderable comic power. His pictures of society are too coarse for quotation, but they are often true and well drawn. When the Revolution threw Dryden and other excessive royalists into the shade, Shadwell was promoted to the office of poet-laureate.—SIR GEORGE ETHEREGE (*circa* 1636–1679) gave a more sprightly air to the comic drama by his 'Man of Mode, or Sir Fopling Flutter,' a play which contains the first runnings of that vein of lively humour and witty dialogue which were afterwards displayed by Congreve and Farquhar. Sir George was a gay libertine, and whilst taking leave of a festive party one evening at his house in Ratishon—where he resided as British plenipotentiary—he fell down the stairs and killed himself.

The greatest of the comic dramatists was WILLIAM WYCHERLEY, born in the year 1640, in Shropshire, where his father possessed a handsome property. Though bred to the law, Wycherley did not practise his profession, but lived gaily 'upon town.' Pope says he had 'a true nobleman look,' and he was one of the favourites of the abandoned Duchess of Cleveland. He wrote various comedies—'Love in a Wood' (1672), the 'Gentleman Dancing-master' (1673), the 'Country Wife' (1675), and the 'Plain Dealer' (1677). His name stood high as a dramatist, and Pope was proud to receive the notice of the author of the 'Country Wife.' Their published correspondence is well known, and is interesting from the marked superiority maintained in their intercourse by the boy-poet of sixteen over his Mentor of sixty-four. The pupil grew too great for his master, and the unnatural friendship was dissolved. At the age of seventy-five, Wycherley married a young girl, in order to defeat the expectations of his nephew, and died eleven days afterwards, January 1, 1715. The subjects of most of Wycherley's plays were borrowed from the Spanish or French stage. He wrought up his dialogues and scenes with great care, and with considerable liveliness and wit, but without sufficient attention to character or probability. Destitute himself of moral feeling or propriety of conduct, his characters are equally objectionable, and his once fashionable plays may be said to be 'quietly incurable' in their own corruption and profligacy. Leigh Hunt thinks some of the detached 'Maxims and Reflections' written by Wycherley in his old age not unworthy of his reputation. One he considers to be a noble observation. 'The silence of a wise man is more wrong to mankind than the slanderer's speech.'—A female Wycherley ap-

peared in *Mrs. Aphra Behn* (1642-1689), celebrated in her day under the name of *Astræa* :

The stage how loosely does *Astræa* tread !

POPE.

The comedies of *Mrs. Behn* are grossly indelicate ; and of the whole seventeen which she wrote—besides various novels and poems—not one is now generally read or remembered. The history of *Mrs. Behn* is remarkable. She was daughter of the governor of Surinam, where she resided some time, and became acquainted with Prince Oroonoko, on whose story she founded a novel, that supplied Southerne with materials for a tragedy on the unhappy fate of the African prince. She was employed as a political spy by Charles II. ; and, while residing at Antwerp, she was enabled, by the aid of her lovers and admirers, to give information to the British government as to the intended Dutch attack on Chatham.

Extract from Wycherley's 'Plain Dealer.'

MANLY and LORD PLAUSIBLE.

MANLY. Tell not me, my good Lord Plausible, of your decorums, supercilious forms, and slavish ceremonies ! your little tricks, which you, the spaniels of the world, do daily over and over, for and to one another ; not out of love or duty, out your servile fear.

PLAUSIBLE. Nay, I' faith, I' faith, you are too passionate ; and I must beg your pardon and leave to tell you they are the arts and rules the prudent of the world walk by.

MAN. Let 'em. But I'll have no leading strings ; I can walk alone. I hate a harness, and will not tug on in a faction, kissing my leader behind, that another may do the like to me.

PLAUS. What, will you be singular then ? like nobody ? follow, love, and esteem nobody ?

MAN. Rather than be general, like you, follow everybody ; court and kiss everybody : though perhaps at the same time you hate everybody.

PLAUS. Why, seriously, with your pardon, my dear friend—

MAN. With your pardon, my no friend, I will not, as you do, whisper my hatred or my scorn, call a man fool or knave by signs or mouths over his shoulder, whilst you have him in your arms. For such as you, like common women and pickpockets, are only dangerous to those you embrace.

PLAUS. Such as I ! Heavens defend me ! upon my honour—

MAN. Upon your title, my lord, if you'd have me believe you.

PLAUS. Well, then, as I am a person of honour, I never attempted to abuse or lessen any person in my life.

MAN. What, you were afraid ?

PLAUS. No, but seriously, I hate to do a rude thing ; I speak well of all mankind.

MAN. I thought so : but know, that speaking well of all mankind is the worst kind of detraction ; for it takes away the reputation of the few good men in the world, by making all alike. Now I speak ill of most men, because they deserve it ; I that can do a rude thing, rather than an unjust thing.

PLAUS. Well, tell not me my dear friend, what people deserve ; I ne'er mind that. I, like an author in a dedication, never speak well of a man for his sake, but my own. I will not disparage any man to disparage myself ; for to speak ill of people behind their backs, is not like a person of honour, and truly to speak ill of 'em to their faces, is not like a complaisant person ; but if I did say or do an ill thing to anybody, it should be behind their backs, out of pure good manners.

MAN. Very well, but I that am an unmannerly sea-fellow, if I ever speak well of people—which is very seldom indeed—it should be sure to be behind their backs ; and if I would say or do ill to any, it should be to their faces. I would jostle a proud, strutting, overlooking coxcomb, at the head of his sycophants, rather than

put out my tongue at him when he were past me; would frown in the arrogant, big, dull face of an overgrown knave of business, rather than vent my spleen against him when his back were turned; would give fawning slaves the lie whilst they embrace or commend me; cowards, whilst they brag; call a rascal by no other title, though his father had left him a duke's; laugh at fools aloud before their mistresses; and must drive people to leave me, when their visits grow at last as trouble some as they were at first impertinent. [*Mainly thrusts out Lord Pleasible.*]

FREEMAN. You use a lord with very little ceremony, it seems.

MAN. A lord! what, thou art one of those who esteem men only by the marks and value fortune has set upon 'em, and never consider intrinsic worth! But counterfeit honour will not be current with me: I weigh the man, not his title; 'tis not the king's stamp can make the metal better or heavier. Your lord is a leaden shilling, which you bend every way, and debases the stamp he bears, instead of being raised by it.*

Song.—In Mrs. Behn's 'Abdelazer, or the Moor's Revenge.'

Love in fantastic triumph sat,
Whilst bleeding hearts around him flowed,
For whom fresh pains he did create,
And strange tyrannic power he shewed.
From thy bright eyes he took his fires,
Which round about in sport he hurled;
But 'twas from mine he took desires
Enough to undo the amorous world.

From me he took his sighs and tears,
From thee his pride and cruelty;
From me his languishment and fears,
And every killing dart from thee:
Thus thou and I the god have armed,
And set him up a deity;
But my poor heart alone is harmed,
While thine the victor is, and free.

PROSE LITERATURE.

The productions of this period, possessing much of the nervous force and originality of the preceding era, make a nearer approach to that correctness and precision which have since been attained in English composition. We have already adverted to some of the great names by which the period is illustrated; and we may here note the formation of the Royal Society of London in 1662, for the promotion of mathematical and physical science. There had previously been associations and clubs of a similar character, but they were small and obscure. The incorporation by royal charter of a body of scientific men and students of nature in England was a significant and memorable event. Following so soon after the restoration of Charles, it might seem to verify the couplet of Dryden:

For colleges on bounteous kings depend,
And never rebel was to arts a friend.

* Burns has versified part of this sentiment:

The rank is but the guinea stamp,
The man's the gowd for a' that.

The Civil War naturally directed the minds of philosophical men to the subject of government, in which it seemed desirable that some fixed fundamental principles should be arrived at, as a means of preventing future contests of the like nature. Neither at that time nor since has it been found possible to lay down a theory of government to which all nations would subscribe; but some political works produced at this period narrowed the debatable ground. The '*Leviathan*' of Hobbes was the most distinguished work on the monarchical side of the question; while Harrington's '*Oceana*,' published during the Protectorate of Cromwell, and some of the treatises of Milton, are the best works in favour of republican institutions.

PHILOSOPHICAL AND POLITICAL WRITERS.

JOHN SELDEN.

One of the most learned writers, and at the same time conspicuous political characters of the time, was JOHN SELDEN, born December 16, 1584, of a respectable family at Sabington, near Tering, in Sussex. After being educated at Chichester and Oxford, he studied law in London, and published in the Latin language, between 1607 and 1610, several historical and antiquarian works relative to his native country. These acquired for him, besides considerable reputation, the esteem and friendship of Camden, Spelman, Sir Robert Cotton, Ben Jonson, Browne, and also of Drayton, to whose '*Polyolbion*' he furnished notes. By Milton he is spoken of as 'the chief of learned men reputed in this land.' His largest English work, '*A Treatise on Titles of Honour*,' was published in 1614, and still continues a standard authority respecting the degrees of nobility and gentry in England, and the origin of such distinctions in other countries. In 1617 his fame was greatly extended, both at home and on the continent, by the publication of a Latin work on the idolatry of the Syrians, and more especially on the heathen deities mentioned in the Old Testament. In his next production, '*A History of Tithes*' (1618), by leaning to the side of those who question the divine right of the church to that tax, he gave great offence to the clergy, at whose instigation the king summoned the author to his presence and reprimanded him. He was, moreover, called before several members of the formidable High Commission Court, who extracted from him a written declaration of regret of what he had done, without, however, any retraction of his opinion. Several replies appeared, but to these he was not allowed to publish a rejoinder. During the subsequent part of his life, Selden evinced but little respect for his clerical contemporaries, whose conduct he deemed arrogant and oppressive. Nor did he long want an opportunity of shewing that civil tyranny was as little to his taste as ecclesiastical; for being consulted by the parliament in 1621, on occasion of the dispute with James concerning their powers and privileges, he spoke so freely on the popular side, and took

so prominent a part in drawing up the spirited protestation of parliament, that he suffered a short confinement in consequence of the royal displeasure. As a member of parliament, both in this and in the subsequent reign, Seldon continued to defend the liberty of the people, inasmuch that on one occasion he was committed to the Tower on a charge of sedition. In 1640, when the Long Parliament met, he was unanimously elected one of the representatives of Oxford University; but though still opposing the abuses and oppressions of which the people complained, he was averse to extreme measures, and desirous to prevent the power of the sword from falling into the hands of either party. Finding his exertions to ward off a civil war unavailing, he seems to have withdrawn himself as much as possible from public life. While in parliament, he constantly employed his influence in behalf of learning and learned men, and performed a great service to both universities. In 1648 he was appointed keeper of the records in the Tower. Meanwhile his political occupations were not allowed to divert his mind altogether from literary pursuits. Besides an account, published in 1628, of the celebrated Arundelian marbles, which had been brought from Greece the previous year,* he gave to the world various works on legal and ecclesiastical antiquities, particularly those of the Jewish nation; and also an elaborate Latin treatise in support of the right of British dominion over the circumjacent seas. This last work appeared in 1635, and found great favour with all parties. A defence of it against a Dutch writer was the last publication before the death of Selden, which took place November 30, 1654. His friend, Archbishop Usher, preached his funeral sermon, and his valuable library was added by his executors to the Bodleian at Oxford. In 1689, a collection of his sayings entitled 'Table-talk,' was published by his amanuensis, who states that he enjoyed for twenty years the opportunity of hearing his master's discourse, and was in the habit of committing faithfully to writing 'the excellent things that usually fell from him.' It is more by his 'Table-talk' than by the works published in his lifetime, that Selden is now generally known as a writer; for though he was a man of great talent and learning, his style was deficient in ease and grace, and the class of subjects he selected was little suited to the popular taste. The following eulogy of him by Clarendon shews how highly Selden was respected even by his opponents: 'He was a person whom no character can flatter, or transmit any expressions equal to his merit and virtue. He was of so stupendous a learning in all

* Thomas Howard, Earl of Arundel, who was a zealous patron of the fine arts, sent agents into Italy and Greece to collect and transmit to England interesting remains of antiquity. Among other relics so procured were the above-mentioned marbles, brought by Mr. (afterwards Sir William) Petty from Smyrna, and on which were found certain Greek inscriptions—including that called the Parian Chronicle, from its being supposed to have been made in the Isle of Paros, about 263 years before Christ. This Chronicle, by furnishing the dates of many events in ancient history, proved of great use in chronological investigations.

kinds and in all languages—as may appear in his excellent writings—that a man would have thought he had been entirely conversant amongst books, and had never spent an hour but in reading and writing; yet his humanity, affability, and courtesy were such, that he would have been thought to have been bred in the best courts, but that his good-nature, charity, and delight in doing good exceeded that breeding. His style in all his writings seems harsh, and sometimes obscure, which is not wholly to be imputed to the abstruse subjects of which he commonly treated, out of the paths trod by other men, but to a little undervaluing the beauty of style, and too much propensity to the language of antiquity; but in his conversation he was the most clear discourser, and had the best faculty of making hard things easy, and presenting them to the understanding, that hath been known.'

Many of the sententious remarks in Selden's 'Table-talk' are exceedingly acute; others are humorous; while some embody propositions which, though uttered in familiar conversation, he probably would not have seriously maintained. As might be expected, there are satirical observations on the clergy, and indications of that cautious spirit which distinguished him throughout his career. Marriage, for example, he characterises as 'a desperate thing: the frogs in Æsop were extreme wise; they had a great mind to some water, but they would not leap into the well, because they could not get out again.' The following are extracts from the 'Table-talk':

Evil Speaking.

1. He that speaks ill of another, commonly before he is aware, makes himself such a one as he speaks against; for if he had civility or breeding, he would forbear such kind of language.

2. A gallant man is above ill words. An example we have in the old lord of Salisbury, who was a great wise man. Stone had called some lord about court, fool; the lord complains, and has Stone whipped; Stone cries: 'I might have called my lord of Salisbury fool often enough, before he would have had me whipped.'

3. Speak not ill of a great enemy, but rather give him good words, that he may use you the better if you chance to fall into his hands. The Spaniard did this when he was dying; his confessor told him, to work him to repentance, how the devil tormented the wicked that went to hell; the Spaniard replying, called the devil, my lord: 'I hope my lord the devil is not so cruel.' His confessor reproved him. 'Excuse me,' said the Don, 'for calling him so; I know not into what hands I may fall; and if I happen into his, I hope he will use me the better for giving him good words.'

Humility.

1. Humility is a virtue all preach, none practice, and yet everybody is content to hear. The master thinks it good doctrine for his servant, the laity for the clergy, and the clergy for the laity.

2. There is *humilitas quædam in vitio* [a faulty excess of humility]. If a man does not take notice of that excellency and perfection that is in himself, how can he be thankful to God, who is the author of all excellency and perfection? Nay, if a man hath too mean an opinion of himself, it will render him unserviceable both to God and man.

3. Pride may be allowed to this or that degree, else a man cannot keep up his dignity. In gluttons there must be eating, in drunkenness there must be drinking; it

is not the eating, nor it is not the drinking, that is to be blamed, but the excess. So in pride.

King.

A king is a thing men have made for their own sakes, for quietness' sake; just as in a family one man is appointed to buy the meat: if every man should buy, or if there were many buyers, they would never agree; one would buy what the other liked not, or what the other had bought before, so there would be a confusion. But that charge being committed to one, he, according to his discretion, pleases all. If they have not what they would have one day, they shall have it the next, or something as good.

Heresy.

It is a vain thing to talk of an heretic, for a man for his heart can think no other-wise than he does think. In the primitive times, there were many opinions, nothing scarce, but some or other held. One of these opinions being embraced by some prince, and received into his kingdom, the rest were condemned as heresies; and his religion, which was but one of the several opinions, first is said to be orthodox, and so to have continued ever since the apostles.

Learning and Wisdom.

No man is wiser for his learning: it may administer matter to work in, or objects to work upon; but wit and wisdom are born with a man.

Oracles.

Oracles ceased presently after Christ, as soon as nobody believed them: just as we have no fortune-tellers, nor wise men (wizards), when nobody cares for them. Sometimes you have a season for them, when people believe them; and neither of these, I conceive, is wrought by the devil.

Dreams and Prophecies.

Dreams and prophecies do thus much good: they make a man go on with boldness and courage upon a danger, or a mistress. If he obtains, he attributes much to them; if he miscarries, he thinks no more of them, or is no more thought of himself.

Sermons.

Nothing is text but what is spoken of in the Bible, and meant there for person and place; the rest is application, which a discreet man may do well; but 'tis his scripture, not the Holy Ghost's.

First, in your sermons use your logic, and then your rhetoric: rhetoric without logic is like a tree with leaves and blossoms, but no root.

Libels.

Though some make slight of libels, yet you may see by them how the wind sits: as take a straw and throw it up into the air, you shall see by that which way the wind is, which you shall not do by casting up a stone. More solid things do not shew the complexion of the times so well as ballads and libels.

Devils in the Head.

A person of quality came to my chamber in the Temple, and told me he had two devils in his head—I wondered what he meant—and, just at that time, one of them bid him kill me. With that I began to be afraid, and thought he was mad. He said he knew I could cure him, and therefore entreated me to give him something, for he was resolved he would go to nobody else. I, perceiving what an opinion he had of me, and that it was only melancholy that troubled him, took him in hand, warranted him, if he would follow my directions, to cure him in a short time. I desired him to let me be alone about an hour, and then to come again; which he was very willing to. In the meantime, I got a card, and wrapped it up handsome in a piece of taffeta, and put strings to the taffeta, and when he came, gave it to him to hang about his neck; withal charged him that he should not disorder himself, nei-

ther with eating nor drinking, but eat very little of supper, and say his prayers duly when he went to bed; and I made no question but he would be well in three or four days. Within that time I went to dinner to his house, and asked him how he did. He said he was much better, but not perfectly well; for, in truth, he had not dealt clearly with me; he had four devils in his head, and he perceived two of them were gone, with that which I had given him, but the other two troubled him still. 'Well,' said I, 'I am glad two of them are gone; I make no doubt to get away the other two likewise.' So I gave him another thing to hang about his neck. Three days after, he came to me to my chamber, and professed he was now as well as ever he was in his life, and did extremely thank me for the great care I had taken of him. I, fearing lest he might relapse into the like distemper, told him that there was none but myself and one physician more in the whole town that could cure the devils in the head, and that was Dr. Harvey, whom I had prepared, and wished him, if ever he found himself ill in my absence, to go to him, for he could cure his disease as well as myself. The gentleman lived many years, and was never troubled after.

We quote the following from the preface to Selden's 'History of Tithes':

Free Inquiry.

For the old sceptics that never would profess that they had found a truth, yet shewed the best way to search for any, when they doubted as well of what those of the dogmatical sects too credulously received for infallible principles, as they did of the newest conclusions: they were, indeed, questionable, too nice, and deceived themselves with the nimbleness of their own sophisms, that permitted no kind of established truth. But, plainly, he that avoids their disputing levity, yet, being able, takes to himself their liberty by inquiry, is in the only way that in all kinds of studies leads and lies open even to the sanctuary of truth; while others, that are servile to common opinion and vulgar suppositions, can rarely hope to be admitted nearer than into the base court of her temple, which too speciously often counterfeits her inmost sanctuary.

MILTON.

MILTON began, at the commencement of the Civil War, to write against Episcopacy, and continued during the whole of the ensuing stormy period to devote his pen to the service of his party, even to the defence of that boldest of their measures, the execution of the king. His stern and inflexible principles, both in regard to religion and to civil government, are displayed in these treatises. The first, 'Of Reformation touching Church Discipline in England,' was published in 1641, and the same year appeared a treatise, 'Of Prelatical Episcopacy,' being a reply to Bishop Hall's 'Humble Remonstrance' in favour of Episcopacy. A defence of Hall's 'Remonstrance' having been published, Milton replied with 'Animadversions upon the 'Remonstrant's Defence,' &c. (1641); and in the following year, 'An Apology for Smectymnus,*' and 'The Reason of Church Government urged against Prelaty,' a more elaborate treatise in two books. In 1644 appeared the noblest of his prose works, his 'Areopagitica, a Speech for the Liberty of Unlicensed Printing;' and a 'Tractate of Education' The same year produced his 'Doctrine and Discipline of Divorce,' and 'The Judgment of Martin Bucer concerning Divorce.' Next year he followed up these heretical but ably written

* This word was composed of the initials of the names of five Puritan ministers: Stephen Marshall, Edward Calamy, Thomas Young, Matthew Newcomen, and William Apsenstow. The *x* in the last name was resolved into two *us*.

works with 'Expositions upon the Four Chief Places of Scripture which treat of Marriage.' Another celebrated work of Milton is a reply he published to the 'Eikon Basilike,' under the title of 'Eikonoclastes,'* a production to which reference will be found in the notice of Dr. Gauden. Subsequently, he engaged in a controversy with the celebrated scholar Salmasius, or 'De Saumaise,' who had published a defence of Charles I.; and the war on both sides was carried on with a degree of virulent abuse and personality which, though common in the age of the disputants, is calculated to strike a modern reader with astonishment. Salmasius triumphantly ascribes the loss of Milton's sight to the fatigues of the controversy; while Milton, on the other hand, is said to have boasted that his severities had tended to shorten the life of Salmasius.

In 1659 appeared 'A Treatise of Civil power in Ecclesiastical Causes,' and 'Considerations touching the likeliest means to remove hirelings out of the Church.' In 1660, on the very brink of the Restoration, the eager and fearless poet published 'A Ready and Easy way to establish a Free Commonwealth,' (which was in the form of a letter to General Monk), and 'Brief Notes upon a late Sermon titled the Fear of God and the King.'

What I have spoken is the language of that which is called not amiss *the good old cause*. If it seem strange to any, it will not seem more strange, I hope, than convincing to backsliders. Thus much I should perhaps have said, though I were sure I should have spoken only to trees and stones: and had none to cry to, but with the prophet: 'O earth, earth, earth!' to tell the very soil itself what her perverse inhabitants are deaf to. Nay, though what I have spoke should happen—which Thou suffer not who didst create mankind free, nor Thou next who didst redeem us from being servants of men!—to be the last words of our expiring liberty.

The more genial labours of the muse succeeded to these fierce controversial and political struggles, and 'Paradise Lost' was composed. In 1670, Milton published his 'History of England,' down to the time of the Norman Conquest, in which he has inserted the fables of Geoffrey of Monmouth and other chroniclers, as useful to poets and orators, and possibly 'containing in them many footsteps and relics of some thing true.' Two other prose works issued from his pen—a 'Treatise of True Religion, Heresy, Schism, Toleration, and the Best Means to prevent the Growth of Popery' (1673), and a collection of 'Familiar Epistles in Latin' (1674). It had been conjectured, from passages in 'Paradise Regained,' and from his treatise on 'True Religion,' that Milton's theological opinions underwent a change in his advanced years; and the fact was made apparent by the discovery, in 1823, in the State-paper Office, of an elaborate work in Latin, a 'Treatise on Christian Doctrine,' which was translated by Dr. Sumner, and published by authority of King George IV. In the beginning of this work, Milton explains his reasons for compiling it. 'I deemed it safest and most advisable,' he says, 'to compile for

* *Eikon Basilike*, the Royal Image or Portraiture; *Eikonoclastes*, the Image-breaker.

myself, by my own labour and study, some original treatise, which should be always at hand, derived solely from the Word of God itself.' In this treatise, Milton avows and defends Arian opinions, and supports not only his peculiar views on the subject of divorce, but the lawfulness of polygamy. It is the duty of believers, he says, to join themselves, if possible, to a church duly constituted; yet such as cannot do this conveniently or with full satisfaction of conscience, are not to be considered as excluded from the blessing bestowed by God on the churches.

Milton's prose style is lofty, clear, vigorous, expressive, and frequently adorned with profuse and glowing imagery. Like many other productions of the age, it is, however, deficient in simplicity and smoothness—qualities the absence of which is in some degree attributable to his fondness for the Latin idiom in the construction of his sentences. 'It is to be regretted,' says Lord Macaulay, 'that the prose writings of Milton should in our time be so little read. As compositions, they deserve the attention of every man who wishes to become acquainted with the full power of the English language. They abound with passages compared with which the finest declamations of Burke sink into insignificance. They are a perfect field of cloth of gold. The style is stiff with gorgeous embroidery. Not even in the earlier books of the *'Paradise Lost'* has he ever risen higher than in those parts of his controversial works in which his feelings, excited by conflict, find a vent in bursts of devotional and lyric rapture. It is, to borrow his own majestic language, "a sevenfold chorus of hallelujahs and harping symphonies."

The following extracts are taken respectively from *'The Reason of Church Government,' 'Tractate of Education,'* and the *'Arcopagica.'* The first of them is peculiarly interesting, as an announcement of the poet's intention to attempt some great work.

Milton's Literary Musings.

After I had, from my first years, by the ceaseless diligence and care of my father (whom God recompense!), been exercised to the tongues, and some sciences, as my age would suffer, by sundry masters and teachers, both at home and at the schools, it was found that whether aught was imposed me by them that had the overlooking, or betaken to of my own choice in English, or other tongue, prosing or versing, but chiefly the latter, the style, by certain vital signs it had, was likely to live. But much latelier, in the private academies of Italy, whither I was favoured to resort, perceiving that some trifles which I had in memory, composed at under twenty or thereabout—for the manner is, that every one must give some proof of his wit and reading there—met with acceptance above what was looked for; and other things which I had shifted, in scarcity of books and conveniences, to patch up among them, were received with written encomiums, which the Italian is not forward to bestow on men of this side the Alps, I began thus far to assent both to them and divers of my friends here at home; and not less to an inward prompting, which now grew daily upon me, that by labour and intent study, which I take to be my portion in this life, joined to the strong propensity of nature, I might perhaps leave something so written, to after-times, as they should not willingly let it die. These thoughts at once possessed me, and these other, that if I were certain to write as men buy leases, for three lives and downward, there ought no regard be sooner had than to God's glory, by the honour and instruction of my country. For which cause, and not only

for that I knew it would be hard to arrive at the second rank among the Latins, I applied myself to that resolution which Ariosto followed against the persuasions of Bembo, to fix all the industry and art I could unite to the adorning of my native tongue; not to make verbal curiosities the end—that were a tollsome vanity; but to be an interpreter, and relater of the best and sagest things among mine own citizens throughout this island, in the mother dialect. That what the greatest and choicest wits of Athens, Rome, or modern Italy, and those Hebrews of old did for their country, I, in my proportion, with this over and above, of being a Christian, might do for mine; not caring to be once named abroad, though perhaps I could attain to that, but content with these British islands as my world; whose fortune hath hitherto been, that of the Athenians, as some say, made their small deeds great and renowned by their eloquent writers, England hath had her noble achievements made small by the unskilful handling of monks and mechanicks.

Time serves not now, and perhaps I might seem too profuse, to give any certain account of what the mind at home, in the spacious circuits of her musing, hath liberty to propose to herself, though of highest hope and hard at attempting. Whether that epic form, whereof the two poems of Homer, and those other two of Virgil and Tasso, are a diffuse, and the book of Job a brief model; or whether the rules of Aristotle herein are strictly to be kept, or nature to be followed, which in them that know art, and use judgment, is no transgression, but an enriching of art. And, lastly, what king or knight before the Conquest might be chosen, in whom to lay the pattern of a Christian hero. And as Tasso gave to a prince of Italy his choice, whether he would command him to write of Godfrey's expedition against the Infidels, or Belisarius against the Goths, or Charlemagne against the Lombards; if to the instinct of nature and the emboldening of art ought may be trusted, and that there be nothing adverse in our climate, or the fate of this age, it haply would be no rashness, from an equal diligence and inclination, to present the like offer in our own ancient stories. Or whether those dramatic constitutions, wherein Sophocles and Euripides reign, shall be found more doctrinal and exemplary to a nation. The Scripture also affords us a fine pastoral drama in the Song of Solomon, consisting of two persons, and a double chorus, as Origen rightly judges; and the Apocalypse of St. John is the majestic image of a high and stately tragedy, shutting up and intermingling her solemn scenes and acts with a seven-fold chorus of hallelujahs and harping symphonies. And this my opinion, the grave authority of Parnæus, commenting that book, is sufficient to confirm. Or if occasion shall lead, to imitate those magnificent odes and hymns, wherein Pindarus and Callimachus are in most things worthy, some others in their frame judicious, in their matter most, and end faulty. But those frequent songs throughout the law and prophets, beyond all these, not in their divine argument alone, but in the very critical art of composition, may be easily made appear, over all the kinds of lyric poetry, to be incomparable. These abilities, wheresoever they be found, are the inspired gift of God, rarely bestowed, but yet to some—though most abuse—in every nation: and are of power, besides the office of a pulpit, to inbreed and cherish in a great people the seeds of virtue and public civility; to allay the perturbations of the mind, and set the affections in right tune; to celebrate in glorious and lofty hymns the throne and equipage of God's almightiness, and what he suffers to be wrought with high providence in his church; to sing victorious agonies of martyrs and saints, the deeds and triumphs of just and pious nations, doing valiantly through faith against the enemies of Christ; to deplore the general relapses of kingdoms and states from justice and God's true worship. Lastly, whatsoever in religion is holy and sublime, in virtue amiable or grave, whatsoever hath passion or admiration in all the changes of that which is called fortune from without, or the wily subtleties and refluxes of man's thoughts from within; all these things, with a cold and treatable smoothness, to paint out and describe; teaching over the whole book of sanctity and virtue, through all the instances of example, with such delight to those, especially of soft and delicious temper, who will not so much as look upon Truth herself, unless they see her elegantly dressed; that whereas the paths of honesty and good life appear now rugged and difficult, though they be indeed easy and pleasant, they would then appear to all men both easy and pleasant, though they were rugged and difficult indeed. And what a benefit would this be to our youth and gentry, may be soon guessed by what we know of the corruption and bane which they suck in daily from the writings and interludes of libidinous and ignorant postasters, who having scarce ever heard of that

which is the main consistence of a true poem, the choice of such persons as they ought to introduce, and what is moral and decent to each one, do for the most part lay up vicious principles in sweet pills, to be swallowed down, and make the taste of virtuous documents harsh and sour. But because the spirit of man cannot demean itself lively in this body without some repeating intermission of labour and serious things, it were happy for the commonwealth if our magistrates, as in those famous governments of old, would take into their care not only the deciding of our contentions law cases and brawls, but the managing of our public sports and festival pastimes, that they might be, not such as were authorised a while since, the provocations of drunkenness and lust, but such as may inure and harden our bodies, by martial exercises, to all warlike skill and performances; and may civilise, adorn, and make discreet our minds, by the learned and affable meeting of frequent academies, and the procurement of wise and artful recitations, sweetened with eloquent and graceful enticements to the love and practice of justice, temperance, and fortitude; instructing and bettering the nation at all opportunities, that the call of wisdom and virtue may be heard everywhere, as Solomon saith: 'She crieth without, she uttereth her voice in the streets, in the top of high places, in the chief concourse, and in the openings of the gates.' Whether this may be not only in pulpits, but after another persuasive method, at set and solemn panaguries, in theatres, porches, or what other place or way may win most upon the people, to receive at once both recreation and instruction, let them in authority consult. The thing which I had to say, and those intentions which have lived within me ever since I could conceive myself anything worth to my country, I return to crave excuse, that urgent reason hath plucked from me, by an abortive and fore-dated discovery. And the accomplishment of them lies not but in a power above man's to promise; but that none hath by more studious ways endeavoured, and with more unwearied spirit that none shall, that I dare almost aver of myself, as far as life and free leisure will extend; and that the land had once enfranchised herself from this impertinent yoke of prelacy, under whose inquisitorial and tyrannical duncery no free and splendid wit can flourish. Neither do I think it shame to covenant with any knowing reader, that for some few years yet I may go on trust with him toward the payment of what I am now indebted, as being a work not to be raised from the heat of youth or the vapours of wine; like that which flows at waste from the pen of some vulgar amoralist, or the trencher-fury of a rhyming parasite; nor to be obtained by the invocation of Dame Memory and her siren daughters; but by devout prayer to that eternal Spirit, who can enrich with all utterance and knowledge, and send out his seraphim with the hallowed fire of his altar, to touch and purify the lips of whom he pleases. To this must be added industrious and select reading, steady observation, insight into all seemingly arts and affairs; till which in some measure be compassed, at mine own peril and cost, I refuse not to sustain this expectation from as many as are not loath to hazard so much credulity upon the best pledges that I can give them. Although it nothing content me to have disclosed thus much beforehand, but that I trust hereby to make it manifest with what small willingness I endure to interrupt the pursuit of no less hopes than these, and leave a calm and pleasing solitariness, fed with cheerful and confident thoughts, to embark in a troubled sea of noises and hoarse disputes; from beholding the bright countenance of truth in the quiet and still air of delightful studies, to come into the dim reflection of hollow antiquities sold by the seeming bulk, and there be fain to club quotations with men whose learning and belief lies in marginal stuffings; who when they have, like good sumpters, laid you down their horse-load of citations and fathers at your door, with a rhapsody of who and who were bishops here or there, you may take off their pack-saddles, their day's work is done, and episcopacy, as they think, stoutly vindicated. Let any gentle apprehension that can distinguish learned pains from unlearned drudgery, imagine what pleasure or profoundness can be in this, or what honour to deal against such adversaries.

Education.

And seeing every nation affords not experience and tradition enough for all kind of learning, therefore we are chiefly taught the languages of those people who have at any time been most industrious after wisdom; so that language is but the instrument conveying to us things useful to be known. And though a linguist should

pride himself to have all the tongues that Babel cleft the world into, yet, if he have not studied the solid things in them, as well as the words and lexicons, he were nothing so much to be esteemed a learned man, as any yeoman or tradesman competently wise in his mother dialect only. Hence appear the many mistakes which have made learning generally so unpleasing and so unsuccessful: first, we do amiss to spend seven or eight years merely in scraping together so much miserable Latin and Greek, as might be learned otherwise easily and delightfully in one year.

And that which casts our proficiency therein so much behind, is our time lost partly in too oft idle vacancies given both to schools and universities; partly in a preposterous exaction, forcing the empty wits of children to compose themes, verses, and orations, which are the acts of ripest judgment, and the final work of a head filled by long reading and observing, with elegant maxims and copious invention. These are not matters to be wrung from poor striplings, like blood out of the nose, or the plucking of untimely fruit; besides the ill habit which they get of wretched barbarising against the Latin and Greek idiom, with their untutored Anglicisms, odious to be read, yet not to be avoided without a well-continued and judicious conversing among pure authors digested, which they scarce taste: whereas, if after some preparatory grounds of speech by their certain forms got into memory, they were led to the praxis thereof in some chosen short book lessened thoroughly to them, they might then forthwith proceed to learn the substance of good things and arts in due order, which would bring the whole language quickly into their power. This I take to be the most rational and most profitable way of learning languages, and whereby we may best hope to give account to God of our youth spent herein.

And for the usual method of teaching arts, I deem it to be an old error of universities not yet well recovered from the scholastic grossness of barbarous ages, that instead of beginning with arts most easy—and those be such as are most obvious to the sense—they present their young unmatriculated novices at first coming with the most intellective abstractions of logic and metaphysics, so that they having but newly left those grammatical flats and shallows where they stuck unreasonably to learn a few words with lamentable construction, and now on the sudden transported under another climate, to be tossed and turmoiled with their unballasted wits in fathomless and unquiet deeps of controversy, do for the most part grow into hatred and contempt of learning, mocked and deluded all this while with ragged notions and babblements, while they expected worthy and delightful knowledge; till poverty or youthful years call them importunately their several ways, and hasten them, with the sway of friends, either to an ambitious and mercenary, or ignorantly zealous divinity; some allured to the trade of law, grounding their purposes, not on the prudent and heavenly contemplation of justice and equity, which was never taught them, but on the promising and pleasing thoughts of litigious terms, fat contentions, and flowing fees; others betake them to state affairs, with souls so unprincipled in virtue and true generous breeding, that flattery and courtships, and tyrannous aphorisms, appear to them the highest points of wisdom; instilling their barren hearts with a conscientious slavery; if, as I rather think, it be not feigned. Others, lastly, of a more delicious and airy spirit, retire themselves, knowing no better, to the enjoyments of ease and luxury, living out their days in feasts and jollity; which, indeed, is the wisest and the safest course of all these, unless they were with more integrity undertaken. And these are the errors, and these are the fruits of mispending our prime youth at schools and universities as we do, either in learning mere words, or such things chiefly as were better unlearned.

I shall detain you now no longer in the demonstration of what we should not do, but straight conduct you to a hillside, where I will point you out the right path of a virtuous and noble education; laborious, indeed, at the first ascent, but else so smooth, so green, so full of goodly prospect and melodious sounds on every side, that the harp of Orpheus was not more charming. I doubt not but ye shall have more ado to drive our dullest and laziest youths, our stocks and stubs, from the infinite desire of such a happy nurture, than we have now to hale and drag our choicest and hopefulest wits to that asinine feast of sowthistles and brambles which is commonly set before them, as all the food and entertainment of their tenderest and most docile age.

I call, therefore, a complete and generous education, that which fits a man to perform justly, skillfully, and magnanimously, all the offices, both private and public, of peace and war.

Liberty of Unlicensed Printing.

I deny not but that it is of greatest concernment in the church and commonwealth, to have a vigilant eye how books demean themselves as well as men; and thereafter to confine, imprison, and do sharpest justice on them as malefactors; for books are not absolutely dead things, but do contain a potency of life in them, to be as active as that soul was whose progeny they are; nay, they do preserve, as in a phial, the purest efficacy and extraction of that living intellect that bred them. I know they are as lively, and as vigorously productive, as those fabulous dragons' teeth; and being sown up and down, may chance to spring up armed men. And yet, on the other hand, unless wariness be used, as good almost kill a man as kill a good book: who kills a man kills a reasonable creature, God's image; but he who destroys a good book, kills reason itself, kills the image of God, as it were, in the eye. Many a man lives a burden to the earth; but a good book is the precious life-blood of a master-spirit, embalmed and treasured up on purpose to a life beyond life. 'Tis true no age can restore a life, whereof perhaps there is no great loss; and revolutions of ages do not oft recover the loss of a rejected truth, for the want of which whole nations fare the worse. We should be wary, therefore, what persecution we raise against the living labours of public men, how we spill that seasoned life of man, preserved and stored up in books; since we see a kind of homicide may be thus committed, sometimes a martyrdom, and if it extend to the whole impression, a kind of massacre, whereof the execution ends not in the slaying of an elemental life, but strikes at that ethereal and swift essence, the breath of reason itself, slays an immortality rather than a life.

Good and evil, we know, in the field of this world grow up together almost inseparably; and the knowledge of good is so involved and interwoven with the knowledge of evil, and in so many cunning resemblances hardly to be discerned, that those confused seeds which were imposed on Psyche as an incessant labour to cull out, and sort asunder, were not more intermixed. It was from out the rind of one apple tasted, that the knowledge of good and evil, as two twins cleaving together, leaped forth into the world. And perhaps this is that doom which Adam fell into of knowing good and evil, that is to say, of knowing good by evil. As therefore the state of man now is, what wisdom can there be to choose, what continence to forbear, without the knowledge of evil? He that can apprehend and consider vice, with all her baits and seeming pleasures, and yet abstain, and yet distinguish, and yet prefer that which is truly better, he is the true warfarer Christian. I cannot praise a fugitive and cloistered virtue, unexercised and unbreathed, that never sallies out and sees her adversary, but slinks out of the race where that immortal garland is to be run for, not without dust and heat. Assuredly we bring not innocence into the world, we bring impurity much rather: that which purifies us is trial, and trial is by what is contrary. That virtue, therefore, which is but a youngling in the contemplation of evil, and knows not the utmost that vice promises to her followers, and rejects it, is but a blank virtue, not a pure; her whiteness is but an excremental whiteness: which was the reason why our sagacious and serious poet, Spenser—whom I dare be known to think a better teacher than Scotus or Aquinas—describing true temperance under the person of Guion, brings him in with his Palmer through the cave of Mammon and the bower of earthly bliss, that he might see and know, and yet abstain. Since, therefore, the knowledge and survey of vice is in this world so necessary to the constituting of human virtue, and the scanning of error to the confirmation of truth, how can we more safely, and with less danger, scout into the regions of sin and falsity, than by reading all manner of tractates, and hearing all manner of reason?

I lastly proceed, from the no good it can do, to the manifest hurt it causes, in being first the greatest discouragement and affront that can be offered to learning and to learned men. It was a complaint and lamentation of prelates, upon every least breath of a motion to remove pluralities, and distribute more equally church-revenues, that then all learning would be for ever dashed and discouraged. But as for that opinion, I never found cause to think that the tenth part of learning stood or fell with the clergy; nor could I ever but hold it for a sordid and unworthy speech of any churchman who had a competency left him. If, therefore, ye be loath to dishearten utterly and discontent, not the mercenary crew and false pretenders to learning, but the free and ingenuous sort of such as evidently were born to study and love

learning for itself, not for lucre, or any other end, but the service of God and of truth, and perhaps that lasting fame and perpetuity of praise which God and good men have consented shall be the reward of those whose published labours advance the good of mankind; then know, that so far to distrust the judgment and the honesty of one who hath but a common repute in learning, and never yet offended, as not to count him fit to print his mind without a tutor and examiner, lest he should drop a schism, or something of corruption, is the greatest displeasure and indignity, to a free and knowing spirit, that can be put upon him. What advantage is it to be a man, over it is to be a boy at school, if we have only escaped the ferulas to come under the fescue of an Imprimatur?—If serious and elaborate writings, as if they were no more than the theme of a grammar lad under his pedagogue, must not be uttered without the cursory eyes of a temporising and extemporising licenser? He who is not trusted with his own actions, his drift not being known to be evil, and standing to the hazard of law and penalty, has no great argument to think himself repated in the commonwealth wherein he was born for other than a fool or a foreigner. When a man writes to the world, he summons up all his reason and deliberation to assist him; he searches, meditates, is industrious, and likely consults and confers with his judicious friends; after all which done, he takes himself to be informed in what he writes, as well as any that writ before him; if in this, the most consummate act of his fidelity and ripeness, no years, no industry, no former proof of his abilities can bring him to that state of maturity as not to be still mistrusted and suspected, unless he carry all his considerate diligence, all his midnight watchings and expense of Palladian oil, to the hasty view of an unlearned licenser, perhaps much his younger, perhaps far his inferior in judgment, perhaps one who never knew the labour of book-writing; and if he be not repulsed, or slighted, must appear in print like a puny with his guardian, and his censor's hand on the back of his title, to be his bail and surety that he is no idiot or seducer; it cannot be but a dishonour and derogation to the author, to the book, to the privilege and dignity of learning.

And lest some should persuade ye, Lords and Commons, that these arguments of learned men's discouragement at this your order are mere flourishes, and not real, I could recount what I have seen and heard in other countries, where this kind of inquisition tyrannises; when I have sat among their learned men—for that honour I had—and been counted happy to be born in such a place of philosophic freedom, as they supposed England was, while themselves did nothing but bemoan the servile condition into which learning amongst them was brought; that this was it which had damped the glory of Italian wits; that nothing had been there written now these many years but flattery and fustian. There it was that I found and visited the famous Galileo, grown old, a prisoner to the Inquisition for thinking in astronomy otherwise than the Franciscan and Dominican licensers thought. And though I knew that England then was groaning loudest under the prelatial yoke, nevertheless I took it as a pledge of future happiness that other nations were so persuaded of her liberty. Yet was it beyond my hope that those worthies were then breathing in her air, who should be her leaders to such a deliverance as shall never be forgotten by any revolution of time that this world hath to finish.

Methinks I see in my mind a noble and puissant nation rousing herself like a strong man after sleep, and shaking her invincible locks; methinks I see her as an eagle mewing her mighty youth, and kindling her undazzled eyes at the full mid-day beam; purging and unscaling her long-abused sight at the fountain itself of heavenly radiance; while the whole noise of timorous and flocking birds, with those also that love the twilight, flutter about amazed at what she means.

Though all the winds of doctrine were let loose to play upon the earth, so Truth be in the field, we do, injuriously, by licensing and prohibiting, to misdoubt her strength. Let her and Falsehood grapple; who ever knew Truth put to the worse in a free and open encounter? Her confuting is the best and surest suppressing. He who hears what praying there is for light and clear knowledge to be sent down among us, would think of other matters to be constituted beyond the discipline of Geneva, framed and fabricked already to our hands. Yet when the new light which we beg for shines in upon us, there be who envy and oppose, if it come not first in at their casements. What a collusion is this, whenas we are exhorted by wise men to use diligence, 'to seek for wisdom as for hidden treasures,' early and late, that another order shall enjoin us to know nothing but by statute! When a man hath

been labouring the hardest labour in the deep mines of knowledge, hath furnished out his findings in all their equipage, drawn forth his reasons, as it were a battle ranged, scattered and defeated all objections in his way, calls out his adversary into the plain, offers him the advantage of wind and sun, if he please, only that he may try the matter by dint of argument; for his opponents then to skulk, to lay ambushments, to keep a narrow bridge of licensing where the challenger should pass though it be valour enough in soldiery, is but weakness and cowardice in the wars of Truth. For who knows not that Truth is strong, next to the Almighty? She needs no policies, no stratagems, no licensings, to make her victorious; those are the shifts and the defences that error uses against her power; give her but room, and do not blind her when she sleeps.

This appeal of Milton was unsuccessful, and it was not till 1694 that England was set free from the censors of the press.

The Reformation.

When I recall to mind, at last, after so many dark ages, wherein the huge overshadowing train of error had almost swept all the stars out of the firmament of the church; how the bright and blissful Reformation, by Divine power, strook through the black and settled night of ignorance and antichristian tyranny, methinks a sovereign and reviving joy must needs rush into the bosom of him that reads or hears, and the sweet odour of the returning Gospel imbathes his soul with the fragrancy of heaven. Then was the sacred Bible sought out of the dusty corners, where profane falsehood and neglect had thrown it; the schools opened; divine and human learning raked out of the embers of forgotten tongues; the princes and cities trooping apace to the new-erected banner of salvation; the martyrs, with the irresistible might of weakness, shaking the powers of darkness, and scorning the fiery rage of the old red dragon.—*Of Reformation in England.*

Truth.

Truth, indeed, came once into the world with her Divine Master, and was a perfect shape, most glorious to look on; but when he ascended, and his apostles after him were laid asleep, then straight arose a wicked race of deceivers, who, as that story goes of the Egyptian Typhon with his conspirators, how they dealt with the god Osiris, took the virgin Truth, hewed her lovely form into a thousand pieces, and scattered them to the four winds. From that time ever since, the sad friends of Truth, such as durst appear, imitating the careful search that Isis made for the mangled body of Osiris, went up and down gathering up limb by limb, still as they could find them. We have not yet found them all, Lords and Commons! nor ever shall do, till her Master's second coming; he shall bring together every joint and member, and mould them into an immortal feature of loveliness and perfection.—*Areopagitica.*

Expiration of the Roman Power in Britain.

Thus expired this great empire of the Romans; first in Britain, soon after in Italy itself; having borne chief sway in this island—though never thoroughly subdued, or all at once in subjection—if we reckon from the coming in of Julius to the taking of Rome by Alaric, in which year Honorius wrote those letters of discharge into Britain, the space of four hundred and sixty-two years. And with the empire fell also what before in this western world was chiefly Roman—learning, valour, eloquence, history, civility, and even language itself—all these together, as it were with equal pace, diminishing and decaying. Henceforth we are to steer by another sort of authors, near enough to the times they write, as in their own country, if that would serve, in time not much belated, some of equal age, in expression barbarous; and to say how judicious, I suspend awhile. This we must expect; in civil matters to find them dubious relaters, and still to the best advantage of what they term Mother Church, meaning indeed themselves; in most other matters of religion blind, astonished, and strook with superstition as with a planet; in one word, monks. Yet these guides, where can be had no better, must be followed; in gross it may be true enough; in circumstance each man, as his judgment gives him, may reserve his faith or bestow it.—*History of England.*

THOMAS HOBBS.

No literary man excited more attention in the middle of the seventeenth century, and none of that age has exercised a more wide and permanent influence on the philosophical opinions of succeeding generations, than THOMAS HOBBS, born at Malmesbury, April 5, 1588. His mother's alarm, at the approach of the Spanish Armada is said to have hastened his birth, and was probably the cause of a constitutional timidity which possessed him through life. After studying for five years at Oxford, he travelled, in 1610, through France, Italy, and Germany, in the capacity of tutor to Lord Cavendish, afterwards Earl of Devonshire, with whom, on returning to England, he continued to reside as his secretary. At this time, he became intimate with Lord Bacon, Lord Herbert of Cherbury, and Ben Jonson. His pupil dying in 1628, Hobbes again visited Paris; but in 1631 he undertook to superintend the education of the young Earl of Devonshire, with whom he set off, three years later, on a tour through France, Italy, and Savoy. At Pisa, he became intimate with Galileo the astronomer, and elsewhere held communication with other celebrated characters. After his return to England in 1637, he resided in the earl's family, at Chatsworth, in Derbyshire. He now devoted himself to study, in which, however, he was interrupted by the political contentions of the times. Being a zealous royalist, he found it necessary, in 1640, to retire to Paris, where he lived on terms of intimacy with Descartes and other learned men, whom the patronage of Cardinal de Richelieu had at that time drawn together. While at Paris, he engaged in a controversy about the quadrature of the circle; and in 1647, he was appointed mathematical instructor to Charles, Prince of Wales, who then resided in the French capital. Previously to this time, he had commenced the publication of those works which he sent forth in succession, with the view of curbing the spirit of freedom in England, by shewing the philosophical foundation of despotic monarchy. The first of them was originally printed in Latin at Paris, in 1643, under the title of *Elementa Philosophica de Cive*; when translated into English, in 1650, it was entitled '*Philosophical Rudiments concerning Government and Society*.' This treatise is regarded as the most exact account of the author's political system: it contains many profound views, but is disfigured by fundamental and dangerous errors. The principles maintained in it were more fully discussed in his larger work, published in 1651, under the title of '*Leviathan: or the Matter, Form and Power of a Commonwealth, Ecclesiastical and Civil*.' Man is here represented as a selfish and ferocious animal, requiring the strong hand of despotism to keep him in check; and all notions of right and wrong are made to depend upon views of self-interest alone. Of this latter doctrine, commonly known as the Selfish System of moral philosophy, Hobbes was indeed the great champion, both in the '*Leviathan*'

and more particularly in his small 'Treatise on Human Nature,' published in 1650. There appeared in the same year another work from his pen, entitled, 'De Corpore Politico; or, Of the Body Politic.' The freedom with which theological subjects were handled in the 'Leviathan,' as well as the offensive political views there maintained, occasioned a great outcry against the author, particularly among the clergy. This led Charles to dissolve his connection with the philosopher, who, according to Lord Clarendon, 'was compelled secretly to fly out of Paris, the justice having endeavoured to apprehend him, and soon after escaped into England, where he never received any disturbance' He again took up his abode with the Devonshire family, and became intimate with Selden, Cowley, and Dr. Harvey, the discoverer of the circulation of the blood. In 1654 he published a short but admirably clear and comprehensive 'Letter upon Liberty and Necessity;' where the doctrine of the self-determining power of the will is opposed with a subtlety and profundity unsurpassed in any subsequent writer on that much agitated question. Indeed, he appears to have been the first who understood and expounded clearly the doctrine of philosophical necessity. On this subject, a long controversy between him and Bishop Bramhall of Londonderry took place. Here he fought with the skill of a master; but in a mathematical dispute with Dr. Wallis, professor of geometry at Oxford, which lasted twenty years, he fairly went beyond his depth, and obtained no increase of reputation. The fact is, that Hobbes had not begun to study mathematics till the age of forty, and, like other late learners, greatly over-estimated his knowledge. He supposed himself to have discovered the quadrature of the circle, and dogmatically upheld his claim in the face of the clearest refutation. In this controversy, personal feeling, according to the custom of the time, appeared without disguise. Hobbes having published a sarcastic piece, entitled 'Six Lessons to the Professors of Mathematics in Oxford,' Wallis retorted by administering, in 1656, 'Duo Correction for Mr. Hobbes, or School-discipline for not Saying his Lessons Right.' Here his language to the philosopher is in the following uncereceremonious strain: 'It seems, Mr. Hobbes, that you have a mind to *say your lesson*, and that the mathematic professors of Oxford should *hear* you. You are too old to learn, though you have as much need as those that be younger, and yet will think much to be whipt. What moved you to say your lessons in English, when the books against which you do chiefly intend them were written in Latin? Was it chiefly for the perfecting your natural rhetoric, whenever you thought it convenient to repair to Billingsgate? You found that the oyster-women could not teach you to rail in Latin,' &c. 'Sir, those persons needed not a sight of *your ears*, but could tell by the *voices* what kind of creature brayed in your books: you dared not have said this to their faces.' When Charles II. came to the throne, he conferred on Hobbes an annual pension of £100; but notwithstanding this

and other marks of the royal favour, much odium continued to prevail against him and his doctrines. The '*Léviathan*' and '*De Cive*' were censured in parliament in 1666, and also drew forth many printed replies. Among the authors of these, the most distinguished was Lord Clarendon, who, 1676, published '*A Brief view and Survey of the Dangerous and Pernicious Errors to Church and State, in Mr. Hobbes's Book, entitled Leviathan.*' In 1672, in his eighty-fifth year, Hobbes wrote his own life in Latin verse! He next appeared as a translator of Homer, having published a version of four books of the '*Odyssey*,' which was so well received, that, in 1675, he sent forth a translation of the remainder of that poem, and also, of the whole '*Iliad.*' Here, according to Pope, '*Hobbes has given us a correct explanation of the sense in general; but for particulars and circumstances, he continually lops them, and often omits the most beautiful.*' Nevertheless, the work became so popular, that three large editions were required within less than ten years. Hobbes was more successful as a translator in prose than in poetry; his version of the Greek historian Thucydides—which had appeared in 1629, and was the first work that he published—being still regarded as the best English translation of that author. Its faithfulness to the original is so great, that it frequently degenerates into servility. This work, he says, was undertaken by him 'from an honest desire of preventing, if possible, those disturbances in which he was apprehensive that his country would be involved, by shewing, in the history of the Peloponnesian war, the fatal consequences of intestine troubles.' At Chatsworth, to which he retired in 1674, to spend the remainder of his days. Hobbes continued to compose various works, the principal of which, entitled '*Behemoth, or a History of the Civil Wars from 1640 to 1660,*' was finished in 1679, but did not appear till after his death, which took place December 4, 1679, in his ninety-second year.

Hobbes is described by Lord Clarendon as one for whom he 'had always had a great esteem, as a man who, besides his eminent parts of learning and knowledge, hath been always looked upon as a man of probity and a life free from scandal.' It was a saying of Charles II. in reference to the opposition which the doctrines of Hobbes met from the clergy, that 'he was a bear, against whom the church played their young dogs, in order to exercise them.' In his latter years, he became morose and impatient of contradiction, both by reason of his growing infirmities, and from indulging too much in solitude, by which his natural arrogance and contempt for the opinions of other men were greatly increased. He at no time read extensively: Homer, Virgil, Thucydides, and Euclid were his favourite authors; and he used to say that, 'if he had read as much as other men, he should have been as ignorant as they.' Macaulay characterises the language of Hobbes as 'more precise and luminous than has ever been employed by any other metaphysical writer.' Among his greatest philosophical errors are those of making no dis-

inction between the intellectual and emotive faculties of man—of representing all human actions as the results of intellectual deliberation alone—and of in every case deriving just and benevolent actions from a cool survey of the advantages to self which may be expected to flow from them. In short, he has given neither the moral nor the social sentiments a place in his scheme of human nature. The opponents of this selfish system have been numberless; nor is the controversy terminated even at the present day. The most eminent of those who have ranged themselves against Hobbes are Cumberland, Cudworth, Shaftesbury, Clarke, Butler, Hutcheson, Kames, Smith, Stewart, and Brown. Though he has been stigmatised as an atheist, the charge is groundless, as may be inferred from what he says in his ‘Treatise on Human Nature.’

Conceptions of the Deity.

Forasmuch as God Almighty is incomprehensible, it followeth that we can have no conception or image of the Deity; and, consequently, all his attributes signify our inability and defect of power to conceive anything concerning his nature, and not any conception of the same, except only this, That there is a God. For the effects, we acknowledge naturally, do include a power of their producing, before they were produced; and that power presupposeth something existent that hath such power: and the thing so existing with power to produce, if it were not eternal, must needs have been produced by somewhat before it, and that, again, by something else before that, till we come to an eternal—that is to say, the first—Power of all Powers, and first Cause of all Causes: and thus it is which all men conceive by the name of GOD, implying eternality, incomprehensibility, and omnipotency. And this all that will consider may know that God is, though not *what* he is: even a man that is born blind, though it be not possible for him to have any imagination what kind of thing fire is, yet he cannot but know that something there is that men call fire, because it warmeth him.

Pity and Indignation.

Pity is imagination or fiction of future calamity to ourselves, proceeding from the sense of another man's calamity. But when it lighteth on such as we think have not deserved the same, the compassion is greater, because then there appeareth more probability that the same may happen to us; for the evil that happeneth to an innocent man may happen to every man. But when we see a man suffer for great crimes, which we cannot easily think will fall upon ourselves, the pity is the less. And therefore men are apt to pity those whom they love; for whom they love they think worthy of good, and therefore not worthy of calamity. Thence it is also that men pity the vices of some persons at the first sight only, out of love to their aspect. The contrary of pity is hardness of heart, proceeding either from slowness of imagination, or some extreme great opinion of their own exemption from the like calamity, or from hatred of all or most men.

Indignation is that grief which consisteth in the conception of good success happening to them whom they think unworthy thereof. Seeing, therefore, men think all those unworthy whom they hate, they think them not only unworthy of the good-fortune they have, but also of their own virtues. And of all the passions of the mind, these two, indignation and pity, are most raised and increased by eloquence; for the aggravation of the calamity, and extenuation of the fault, augmenteth pity; and the extenuation of the worth of the person together with the magnifying of his success, which are the parts of an orator, are able to turn these two passions into fury.

Emulation and Envy.

Emulation is grief arising from seeing one's self exceeded or excelled by his concurrent, together with hope to equal or exceed him in time to come, by his own

ability. But envy is the same grief joined with pleasure conceived in the imagination of some ill-fortune that may befall him.

Laughter.

There is a passion that hath no name; but the sign of it is that distortion of the countenance which we call laughter, which is always joy; but what joy, what we think, and wherein we triumph when we laugh, is not hitherto declared by any. That it consisteth in wit, or, as they call it, in the jest, experience confuteth; for men laugh at imbecilities and indecencies, wherein there lieth no wit nor jest at all. And forasmuch as the same thing is no more ridiculous when it groweth stale or usual, whatsoever it be that moveth laughter, it must be new and unexpected. Men laugh often—especially such as are greedy of applause from everything they do well—at their own actions performed never so little beyond their own expectations; as also at their own jests; and in this case it is manifest that the passion of laughter proceedeth from a sudden conception of some ability in himself that laugheth. Also, men laugh at the infirmities of others, by comparison wherewith their own abilities are set off and illustrated. Also men laugh at jests, the wit whereof always consisteth in the elegant discovering and conveying to our minds some absurdity of another; and in this case also the passion of laughter proceeded from the sudden imagination of our own odds and eminency; for what is else the recommending of ourselves to our own good opinion, by comparison with another man's infirmity or absurdity? For when a jest is broken upon ourselves, or friends, of whose dishonour we participate, we never laugh thereat. I may therefore conclude, that the passion of laughter is nothing else but sudden glory arising from a sudden conception of some eminency in ourselves, by comparison with the infirmity of others, or with our own formerly; for men laugh at the follies of themselves past, when they come suddenly to remembrance, except they bring with them any present dishonour. It is no wonder, therefore, that men take heinously to be laughed at or derided—that is, triumphed over. Laughing without offence, must be at absurdities and infirmities abstracted from persons, and when all the company may laugh together; for laughing to one's self putteth all the rest into jealousy and examination of themselves. Besides, it is vain-glory, and an argument of little worth, to think the infirmity of another sufficient matter for his triumph.

Love of Knowledge.

Forasmuch as all knowledge beginneth from experience, therefore also new experience is the beginning of new knowledge, and the increase of experience the beginning of the increase of knowledge. Whatsoever, therefore, happeneth new to a man giveth the matter of hope of knowing somewhat that he knew not before. And this hope and expectation of future knowledge from anything that happeneth new and strange, is that passion which we commonly call admiration; and the same considered as appetite, is called curiosity, which is appetite of knowledge. As in the discerning of faculties, man leaveth all community with beasts at the faculty of imposing names, so also doth he surmount their nature at this passion of curiosity. For when a beast seeth anything and strange to him, he considereth it so far only as to discern whether it be likely to serve his turn or hurt him, and accordingly approacheth nearer to it, or fleeth from it; whereas man, who in most events remembereth in what manner they were caused and begun, looketh for the cause and beginning of everything that ariseth new unto him. And from this passion of admiration and curiosity have arisen not only the invention of names, but also supposition of such causes of all things as they thought might produce them. And from this beginning is derived all philosophy, as astronomy from the admiration of the course of heaven; natural philosophy from the strange effects of the elements and other bodies. And from the degrees of curiosity proceed also the degrees of knowledge amongst men; for to a man in the chase of riches or authority—which in respect of knowledge are but sensuality—it is a diversity of little pleasure, whether it be the motion of the sun or the earth that maketh the day; or to enter into other contemplations of any strange accident otherwise than whether it conduce or not to the end he pursueth. Because curiosity is delight, therefore also novelty is so; but especially that novelty from which a man conceiveth an opinion, true or false, of

bettering his own estate; for, in such case, they stand affected with the hope that all gamesters have while the cards are shuffling.

The Necessity of the Will.

The question is not, whether a man be a free agent, that is to say, whether he can write or forbear; speak or be silent, according to his will; but whether the will to write, and the will to forbear, come upon him according to his will, or according to anything else in his own power. I acknowledge this liberty, that I can do if I will; but to say, I can will if I will, I take to be an absurd speech.

[In answer to Bishop Bramhall's assertion, that the doctrine of free-will 'is the belief of all mankind, which we have not learned from our tutors, but is imprinted in our hearts by nature']—It is true, very few have learned from tutors, that a man is not free to will; nor do they find it much in books. That they find in books, that which the poets chant in the theatres, and the shepherds on the mountains, that which the pastors teach in the churches, and the doctors in the universities, and that which the common people in the markets and all mankind in the whole world do assent unto, is the same that I assent unto—namely, that a man hath freedom to do if he will; but whether he hath freedom to will, is a question which it seems neither the bishop nor they ever thought on. A wooden top that is lashed by the boys, and runs about, sometimes to one wall, sometimes to another, sometimes spinning, sometimes hitting men on the shins, if it were sensible of its own motion, would think it proceeded from its own will, unless it felt what lashed it. And is a man any wiser when he runs to one place for a benefice, to another for a bargain, and troubles the world with writing errors and requiring answers, because he thinks he does it without other cause than his own will, and seeth not what are the lashings that cause that will?

On Precision in Language.

Seeing that truth consisteth in the right ordering of names in our affirmations, a man that seeketh precise truth had need to remember what every name he useth stands for, and to place it accordingly, or else he will find himself entangled in words as a bird in lime-twigs—the more he struggles, the more belimed. And therefore in geometry, which is the only science that it hath pleased God hitherto to bestow on mankind, men begin at settling the significations of their words; which settling of significations they call definitions, and place them in the beginning of their reckoning.

By this it appears how necessary it is for any man that aspires to true knowledge to examine the definitions of former authors; and either to correct them where they are negligently set down, or to make them himself. For the errors of definitions multiply themselves according as the reckoning proceeds, and lead men into absurdities, which at last they see, but cannot avoid without reckoning anew from the beginning, in which lies the foundation of their errors. From whence it happens that they which trust to books do as they that cast up many little sums into a greater, without considering whether those little sums were rightly cast up or not; and at last, finding the error visible, and not mistrusting their first grounds, know not which way to clear themselves, but spend time in fluttering over their books, as birds that, entering by the chimney, flitter at the false light of a glass window, for want of wit to consider which way they came in. So that in the right definition of names lies the first use of speech, which is the acquisition of science, and in wrong or no definitions lies the first abuse; from which proceed all false and senseless tenets, which make those men that take their instruction from the authority of books, and not from their own meditation, to be as much below the condition of ignorant men as men endued with true science are above it. For between true science and erroneous doctrine, ignorance is in the middle. Natural sense and imagination are not subject to absurdity. Nature itself cannot err; and as men abound in copiousness of language, so they become more wise or more mad than ordinary. Nor is it possible without letters for any man to become either excellently wise, or, unless his memory be hurt by disease or ill constitution of organs, excellently foolish. For words are wise men's counters—they do but reckon by them—but they are the money of fools, that value them by the authority of an Aristotle, a Cicero, or a Thomas, or any other doctor whatsoever, if but a man.

JAMES HARRINGTON.

JAMES HARRINGTON (1611-1677) was a native of Northamptonshire. He studied at Oxford, and for some time was a pupil of the celebrated Chillingworth. Afterwards, he went abroad for several years. While resident at the Hague, and subsequently at Venice, he imbibed many of those republican views which afterwards characterised his writings. Visiting Rome, he attracted some attention by refusing on a public occasion to kiss the pope's toe; conduct which he afterwards adroitly defended to the king of England, by saying, that, 'having had the honour of kissing his majesty's hand, he thought it beneath him to kiss the toe of any other monarch.' During the Civil War, he was appointed by the parliamentary commissioners to be one of the personal attendants of King Charles, who, in 1647, nominated him one of the grooms of his bed-chamber. Except upon politics, the king was fond of Harrington's conversation; and the impression made on the latter by the royal condescension and familiarity was such, as to render him very desirous that a reconciliation between his majesty and the parliament might be effected, and to excite in him the most violent grief when the king was brought to the scaffold. He has, nevertheless, in his writings, placed Charles in an unfavourable light, and spoken of his execution as the consequence of a Divine judgment. During the sway of Cromwell, Harrington occupied himself in composing the '*Oceana*,' which was published in 1656, and led to several controversies. This work is a political romance, illustrating the author's idea of a republic constituted so as to secure that general freedom of which he was so ardent an admirer. All power, he maintains, depends upon property—chiefly upon land. An agrarian law should fix the balance of lands; and the government should be 'established upon an equal agrarian basis, rising into the superstructure, or three orders, the senate debating and proposing, the people resolving, and the magistracy executing by an equal rotation through the suffrage of the people given by ballot.' After the publication of the '*Oceana*,' Harrington continued to exert himself in diffusing his republican opinions, by founding a debating club, called the Rota, and holding conversations with visitors at his own house. This brought him under the suspicion of government soon after the Restoration, and, on pretence of treasonable practices, he was put into confinement, which lasted until an attack of mental derangement made it desirable that he should be given in charge to his friends.

SIR ROBERT FILMER.

A number of political treatises in favour of extreme or unlimited monarchical power were published at this time by **SIR ROBERT FILMER** (who died in 1688). The first of these seems to have appeared in 1646, and the latest (also the most celebrated) in 1680. The latter was entitled '*Patriarcha*,' and was written to prove that all govern-

ment was derived from paternal authority, that the law of primogeniture was divine and immutable, and a hereditary monarchy the only form of government consonant with the will of God. This slavish doctrine was adopted by the university of Oxford in 1688! Filmer's work is a poor production, but his theory was answered by Algernon Sidney and Locke.

ALGERNON SIDNEY. .

ALGERNON SIDNEY (or Sydney)—*circa* 1621–1683—son of Robert, Earl of Leicester, is another memorable republican writer of this age. During his father's lieutenancy in Ireland, he served in the army against the rebels in that kingdom. In 1643, during the Civil War between the king and parliament, Sidney was permitted to return to England, where he immediately joined the parliamentary forces, and, as colonel of a regiment of horse, was present at several engagements. He was likewise successively governor of Chichester, Dublin, and Dover. In 1648, he was named a member of the court for trying the king, which, however, he did not attend, though apparently not from any disapproval of the intentions of those who composed it. The usurpation of Cromwell gave offence to Sidney, who declined to accept office either under the Protector or his son Richard; but when the Long Parliament recovered power he readily consented to act as one of the Council of State. At the time of the Restoration, he was engaged in a continental embassy; and apprehensive of the vengeance of the royalists, he remained abroad for seventeen years, at the end of which his father, who was anxious to see him before leaving the world, procured his pardon from the king. After Sidney's return to England in 1677, he opposed the measures of the court, which has subjected him to the the censure of Hume and others, who hold that such conduct, after the royal pardon, was ungrateful. Probably Sidney himself regarded the pardon as rather a cessation of injustice than as an obligation to implicit submission for the future. A more serious charge against the memory of this patriot was first presented in Dalrymple's 'Memoirs of Great Britain,' published nearly a century after his death. The English patriots, with Lord William Russell at their head, intrigued with Barillon, the French ambassador, to prevent war between France and England, their purpose being to preclude Charles II. from having the command of the large funds which on such an occasion must have been intrusted to him, and which he might have used against the liberties of the nation; while Louis was not less anxious to prevent the English from joining the list of his enemies. The association was a strange one; but it never would have been held as a moral stain upon the patriots, if Sir John Dalrymple had not discovered amongst Barillon's papers one containing a list of persons receiving bribes from the French monarch, amongst whom appears the name of Sidney, together with those of several other leading Whig mem-

bers of parliament. Lord Russell was not of the number, but the probabilities are that Sidney stooped to receive the money. He had made proposals to France in 1686 for an insurrection—which he thought might facilitate his cherished scheme of a republic—and the sum he then asked was 100,000 crowns, which the French monarch thought too much for an experiment. It is evident, as Lord Macanlay has argued, how little national feeling was then in England, when Charles II. was willing to become the deputy of France, and a man like Algernon Sidney would have been content to see England reduced to the condition of a French province, in the wild hope that a foreign despot would assist him to establish his darling republic. It appears from the correspondence of his sister, Dorothy, Countess of Sunderland, that Algernon was violent and turbulent of temper and disposition. He took a conspicuous part in the proceedings by which the Whigs endeavoured to exclude the Duke of York from the throne; and when that attempt failed, he joined in the conspiracy for an insurrection to accomplish the same object. This, as is well known, was exposed in consequence of the detection of an inferior plot for the assassination of the king, in which the patriots Russell, Sidney, and others were dexterously inculpated by the court. Sidney was tried for high treason before the infamous Chief-Justice Jeffries. Although the only witness against him was an abandoned character, Lord Howard, and nothing could be produced that even ostensibly strengthened the evidence, except some manuscripts in which the lawfulness of resisting tyrants was maintained, and a preference given to a free over an arbitrary government, the jury were servile enough to obey the directions of the judge, and pronounce him guilty. Sidney was beheaded on the 7th of December, 1683, glorying in his martyrdom for that 'old cause' in which he had been engaged from his youth.

Except some of his letters, the only published work of Algernon Sidney is 'Discourses on Government,' which first appeared in 1696. The Discourses were written in reply to the 'Patriarcha' of Sir Robert Filmer, referred to above—a weak vindication of the doctrine that the first kings were fathers of families; that it was unnatural for the people to govern or to choose governors; and that positive laws do not infringe the natural and fatherly power of kings. This 'royal charter, granted to kings by God,' Sidney set himself to overturn, contending justly that Filmer had not used one argument that was not false, nor cited one author whom he did not pervert and abuse. Locke afterwards attacked the work of Filmer with greater weight of reasoning; but Sidney's Discourses, though somewhat diffuse in style, reflect honour on the literary talents, no less than on the patriotism of their noble author. They fill a folio volume of 463 pages.

Liberty and Government.

Such as enter into society must, in some degree, diminish their liberty. Reason leads them to this. No one man or family is able to provide that which is requisite for their convenience or security, whilst every one has an equal right to everything, and none acknowledges a superior to determine the controversies that upon such occasions must continually arise; and will probably be so many and great, that mankind cannot bear them. Therefore, though I do not believe that Bellarmine said a commonwealth could not exercise its power; for he could not be ignorant that Rome and Athens did exercise theirs, and that all the regular kingdoms in the world are commonwealths; yet there is nothing of absurdity in saying, that man cannot continue in the perpetual and entire fruition of the liberty that God hath given him. The liberty of one is thwarted by that of another; and whilst they are all equal, none will yield to any, otherwise than by a general consent. This is the ground of all just governments; for violence or fraud can create no right; and the same consent gives the form to them all, how much soever they differ from each other. Some small numbers of men living within the precincts of one city, have, as it were, cast into a common stock the right which they had of governing themselves and children, and, by common consent joining in one body, exercised such power over every single person as seemed beneficial to the whole; and this men call perfect democracy. Others choose rather to be governed by a select number of such as most excelled in wisdom and virtue; and this, according to the signification of the word, was called aristocracy; or when one man excelled all others, the government was put into his hands, under the name of monarchy. But the wisest, best, and far the greatest part of mankind, rejecting these simple species, did form governments mixed or composed of the three, as shall be proved hereafter, which commonly received their respective denomination from the part that prevailed, and did deserve praise or blame as they were well or ill proportioned.

It were a folly hereupon to say, that the liberty for which we contend is of no use to us, since we cannot endure the solitude, barbarity, weakness, want, misery, and dangers that accompany it whilst we live alone, nor can enter into a society without resigning it; for the choice of that society, and the liberty of framing it according to our own wills, for our own good, is all we seek. This remains to us whilst we form governments, that we ourselves are judges how far it is good for us to recede from our natural liberty; which is of so great importance, that from thence only we can know whether we are freemen or slaves; and the difference between the best government and the worst doth wholly depend on a right or wrong exercise of that power. If men are naturally free, such as have wisdom and understanding will always frame good governments: but if they are born under the necessity of a perpetual slavery, no wisdom can be of use to them; but all must for ever depend on the will of their lords, how cruel, mad, proud, or wicked soever they be. . . .

The Grecians, amongst others who followed the light of reason, knew no other original title to the government of a nation, than that wisdom, valour, and justice which was beneficial to the people: These qualities gave beginning to those governments which we call *Heroum Regna* [the Governments of the Heroes]; and the veneration paid to such as enjoyed them, proceeded from a grateful sense of the good received from them: they were thought to be descended from the gods, who in virtue and beneficence surpassed other men: the same attended their descendants, till they came to abuse their power, and by their vices shewed themselves like to, or worse than others, who could best perform their duty.

Upon the same grounds we may conclude that no privilege is peculiarly annexed to any form of government; but that all magistrates are equally the ministers of God, who perform the work for which they are instituted; and that the people which institutes them may proportion, regulate, and terminate their power as to time, measure, and number of persons, as seems most convenient to themselves, which can be no other than their own good. For it cannot be imagined that a multitude of people should send for Numa, or any other person to whom they owed nothing, to reign over them, that he might live in glory and pleasure; or for any other reason, than that it might be good for them and their posterity. This shews the work of all magistrates to be always and everywhere the same, even the doing of justice, and procur-

ing the welfare of those that create them. This we learn from common sense: Plato, Aristotle, Cicero, and the best human authors lay it as an immovable foundation, upon which they build their arguments relating to matters of that nature.

DR. JOHN WILKINS.

DR. JOHN WILKINS, Bishop of Chester (1614-1672), was a native of Oxford, son of a goldsmith in that city. Having sided with the popular party during the Civil War, he received, when it proved victorious, the headship of Wadham College, Oxford. While in that situation, he was one of a small knot of university men who used to meet for the cultivation of experimental philosophy as a diversion from the painful thoughts excited by public calamities, and who, after the Restoration, were incorporated by Charles II. under the title of the Royal Society. Having married a sister of Oliver Cromwell in 1656, Dr. Wilkins was enabled, by a dispensation from the Protector, to retain his office in Wadham College, notwithstanding a rule which made celibacy imperative on those who held it; but three years afterwards, he removed to Cambridge, the headship of Trinity College having been presented to him during the brief government of Richard Cromwell. At the restoration, he was ejected from this office; but his politics being neither violent nor unaccommodating, the path of advancement did not long remain closed. Having gained the favour of the Duke of Buckingham, he was advanced, in 1668, to the See of Chester. Bishop Burnett says of Wilkins: 'He was a man of as great mind, as true a judgment, as eminent virtues, and of as good a soul as any I ever knew. Though he married Cromwell's sister, yet he made no other use of that alliance but to do good offices, and to cover the university of Oxford from the sourness of Owen and Goodwin. At Cambridge, he joined with those who studied to propagate better thoughts, to take men off from being in parties, or from narrow notions, from superstitious conceits and fierceness about opinions. He was also a great observer and promoter of experimental philosophy, which was then a new thing, and much looked after. He was naturally ambitious; but was the wisest clergyman I ever knew. He was a lover of mankind, and had a delight in doing good.' Bishop Wilkins, like his friend and son-in-law Tillotson, and the other moderate churchmen of the day, was an object of violent censure to the high-church party; but fortunately he possessed, as Burnet further informs us, 'a courage which could stand against a current, and against all the reproaches with which ill-natured clergymen studied to load him.' He wrote some theological and mathematical works; and in early life (1638), published 'The Discovery of a New World; or a Discourse tending to prove that it is probable there may be another Habitable World in the Moon; with a Discourse concerning the Possibility of a Passage thither.' In this ingenious but fanciful treatise, he supports the proposition, 'that it is possible for some of our posterity to find out a conveyance to this other world, and. f

there be inhabitants there, to have commerce with them.' He admits, that to be sure this feat has in the present state of human knowledge an air of utter impossibility; yet from this, it is argued, no hostile inference ought to be drawn, seeing that many things formerly supposed impossible have actually been accomplished. 'If we do but consider,' says he, 'by what steps and leisure all arts do usually rise to their growth, we shall have no cause to doubt why this also may not hereafter be found out amongst other secrets. It hath constantly yet been the method of Providence not presently to shew us all, but to lead us on by degrees from the knowledge of one thing to another. It was a great while ere the planets were distinguished from the fixed stars; and some time after that ere the morning and evening stars were found to be the same. And in greater space, I doubt not but this also, and other as excellent mysteries, will be discovered.' Though it is evident that the possibility of any event whatsoever might be argued on the same grounds, they seem to have been quite satisfactory to Wilkins, who goes on to discuss the difficulties in the way of accomplishing the aerial journey. After disposing, by means of a tissue of absurd hypotheses, of the obstacles presented by 'the natural heaviness of a man's body,' and 'the extreme coldness and thinness of the ethereal air'—and having made it appear that even a swift journey to the moon would probably occupy a period of six months—he naturally stumbles on the question, 'And how were it possible for any to tarry so long without diet or sleep?'

1. For diet. I suppose there could be no trusting to that fancy of Philo the Jew (mentioned before), who thinks that the music of the spheres should supply the strength of food.

Nor can we well conceive how a man should be able to carry so much luggage with him as might serve for his viaticum in so tedious a journey.

2. But if he could, yet he must have some time to rest and sleep in. And I believe he shall scarce find any lodgings by the way. No inns to entertain passengers, nor any castles in the air—unless they be enchanted ones—to receive poor pilgrims or errant knights. And so, consequently, he cannot have any possible hopes of reaching thither.

The difficulty as to sleep is removed by means of the following ingenious supposition: 'Seeing we do not then spend ourselves in any labour, we shall not, it may be, need the refreshment of sleep. But if we do, we cannot desire a softer bed than the air, where we may repose ourselves firmly and safely as in our chambers.' The necessary supply of food remains, however, to be provided for:

And here it is considerable, that since our bodies will then be devoid of gravity, and other impediments of motion, we shall not at all spend ourselves in any labour, and so, consequently, not much need the reparation of diet; but may, perhaps, live altogether without it, as those creatures have done who, by reason of their sleeping for many days together, have not spent any spirits, and so not wanted any food, which is commonly related of serpents, crocodiles, bears, cuckoos, swallows, and such like. To this purpose Mendoza reckons up divers strange relations: as that of Epimenides, who is storied to have slept seventy-five years; and another of a rustic in Germany, who, being accidentally covered with a hay-rick, slept there for all the autumn and the winter following without any nourishment.

The greatest difficulty of all is, By what conveyance are we to get to the moon?

How a Man may Fly to the Moon.

If it be here inquired, what means there may be conjectured for our ascending beyond the sphere of the earth's magnetical vigour, I answer: 1. It is not perhaps impossible that a man may be able to fly by the application of wings to his own body; as angels are pictured, as Mercury and Dædalus are feigned, and as hath been attempted by divers, particularly by a Turk in Constantinople, as Busbequius relates.

2. If there be such a great ruck in Madagascar as Marcus Polus, the Venetian, mentions, the feathers in whose wings are twelve feet long, which can swoop up a horse and his rider, or an elephant, as our kites do a mouse; why, then, it is but teaching one of these to carry a man, and he may ride up thither, as Ganyমেদে does upon an eagle.

Or if neither of these ways will serve, yet I do seriously, and upon good grounds, affirm it possible to make a flying chariot, in which a man may sit, and give such a motion unto it as shall convey him through the air. And this, perhaps, might be made large enough to carry divers men at the same time, together with food for their viaticum, and commodities for traffic. It is not the bigness of anything in this kind that can hinder its motion, if the motive faculty be answerable thereunto. We see a great ship swims as well as a small cork, and an eagle flies in the air as well as a little gnat.

This engine may be contrived from the same principles by which Archytas made a wooden dove, and Regiomontanus a wooden eagle.

In 1640, Wilkins published a 'Discourse concerning a New Planet: tending to prove that 'tis probable our Earth is one of the Planets.' This was one of the earliest defences of the Copernican system, as developed by Galileo in 1632. In 1641, Wilkins called attention to writing in cipher and by signals, in a work entitled 'Mercury, or the Secret and Swift Messenger: Shewing how a man may with privacy and speed communicate his Thoughts to a friend at any Distance' In 1668, he wrote a valuable treatise entitled 'An Essay towards a Real Character and a Philosophical Language,' which was published by the Royal Society.

DR. THOMAS SPRAT.

DR. THOMAS SPRAT, bishop of Rochester (1658-1713), is praised by Dr. Johnson as 'an author whose pregnancy of imagination and eloquence of language have deservedly set him high in the ranks of literature.' Lord Macaulay also eulogises him as 'a very great master of our language, and possessed at once of the eloquence of the orator, the controversialist, and the historian.' At Oxford he studied mathematics under Dr. Wilkins, at whose house the philosophical inquirers used to meet. Sprat's intimacy with Wilkins led to his election as a member of the Royal Society soon after its incorporation; and in 1667 he published the history of that learned body, with the object of dissipating the prejudice and suspicion with which it was regarded by the public. Previously to this he had been appointed chaplain to the Duke of Buckingham, whom he is said to have aided in writing the 'Rehearsal.' He was made also chaplain to the king. In these circum-

stances, ecclesiastical promotion could hardly fail to ensue; and accordingly, after several advancing steps, the see of Rochester was attained in 1684. Next year, he served the government by publishing an account of the Rye-house Plot, written by the command of King James. For this work he found it expedient, after the Revolution, to print an apology; and having submitted to the new government, he was allowed, notwithstanding his well-known attachment to the abdicated monarch, to remain unmolested in his bishopric. In 1692, however, he was brought into trouble by a false accusation of joining in a conspiracy for the restoration of James; but after a confinement of eleven days, he clearly proved his innocence. So strong was the impression made by this event upon his mind, that he ever afterwards distinguished the anniversary of his deliverance as a day of thanksgiving. Besides the works already mentioned, Sprat wrote some poems unworthy of his general talents—one on the death of the Protector, 1658, and a Pindaric Ode on the Plague of Athens, 1659. He published Cowley's Latin Poems, to which he prefixed a life of Cowley, also in Latin, but afterwards published in English and enlarged. He was author of a volume of 'Sermons,' 1710, which have been justly admired: 'his language,' says Doddridge, 'is always beautiful.' Sprat is represented as being over-venial in his habits, but a popular, as well as able, divine.

View of the Divine Government afforded by Experimental Philosophy.

We are guilty of false interpretations of providences and wonders, when we either make those to be miracles that are none, or when we put a false sense on those that are real; when we make general events to have a private aspect, or particular accidents to have some universal signification. Though both these may seem at first to have the strictest appearance of religion, yet they are the greatest usurpations on the secrets of the Almighty, and unpardonable presumptions on his high prerogatives of punishment and reward.

And now, if a moderating of these extravagances must be esteemed profaneness, I profess I cannot absolve the experimental philosopher. It must be granted that he will be very scrupulous in believing all manner of commentaries on prophetic visions, in giving liberty to new predictions, and in assigning the causes and marking out the paths of God's judgments amongst his creatures.

He cannot suddenly conclude all extraordinary events to be the immediate finger of God; because he familiarly beholds the inward workings of things, and thence perceives that many effects, which use to affright the ignorant, are brought forth by the common instruments of nature. He cannot be suddenly inclined to pass censure on men's eternal condition from any temporal judgments that may befall them; because his long converse with all matters, times, and places, has taught him the truth of what the Scripture says, that 'all things happen alike to all.' He cannot blindly consent to all imaginations of devout men about future contingencies, seeing he is so rigid in examining all particular matters of fact. He cannot be forward to assent to spiritual raptures and revelations; because he is truly acquainted with the tempers of men's bodies, the composition of their blood, and the power of fancy, and so better understands the difference between diseases and inspirations.

But in all this he commits nothing that is irreligious. 'Tis true, to deny that God has heretofore warned the world of what was to come, is to contradict the very Godhead itself; but to reject the sense which any private man shall fasten to it, is not to disdain the Word of God, but the opinions of men like ourselves. To declare against the possibility that new prophets may be sent from heaven, is to in-

innate that the same infinite Wisdom which once shewed itself that way is now at an end. But to slight all pretenders, that come without the help of miracles, is not a contempt of the Spirit, but a just circumspection that the reason of men be not overreached. To deny that God directs the course of human things, is stupidity; but to hearken to every prodigy that men frame against their enemies, or for themselves, is not to reverence the power of God, but to make that serve the passions, the interests, and revenges of men.

It is a dangerous mistake, into which many good men fall, that we neglect the dominion of God over the world, if we do not discover in every turn of human actions many supernatural providences and miraculous events. Whereas it is enough for the honour of his government that he guides the whole creation in its wonted course of causes and effects: as it makes as much for the reputation of a prince's wisdom, that he can rule his subjects peaceably by his known and standing laws, as that he is often forced to make use of extraordinary justice to punish or reward.

Let us, then, imagine our philosopher to have all slowness of belief, and rigour of trial, which by some is misalled a blindness of mind and hardness of heart. Let us suppose that he is most unwilling to grant that anything exceeds the force of nature, but where a full evidence convinces him. Let it be allowed that he is always alarmed, and ready on his guard, at the noise of any miraculous event, lest his judgment should be surprised by the disguises of faith. But does he by this diminish the authority of ancient miracles? or does he not rather confirm them the more, by confining their number, and taking care that every falsehood should not mingle with them? Can he by this undermine Christianity, which does not now stand in need of such extraordinary testimonies from heaven? or do not they rather endanger it, who still venture its truths on so hazardous a chance, who require a continuance of signs and wonders, as if the works of our Saviour and his apostles had not been sufficient? Who ought to be esteemed the most carnally misled—the enthusiast that pollutes religion with his own passions, or the experimenter that will not use it to flatter and obey his own desires, but to subdue them? Who is to be thought the greatest enemy of the gospel—he that loads men's faiths by so many improbable things as will go near to make the reality itself suspected, or he that only admits a few arguments to confirm the evangelical doctrine, but then chooses those that are unquestionable?

By this, I hope, it appears that this inquiring, this scrupulous, this incredulous temper, is not the disgrace, but the honour of experiments. And, therefore, I will declare them to be the most seasonable study for the present temper of our nation. This wild amusing men's minds with prodigies and conceits of providence has been one of the most considerable causes of those spiritual distractions of which our country has long been the theatre. This is a vanity to which the English seem to have been always subject above others. There is scarce any modern historian that relates our foreign wars, but he has this objection against the disposition of our countrymen, they used to order their affairs of the greatest importance according to some obscure omens or predictions that passed amongst them on little or no foundations. And at this time, especially this last year (1686), this gloomy and ill-boding humour has prevailed. So that it is now the fittest season for experiments to arise, to teach us a wisdom which springs from the depths of knowledge, to shake off the shadows, and to scatter the mists which fill the minds of men with a vain consternation. This is a work well becoming the most Christian profession. For the most apparent effect which attended the passion of Christ was the putting of an eternal silence on all the false oracles and dissembled inspirations of ancient times.

Cowley's Loss of Retirement.

Upon the king's happy restoration, Mr. Cowley was past the fortieth year of his age; of which the greatest part had been spent in a various and tempestuous condition. He now thought he had sacrificed enough of his life to his curiosity and experience. He had enjoyed many excellent occasions of observation. He had been present in many great revolutions, which in that tumultuous time disturbed the peace of all our neighbour states as well as our own. He had nearly beheld all the splendour of the highest part of mankind. He had lived in the presence of princes, and familiarly conversed with greatness in all its degrees, which was necessary for one that

would condemn it aright; for to scorn the pomp of the world before a man knows it, does commonly proceed rather from ill-manners than a true magnanimity.

He was now weary of the vexations and formalities of an active condition. He had been perplexed with a long compliance to foreign manners. He was satiated with the arts of court; which sort of life, though his virtue had made innocent to him, yet nothing could make it quiet. These were the reasons that moved him to forego all public employments, and to follow the violent inclination of his own mind, which in the greatest throng of his former business had still culled upon him and represented to him the true delights of solitary studies, of temperate pleasures, and of a moderate revenue, below the malice and flatteries of fortune.

In his last seven or eight years he was concealed in his beloved obscurity, and possessed that solitude which, from his very childhood, he had always most passionately desired. Though he had frequent invitations to return into business, yet he never gave ear to any persuasions of profit or preferment. His visits to the city and court were very few; his stays in town were only as a passenger, not an inhabitant. The places that he chose for the seats of his declining life were two or three villages on the bank of the Thames. During this recess, his mind was rather exercised on what was to come than what was past; he suffered no more business nor cares of life to come near him than what were enough to keep his soul awake, but not to disturb it. Some few friends and books, a cheerful heart, and innocent conscience, were his constant companions.

I acknowledge he chose that state of life not out of any poetical rapture, but upon a steady and sober experience of human things. But, however, I cannot applaud it in him. It is certainly a great disparagement to virtue and learning itself, that those very things which only make men useful in the world should incline them to leave it. 'Tis ought never to be allowed to good men, unless the bad had the same moderation, and were willing to follow them into the wilderness. But if the one shall contend to get out of employment, while the other strive to get into it, the affairs of mankind are like to be in so ill a posture, that even the good men themselves will hardly be able to enjoy their very retreats in security.

DR. THOMAS BURNET.

DR. THOMAS BURNET (1635-1715), brother of the more popular Bishop Burnet, master of the Charter-house in London, and an able scholar, acquired great celebrity by the publication of his work, '*Telluris Theoria Sacra*' (1680-1689), of which he published an English translation in 1691, under the title of '*The Sacred Theory of the Earth*'; containing an Account of the Original of the Earth, and of all the General Changes which it hath already undergone, or is to undergo, till the Consummation of all Things.' The author's attention was attracted to the subject by the unequal and rugged appearance of the earth's surface, which seemed to indicate the globe to be the ruin of some more regular fabric. He says that in a journey across the Alps and Apennines, 'the sight of those wild, vast, and indigested heaps of stones and earth did so deeply strike my fancy, that I was not easy till I could give myself some tolerable account how that confusion came in nature.' The theory which he formed was the following: The globe in its chaotic state was a dark fluid mass, in which the elements of air, water, and earth were blended into one universal compound. Gradually, the heavier parts fell towards the centre, and formed a nucleus of solid matter. Around this floated the liquid ingredients, and over them was the still lighter atmospheric air. By and by, the liquid mass became separated into two layers, by the separation of the watery particles from those of

an oily composition, which, being the lighter, tended upwards, and, when hardened by time, became a smooth and solid crust. 'This was the surface of the antediluvian globe. 'In this smooth earth,' says Burnet, 'were the first scenes of the world, and the first generations of mankind; it had the beauty of youth and blooming nature, fresh and fruitful, and not a wrinkle, scar, or fracture in all its body; no rocks nor mountains, no hollow caves nor gaping channels, but even and uniform all over. And the smoothness of the earth made the face of the heavens so too; the air was calm and serene; none of those tumultuary motions and conflicts of vapours, which the mountains and the winds cause in ours. 'Twas suited to a golden age, and to the first innocence of nature.' By degrees, however, the heat of the sun, penetrating the superficial crust, converted a portion of the water beneath into steam, the expansive force of which at length burst the superincumbent shell, already weakened by the dryness and cracks occasioned by the solar rays. When, therefore, the appointed time was come that All-wise Providence had designed for the punishment of a sinful world, the whole fabric broke, and the frame of the earth was torn in pieces, as by an earthquake; and those great portions or fragments into which it was divided fell into the abyss, some in one posture, and some in another.' The waters of course now appeared, and the author gives a fine description of their tumultuous raging, caused by the precipitation of the solid fragments into their bosom. The pressure of such masses falling into the abyss 'could not but impel the water with so much strength as would carry it up to a great height in the air, and to the top of anything that lay in its way; any eminency or high fragment whatsoever: and then rolling back again, it would sweep down with it whatsoever it rushed upon—woods, buildings, living creatures—and carry them all headlong into the great gulf. Sometimes a mass of water would be quite struck off and separate from the rest, and tossed through the air like a flying river; but the common motion of the waves was to climb up the hills, or inclined fragments, and then return into the valleys and deeps again, with a perpetual fluctuation going and coming, ascending and descending, till the violence of them being spent by degrees, they settled at last in the places allotted for them; where *bounds are set that they cannot pass over, that they return not again to cover the earth.*'

Description of the Flood.

Thus the flood came to its height; and it is not easy to represent to ourselves this strange scene of things, when the deluge was in its fury and extremity: when the earth was broken and swallowed up in the abyss, whose raging waters rose higher than the mountains, and filled the air with broken waves, with a universal mist, and with thick darkness, so as nature seemed to be in a second chaos: and upon this chaos rid the distressed ark that bore the small remains of mankind. No sea was ever so tumultuous as this, nor is there anything in present nature to be compared with the disorder of these waters. All the poetry, and all the hyperboles that are used in the description of storms and raging seas, were literally true in this, if not beneath it. The ark was really carried to the tops of the highest mountains, and

into the places of the clouds, and thrown down again into the deepest gulfs; and to this very state of the deluge and of the ark, which was a type of the church in this world, David seems to have alluded in the name of the church (Psalm xlii. 7): 'Abyss calls upon abyss at the noise of thy cataracts or water-spouts: all thy waves and billows have gone over me.' It was no doubt an extraordinary and miraculous providence that could make a vessel so ill-manned live upon such a sea; that kept it from being dashed against the hills, or overwhelmed in the deeps. That abyss which had devoured and swallowed up whole forests of woods, cities, and provinces, nay, the whole earth, when it had conquered all and triumphed over all, could not destroy this single ship. I remember in the story of the Argonautics (*Dion. Argonaut. l. l. v. 47*), when Jason set out to fetch the golden fleece, the poet saith, all the gods that day looked down from heaven to view the ship, and the nymphs stood upon the mountain-tops to see the noble youth of Thessaly pulling at the oars; we may with more reason suppose the good angels to have looked down upon this ship of Noah's, and that not out of curiosity, as idle spectators, but with a passionate concern for its safety and deliverance. A ship whose cargo was no less than a whole world; that carried the fortune and hopes of all posterity, and if this had perished, the earth, for anything we know, had been nothing but a desert, a great ruin, a dead heap of rubbish, from the deluge to the conflagration. But death and hell, the grave and destruction, have their bounds.

The concluding part of his work relates to the final conflagration of the world, by which, he supposes, the surface of the new chaotic mass will be restored to smoothness, and 'leave a capacity for another world to rise from it.' Here the style of the author rises into a magnificence worthy of the sublimity of the theme, and he concludes with impressive and appropriate reflections on the transient nature of earthly things. The passage is aptly termed by Addison the author's funeral oration over his globe.

The Final Conflagration of the Globe.

But 'tis not possible from any station to have a full prospect of this last scene of the earth, for 'tis a mixture of fire and darkness. This new temple is filled with smoke while it is consecrating, and none can enter into it. But I am apt to think, if we could look down upon this burning world from above the clouds, and have a full view of it in all its parts, we should think it a lively representation of hell itself; for fire and darkness are the two chief things by which that state or that place uses to be described; and they are both here mingled together, with all other ingredients that make that Tophet that is prepared of old (Isaiah, xxx.). Here are lakes of fire and brimstone, rivers of melted glowing matter, ten thousand volcanoes vomiting flames all at once, thick darkness and pillars of smoke twisted about with wreaths of flame, like fiery snakes; mountains of earth thrown up into the air and the heavens dropping down in lumps of fire. These things will all be literally true concerning that day and that state of the earth. And if we suppose Belshazzar and his apostate crew in the midst of this fiery furnace—and I know not where they can be else—it will be hard to find any part of the universe, or any state of things, that answers to so many of the properties and characters of hell, as this which is now before us.

But if we suppose the storm over, and that the fire hath gotten an entire victory over all other bodies, and subdued everything to itself, the conflagration will end in a deluge of fire, or in a sea of fire, covering the whole globe of the earth; for, when the exterior region of the earth is melted into a fluid, like molten glass or running metal, it will, according to the nature of other fluids, fill all vacuities and depressions, and fall into a regular surface, at an equal distance everywhere from its centre. This sea of fire, like the first abyss, will cover the face of the whole earth, make a kind of second chaos, and leave a capacity for another world to rise from it. But that is not our present business. Let us only, if you please, to take leave of this subject, reflect, upon this occasion, on the vanity and transient glory of all this habitable world; how, by the force of one element breaking loose upon the rest, all

the varieties of nature, all the works of art, all the labours of men, are reduced to nothing; all that we admired and adored before, as great and magnificent, is obliterated or vanished; and another form and face of things, plain, simple, and everywhere the same, overspreads the whole earth. Where are now the great empires of the world, and their great imperial cities? Their pillars, trophies, and monuments of glory? Shew me where they stood, read the inscription, tell me the victor's name! What remains, what impressions, what difference or distinctions do you see in this mass of fire? Rome itself, eternal Rome, the great city, the empress of the world, whose domination and superstition, ancient and modern, make her a great part of the history of this earth, what is become of her now? She laid her foundations deep, and her palaces were strong and sumptuous: she glorified herself, and lived deliciously, and said in her heart, I sit a queen, and shall see no sorrow. But her hour is come; she is wiped away from the face of the earth, and buried in perpetual oblivion. But it is not cities only, and works of men's hands, but the everlasting hills, the mountains and rocks of the earth, are melted as wax before the sun, and their place is nowhere found. Here stood the Alps, a prodigious range of stone, the load of the earth, that covered many countries, and reached their arms from the ocean to the Black Sea; this huge mass of stone is softened and dissolved as a tender cloud into rain. Here stood the African mountains, and Atlas with his top above the clouds. There was frozen Caucasus, and Taurus, and Imans, and the mountains of Asia. And yonder towards the north, stood the Riphean hills, clothed in ice and snow. All these are vanished, dropped away as the snow upon their heads, and swallowed up in a red sea of fire. (Rev. xv. 8)—Great and marvellous are thy works, Lord God Almighty; just and true are thy ways, thou King of saints. Hallelujah.

Figuring to himself the waters of the sea dried up, he thus grandly describes the appearance of

The Dry Bed of the Ocean.

That vast and prodigious cavity that runs quite round the globe, and reacheth, for aught we know, from pole to pole, and in many places is unsearchably deep—when I present this great gulf to my imagination, emptied of all its waters, naked and gaping at the sun, stretching its jaws from one end of the earth to another, it appears to me the most ghastly thing in nature. What hands or instruments could work a trench in the body of the earth of this vastness, and lay mountains and rocks on the side of it, as ramparts to inclose it?

But if we should suppose the ocean dry, and that we looked down from the top of some high cloud upon the empty shell, how horribly and barbarously would it look! And with what amazement should we see it under us like an open hell, or a wide bottomless pit! So deep, and hollow, and vast; so broken and confused; so every way deformed and monstrous. This would effectually awaken our imagination, and make us inquire and wonder how such a thing came in nature; from what causes, by what force or engines, could the earth be torn in this prodigious manner? Did they dig the sea with spades, and carry out the moulds in hand-baskets? Where are the entrails laid? And how did they cleave the rocks asunder? If as many pioneers as the army of Xerxes had been at work ever since the beginning of the world, they could not have made a ditch of this greatness. According to the proportions taken before in the second chapter, the cavity or capacity of the sea-channel will amount to no less than 4,639,090 cubical miles. Nor is it the greatness only, but that wild and multifarious confusion which we see in the parts and fashion of it, that makes it strange and unaccountable. It is another chaos in its kind; who can paint the scenes of it? Gulfs, and precipices, and cataracts, pits within pits, and rocks under rocks; oroken mountains, and ragged islands, that look as if they had been countries pulled up by the roots, and planted in the sea.

Besides his 'Sacred Theory of the Earth,' Burnet wrote a work entitled 'Archæologiæ Philosophicæ Lib-i duo,' 1692, containing some heretical speculations—such as treating the Fall of Man as an allegory—in consequence of which he had to retire from the office of

Clerk of the Closet to the king, and lived in the Charter-house till his death. Burnet also wrote treatises 'On Christian Faith and Duties,' and 'On the State of the Dead and Reviving;' in the latter he maintains the doctrine of the ultimate salvation of the whole human race.

ROBERT BOYLE.

THE HON. ROBERT BOYLE (1627-1691) was the most distinguished of those experimental philosophers who sprang up in England after the death of Bacon, and who shewed, by the successful application of his principles, how truly Bacon had pointed out the means of enlarging human knowledge. This eminent and amiable man was a son of Richard Boyle, Earl of Cork, at whose mansion of Lismore he was born. After studying at Eton College and Geneva, he travelled through Italy, and returned to England in 1644. Being in easy circumstances, and endowed with great energy and activity of mind, he applied himself to studies and experiments in chemistry and natural philosophy, and these continued to engage his attention throughout the remainder of his life. Weekly meetings were held at Oxford for the cultivation of what was then termed 'the new philosophy,' first at the lodgings of Dr. Wilkins, and subsequently, for the most part, at the residence of Boyle. These scientific students, with others who afterwards joined them, were incorporated by Charles II. in 1662, under the title of the Royal Society. Boyle, after settling in London in 1668, was one of its most active members, and many of his treatises originally appeared in the Society's 'Philosophical Transactions.' He died in 1691, and his works are voluminous enough to fill six quarto volumes. They consist chiefly of accounts of his experimental researches in chemistry and natural philosophy, particularly with respect to the mechanical and chemical properties of air. The latter subject was one in which he felt much interest; and by means of the air-pump, the construction of which he materially improved, he succeeded in making many valuable pneumatic discoveries. He also published various works in defence of Christianity, and in explanation of the benefits resulting from the study of the Divine attributes as displayed in the material world. So earnest was Boyle in the cause of Christianity, that he not only devoted much time and money in contributing to its propagation in foreign parts, but, by a codicil to his will, made provision for the delivery of eight sermons yearly in London by some learned divine, 'for proving the Christian religion against notorious infidels, namely, atheists, theists, pagans, Jews, and Mohammedans; not descending lower to any controversies that are among Christians themselves.' We learn from his biographers, that in 1660 he was solicited by Lord Clarendon to adopt the clerical profession, in order that the church might have the support of those eminent abilities and virtues by which he was distinguished. Two considerations, however, induced him to withhold compliance. In the first place, he regarded

himself as more likely to advance religion by his writings in the character of a layman, than if he were in the more interested position of one of the clergy—whose preaching there was a general tendency to look upon as the remunerated exercise of a profession. And, secondly, he felt the obligations, importance, and difficulties of the pastoral care to be so great, that he wanted the confidence to undertake it.

The titles of those works of Boyle which are most likely to attract the general reader are—'Considerations on the Usefulness of Experimental Philosophy'; 'Considerations on the Style of the Holy Scriptures'; 'A Free Discourse against Customary Swearing'; 'Considerations about the Reconcilableness of Reason and Religion, and the Possibility of a Resurrection'; 'A Discourse of Things above Reason'; 'A Discourse of the High Veneration Man's Intellect owes to God, particularly for his Wisdom and power'; 'A Disquisition into the Final Causes of Natural Things'; 'The Christian Virtuoso, shewing that, by being addicted to Experimental Philosophy, a Man is rather assisted than indisposed to be a good Christian'; and 'A Treatise of Seraphic Love.' He published, in 1665, 'Occasional Reflections on Several Subjects,' mostly written in early life, and which Swift has ridiculed in his 'Meditation on a Broomstick.' The comparative want of taste and of sound judgment displayed in this portion of Boyle's writings, is doubtless to be ascribed to the immature age at which they were composed: his treatises on natural theology are valuable, though prolix and rambling in style.

The Study of Natural Philosophy favourable to Religion.

The first advantage that our experimental philosopher, as such, hath towards being a Christian, is, that his course of studies conduceth much to settle in his mind a firm belief of the existence, and divers of the chief attributes, of God; which belief is, in the order of things, the first principle of that natural religion which itself is pre-required to revealed religion in general, and consequently to that in particular which is embraced by Christians.

That the consideration of the vastness, beauty, and regular motions of the heavenly bodies, the excellent structure of animals and plants, besides a multitude of other phenomena of nature, and the subserviency of most of these to men, may justly induce him, as a rational creature, to conclude that this vast, beautiful, orderly, and, in a word, many ways admirable system of things, that we call the world, was framed by an author supremely powerful, wise, and good, can scarce be denied by an intelligent and unprejudiced considerer. And this is strongly confirmed by experience, which witnesseth, that in almost all ages and countries the generality of philosophers and contemplative men were persuaded of the existence of a Deity, by the consideration of the phenomena of the universe, whose fabric and conduct, they rationally concluded, could not be deservedly ascribed either to blind chance, or to any other cause than a divine Being.

But though it be true 'that God hath not left himself without witness,' even to perfunctory considerers, by stamping upon divers of the more obvious parts of his workmanship such conspicuous impressions of his attributes, that a moderate degree of understanding and attention may suffice to make men acknowledge his being, yet I scruple not to think that assent very much inferior to the belief that the same objects are fitted to produce in a heedful and intelligent contemplator of them. For the works of God are so worthy of their author, that, besides the impresses of his wisdom and goodness that are left, as it were, upon their surfaces, there are a great

many more curious and excellent tokens and effects of divine artifice in the hidden and innermost recesses of them; and these are not to be discovered by the perfunctory looks of oscitant and unskilful beholders; but require, as well as deserve, the most attentive and prying inspection of inquisitive and well-instructed considerers. And sometimes in one creature there may be I know not how many admirable things, that escape a vulgar eye, and yet may be clearly discerned by that of a true naturalist, who brings with him, besides a more than common curiosity and attention, a competent knowledge of anatomy, optics, cosmography, mechanics, and chemistry. But treating elsewhere purposely of this subject, it may here suffice to say, that God has couched so many things in his visible works, that the clearer light a man has, the more he may discover of their unobvious exquisiteness, and the more clearly and distinctly he may discern those qualities that lie more obvious. And the more wonderful things he discovers in the works of nature, the more auxiliary proofs he meets with to establish and enforce the argument, drawn from the universe and its parts, to evince that there is a God; which is a proposition of that vast weight and importance, that it ought to endure everything to us that is able to confirm it, and afford as new motives to acknowledge and adore the divine Author of things.

To be told that an eye is the organ of sight, and that this is performed by that faculty of the mind which, from its function, is called *visive*, will give a man but a sorry account of the instruments and manner of vision itself, or of the knowledge of that Officer who, as the Scripture speaks, 'formed the eye.' And he that can take up with this easy theory of vision will not think it necessary to take the pains to dissect the eyes of animals, nor study the books of mathematicians, to understand vision; and accordingly will have but mean thoughts of the contrivance of the organ, and the skill of the artificer, in comparison of the ideas that will be suggested of both of them to him that, being profoundly skilled in anatomy and optics, by their help takes asunder the several coats, humours, and muscles, of which that exquisite dioptrical instrument consists; and having separately considered the figure, size, consistence, texture, diaphaneity or opacity, situation, and connection of each of them, and their coaptation in the whole eye, shall discover, by the help of the law of optics, how admirably this little organ is fitted to receive the incident beams of light, and dispose them in the best manner possible for completing the lively representation of the almost infinitely various objects of sight.

Public and Private Life.

As there are few controversies more important, so there are not many that have been more curiously and warmly disputed than the question, whether a public or a private life is preferable? But perhaps this may be much of the nature of the other question, whether a married life or single ought rather to be chosen? that being best determinable by the circumstances of particular cases. For though, indefinitely speaking, one of the two may have advantages above the other, yet they are not so great but that special circumstances may make either of them the more eligible to particular persons. They that find themselves furnished with abilities to serve their generation in a public capacity, and virtue great enough to resist the temptation to which such a condition is usually exposed, may not only be allowed to embrace such an employment, but obliged to seek it. But he whose parts are too mean to qualify him to govern others, and perhaps to enable him to govern himself, or manage his own private concerns, or whose graces are so weak, that it is less to his virtues, or to his ability of resisting, than to his care of shunning the occasions of sin, that he owes his escaping the guilt of it, had better deny himself some opportunities of good, than expose himself to probable temptations. For there is such a kind of difference betwixt virtue shaded by a private and shining forth in a public life, as there is betwixt a candle carried aloft in the open air, and inclosed in a lantern; in the former place, it gives more light, but in the latter, it is in less danger to be blown out.

Upon the Sight of Roses and Tulips growing near one another.

It is so uncommon a thing to see tulips last till roses come to be blown, that the seeing them in this garden grow together, as it deserves my notice, so methinks it should suggest to me some reflection or other on it. And perhaps it may not be an improper one to compare the difference betwixt these two kinds of flowers to the disparity which I have often observed betwixt the fates of those young ladies that

are only very handsome, and those that have a less degree of beauty, recompensed by the accession of wit, discretion, and virtue: for tulips, whilst they are fresh, do indeed, by the lustre and vividness of their colours, more delight the eye than roses; but then they do not alone quickly fade, but, as soon as they have lost that freshness and gaudiness that solely endeared them, they degenerate into things not only undesirable, but distasteful: whereas roses, besides the moderate beauty they disclose to the eye—which is sufficient to please, though not to charm it—do not only keep their colour longer than tulips, but, when that decays, retain a perfumed odour, and divers useful qualities and virtues that survive the spring, and recommend them all the year. Thus those unadvised young ladies, that, because nature has given them beauty enough, despise all other qualities, and even that regular diet which is ordinarily requisite to make beauty itself lasting, not only are wont to decay betimes, but as soon as they have lost that youthful freshness that alone endeared them, quickly pass from being objects of wonder and love, to be so of pity, if not of scorn; where as those that were as solicitous to enrich their minds as to adorn their faces, may not only with mediocrity of beauty be very desirable whilst that lasts, but, notwithstanding the recess of that and youth, may, by the fragrantcy of their reputation, and those virtues and ornaments of the mind that time does but improve, be always sufficiently endeared to those that have merit enough to discern and value such excellences, and whose esteem and friendship is alone worth their being concerned for. In a word, they prove the happiest as well as they are the wisest ladies, that, whilst they possess the desirable qualities that youth is wont to give, neglect not the acquit (acquisition) of those that age cannot take away.

Some Considerations Touching the Style of the Holy Scriptures.

In the first place, it should be considered that those cavillers at the style of the Scriptures, that you and I have hitherto met with, do—for want of skill in the original, especially in the Hebrew—judge of it by the translations, wherein alone they read it. Now, scarce any but a linguist will imagine how much a book may lose of its elegance by being read in another tongue than that it was written in, especially if the languages from which and into which the version is made be so very differing, as are those of the eastern and these western parts of the world. But of this I foresee an occasion of saying something hereafter; yet at present I must observe to you, that the style of the Scripture is much more disadvantaged than that of other books, by being judged of by translations; for the religious and just veneration that the interpreters of the Bible have had for that sacred book, has made them, in most places, render the Hebrew and Greek passages so scrupulously word for word, that, for fear of not keeping close enough to the sense, they usually care not how much they lose of the eloquence of the passages they translate. So that, whereas in those versions of other books that are made by good linguists, the interpreters are wont to take the liberty to recede from the author's words, and also substitute other phrases instead of his, that they may express his meaning without injuring his reputation. In translating the Old Testament, interpreters have not put Hebrew phrases into Latin or English phrases, but only into Latin or English words, and have too often, besides, by not sufficiently understanding, or at least considering, the various significations of words, particles, and tenses, in the holy tongue, made many things appear less coherent, or less rational, or less considerable, which, by a more free and skillful rendering of the original, would not be blemished by any appearance of such imperfection. And though this fault of interpreters be pardonable enough in them, as carrying much of its excuse in its cause, yet it cannot but much derogate from the Scripture to appear with peculiar disadvantages, besides those many that are common to almost all books, by being translated.

For whereas the figures of rhetoric are wont, by orators, to be reduced to two comprehensive sorts, and one of those does so depend upon the sound and placing of the words—whence the Greek rhetoricians call such figures *schemata lexeos*—that, if they be altered, though the sense be retained, the figure may vanish; this sort of figures, I say, which comprises those that orators call *apenades antanaclessis*, and a multitude of others, are wont to be lost in such literal translations as are ours of the Bible, as I could easily shew by many instances, if I thought it requisite.

Besides, there are in Hebrew, as in other languages, certain appropriated phrases, and a peculiar emphasis belonging to some expressions, which must necessarily be

impaired by any translation, and are but too often quite lost in those that adhere too scrupulously to the words of the original. And, as in a lovely face, though a painter may well enough express the cheeks, and the nose, and lips, yet there is often something of splendour and vivacity in the eyes, which no pencil can reach to equal; so in some choice composites, though a skilful interpreter may happily enough render into his own language a great part of what he translates, yet there may well be some shining passages, some sparkling and emphatical expressions, that he cannot possibly represent to the life. And this consideration is more applicable to the Bible and its translations than to other books, for two particular reasons.

For, first, it is more difficult to translate the Hebrew of the Old Testament, than if that book were written in Syriac or Arabic, or some such other eastern language. Not that the holy tongue is much more difficult to be learned than others; but because in the other learned tongues we know there are commonly variety of books extant, whereby we may learn the various significations of the words and phrases; whereas the pure Hebrew being unhappily lost, except so much of it as remains in the Old Testament, out of whose books alone we can but very imperfectly frame a dictionary and a language, there are many words, especially the *hapax legomena*, and those that occur but seldom, of which we know but that one signification, or those few acceptions, wherein we find it used in those texts that we think we clearly understand. Whereas, if we consider the nature of the primitive tongue, whose words, being not numerous, are most of them equivocal enough, and do many of them abound with strangely different meanings; and if we consider, too, how likely it is that the numerous conquests of David, and the wisdom, prosperity, fleets, and various commerces of his son Solomon, did both enrich and spread the Hebrew language it cannot but seem very probable, that the same word or phrase may have had divers other significations than interpreters have taken notice of, or we are now aware of: since we find in the Chaldee, Syriac, Arabic, and other eastern tongues, that the Hebrew words and phrases—a little varied, according to the nature of those dialects—have other, and oftentimes very different significations, besides those that the modern interpreters of the Bible have ascribed to them. I say the modern, because the ancient versions before, or not long after, our Saviour's time, and especially that which we vulgarly call the Septuagint's, do frequently favour our conjecture, by rendering Hebrew words and phrases to senses very distant from those mere received significations in our texts; when there appears no other so probable reason of their so rendering them, as their believing them capable of significations differing enough from those to which our later interpreters have thought fit to confine themselves. The use that I would make of this consideration may easily be conjectured—namely, that it is probable that many of those texts whose expressions, as they are rendered in our translations, seem flat or improper, or incoherent with the context, would appear much otherwise, if we were acquainted with all the significations of words and phrases that were known in the times when the Hebrew language flourished, and the sacred books were written; it being very likely, that among those various significations, some one or other would afford a better sense, and a more significant and sinewy expression, than we meet with in our translations; and perhaps would make such passages as seem flat or uncouth, appear eloquent and emphatical.

My second is this, that we should carefully distinguish betwixt what the Scripture itself says, and what is only said in the Scripture. For we must not look upon the Bible as an oration of God to men, or as a body of laws, like our English statute-books, wherein it is the legislator that all the way speaks to the people; but as a collection of composites of very differing sorts, and written at very distant times; and of such composites, that though the holy men of God—as St. Peter calls them—were acted by the Holy Spirit, who both excited and assisted them in penning the Scripture, yet there are many others, besides the Author and the penman, introduced speaking there. For besides the books of Joshua, Judges, Samuel, Kings, Chronicles, the four evangelists, the Acts of the Apostles, and other parts of Scripture that are evidently historical and wont to be so called, there are, in the other books, many passages that deserve the same name, and many others wherein though they be not mere narratives of things done, many sayings and expressions are recorded that either belong not to the Author of the Scripture, or must be looked upon as such wherein his secretaries perorate others. So that, in a considerable part of the Scripture, not only prophets, and kings, and priests being introduced speaking, but sol-

diers, shepherds, and women, and such other sorts of persons, from whom witty or eloquent things are not—especially when they speak *ex tempore*—to be expected, it would be very injurious to impute to the Scripture any want of eloquence, that may be noted in the expressions of others than its Author. For though, not only in romances, but in many of those that pass for true histories, the supposed speakers may be observed to talk as well as the historian, yet that is but either because the men so introduced were ambassadors, orators, generals, or other eminent men for parts as well as employments; or because the historian does, as it often happens, give himself the liberty to make speeches for them, and does not set down indeed what they said, but what he thought fit that such persons on such occasions should have said. Whereas the penmen of the Scripture, as one of them truly professes, having not followed cunningly devised fables in what they have written, have faithfully set down the sayings, as well as actions, they record, without making them rather congruous to the conditions of the speakers than to the laws of truth.

JOHN RAY.

JOHN RAY (1628-1705), the son of a blacksmith at Black Notley, in Essex, was an eminent naturalist. In the department of botany his works are more numerous than those of any other botanist except Linnæus, and entitle him to be ranked as one of the founders of the science. In company with his friend, Mr. Willoughby, also celebrated as a naturalist, he visited several continental countries in 1663; and his love of natural history induced him to perambulate England and Scotland. The principal works in which the results of his studies and travels were given to the public, are—'Observations, Topographical, Moral, and Physiological, made in a Journey through part of the Low Countries, Germany, Italy, and France.' (1673); and 'Historia Plantarum Generalis' (A General History of Plants). The latter, consisting of two large folio volumes, which were published in 1686 and 1688, is a work of prodigious labour. As a cultivator of zoology and entomology also, Ray deserves to be mentioned with honour; and he further served the cause of science by editing and enlarging the posthumous works of his friend Willoughby on birds and fishes. His character as a naturalist is thus spoken of by the Rev. Gilbert White of Selborne: 'Our countryman, the excellent Mr. Ray, is the only describer that conveys some precise idea in every term or word, maintaining his superiority over his followers and imitators, in spite of the advantage of fresh discoveries and modern information.' Cuvier also gives him a high character as a naturalist. For the greater part of his popular fame, Ray is indebted to an admirable treatise published in 1691, under the title of 'The Wisdom of God Manifested in the Works of the Creation,' which has gone through many editions, and been translated into several continental languages. One of his reasons for composing it is thus stated by himself: 'By virtue of my function, I suspect myself to be obliged to write something in divinity, having written so much on other subjects; for, not being permitted to serve the church with my tongue in preaching, I know not but it may be my duty to serve it with my hand in writing; and I have made choice of this subject, as thinking myself best qualified

to treat of it.' Natural theology had previously been developed in England by Boyle, Stillingfleet, Wilkins, Henry More, and Cudworth; but Ray was the first to systematise and popularise the subject. Paley afterwards adopted it, and his 'Natural Theology' (1802) has superseded the work of Ray, and also the treatises of Derham in the beginning of the eighteenth century.* But though written in a more pleasing style, and with greater fulness of information, Paley's excellent work is but an imitation of Ray's volume, and he has derived from it many of his most striking arguments and illustrations.

The Study of Nature Recommended.

Let us then consider the works of God, and observe the operations of his hands: let us take notice of and admire his infinite wisdom and goodness in the formation of them. No creature in this sublunary world is capable of so doing beside man; yet we are deficient herein: we content ourselves with the knowledge of the tongues, and a little skill in philology, or history perhaps, and antiquity, and neglect that which to me seems more material, I mean natural history and the works of the creation. I do not discommend or derogate from those other studies; I should betray mine own ignorance and weakness should I do so; I only wish they might not altogether justle out and exclude this. I wish that this might be brought in fashion among us; I wish men would be so equal and civil, as not to disparage, deride, and vilify those studies which themselves skill not of, or are not conversant in. No knowledge can be more pleasant than this, none that doth so satisfy and feed the soul; in comparison whereto that of words and phrases seems to me insipid and jejune. That learning, saith a wise and observant prelate, which consists only in the form and pedagogy of arts, or the critical notion upon words and phrases, hath in it this intrinsical imperfection, that it is only so far to be esteemed as it conduceth to the knowledge of things, being in itself but a kind of pedantry, apt to infect a man with such odd humours of pride, and affectation, and curiosity, as will render him unfit for any great employment. Words being but the images of matter, to be wholly given up to the study of these, what is it but Pygmalion's frenzy to fall in love with a picture or image. As for oratory, which is the best skill about words, that hath by some wise men been esteemed but a voluptuary art, like to cookery, which spoils wholesome meats, and helps unwholesome, by the variety of sauces, serving more to the pleasure of taste than the health of the body.

God's Exhortation to Activity.

Methinks by all this provision for the use and service of man, the Almighty interpretatively speaks to him in this manner: 'I have now placed thee in a spacious and well-furnished world; I have endued thee with an ability of understanding what is beautiful and proportionable, and have made that which is so agreeable and delightful to thee; I have provided thee with materials whereon to exercise and employ thy art and strength; I have given thee an excellent instrument, the hand, accommodated to make use of them all; I have distinguished the earth into hills and valleys, and plains, and meadows, and woods; all these parts capable of culture and improvement by thy industry; I have committed to thee for thy assistance in thy labours of ploughing, and carrying, and drawing, and travel, the laborious ox, the patient ass, and the strong and serviceable horse; I have created a multitude of seeds for thee to make choice out of them, of what is most pleasant to thy taste, and of most wholesome and plentiful nourishment; I have also made great variety of trees, bearing fruit both for food and physick, those, too, capable of being meliorated and improved by transplantation, stercoration, incision, pruning, watering, and other

* Derham's works are—*Physico-theology, or a Demonstration of the Being and Attributes of a God, from his Works of Creation* (1713); and *Astro-theology, or a Demonstration of the Being and Attributes of God, from a Survey of the Heavens* (1714). The substance of both had been preached by the author in 1711 and 1712, in the capacity of lecturer on Boyle's foundation.

arts and devices. Till and manure thy fields, sow them with thy seeds, extirpate noxious and unprofitable herbs, guard them from the invasions and spoil of beasts, clear and fence in thy meadows and pastures, dress and prune thy vines, and so rank and dispose them as is most suitable to the climate; plant thee orchards, with all sorts of fruit-trees, in such order as may be most beautiful to the eye, and most comprehensive of plants; gardens for culinary herbs, and all kinds of salading; for delectable flowers, to gratify the eye with their agreeable colours and figures, and thy scent with their fragrant odours; for odoriferous and evergreen shrubs and suffrutices; for exotic and medicinal plants of all sorts; and dispose them in that comely order as may be most pleasant to behold, and commodious for access. I have furnished thee with all materials for building, as stone, and timber, and slate, and lime, and clay, and earth, whereof to make bricks and tiles. Deck and bespangle the country with houses and villages convenient for thy habitation, provided with outhouses and stables for the harbouring and shelter of thy cattle, with barns and granaries for the reception, and custody and storing up thy corn and fruits. I have made thee a sociable creature, *zoon politikon*, for the improvement of thy understanding by conference, and communication of observations and experiments; for mutual help, assistance, and defence, build thee large towns and cities with straight and well-paved streets, and elegant rows of houses, adorned with magnificent temples for thy honour and worship, with beautiful palaces for thy princes and grandees, with stately halls for public meetings of the citizens and their several companies, and the sessions of the courts of judicature, besides public porticoes and aqueducts. I have implanted in thy nature a desire of seeing strange and foreign, and finding out unknown countries, for the improvement and advance of thy knowledge in geography, by observing the bays, and creeks, and havens, and promontories, the outlets of rivers, the situation of the maritime towns and cities, the longitude and latitude, &c., of those places; in politics, by noting their government, their manners, laws, and customs, their diet and medicine, their trades and manufactures, their houses and buildings, their exercises and sports, &c. In physiology, or natural history, by searching out their natural rarities, the productions both of land and water, what species of animals, plants, and minerals, of fruits and drugs, are to be found there, what commodities for bartering and permutation, whereby thou mayest be enabled to make large additions to natural history, to advance those other sciences, and to benefit and enrich thy country by increase of its trade and merchandise. I have given thee timber and iron to build the hulls of ships, tall trees for masts, flax and hemp for sail, cables and cordage for rigging. I have armed thee with courage and hardiness to attempt the seas, and traverse the spacious plains of that liquid element; I have assisted thee with a compass, to direct thy course when thou shalt be out of all ken of land, and have nothing in view but sky and water. Go thither for the purposes before mentioned, and bring home what may be useful and beneficial to thy country in general, or thyself in particular.

I persuade myself, that the bountiful and gracious Author of man's being and faculties, and all things else, delights in the beauty of his creation, and is well pleased with the industry of man, in adorning the earth with beautiful cities and castles, with pleasant villages and country-houses, with regular gardens, and orchards, and plantations of all sorts of shrubs, and herbs, and fruits, for meat, medicine, or moderate delight; with shady woods and groves, and walks set with rows of elegant trees; with pastures clothed with flocks, and valleys covered over with corn, and meadows burdened with grass, and whatever else differenceth a civil and well-cultivated region from a barren and desolate wilderness.

If a country thus planted and adorned, thus polished and civilized, thus improved to the height by all manner of culture for the support and sustenance, and convenient entertainment of innumerable multitudes of people, be not to be preferred before a barbarous and inhospitable Scythia, without houses, without plantations, without corn-fields or vineyards, where the roving hordes of the savage and truculent inhabitants transfer themselves from place to place in wagons, as they can find pasture and forage for their cattle, and live upon milk, and flesh roasted in the sun, at the pommels of their saddles; or a rude and unpolished America, peopled with slothful and naked Indians—instead of well-built houses, living in pitiful huts and cabins, made of poles set end-wise; then surely the brute beast's condition and manner of living, to which what we have mentioned doth nearly approach, is to be esteemed better than man's, and wit and reason was in vain bestowed on him.

All Things not Made for Man.

There are infinite other creatures without this earth, which no considerate man can think were made only for man, and have no other use. For my part, I cannot believe that all the things in the world were so made for man, that they have no other use.

For it seems to me highly absurd and unreasonable to think that bodies of such vast magnitude as the fixed stars were only made to twinkle to us; nay, a multitude of them there are that do not so much as twinkle, being, either by reason of their distance or of their smallness, altogether invisible to the naked eye, and only discoverable by a telescope; and it is likely, perfecter telescopes than we yet have may bring to light many more; and who knows how many lie out of the ken of the best telescope that can possibly be made? And I believe there are many species in nature, even in this sublunary world, which were never yet taken notice of by man, and consequently of no use to him, which yet we are not to think were created in vain; but may be found out by, and of use to, those who shall live after us in future ages. But though in this sense it be not true that all things were made for man, yet thus far it is, that all the creatures in the world may be some way or other useful to us, at least to exercise our wits and understandings, in considering and contemplating of them, and so afford us subject of admiring and glorifying their own and our Maker. Seeing, then, we do believe and assert that all things were in some sense made for us, we are thereby obliged to make use of them for those purposes for which they serve us, else we frustrate this end of their creation. Now, some of them serve only to exercise our minds. Many others there be which might probably serve us to good purpose, whose uses are not discovered, nor are they ever like to be, without pains and industry. True it is, many of the greatest inventions have been accidentally stumbled upon, but not by men supine and careless, but busy and inquisitive. Some reproach methinks it is to learned men that there should be so many animals still in the world whose outward shape is not yet taken notice of or described, much less their way of generation, food, manners, uses, observed.

Ray published, in 1672, a 'Collection of English Proverbs,' and in 1700, 'A Persuasive to a Holy Life.' From a volume of his correspondence published by Derham, we extract the following affecting letter, written on his death-bed to Sir Hans Sloane:

'DEAR SIR—the best of friends. These are to take a final leave of you as to this world: I look upon myself as a dying man. God requite your kindness expressed anyways toward me a hundredfold; bless you with a confluence of all good things in this world, and eternal life and happiness hereafter; grant us a happy meeting in heaven. I am, Sir, eternally yours—JOHN RAY.'

THE MARQUIS OF HALIFAX.

GEORGE SAVILLE, Marquis of Halifax (1630–1695), was a distinguished statesman, orator, and political writer. In the contests between the crown and the parliament after the restoration of Charles II. he was alternately in high favour with both parties as he supported or opposed the measures of each. To popery he was decidedly hostile, yet his attachment to the House of Stuart led him to speak and vote against the bill excluding the Duke of York (James II.) from the succession to the throne. For this he was elevated to the dignity of marquis, keeper of the privy seal, and president of the council. He retained his offices till his opposition to the proposed repeal of the Test Acts caused his dismissal. After the flight of

James, Halifax was chosen speaker of the House of Lords, but he again lost favour, and joined the ranks of the Opposition. He was a Trimmer, as Lord Macaulay says, from principle, as well as from constitution: 'every faction in the day of its insolent and vindictive triumph incurred his censure; and every faction when vanquished and per-ecuted found in him a protector.' His political tracts, according to the same authority, well deserve to be studied for their literary merit, and fully entitle him to a place among English classics. They consist of short treatises, entitled 'Advice to a Daughter,' 'The Character of a Trimmer,' 'Anatomy of an Equivalent,' 'Letter to a Dissenter,' &c. The modern character of Halifax's style, no less than his logic and happy illustrations, is remarkable. He might have contested the palm with Dryden as a master of English.

Importance of Laws.

All laws flow from that of nature, and where that is not the foundation, they may be legally imposed, but they will be lamely obeyed. By this nature is not meant that which fools and madmen misquote to justify their excesses. It is innocent and uncorrupted nature—that which disposes men to choose virtue without its being described, and which is so far from inspiring ill thoughts into us, that we take pains to suppress the good ones it infuses.

The civilised world has ever paid a willing subjection to laws. Even conquerors have done homage to them; as the Romans, who took patterns of good laws, even from those they had subdued, and at the same time that they triumphed over an enslaved people, the very laws of that place did not only remain safe, but became victorious. Their new masters, instead of suppressing them, paid them more respect than they had from those who first made them; and by this wise method they arrived to such an admirable constitution of laws, that to this day they reign by them. This excellency of them triumphs still, and the world pays now an acknowledgment of their obedience to that mighty empire, though so many ages after it is dissolved. And by a later instance, the kings of France, who in practice use their laws pretty familiarly, yet think their picture is drawn with most advantage upon their seals when they are placed in the court of justice; and though the hieroglyphic is not there of so much use to the people as they could wish, yet it shews that no prince is so great as not to think fit—for his own credit at least—to give an outward when he refuses a real worship to the laws.

They are to mankind that which the sun is to plants whilst it cherishes and preserves them. Where they have their force, and are not clouded or suppressed, everything smiles and flourishes; but where they are darkened, and not suffered to shine out, it makes everything to wither and decay. They secure men not only against one another, but against themselves too. They are a sanctuary to which the crown has occasion to resort as often as the people, so that it is an interest, as well as a duty, to preserve them.

Political Agitation not always hurtful.

Our government is like our climate. There are winds which are sometimes loud and unquiet, and yet with all the trouble they give us, we owe great part of our health unto them. They clear the air, which else would be like a standing pool, and, instead of refreshment, would be a disease unto us. There may be fresh gales of asserting liberty without turning into such storms of hurricane as that the state should run any hazard of being cast away by them. These strugglings, which are natural to all mixed governments, while they are kept from growing into convulsions, do, by a natural agitation from the several parts, rather support and strengthen than weaken or maim the constitution; and the whole frame, instead of being torn or disjointed, comes to be the better and closer knit by being thus exercised.

But whatever faults our government may have, or a discerning critic may find in

it, when he looks upon it alone, let any other be set against it, and then it shews its comparative beauty. Let us look upon the most glittering outside of unbounded authority, and upon a nearer inquiry we shall find nothing but poor and miserable deformity within. Let us imagine a prince living in his kingdom as if in a great gallery, his subjects tagging at his oar, laden with chains, and reduced to real rags, that they may gain him imaginary laurels. Let us represent him gazing among his flatterers, and receiving their false worship; like a child never contradicted, and therefore always cosened, or like a lady complimented only to be abused; condemned never to hear truth, and consequently never to do justice, wallowing in the soft bed of wanton and unbridled greatness; nor less odious to the instruments themselves than to the objects of his tyranny; blown up into an ambitious dropsy, never to be satisfied by the conquest of other people, or by the oppression of his own. By aiming to be more than a man, he falls lower than the meanest of them; a mistaken creature, swelled with panegyrics, and flattered out of his senses, and not only an incumbrance but a nuisance to mankind—a hardened and unrelenting soul; and, like some creatures that grow fat with poisons, he grows great by other men's miseries; an ambitious aspirer of the divine greatness; an unruly giant that would storm even heaven itself, but that his scaling-ladders are not long enough—in short, a wild and devouring creature in rich trappings, and with all his pride, no more than a whip in God Almighty's hand, to be thrown into the fire when the world has been sufficiently scourged with it. This picture, laid in right colours, would not incite men to wish for such a government, but rather to acknowledge the happiness of our own, under which we enjoy all the privileges reasonable men can desire, and avoid all the miseries many others are subject to.

Party Nicknames—The Trimmer.

Amongst all the engines of dissension there has been none more powerful in all times than the fixing names upon one another of contumely and reproach. And the reason is plain in respect of the people, who, though generally they are incapable of making a syllogism, or forming an argument, yet they can pronounce a word; and that serves their turn to throw it with their dull malice at the head of those they do not like. Such things ever begin in jest, and end in blood; and the same word which at first makes the company merry, grows in time to a military signal to cut one another's throats.

This innocent word 'Trimmer' signifies no more than this, that if men are together in a boat, and one part of the company would weigh it down on one side, another would make it lean as much to the contrary; it happens there is a third opinion of those who conceive it would do as well if the boat went even without endangering the passengers. Now, 'tis hard to imagine by what figure in language, or by what rule in sense, this comes to be a fault, and it is much more a wonder it should be thought a heresy.

Truth and Moderation.

The want of practice, which repeals the other laws, has no influence upon the law of truth, because it has root in heaven and an intrinsic value in itself that can never be impaired. She shews her greatness in this, that her enemies, even when they are successful, are ashamed to own it. Nothing but power full of truth has the prerogative of triumphing, not only after victories, but in spite of them, and to put conquest herself out of countenance. She may be kept under and suppressed, but her dignity still remains with her, even when she is in chains. Falsehood, with all her impudence, has not enough to speak ill of her before her face. Such majesty she carries about her, that her most prosperous enemies are fain to whisper their treason. All the power upon the earth can never extinguish her. She has lived in all ages; and, let the mistaken zeal of prevailing authority christen an opposition to it with what name they please, she makes it not only an ugly and unmannerly, but a dangerous thing to persist. She has lived very retired indeed—nay, sometimes so buried, that only some few of the discerning part of mankind could have a glimpse of her. With all that, she has eternity in her; she knows not how to die, and from the darkest clouds that shade and cover her, she breaks from time to time with triumph for her friends and terror to her enemies.

Our Trimmer, therefore, inspired by this divine virtue, thinks fit to conclude with these assertions: That our climate is a trimmer between that part of the world where men are roasted, and the other where they are frozen: that our church is a trimmer, between the frenzy of Platonic visions and the L-thargic ignorance of popish dreams: that our laws are trimmers, between the excess of unbounded power and the extravagance of liberty not enough restrained: that true virtue has ever been thought a trimmer, and to have its dwelling between the two extremes: that even God Almighty himself is divided between His two great attributes—his mercy and justice. In such company, our Trimmer is not ashamed of his name, and willingly leaves to the bold champions of either extreme the honour of contending with no less adversaries than nature, religion, liberty, prudence, humanity, and common-sense.

DR. HENRY MORE.

One of the greatest of the English Platonists and metaphysicians of the seventeenth century was the amiable and learned DR. HENRY MORE (1614-1687), a native of Grantham, Lincolnshire, and Fellow of Christ's College, Cambridge. More devoted his life to study and religious meditation at Cambridge, and strenuously refused to accept preferment to the church, which would have rendered it necessary for him to leave what he called his paradise. The friends of this reclusive philosopher once attempted to decoy him into a bishopric, and got him as far as Whitehall, that he might kiss the king's hand on the occasion; but when told for what purpose they had brought him thither, he refused to move a step further. Dr. More published several works for the promotion of religion and virtue; his moral doctrines are admirable, but some of his views are strongly tinged with mysticism. He was one of those who held the opinion that the wisdom of the Hebrews had descended to Pythagoras, and from him to Plato, in the writings of whom and his followers he believed that the true principles of divine philosophy were consequently to be found. For such a theory, it is hardly necessary to remark, there is no good foundation, the account given of Pythagoras's travels into the East being of uncertain authority, and there being no evidence that he had any communication with the Hebrew prophets. Dr. More was an enthusiastic and disinterested inquirer after truth, and is celebrated by his contemporaries as a man of uncommon benevolence, purity, and devotion. His works, though now little read, were extremely popular in the latter half of the seventeenth century. The most important are—'The Mystery of Godliness,' 'The Mystery of Iniquity,' 'A Discourse on the Immortality of the Soul,' 'Ethical and Metaphysical Manuals,' several treatises against atheism and idolatry, and a volume entitled 'Platonica, or a Platonical Song of the Soul,' in four poems, 1642, afterwards published as 'Philosophical Poems,' 1647. The first book or poem in the series in 'Psychozoia,' or the Life of the Soul, his principal poetical work. 'His poetry,' says Thomas Campbell, 'is not like a beautiful landscape on which the eye can repose, but may be compared to some curious grotto, whose gloomy labyrinth we might be curious to explore for the strange and mystic associations they excite.' We add two stanzas from the 'Psychozoia.'

The Soul and Body.

Like to a light fast locked in lanthorn dark,
Whereby by night our wary steps we guide
In slabby streets, and dirty channels mark,
Some weaker rays through the black top do glide,
And flusher streams perhaps from horny side.
But when we've passed the peril of the way,
Arrived at home, and laid that case aside,
The naked light how clearly doth it ray,
And spread its joyful beams as bright as summer's day.

Even so the soul, in this contracted state,
Confined to these strait instruments of sense,
More dull and narrowly doth operate;
At this hole hears, the sight must ray from thence.
Here tastes, there smells; but when she's gone from hence,
Like naked lamp she is one shining sphere,
And round about has perfect cognosceance
Whate'er in her horizon doth appear:
She is one orb of sense, all eye, all airy ear.

Of the prose composition of Dr. More, the subjoined is from his
'Mystery of Godliness.'

Devout Contemplation of the Works of God.

Whether, therefore, our eyes be struck with that more radiant lustre of the sun, or whether we behold that more placid and calm beauty of the moon, or be refreshed with the sweet breathings of the open air, or be taken up with the contemplation of those pure sparkling lights of the stars, or stand astonished at the gushing downfalls of some mighty river, as that of Nile, or admire the height of some insuperable and inaccessible rock or mountain; or with a pleasant horror and chillness look upon some silent wood, or solemn shady grove: whether the face of heaven smile upon us with a cheerful bright azure, or look upon us with a more sad and minacious countenance, dark plucky clouds being charged with thunder and lightning to let fly against the earth; whether the air be cool, fresh, and healthful; or whether it be sultry, contagious, and pestilential, so that, while we gasp for life, we are forced to draw in a sudden and inevitable death; whether the earth stand firm, and prove favourable to the industry of the artificer; or whether she threaten the very foundations of our buildings with trembling and tottering earthquakes, accompanied with remugient echoes and ghastly murmurs from below; whatever notable emergencies happen for either good or bad to us, these are the Joves and Vejoves that we worship, which to us are not many, but *one* God, who has the only power to save or destroy. And therefore, from whatever part of this magnificent temple of his—the world—he shall send forth his voice, our hearts and eyes are presently directed thitherward with fear, love, and veneration.

Nature of the Evidence of the Existence of God.

When I say that I will demonstrate that there is a God, I do not promise that I will always produce such arguments that the reader shall acknowledge so strong, as he shall be forced to confess that it is utterly impossible that it should be otherwise; but they shall be such as shall deserve full assent, and win full assent from any unprejudiced mind.

For I conceive that we may give full assent to that which, notwithstanding, may possibly be otherwise; which I shall illustrate by several examples: Suppose two men got to the top of Mount Athos, and there viewing a stone in the form of an altar with ashes on it, and the footsteps of men on those ashes, or some words, if you will, as *Optimo Maximo* or *To agnoscito Theo*, or the like, written or scrawled out upon the ashes; and one of them should cry out: Assuredly here have been some men that have done this. But the other, more nice than wise, should reply: Nay, it may possibly be otherwise; for this stone may have naturally grown into this very

shape, and the seeming ashes may be no ashes, that is, no remainders of any fuel burnt there; but some inexplicable and unperceptible motions of the air, or other particles of this fluid matter that is active everywhere, have wrought some parts of the matter into the form and nature of ashes, and have fringed and played about so, that they have also figured those intelligible characters in the same. But would not anybody deem it a piece of weakness, no less than dotage, for the other man one whit to recede from his former apprehension, but as fully as ever to agree with what he pronounced first, notwithstanding this bare possibility of being otherwise?

So of anchors that have been digged up, either in plain fields or mountainous places, as also the Roman urns with ashes and inscriptions, as *Severianus Pål. Linus*, and the like, or Roman coins with the effigies and names of the Cæsars on them, or that which is more ordinary, the skulls of men in every churchyard, with the right figure, and all those necessary perforations for the passing of the vessels, besides those conspicuous hollows for the eyes and rows of teeth, the *os stygoideæ*, *ethoideæ*, and what not. If a man will say of them, that the motions of the particles of the matter, or some hidden spermatic power, has generated these, both anchors, urns, coins, and skulls, in the ground, he doth but pronounce that which human reason must admit is possible. Nor can any man ever so demonstrate that those coins, anchors, and urns were once the artifice of men, or that this or that skull was once a part of a living man, that he shall force an acknowledgment that it is impossible that it should be otherwise. But yet I do not think that any man, without doing manifest violence to his faculties, can at all suspend his reason, but freely and fully agree that this or that skull was once a part of a living man, and that these anchors, urns, and coins, were certainly once made by human artifice, notwithstanding the possibility of being otherwise.

And what I have said of assent is also true to dissent: for the mind of man, not crazed nor prejudiced, will fully and irreconcilably disagree, by its own natural sagacity, where, notwithstanding, the thing that it doth thus resolutely and undoubtedly reject, no wit of man can prove impossible to be true. As if we should make such a fiction as this—that Archimedes, with the same individual body that he had when the soldiers slew him, is now safely intent upon his geometrical figures under ground, at the centre of the earth, far from the noise and din of this world, that might disturb his meditations, or distract him in his curious delineations he makes with his rod upon the dust; which no man living can prove impossible. Yet if any man does not as irreconcilably dissent from such a fable as this, as from any falsehood imaginable, assuredly that man is next door to madness or dotage, or does enormous violence to the free use of his faculties.

HISTORIANS.

THOMAS MAY.

THOMAS MAY (*circa* 1594–1650), who, like Daniel, was both a poet and historian, published, in 1647, 'The History of the Parliament of England, which began November 8 1640, with a short and necessary View of some precedent Years.' The prefatory 'view' comprises characters of Queen Elizabeth, King James, and Charles I.; and the narrative closes with the battle of Newbury, 1643, at the most interesting crisis of the struggle. May was at one time countenanced by the court, but 'fell from his duty and all his former friends,' as Clarendon has expressed it, and became Secretary to the Long Parliament. It is to be regretted that his History is confined to so small a portion of the Civil War, for though the composition of the work is inelegant, it is marked by candour and fairness, and the author had access to the best sources of information on the side of the Parliament. The

task, indeed, was a difficult one, for the Civil War divided, as May said, 'the understandings of men as well as their affections, in so high a degree that scarce could any virtue gain due applause, any reason give satisfaction, or any relation obtain credit unless amongst men of the same side.' The picture which May draws of the social state of the times seems more like what we conceive of the reign of Charles II. than that of the grave and decorous First Charles.

Court and Times of Charles I.

Profaneness too much abounded everywhere; and which is most strange, where there was no religion, yet there was superstition. Luxury in diet, and excess both in meat and drink, was crept into the kingdom in a high degree, not only in the quantity, but in the wanton curiosity. And in abuse of those good creatures which God had bestowed upon this plentiful land, they mixed the vices of divers nations, catching at everything that was new and foreign.

Non vulgo nota placeant
Gaudia, non usu plebejo trita voluptas.
PETER.

Old known delight
They scorn, and bare-worn pleasures slight.

As much pride and excess was in apparel, almost among all degrees of people, in new-fangled and various-fashioned attire; they not only imitated, but excelled their foreign patterns; and in fantastical gestures and behaviour, the petulance of most nations in Europe. The serious men groaned for a parliament; but the great statesmen plied it harder, to complete that work they had begun, of setting up prerogative above all laws. The Lord Wentworth (afterwards created Earl of Strafford for his service in that kind) was then labouring to oppress Ireland, of which he was deputy; and to begin that work in a conquered kingdom which was intended to be afterward wrought by degrees in England: and indeed he had gone very far and prosperously in those ways of tyranny, though very much to the endamaging and setting back of that newly-established kingdom. He was a man of great parts, of a deep reach, subtle wit, of spirit and industry to carry on his business, and such a conscience as was fit for that work he was designed to. He understood the right way, and the liberty of his country, as well as any man; for which in former parliaments, he stood up stiffly, and seemed an excellent patriot. For those abilities he was soon taken off by the king, and raised in honour, to be employed in a contrary way, for enslaving of his country, which his ambitious easily drew him to undertake.

The court of England, during this long vacancy of parliaments, enjoyed itself in as much pleasure and splendour as ever any court did. The revels, triumphs, and princely pastimes were for those many years kept up at so great a height, that any stranger which travelled into England, would verily believe a kingdom that looked so cheerfully in the face could not be sick in any part.

May was the author of several plays and poems and translations, all forgotten excepting his translation of Lucan's 'Pharsalia' (1627) and his Supplement to Lucan, carrying down the history of Pharsalia to the death of Cæsar, and forming, as Hallam has said, 'the first Latin poetry which England can vaunt.'

LORD HERBERT OF CHERBURY.

EDWARD HERBERT, baron of Cherbury, in Shropshire (1581-1648), was an eminent statesman and writer, and a brave and high-spirited man at a time when honourable feeling was rare at the English court. He was born at Eyton, in Shropshire, studied at Oxford, and

acquired, both at home and on the continent, a high reputation for the almost Quixotic chivalry of his character. In 1616 he was sent as ambassador to Paris, at which place he published, in 1624, his celebrated Latin work 'De Veritate,' a treatise on truth as it is distinguished from revelation, from probability, from possibility, and from falsehood. In this work, the first in which deism was ever reduced to a system, the author maintains the sufficiency, universality, and absolute perfection of natural religion. The enthusiasm as well as sincerity of his nature is exemplified in the following reference to this work :

Being doubtful in my chamber one fine day in the summer, my easement being open towards the south, the sun shining clear, and no wind stirring, I took my book 'De Veritate' in my hands, and kneeling on my knees, devoutly said these words : ' O thou eternal God, author of this light which now shines upon me, and giver of all inward illumination, I do beseech thee, of thy infinite goodness to pardon a greater request than a sinner ought to make. I am not satisfied enough whether I shall publish this book ; if it be for thy glory, I beseech thee give me some sign from heaven ; if not, I shall suppress it.' I had no sooner spoke these words, but a loud, though yet gentle noise came forth from the heavens, for it was like nothing on earth, which did so cheer and comfort me, that I took my petition as granted, and that I had the sign I demanded ; whereupon also I resolved to print my book. This, how strange soever it may seem, I protest before the eternal God is true ; neither am I in any way superstitiously deceived herein, since I did not only clearly hear the noise, but in the serene sky I ever saw, being without all cloud, did, to my thinking, see the place from whence it came.

In reprinting the work at London in 1645, Herbert added two tracts, 'De Causis Errorum' and 'De Religione Laici,' and soon afterwards he published another work entitled 'De Religione Gentilium Errorumque apud eos Causis,' of which an English translation appeared in 1655, entitled, 'The Ancient Religion of the Gentiles, and Causes of their Errors Considered.' The treatise 'De Veritate' was answered by the French philosopher Gassendi, and numerous replies appeared in England. Lord Herbert wrote a 'History of the Life and Reign of King Henry VIII.' which was not printed till 1649, the year after his death. It is termed by Lord Oxford 'a masterpiece of historic biography.' Herbert has, however, been accused of partiality to the tyrannical monarch, and of having produced rather a panegyric, or an apology, than a fair and judicious representation. As to style, the work is one of the best old specimens of historical composition. Lord Herbert is remarkable also as the earliest of our autobiographers. The memoirs which he left of his own life were first printed by Horace Walpole in 1764. Lord Herbert wrote 'Occasional Verses,' published by his son in 1665.

Sir Thomas More's Resignation of the Great Seal.

Sir Thomas More, Lord Chancellor of England, after divers suits to be discharged of his place—which he had held two years and a half—did at length by the king's good leave resign it. The example whereof being rare, will give me occasion to speak more particularly of him. Sir Thomas More, a person of sharp wit, and endued besides with excellent parts of learning (as his works may testify), was yet just of I know not what natural facetiousness given so much to jesting, that if

detracted no little from the gravity and importance of his place, which, though generally noted and disliked, I do not think was enough to make him give it over in that merriment we shall find anon, or retire to a private life. Neither can I believe him so much addicted to his private opinions as to detest all other governments but his own Utopia, so that it is probable some vehement desire to follow his book, or secret offence taken against some person or matter—among which perchance the king's new intended marriage, or the like, might be accounted—occasioned this strange counsel; though, yet, I find no reason pretended for it but infirmity and want of health. Our king hereupon taking the seal, and giving it, together with the order of knighthood, to Thomas Audeley, Speaker of the Lower House, Sir Thomas More, without acquainting anybody with what he had done, repairs to his family at Chelsea, where, after a mass celebrated the next day in the church, he comes to his lady's paw, with his hat in his hand—an office formerly done by one of his gentlemen—and says: 'Madam, my lord is gone.' But she thinking this at first to be but one of his jests, was little moved; till he told her sadly he had given up the great seal; whereupon she speaking some passionate words, he called his daughters then present to see if they could not spy some fault about their mother's dressing; but they after search saying they could find none, he replied: 'Do you not perceive that your mother's nose standeth somewhat awry?'—of which jeer the provoked lady was so sensible, that she went from him in a rage. Shortly after, he acquainted his servants with what he had done, dismissing them also to the attendance of some other great personages to whom he had recommended them. For his fool, he bestowed him on the lord-mayor during his office, and afterwards on his successors in that charge. And now coming to himself, he began to consider how much he had left, and finding that it was not above one hundred pounds yearly in lands, besides some money, he advised with his daughters how to live together. But the grieved gentlewomen—who knew not what to reply, or indeed how to take these jests—remaining astonished, he says: 'We will begin with the slender diet of the students of the law, and if that will not hold out, we will take such commons as they have at Oxford; which yet if our purse will not stretch to maintain, for our last refuge we will go a-begging, and at every man's door sing together a *Salve Regina* to get alms.' But these jests were thought to have in them more levity than to be taken everywhere for current; he might have quitted his dignity without using such sarcasms, and betaken himself to a more retired and quiet life without making them or himself contemptible. And certainly, whatsoever he intended thereby, his family so little understood his meaning, that they needed some more serious instructions.

LORD CLARENDON.

At the head of the historians of this period, combining disquisition with description, and the development of motives with the relation of events, generations of readers have agreed to place Lord Clarendon, the faithful though discarded minister of Charles II.

EDWARD HYDE, EARL OF CLARENDON (1608-1674), the son of a private gentleman of good fortune in Wiltshire, studied for several years at Oxford with a view to the church, but in consequence of the death of two older brothers, was removed at the age of sixteen to London, where he diligently pursued the study of the law. While thus employed he associated much with some of the most eminent of his contemporaries, among whom may be mentioned Lord Falkland, Selden, Ben Jonson, Carew, Waller, Morley, Hales of Eaton, and Chillingworth. From the conversation of these and other distinguished individuals—the characters of some of whom he has admirably sketched in his works—he considered himself to have derived a great portion of his knowledge; and he declares that 'he never was so proud, or thought himself so good a man, as when he

was the worst man in the company.' Having entered parliament in 1640, he soon afterwards quitted the bar, and devoted himself to public affairs. At first he abstained from connecting himself with any political party; but eventually he joined the royalists, to whose principles he was inclined by nature, though not a decided partizan. In the struggles between Charles I. and the people, he was much consulted by the king, who, however, sometimes gave him annoyance by disregarding his advice. Many of the papers issued in the royal cause during the Civil War were the productions of Hyde. Charles, while holding his court at Oxford, nominated him chancellor of the exchequer, and conferred upon him the honour of knighthood. Leaving the king in 1644, he accompanied Prince Charles to the west, and subsequently to Jersey, where he remained for two years after the prince's departure from that island, engaged in tranquil literary occupations, and especially in writing a history of the stormy events in which he had lately been an actor. His 'Contemplations and Reflections upon the Psalms of David, applying those Devotions to the troubles of the Times,' written in Jersey in 1647, and published in folio in 1727, are full of historical and personal interest, and have never been sufficiently valued. In 1648, he joined the prince in Holland, and next year went as one of his ambassadors to Madrid, having first established his own wife and children at Antwerp. In Spain, the ambassadors were coldly received: after suffering much from neglect and poverty, they were ultimately ordered to quit the kingdom, which they did in 1651; Hyde retiring to his family at Antwerp, but afterwards, in the autumn of the same year, joining the exiled Charles at Paris. Thenceforth, Hyde continued to be of great service in managing the embarrassed pecuniary affairs of the court, in giving counsel to the king, and in preserving harmony among his adherents. At this time his own poverty was such, that he writes in 1652: 'I have neither clothes nor fire to preserve me from the sharpness of the season;' and in the following year: 'I have not had a livre of my own for three months.' He was greatly annoyed by the indolence and extravagance of Charles, who, however, valued him highly, and manifested his approbation by raising him to the dignity of lord chancellor. This appointment by a king without a kingdom, besides serving to testify the royal favour, enabled the easy and intolent monarch to rid himself of clamorous applicants for future lucrative offices in England, by referring them to one who had greater ability to resist solicitations with firmness. Of the four confidential counsellors by whose advice Charles was almost exclusively directed after the death of Cromwell, Hyde bore the greatest share of business, and was believed to possess the greatest influence. The measures he recommended were temperate with sagacity, prudence, and moderation.' 'The Chancellor was a witness of the Restoration; he was with Charles at Canterbury

in his progress to London, followed his triumphal entry to the capital, and took his seat on the first of June (1660) as speaker of the House of Lords: he also sat on the same day in the Court of Chancery.* In the same year his daughter became the wife of the Duke of York, by which marriage Hyde was rendered a progenitor of two queens of England, Mary and Anne. At the coronation in 1661, the earldom of Clarendon was conferred on him, along with a gift of £20,000 from the king. He enjoyed the office of chancellor till 1665, when, having incurred the popular odium by some of his measures, his haughty demeanour, and resistance to the growing power of the Commons, and also raised up many bitter enemies in the court by his opposition to the dissoluteness and extravagance which there prevailed, he resigned the great seal, by his majesty's command, and was soon afterwards compelled to withdraw from the kingdom. He retired to France, and occupied himself in completing his 'History of the Rebellion and Civil War in England,' begun in 1641, but first published at Oxford in 1702-4. This great work is written somewhat in the style of political memoirs, easy, copious, redundant of details, and careless in execution, except where the author delineated the characters of his great contemporaries, or dwelt on events in which he was strongly interested. He fails most signally in his description of battles, which are confused and almost unintelligible.* Clarendon's sentences are often long and involved, and his expression loose and incorrect—defects perhaps springing from his previous habits of public speaking, without early opportunities or peculiar taste for mere literary study. In the department of character-painting, Clarendon is unrivalled; his description of events has not the same graphic vigour as his portraits, and his authority as an historian is small indeed; but many incidents are related with a sober majesty and chastened beauty of expression that are rare in history. We see always a full and fertile mind—strong royalist prepossessions, but a high sense of national honour and a deep feeling of regard for the moral and material welfare of his country. His life of himself, and the continuation of the life, written subsequently to his history, are less interesting, and are more inaccurate in details. Among the other works of this great man are a reply to the 'Leviathan' of Hobbes and an admirable 'Essay on an Active and Contemplative Life,' and why the One should be preferred before the Other.' The last is peculiarly valuable, as the production of a man who, to a sound and vigorous understanding, added rare knowledge of the world, and much experience of life, both active and retired. He strongly maintains the superiority of an active course, as having the greater tendency to promote not only the happiness and usefulness, but also the virtue of the individual. Man, says he, 'is not sent into

* It is curious to find it stated by Sir Walter Scott, that 'the best general in the world' (evidently the Duke of Wellington) has been heard to say that King James II. in his Memoirs writes of military matters more forcibly and intelligibly than any author he has perused.* See note to *Military Memoirs*, by John Gwynne, 1822.

the world only to have a being to breathe till nature extinguisheth that breath, and reduceth that miserable creature to the nothing he was before; he is sent upon an errand, and to do the business of life; he hath faculties given him to judge between good and evil, to cherish and foment the first motions he feels towards the one, and to subdue the first temptations to the other; he hath not acted his part in doing no harm; his duty is not only to do good and to be innocent himself, but to propagate virtue, and to make others better than they would otherwise be. Indeed, an absence of folly is the first hopeful prologue towards the obtaining wisdom; yet he shall never be wise who knows not what folly is; nor, it may be, commendably and judiciously honest, without having taken some view of the quarters of iniquity; since true virtue pre-supposeth an election, a declining somewhat that is ill, as well as the choice of what is good.' The choice of a mode of life he thinks ought to be regulated by a consideration of the abilities of each individual who is about to commence his career; but he omits to add, that dispositions as well as talents ought always to be considered; since, however great a man's abilities may be, the want of steady energy and decision of character must operate as an insurmountable bar to success in the struggles of active life. Lord Clarendon's other miscellaneous works consist of a Vindication of himself from the Charge of Treason; Dialogues on the Want of Respect due to Age, and on Education; and essays on various subjects.

In the year 1811, a work of Lord Clarendon's which had till then remained in manuscript, was published under the title of 'Religion and Policy, and the Contenance and Assistance they should give to each other; with a Survey of the Power and Jurisdiction of the Pope in the Dominions of other Princes.' The principal object of the work is to shew the injury which religion has sustained by the pope's assumption of temporal authority, and that it is incumbent on Catholics living under Protestant governments to pay no regard to the papal authority, in opposition to their own sovereign.

Lord Clarendon's 'History of the Rebellion' was not intended for publication till the numerous public characters of whom it treats were no more. It was edited by Bishop Sprat and Dean Aldrich, who made numerous alterations on the text, which, however, has now been correctly given, with the suppressed passages restored, in an edition in eight volumes, printed at Oxford in 1826. The life and Continuation, also complete, were printed at Oxford in three volumes in 1827.

Reception of the Liturgy at Edinburgh in 1637.

On the Sunday morning appointed for the work, the Chancellor of Scotland, and others of the council, being present in the cathedral church, the dean began to read the Liturgy, which he had no sooner entered upon, but a noise and clamour was raised throughout the church, that no words could be heard distinctly; and then a shower of stones and sticks, and cudgels, were thrown at the dean's head. The

bishop went up into the pulpit, and from thence put them in mind of the sacredness of the place, of their duty to God and the king; but he found no more reverence, nor was the clamour and disorder less than before. The chancellor, from his seat, commanded the provost and magistrates of the city to descend from the gallery in which they sat, and by their authority to suppress the riot: which at last with great difficulty they did, by driving the rudest of those who made the disturbance out of the church, and shutting the doors, which gave the dean opportunity to proceed in the reading of the Liturgy, that was not at all attended or hearkened to by those who remained within the church; and if it had, they who were turned out continued their barbarous noise, broke the windows, and endeavoured to break down the doors, so that it was not possible for any to follow their devotions.

When all was done that at that time could be done there, and the council and magistrates went out of the church to their houses, the rabble followed the bishops with all the opprobrious language they could invent, of bringing in superstition and popery into the kingdom, and making the people slaves; and were not content to use their tongues, but employed their hands too in throwing dirt and stones at them; and treated the bishop of Edinburgh, whom they looked upon as most active that way, so rudely, that with difficulty he got into a house, after they had torn his habit, and was from thence removed to his own, with great hazard of his life. As this was the reception which it had in the cathedral, so it fared not better in the other churches of the city, but was entertained with the same hollalng and outcries, and threatening the men, whose office it was to read it, with the same bitter execrations against bishops and popery.

Hitherto no person of condition or name appeared or seemed to countenance this seditious confusion; it was the rabble, of which nobody was named, and, which is more strange, not one apprehended: and it seems the bishops thought it not of moment enough to desire or require any help or protection from the council; but without conferring with them, or applying themselves to them, they despatched away an express to the king, with a full and particular information of all that had passed, and a desire that he would take that course he thought best for the carrying on his service.

Until this advertisement arrived from Scotland, there were very few in England who had heard of any disorders there, or of anything done there which might produce any. . . . And the truth is, there was so little curiosity either in the court or in the country to know anything of Scotland, or what was done there, that when the whole nation was solicitous to know what passed weekly in Germany and Poland, and all other parts of Europe, no man ever inquired what was doing in Scotland, nor had that kingdom a place or mention in one page of any gazette; and even after the advertisement of this preamble to rebellion, no mention was made of it at the council-board, but such a dispatch made into Scotland upon it, as expressed the king's dislike and displeasure, and obliged the lords of the council there to appear more vigorously in the vindication of his authority and suppression of those tumults. But all was too little. That people, after they had once begun, pursued the business vigorously, and with all imaginable contempt of the government; and though in the hubbub of the first day there appeared nobody of name or reckoning, but the actors were really of the dregs of the people, yet they discovered by the countenance of that day, that few men of rank were forward to engage themselves in the quarrel on the behalf of the bishops; whereupon more considerable persons every day appeared against them, and—as heretofore in the case of St. Paul, Acts xiii. 50, 'The Jews stirred up the devout and honourable women'—the women and ladies of the best quality declared themselves of the party, and, with all the reproaches imaginable, made war upon the bishops, as introducers of popery and superstition, against which they avowed themselves to be irreconcilable enemies; and their husbands did not long defer the owning the same spirit; inasmuch as within few days the bishops durst not appear in the streets, nor in any courts or houses, but were in danger of their lives; and such of the lords as durst be in their company, or seemed to desire to rescue them from violence, had their coaches torn in pieces, and their persons assaulted, inasmuch as they were glad to send for some of those great men, who did indeed govern the rabble, though they appeared not in it, who readily came and redeemed them out of their hands; so that, by the time new orders came from England, there was scarce a bishop left in Edinburgh, and not a minister who durst read the Liturgy in any church.

Character of Hampden.

Mr. Hampden was a man of much greater cunning, and, it may be, of the most discerning spirit, and of the greatest address and insinuation to bring anything to pass which he desired, of any man of that time, and who laid the design deepest. He was a gentleman of a good extraction, and a fair fortune; who, from a life of great pleasure and licence, had on a sudden retired to extraordinary sobriety and strictness, and yet retained his usual cheerfulness and affability; which, together with the opinion of his wisdom and justice, and the courage he had shewed in opposing the ship-money, raised his reputation to a very great height, not only in Buckinghamshire, where he lived, but generally throughout the kingdom. He was not a man of many words, and rarely began the discourse, or made the first entrance upon any business that was assumed; but a very weighty speaker, and after he had heard a full debate, and observed how the house was like to be inclined, took up the argument, and shortly, and clearly, and craftily so stated it, that he commonly conducted it to the conclusion he desired; and if he found he could not do that, he was never without the dexterity to divert the debate to another time, and to prevent the determining anything in the negative, which might prove inconvenient in the future. He made so great a show of civility, and modesty, and humility, and always of mistrusting his own judgment, and esteeming his with whom he conferred for the present, that he seemed to have no opinions or resolutions, but such as he contracted from the information and instruction he received upon the discourses of others, whom he had a wonderful art of governing, and leading into his principles and inclinations, whilst they believed that he wholly depended upon their counsel and advice. No man had ever a greater power over himself, or was less the man that he seemed to be; which shortly after appeared to everybody, when he cared less to keep on the mask.

Character of Lord Falkland.

In this unhappy battle [of Newbury] was slain the Lord Viscount Falkland, a person of such prodigious parts of learning and knowledge, of that inimitable sweetness and delight in conversation, of so flowing and obliging a humanity and goodness to mankind, and of that primitive simplicity and integrity of life, that if there were no other brand upon this odious and accursed civil war than that single loss, it must be most infamous and execrable to all posterity:

Tarpe mori, post te, solo non posse dolere.

Before this parliament, his condition of life was so happy that it was hardly capable of improvement. Before he came to be twenty years of age, he was master of a noble fortune, which descended to him by the gift of a grandfather, without passing through his father or mother, who were then both alive, and not well enough contented to find themselves passed by in the descent. His education for some years had been in Ireland, where his father was lord-deputy; so that, when he returned to England to the possession of his fortune, he was unentangled with any acquaintances or friends, which usually grow up by the custom of conversation, and therefore was to make a pure election of his company, which he chose by other rules than were prescribed to the young nobility of that time. And it cannot be denied, though he admitted some few to his friendship for the agreeableness of their natures, and their undoubted affection to him, that his familiarity and friendship for the most part was with men of the most eminent and sublime parts, and of untouching reputation in point of integrity; and such men had a title to his bosom.

He was a great cherisher of wit, and fancy, and good parts in any man; and if he found them clouded with poverty or want, a most liberal and bountiful patron towards them, even above his fortune: of which, in those administrations, he was such a dispenser, as, if he had been trusted with it to such uses, and if there had been the least of vice to his expense, he might have been thought too prodigal. He was constant and pertinacious in whatever he resolved to do, and not to be wearied by any pains that were necessary to that end. And, therefore, having once resolved not to see London, which he loved above all places, till he had perfectly learned the Greek tongue, he went to his own house in the country, and pursued it with that indefatigable industry, that it will not be believed in how short a time he was master of it, and accurately read all the Greek historians.

In this time, his house being within little more than ten miles of Oxford, he contracted familiarity and friendship with the most polite and accurate men of that university, who found such an immensity of wit, and such a solidity of judgment in him, so infinite a fancy, bound in by a most logical ratiocination, such a vast knowledge, that he was not ignorant in anything, yet such an excessive humility, as if he had known nothing, that they frequently resorted and dwelt with him, as in a college situated in a purer air; so that his house was a university in a less volume, whither they came not so much for repose as study, and to examine and refine those grosser propositions which laziness and consent made current in vulgar conversation. . . .

He was superior to all those passions and affections which attend vulgar minds, and was guilty of no other ambition than of knowledge, and to be reputed a lover of all good men; and that made him too much a contemner of those arts which must be indulged in the transactions of human affairs. In the last short parliament he was a Burgess in the House of Commons; and from the debates, which were there managed with all imaginable gravity and sobriety, he contracted such a reverence to parliaments, that he thought it really impossible they could ever produce mischief or inconvenience to the kingdom; or that the kingdom could be tolerably happy in the intermission of them. . . .

He had a courage of the most clear and keen temper, and so far from fear, that he seemed not without some appetite of danger; and therefore, upon any occasion of action, he always engaged his person in those troops which he thought by the forwardness of the commanders to be most like to be farthest engaged; and in all such encounters, he had about him an extraordinary cheerfulness without at all affecting the execution that usually attended them; in which he took no delight, but took pains to prevent it, where it was not by resistance made necessary; insomuch that at Edge-hill, when the enemy was routed, he was like to have incurred great peril, by interposing to save those who had thrown away their arms, and against whom, it may be, others were more fierce for their having thrown them away; so that a man might think he came into the field chiefly out of curiosity to see the face of danger, and charity to prevent the shedding of blood. Yet in his natural inclination, he acknowledged he was addicted to the profession of a soldier; and shortly after he came to his fortune, before he was of age, he went into the Low Countries, with a resolution of procuring command, and to give himself up to it; from which he was diverted by the complete inactivity of that summer; so he returned into England, and shortly after entered upon that vehement course of study we mentioned before, till the first alarm from the north; then again he made ready for the field, and though he received some repulse in the command of a troop of horse, of which he had a promise, he went a volunteer with the Earl of Essex.

From the entrance into this unnatural war, his natural cheerfulness and vivacity grew clouded, and a kind of sadness and dejection of spirits stole upon him, which he had never been used to; yet being one of those who believed that one battle would end all differences, and that there would be so great a victory on one side that the other would be compelled to submit to any conditions from the victor—which supposition and conclusion generally sunk into the minds of most men, and prevented the looking after many advantages that might then have been laid hold of—he resisted these indispositions. But after the king's return from Brentford, and the furious resolution of the two Houses not to admit any treaty for peace, those indispositions which had before touched him grew into a perfect habit of uncheerfulness; and he who had been so exactly easy and affable to all men, that his face and countenance was always present and vacant to his company, and held any cloudiness and less pleasantness of the visage a kind of rudeness or incivility, became on a sudden less communicable; and thence very sad, pale, and exceedingly affected with the spleen. In his clothes and habit, which he had minded before always with more neatness, and industry, and expense, than is usual to so great a soul, he was not now only incurious, but too negligent; and in his reception of suitors, and the necessary or casual addresses to his place, so quick, and sharp, and severe, that there wanted not some men—strangers to his nature and disposition—who believed him proud and imperious; from which no mortal man was ever more free. . . .

When there was any overture or hope of peace, he would be more erect and vigorous, and exceedingly solicitous to press anything which he thought might promote it; and sitting among his friends, often after a deep silence, and frequent sighs,

would, with a shrill and sad accent, ingeminate the word Peace, Peace: and would passionately profess, 'that the very agony of the war, and the view of the calamities and desolation the kingdom did and must endure, took his sleep from him, and would shortly break his heart.' This made some think, or pretend to think, 'that he was so much enamoured of peace, that he would have been glad the king should have bought it at any price;' which was a most unreasonable calumny. As if a man that was himself the most punctual and precise in every circumstance that might reflect upon conscience or honour could have wished the king to have committed a trespass against either.

In the morning before the battle, as always upon action, he was very cheerful. and put himself into the first rank of the Lord Byron's regiment, then advancing upon the enemy, who had lined the hedges on both sides with musketeers; from whence he was shot with a musket in the lower part of the belly, and in the instant falling from his horse, his body was not found till the next morning; till when, there was some hope he might have been a prisoner, though his nearest friends, who knew his temper, received small comfort from that imagination. Thus fell that incomparable young man, in the four-and-thirtieth year of his age, having so much despatched the true business of life, that the eldest rarely attain to that immense knowledge, and the youngest enter not into the world with more innocence: whosever leads such a life, needs be the less anxious upon how short warning it is taken from him.

Character of Charles I.

But it will not be unnecessary to add a short character of his person, that posterity may know the inestimable loss which the nation then underwent, in being deprived of a prince whose example would have had a greater influence upon the manners and piety of the nation, than the most strict laws can have. To speak first of his private qualifications as a man, before the mention of his princely and royal virtues; he was, if ever any, the most worthy of the title of an honest man; so great a lover of justice, that no temptation could dispose him to a wrongful action, except it was so disguised to him that he believed it to be just. He had a tenderness and compassion of nature which restrained him from ever doing a hard-hearted thing; and, therefore, he was so apt to grant pardon to malefactors, that the judges of the land represented to him the damage and insecurity to the public that flowed from such his indulgence. And then he restrained himself from pardoning either murders or highway robberies, and quickly discerned the fruits of his severity by a wonderful reformation of those enormities. He was very punctual and regular in his devotions; he was never known to enter upon his recreations or sports, though never so early in the morning, before he had been at public prayers: so that on hunting-days, his chaplains were bound to a very early attendance. He was likewise very strict in observing the hours of his private cabinet devotions, and was so severe an exactor of gravity and reverence in all mention of religion, that he could never endure any light or profane word, with what sharpness of wit soever it was covered; and though he was well pleased and delighted with reading verses made upon any occasion, no man durst bring before him anything that was profane or unclean. That kind of wit had never any countenance from him. He was so great an example of conjugal affection, that they who did not imitate him in that particular, durst not brag of their liberty; and he did not only permit, but direct his bishops to prosecute those scandalous vices, in the ecclesiastical courts, against persons of eminence, and near relation to his service.

His kingly virtues had some mixture and alloy that hindered them from shining in full lustre, and from producing those fruits they should have been attended with. He was not in his nature very bountiful, though he gave very much. This appeared more after the Duke of Buckingham's death, after which those showers fell very rarely; and he paused too long in giving, which made those to whom he gave less sensible of the benefit. He kept state to the full, which made his court very orderly, no man presuming to be seen in a place where he had no pretence to be. He saw and observed men long before he received them about his person: and did not love strangers, nor very confident men. He was a patient hearer of causes, which he frequently accustomed himself to at the council board, and judged very well, and was dexterous in the mediating part; so that he often put an end to causes by per-

evasion, which the stubbornness of men's humours made dilatory in courts of justice.

He was very fearless in his person ; but, in his riper years, not very enterprising. He had an excellent understanding, but was not confident enough of it ; which made him oftentimes change his own opinion for a worse, and follow the advice of men that did not judge so well as himself. This made him more ir-r-solute than the conjuncture of his affairs would admit ; if he had been of a rougher and more imperious nature, he would have found more respect and duty. And his not applying some severe cures to approaching evils proceeded from the lenity of his nature, and the tenderness of his conscience, which, in all cases of blood, made him choose the softer way, and not hearken to severe counsels, how reasonably soever urged. This only restrained him from pursuing his advantage in the first Scottish expedition.

As he excelled in all other virtues, so in temperance he was so strict, that he abhorred all debauchery to that degree, that, at a great festival solemnity, where he once was, when very many of the nobility of the English and Scots were entertained, being told by one who withdrew from thence, what vast draughts of wine they drank, and 'that there was one earl who had drunk most of the rest down, and was not himself moved or altered,' the king said, 'that he deserved to be hanged ;' and that earl coming shortly after into the room where his majesty was, in some gaiety, to shew how unhurt he was from that battle, the king sent some one to bid him withdraw from his majesty's presence ; nor did he in some days after appear before him.

So many miraculous circumstances contributed to his ruin, that men might well think that heaven and earth conspired it. Though he was, from the first declension of his power, so much betrayed by his own servants, that there were very few who remained faithful to him, yet that treachery proceeded not always from any treasonable purpose to do him any harm, but from particular and personal animosities against other men, and afterwards, the terror all men were under of the parliament, and the guilt they were conscious of themselves, made them watch all opportunities to make themselves gracious to those who could do them good ; and so they became spies upon their master, and from one piece of knavery were hardened and confirmed to undertake another, till at last they had no hope of preservation but by the destruction of their master. And after all this, when a man might reasonably believe that less than a universal defection of three nations could not have reduced a great king to so ugly a fate, it is most certain that, in that very hour, when he was thus wickedly murdered in the sight of the sun, he had as great a share in the hearts and affections of his subjects in general, was as much beloved, esteemed, and longed for by the people in general of the three nations, as any of his predecessors had ever been. To conclude, he was the worthiest gentleman, the best master, the best friend, the best husband, the best father, and the best Christian that the age in which he lived produced. And if he were not the greatest king, if he were without some parts and qualities which have made some kings great and happy, no other prince was ever unhappy who was possessed of half his virtues and endowments, and so much without any kind of vice.

Execution of Montrose.

As soon as he had ended his discourse, he was ordered to withdraw ; and after a short space, was again brought in, and told by the chancellor 'that he was, on the morrow, being the one-and-twentieth of May 1651, to be carried to Edinburgh Cross, and there to be hanged on a gallows thirty foot high, for the space of three hours, and then to be taken down, and his head to be cut off upon a scaffold, and hanged on Edinburgh toll-booth ; and his legs and arms to be hanged up in other public towns of the kingdom, and his body to be buried at the place where he was to be executed, except the kirk should take off his excommunication ; and then his body might be buried in the common place of burial.' He desired 'that he might say somewhat to them,' but was not suffered, and so was carried back to the prison.

That he might not enjoy any ease or quiet during the short remainder of his life, their ministers came presently to insult over him with all the reproaches imaginable ; pronounced his damnation, and assured him 'that the judgment he was the next day to suffer was but an easy prologue to that which he was to undergo afterwards.' After many such barbarities, they offered to intercede for him to the kirk upon his repentance, and to pray with him ; but he too well understood the form of their

common prayers, in those cases, to be only the most virulent and insolent imprecations upon the persons of those they prayed against ('Lord, vouchsafe yet to touch the obdurate heart of this proud incorrigible sinner, this wicked, perjured, traitorous, and profane person, who refuses to harken to the voice of thy kirk,' and the like charitable expressions), and therefore he desired them 'to spare their pains, and to leave him to his own devotions.' He told them that 'they were a miserable, deluded, and deluding people, and would shortly bring that poor nation upon the most insupportable servitude ever people had submitted to.' He told them 'he was prouder to have his head set upon the place it was appointed to be than he could have been to have his picture hang in the king's bedchamber; that he was so far from being troubled that his four limbs were to be hanged in four cities of the kingdom, that he heartily wished he had flesh enough to be sent to every city in Christendom, as a testimony of the cause for which he had suffered.'

The next day they executed every part and circumstance of that barbarous sentence, with all the inhumanity imaginable; and he bore it with all the courage and magnanimity, and the greatest piety, that a good Christian could manifest. He magnified the virtue, courage, and religion of the last king, exceedingly commended the justice and goodness and understanding of the present king, and prayed 'that they might not betray him as they had done his father.' When he had ended all he meant to say, and was expecting to expire, they had yet one scene more to act of their tyranny. The hangman brought the book that had been published of his truly heroic actions, whilst he had commanded in that kingdom, which book was tied in a small cord that was put about his neck. The marquis smiled at this new instance of their malice, and thanked them for it, and said, 'he was pleased that it should be there, and was prouder of wearing it than ever he had been of the garter;' and so renewing some devout ejaculations, he patiently endured the last act of the executioner.

Thus died the gallant Marquis of Montrose, after he had given as great a testimony of loyalty and courage as a subject can do, and performed as wonderful actions in several battles upon as great inequality of numbers, and as great disadvantages in respect of arms and other preparations for war, as have been performed in this age. He was a gentleman of a very ancient extraction, many of whose ancestors had exercised the highest charges under the king in that kingdom, and had been allied to the crown itself. He was of very good parts, which were improved by a good education: he had always a great emulation, or rather a great contempt of the Marquis of Argyre (as he was too apt to condemn those he did not love), who waited nothing but honesty and courage to be a very extraordinary man, having all other good talents in a great degree. Montrose was in his nature fearless of danger, and never declined any enterprise for the difficulty of going through with it, but exceedingly affected those which seemed desperate to other men, and did believe somewhat to be in himself which other men were not acquainted with, which made him live more easily towards those who were, or were willing to be, inferior to him (towards whom he exercised wonderful civility and generosity), than with his superiors or equals. He was naturally jealous, and suspected those who did not concur with him in the way, not to mean so well as he. He was not without vanity, but his virtues were much superior, and he well deserved to have his memory preserved and celebrated amongst the most illustrious persons of the age in which he lived.

Escape of Charles II. after the Battle of Worcester, September 3, 1651.

When the night covered them, he found means to withdraw himself with one or two of his own servants, whom he likewise discharged when it began to be light; and after he had made them cut off his hair, he betook himself alone into an adjacent wood, and relied only upon Him for his preservation who alone could, and did miraculously deliver him.

When the darkness of the night was over, after the king had cast himself into that wood, he discerned another man, who had gotten upon an oak in the same wood, near the place where the king had rested himself, and had slept soundly. The man upon the tree had first seen the king, and knew him, and came down to him, and was known to the king, being a gentleman of the neighbour county of Staffordshire, who had served his late majesty during the war, and had now been one of the few who resorted to the king after his coming to Worcester. His name was Caro-

less, who had had a command of foot, about the degree of a captain, under the Lord Loughborough. He persuaded the king, since it could not be safe for him to go out of the wood, and that, as soon as it should be fully light, the wood itself would probably be visited by those of the country, who would be searching to find those whom they might make prisoners, that he would get up into that tree where he had been, where the boughs were so thick with leaves that a man would not be discovered there without a narrower inquiry than people usually make in places which they do not suspect. The king thought it good counsel, and, with the other's help, climbed into the tree, and then helped his companion to ascend after him, where they sat all that day, and securely saw many who came purposely into the wood to look after them, and heard all their discourses, how they would use the king himself if they could take him. This wood was either in or upon the borders of Staffordshire.

The day being spent in the tree, it was not in the king's power to forget that he had lived two days with eating very little, and two nights with as little sleep; so that, when the night came, he was willing to make some provisions for both; and he resolved, with the advice and assistance of his companion, to leave his blessed tree; and, when the night was dark, they walked through the wood into those inclosures which were farthest from any highway, and making a shift to get over hedges and ditches, after walking at least eight or nine miles, which were the more grievous to the king by the weight of his boots—for he could not put them off when he cut off his hair, for want of shoes—before morn they came to a poor cottage, the owner whereof, being a Roman Catholic, was known to Careless. He was called up, and as soon as he knew one of them, he easily concluded in what condition they both were, and presently carried them into a little barn full of hay, which was a better lodging than he had for himself. But when they were there, and had conferred with their host of the news and temper of the country, it was agreed that the danger would be the greater if they stayed together; and, therefore, that Careless should presently be gone, and should, within two days, send an honest man to the king, to guide him to some other place of security; and in the meantime his majesty should stay upon the hay-mow. The poor man had nothing for him to eat, but promised him good butter-milk; and so he was once more left alone, his companion, how weary soever, departing from him before day, the poor man of the house knowing no more than that he was a friend of the captain's, and one of those who had escaped from Worcester. The king slept very well in his lodging, till the time that his host brought him a piece of bread, and a great pot of butter-milk, which he thought the best food he ever had eaten. . . .

After he had rested upon this hay-mow and fed upon this diet two days and two nights, in the evening before the third night, another fellow, a little above the condition of his host, came to the house, sent from Careless, to conduct the king to another house, more out of any road near which any part of the army was like to march. It was above twelve miles that he was to go, and was to use the same caution he had done the first night, not to go in any common road, which his guide knew well how to avoid. Here he new dressed himself, changing clothes with his landlord; he had a great mind to have kept his own shirt; but he considered, that men are not sooner discovered by any mark in disguises than by having fine linen in ill clothes; and so he parted with his shirt too, and took the same his poor host had then on. Though he had foreseen that he must leave his boots, and his landlord had taken the best care he could to provide an old pair of shoes, yet they were not easy to him when he first put them on, and, in a short time after, grew very grievous to him. In this equipage he set out from his first lodging in the beginning of the night, under the conduct of this guide, who guided him the nearest way, crossing over hedges and ditches, that they might be in least danger of meeting passengerr. This was so grievous a march, and he was so tired, that he was even ready to despair, and to prefer being taken and suffered to rest, before purchasing his safety at that price. His shoes had, after a few miles, hurt him so much, that he had thrown them away, and walked the rest of the way in his ill stockings, which were quickly worn out; and his feet, with the thorns in getting over hedges, and with the stones in other places, were so hurt and wounded, that he many times cast himself upon the ground, with a desperate and obstinate resolution to rest there till the morning, that he might shift with less torment, what hazard soever he run. But his stout guide still prevailed with him to make a new attempt, sometimes promising that the way should be better, and sometimes assuring him that he had but little further to go;

and in this distress and perplexity, before the morning they arrived at the house designed; which though it was better than that which he had left, his lodging was still in the barn, upon straw instead of hay, a place being made as easy in it as the expectation of a guest could dispose it. Here he had such meat and porridge as such people use to have, with which, but especially with the butter and the cheese, he thought himself well feasted; and took the best care he could to be supplied with other, little better, shoes and stockings; and after his feet were enough recovered that he could go, he was conducted from thence to another poor house, within such a distance as put him not to much trouble; for having not yet in his thought which way or by what means to make his escape, all that was designed was only, by shifting from one house to another, to avoid discovery.

Within few days, a very honest and discreet person, one Mr. Hudleston, a Benedictine monk, who attended the service of the Roman Catholics in those parts, came to him, sent by Careless, and was a very great assistance and comfort to him. And when the places to which he carried him were at too great a distance to walk, he provided him a horse, and more proper habit than the rags he wore. This man told him 'that the Lord Willmot lay concealed likewise in a friend's house of his, which his majesty was very glad of, and wished him to contrive some means how they might speak together, which the other easily did; and within a night or two, brought them into one place. Willmot told the king 'that he had by very good-fortune fallen into the house of an honest gentleman, one Mr. Lane, a person of an excellent reputation for his fidelity to the king, but of so universal and general a good name, that, though he had a son who had been a colonel in the king's service during the late war, and was then upon his way with men to Worcester, the very day of the defeat, men of all affections in the country, and of all opinions, paid the old man a very great respect; that he had been very civilly treated there; and that the old gentleman had used some diligence to find out where the king was, that he might get him to his house, where, he was sure, he could conceal him, till he might contrive a full deliverance.' And so they two went together to Mr. Lane's house, where the king found he was welcome, and conveniently accommodated in such places as in a large house had been provided to conceal the persons of malignants, or to preserve goods of value from being plundered. Here he lodged and ate very well, and began to hope that he was in present safety. Willmot returned under the care of the monk, and expected summons when any farther motion should be thought to be necessary.

In this station the king remained in quiet and blessed security many days, receiving every day information of the general consternation the kingdom was in, out of the apprehension that his person might fall into the hands of his enemies, and of the great diligence they used to inquire for him. He saw the proclamation that was issued out and printed, in which a thousand pounds were promised to any man who would deliver and discover the person of Charles Stuart, and the penalty of High treason declared against those who presumed to harbour or conceal him, by which he saw how much he was beholden to all those who were faithful to him. It was now time to consider how he might get near the sea, from whence he might find some means to transport himself.

Mr. Lane had a niece, or very near kinswoman, who was married to a gentleman, one Mr. Norton, a person of eight or nine hundred pounds per annum, who lived within four or five miles of Bristol, which was at least four or five days' journey from the place where the king then was, but a place most to be wished for the king to be in, because he did not only know all that country very well, but knew many persons also to whom, in an extraordinary case, he durst make himself known. It was her upon resolved that Mrs. Lane should visit this cousin, who was known to be of good affections, and that she should ride behind the king, who was fitted with clothes and boots for such a service; and that a servant of her father's, in his livery, should wait upon her. A good house was easily pitched upon for the first night's lodging, where Willmot had notice given him to meet; and in this equipage the king began his journey, the colonel keeping him company at a distance, with a hawk upon his fist, and two or three spaniels, which, where there were any fields at hand, warranted him to ride out of the way, keeping his company still in his eye, and not seeming to be of it. In this manner they came to their first night's lodging; and they need not now contrive to come to their journey's end about the close of the evening, for it was in the month of October far advanced, that the long jour-

says they made could not be despatched sooner. Here the Lord Willmot found them, and their journeys being then adjusted, he was instructed where he should be every night; so they were seldom seen together in the journey, and rarely lodged in the same house at night. In this manner the colonel hawked two or three days, till he had brought them within less than a day's journey of Mr. Norton's house, and then he gave his hawk to the Lord Willmot, who continued the journey in the same exercise.

There was great care taken, when they came to any house, that the king might be presently carried into some chamber, Mrs. Lane declaring 'that he was a neighbour's son, whom his father had lent her to ride before her, in hope that he would the sooner recover from a quartan ague, with which he had been miserably afflicted, and was not yet free.' And by this artifice she caused a good bed to be still provided for him, and the best meat to be sent, which she often carried herself, to hinder others from doing it.

They came to Mr. Norton's house sooner than usual, and it being on a holiday, they saw many people about a bowling-green that was before the door; and the first man the king saw was a chaplain of his own, who was allied to the gentleman of the house, and was sitting upon the rails to see how the bowlers played. William, by which name the king went, walked with his horse into the stable, until his mistress could provide for his retreat. Mrs. Lane was very welcome to her cousin, and was presently conducted to her chamber, where she no sooner was, than she lamented the condition of a 'good youth who came with her, and whom she had borrowed of his father to ride before her, who was very sick, being newly recovered of an ague;' and desired her cousin 'that a chamber might be provided for him, and a good fire made, for that he would go early to bed, and was not fit to be below stairs.' A pretty little chamber was presently made ready, and a fire prepared, and a boy sent into the stable to call William, and to shew him his chamber; who was very glad to be there, freed from so much company as was below. Mrs. Lane was put to find some excuse for making a visit at that time of the year, and so many days' journey from her father, and where she had never been before, though the mistress of the house and she had been bred together, and friends as well as kindred. She pretended 'that she was, after a little rest, to go into Dorsetshire to another friend.' When it was supper-time, there being broth brought to the table, Mrs. Lane filled a little dish, and desired the butler, who waited at the table, 'to carry that dish of porridge to William, and to tell him that he should have some meat sent to him presently.' The butler carried the porridge into the chamber, with a napkin, and spoon, and bread, and spoke kindly to the young man, who was willing to be eating.

The butler, looking narrowly upon him, fell upon his knees, and with tears told him, 'he was glad to see his majesty.' The king was infinitely surprised, yet recollected himself enough to laugh at the man, and to ask him what he meant. The man had been falconer to Sir Thomas Jermyn, and made it appear that he knew well enough to whom he spoke, repeating some particulars which the king had not forgot. Whereupon the king conjured him 'not to speak of what he knew, so much as to his master, though he believed him a very honest man.' The fellow promised, and kept his word; and the king was the better waited upon during the time of his abode there.

Dr. Gorges, the king's chaplain, being a gentleman of a good family near that place, and allied to Mr. Norton, supped with them; and being a man of a cheerful conversation, asked Mrs. Lane many questions concerning William, of whom he saw she was so careful, by sending up meat to him, 'how long his ague had been gone? and whether he had purged since it left him?' and the like; to which she gave such answers as occurred. The doctor, from the final prevalence of the Parliament, had, as many others of that faction had done, declined his profession, and pretended to study physic. As soon as supper was done, out of good-nature, and without telling anybody, he went to see William. The king saw him coming into the chamber, and withdrew to the inside of the bed, that he might be farthest from the candle; and the doctor came and sat down by him, felt his pulse, and asked him many questions, which he answered in as few words as was possible, and expressing great inclination to go to his bed; to which the doctor left him.

After some days' stay here, and communication between the king and the Lord Willmot by letters, the king came to know that Colonel Francis Windham lived

within little more than a day's journey of the place where he was, of which he was very glad: for, besides the inclination he had to his eldest brother, whose wife had been his nurse, this gentleman had behaved himself very well during the war. . . . The king went to the colonel's house, where he rested many days, whilst the colonel projected at what place the king might embark, and how they might procure a vessel to be ready there, which was not easy to find, there being so great a fear of possessing those who were honest, that it was hard to procure any vessel that was outward-bound to take in any passenger.

There was a gentleman, one Mr. Ellison, who lived near Lyme, in Dorsetshire, and was well known to Colonel Windham, having been a captain in the king's army, and was still looked upon as a very honest man. With him the colonel consulted how they might get a vessel to be ready to take in a couple of gentlemen, friends of his, who were in danger to be arrested, and transport them into France. Though no man would ask who the persons were, yet it could not but be suspected who they were; at least they concluded that it was some of Worcester's party. Lyme was generally as malicious and disaffected to a town to the king's interest as any town in England could be, yet there was in it a master of a bark of whose honesty this captain was very confident. This man was lately returned from France, and had unladen his vessel, when Ellison asked him when he would make another voyage. And he answered: 'As soon as he could get lading for his ship.' The other asked, 'whether he would undertake to carry over a couple of gentlemen, and lead them in France, if he might be as well paid for his voyage as he used to be when he was freighted by the merchants?' In conclusion, he told him 'he should receive fifty pounds for his fare.' The large recompense had that effect, that the man undertook it; though he said 'he must make his provision very secretly, for that he might be well suspected for going to sea again without being freighted, after he was formerly returned.' Colonel Windham being advertised of this, came together with the Lord Willmot, to the captain's house, from whence the lord and the captain rid to a house near Lyme, where the master of the bark met them; and the Lord Willmot being satisfied with the discourse of the man, and his wariness in forestalling suspicions which would arise, it was resolved that on such a night, which upon consideration of the tides was agreed upon, the man should draw out his vessel from the pier, and being at sea, should come to such a point about a mile from the town, where his ship should remain upon the beach when the water was gone, which would take it off again about break of day the next morning. There was very near that point, even in the view of it, a small inn, kept by a man who was reputed honest, to which the cavaliers of the country often resorted; and the London road passed that way, so that it was seldom without company. Into that inn the two gentlemen were to come in the beginning of the night, that they might put themselves on board. . . .

They found many passengers in the inn, and so were to be contented with an ordinary chamber, which they did not intend to sleep long in. But as soon as there appeared any light, Willmot went out to discover the bark, of which there was no appearance. In a word, the sun arose, and nothing like a ship in view. They sent to the captain, who was as much amazed; and he sent to the town, and his servant could not find the master of the bark, which was still in the pier. . . .

The truth of the disappointment was this: the man meant honestly, and made all things ready for his departure; and the night he was to go out with his vessel, he had stayed in his own house, and slept two or three hours; and the time of the tide being come that it was necessary to be on board, he took out of a cupboard some linen and other things, which he used to carry with him to sea. His wife had observed that he had been for some days fuller of thoughts than he used to be, and that he had been speaking with seamen who used to go with him, and that some of them had carried provisions on board the bark; of which she had asked her husband the reason, who had told her 'that he was promised freight speedily, and therefore he would make all things ready.' She was sure that there was yet no lading in the ship, and therefore when she saw her husband take all those materials with him, which was a sure sign that he meant to go to sea, and it being late in the night, she shut the door, and swore he should not go out of his house. He told her 'he must go, and was engaged to go to sea that night, for which he should be well paid.' His wife told him 'she was sure he was doing somewhat that would undo him, and she was resolved he should not go out of his house; and if he should persist in it, she would tell the neighbours, and carry him before the mayor to be examined, that the

truth might be found out.' The poor man, thus mastered by the passion and violence of his wife, was forced to yield to her, that there might be no farther noise and so went into his bed. . . .

There was, between that and Salisbury, a very honest gentleman, Colonel Robert Phillips, a younger brother of a very good family, which had always been very loyal, and he had served the king during the war. The king was resolved to trust him, and so sent the Lord Wilmot to a place from whence he might send to Mr. Phillips to come to him; and when he had spoken with him, Mr. Phillips should come to the king, and Wilmot was to stay in such place as they two should agree. Mr. Phillips accordingly came to the colonel's house, which he could do without suspicion, they being nearly allied. The ways were very full of soldiers, which were sent now from this army to their quarters, and many regiments of horse and foot were assigned for the west, of which division Desborough was commander-in-chief. These marches were like to last for many days, and it would not be fit for the king to stay so long in that place. Thereupon he resorted to his old security of taking a woman behind him, a kinswoman of Colonel Windham, whom he carried in that manner to a place not far from Salisbury, to which Colonel Phillips conducted him. In this journey he passed through the middle of a regiment of horse, and, presently after, met Desborough walking down a hill with three or four men with him, who had lodged in Salisbury the night before, all that road being full of soldiers.

The next day, upon the plains, Dr. Hinchman, one of the prebends of Salisbury, met the king, the Lord Wilmot and Phillips then leaving him to go to the sea-coast to find a vessel, the doctor conducting the king to a place called Heale, three miles from Salisbury, belonging then to Serjeant Hyde, who was afterwards Chief-justice of the King's Bench, and then in the possession of the widow of his elder brother—a house that stood alone from neighbours, and from any highway—where coming in late in the evening, he supped with some gentlemen who accidentally were in the house, which could not well be avoided. But the next morning he went early from thence, as if he had continued his journey; and the widow, being trusted with the knowledge of her guest, sent her servants out of the way, and at an hour appointed received him again, and accommodated him in a little room, which had been made since the beginning of the troubles for the concealment of delinquents, the seat always belonging to a Malignant family.

Here he lay concealed, without the knowledge of some gentlemen who lived in the house, and of others who daily resorted thither, for many days; the widow herself only attending him with such things as were necessary, and bringing him such letters as the doctor received from the Lord Wilmot and Colonel Phillips. A vessel being at last provided upon the coast of Sussex, and notice thereof sent to Dr. Hinchman, he sent to the king to meet him at Stonehenge, upon the plains, three miles from Heale, whither the widow took care to direct him; and being there met, he attended him to the place, where Colonel Phillips received him. He, the next day, delivered him to the Lord Wilmot, who went with him to a house in Sussex recommended by Colonel Gunter, a gentleman of that country, who had served the king in the war, who met him there, and had provided a little bark at Bright-helmstone, a small fisher-town, where he went early on board, and, by God's blessing, arrived safely in Normandy.

Character of Oliver Cromwell.

He was one of those men whom his very enemies could not condemn without commending him at the same time; for he could never have done half that mischief without great parts of courage, industry, and judgment. He must have had a wonderful understanding in the natures and humours of men, and as great a dexterity in applying them; who, from a private and obscure birth—though of good family—without interest or estate, alliance or friendship, could raise himself to such a height, and compound and knead such opposite and contradictory tempers, humours, and interests into a consistence, that contributed to his designs, and to their own destruction; whilst himself grew insensibly powerful enough to cut off those by whom he had climbed, in the instant that they projected to demolish their own building. . . . Without doubt, no man with more wickedness ever attempted anything, or brought to pass what he desired more wickedly, more in the face and contempt of religion and moral honesty. Yet wickedness as great as his could never have so-

complished those designs without the assistance of a great spirit, an admirable circumspection and sagacity, and a most magnanimous resolution.

When he appeared first in the parliament, he seemed to have a person in no degree gracious, no ornament of discourse, none of those talents which use to conciliate the affections of the stander-by. Yet as he grew into place and authority, his parts seemed to be raised, as if he had concealed faculties, till he had occasion to use them; and when he was to act the part of a great man, he did it without any indecency, notwithstanding the want of custom.

After he was confirmed and invested Protector by the humble petition and advice, he consulted with very few upon any action of importance, nor communicated any enterprise he resolved upon with more than those who were to have principal parts in the execution of it; nor with them sooner than was absolutely necessary. What he once resolved, in which he was not rash, he would not be dissuaded from, nor endure any contradiction of his power and authority, but extorted obedience from them who were not willing to yield it. . . .

Thus he subdued a spirit that had been often troublesome to the most sovereign power, and made Westminster Hall as obedient and subservient to his commands as any of the rest of his quarters. In all other matters, which did not concern the life of his jurisdiction, he seemed to have great reverence for the law, rarely interposing between party and party. As he proceeded with this kind of indignation and haughtiness with those who were refractory, and durst contend with his greatness, towards all who complied with his good pleasure, and courted his protection, he used great civility, generosity, and bounty.

To reduce three nations, which perfectly hated him, to an entire obedience to all his dictates; to awe and govern those nations by an army that was indebted to him, and wished his ruin, was an instance of very prodigious address. But his greatness at home was but a shadow of the glory he had abroad. It was hard to discover which feared him most, France, Spain, or the Low Countries, where his friendship was current at the value he put upon it. As they did all sacrifice their honour and their interest to his pleasure, so there is nothing he could have demanded that either of them would have denied him. . . .

To conclude his character: Cromwell was not so far a man of blood as to follow Machiavel's method; which prescribes, upon a total alteration of government, as a thing absolutely necessary, to cut off all the heads of those, and extirpate their families, who are friends to the old one. It was confidently reported, that in the council of officers it was more than once proposed 'that there might be a general massacre of all the royal party, as the only expedient to secure the government,' but that Cromwell would never consent to it; it may be, out of too great a contempt of his enemies. In a word, as he was guilty of many crimes against which damnation is denounced, and for which hell-fire is prepared, so he had some good qualities which have caused the memory of some men in all ages to be celebrated; and he will be looked upon by posterity as a brave wicked man.

BULSTRODE WHITELOCKE.

BULSTRODE WHITELOCKE (165-1676), an eminent lawyer, who wrote 'Memorials of English Affairs' from the beginning of the reign of Charles I. to the Restoration, was of principles opposite to those of Lord Clarendon, though, like Selden and other moderate anti-royalists, he was averse to a civil war. Whitelocke was the legal adviser of Hampden during the prosecution of that celebrated patriot for refusing to pay ship-money. As a member of parliament, and one of the commissioners appointed to treat with the king of Oxford, he advocated pacific measures; and, being an enemy to arbitrary power both in church and state, he refused, in the Westminster Assembly for settling the form of church-government, to admit the assumed divine right of presbytery. Under Cromwell he held several high appointments; and during the government of the Pro-

factor's son Richard, acted as one of the keepers of the great seal. At the Restoration, he retired to his estate in Wiltshire, which continued to be his principal residence till his death in 1676. Whitelocke's 'Memorials' not having been intended for publication, are almost wholly written in the form of a diary, and are to be regarded rather as a collection of historical materials than as history itself. In a posthumous volume of 'Essay, Ecclesiastical and Civil,' he strongly advocates religious toleration.

BISHOP BURNET.

GILBERT BURNET, Bishop of Salisbury, was one of the most remarkable men of his age, equally active and equally eminent as an historian, a politician, and a theologian. He was a native of Edinburgh, born September 18, 1643. His father, a lawyer, was a royalist and an Episcopalian, and after the Restoration, was raised to the bench as a Scottish judge. His mother was a no less decided Presbyterian, being a sister of the famous Covenantee leader and republican, Johnstone of Warriston, who was created a peer by Cromwell, and in the subsequent reign of Charles, was, by a mockery of legal forms and of justice, put to death. Young Gilbert Burnet adhered to the Episcopalian side of his house, but his divided parental allegiance in church matters probably first taught him the value of religious toleration. He was an M.A. of Aberdeen University before he was fourteen years of age, and he afterward studied Hebrew under a learned rabbi in Holland. Entering the church, he was five years minister of Salton, in Haddingtonshire, whence he removed to Glasgow as professor of divinity. Always zealous and ambitious, Burnet wrote pamphlets in favour of reconciling the churches, remedying abuses, and vindicating the authority and constitution of the church and state in Scotland. He was offered, but refused, a bishopric; and opposing the Scottish administration of Lauderdale, he removed to London, where he obtained the appointment of preacher at the Rolls Chapel, and lecturer at St. Clement's.

As a preacher, Burnet was highly popular. His appearance and action were commanding, his manner was frank and open, and he was a great master of extemporaneous eloquence. It was then customary for congregations admiring their ministers to express approbation of particular passages by a deep *hum*, and Burnet's hearers, it is said, used to hum so long and loud that he would, during the pause, sit down and wipe the perspiration from his forehead. The hour-glass was also used in the pulpit, and when the stated time for the sermon was exhausted, Burnet's *hummers* would encourage him to turn up the glass and run off the sand once more. His reputation was raised still higher by the publication, in 1679, of the first volume of his 'History of the Reformation of the Church of England,' of which the second volume appeared in 1681, and a supplementary volume in 1714. This able work is still the best history of the im-

portant period of which it treats. 'Some Passages in the Life and Death of the Earl of Rochester'—the libertine peer and poet, whom Burnet had attended on his death-bed—appeared in 1680, and added to the impression of Burnet's talents and piety. Such services seemed to call for church preferment, and Charles would have pressed a bishopric on the popular divine; but Burnet declined court favour. He even went the length of writing a strong remonstrance to the king on the errors of his government and his personal vices. Charles threw the letter into the fire; but when Burnet attended Lord William Russell to the scaffold, and wrote an account of the noble sufferer's last moments, the profligate monarch was so incensed that he discharged Burnet from his lectureship, and prohibited him from preaching at the Rolls Chapel.

The divine, however, went on writing treatises and sermons in favour of toleration, and he compiled *Lives of Sir Matthew Hale and Bishop Bedell* (1692 and 1695). He next travelled in Switzerland and Italy, of which he wrote a narrative; and settling at the Hague in 1686, became one of the counsellors and adherents of the party of William of Orange. In the revolution of 1688, he was one of the chief actors, accompanying William to England in the capacity of chaplain. He was rewarded with the bishopric of Salisbury. As a prelate, Burnet was distinguished for liberality and devoted attention to his duties. He was never indifferent, never idle, and besides discharging the duties of his see, and originating various schemes, he wrote his 'Exposition of the Thirty-nine Articles,' which is still a standard theological work. He died in 1715. Burnet left for publication the work by which he is now most popularly known, the 'History of his Own Time,' giving an outline of the events of the Civil War and Commonwealth, and a full narrative of the succeeding period down to 1713. As he had, under various circumstances, personally known the conspicuous characters of a whole century, and penetrated most of the state secrets of a period nearly as long, he was able to relate events in his memoirs with a fulness and authority not inferior to Clarendon, and in a more easy, idiomatic style, though allowance must also in his case be made for the influence, unconsciously, of political and personal prejudices. Foreseeing that the freedom with which he delivered his opinions and strictures would give offence in many quarters, Burnet left an injunction in his will that his History should not be published till six years after his death, so that it did not make its appearance till 1723, and even then some passages—now restored—were omitted by his sons. Its publication, as might have been expected, was a signal for numerous attacks on the reputation of the author, whose candour and veracity were loudly impeached.

All the Tory and Jacobite pens of the age were pointed against the History. Swift, Dartmouth, Lansdowne, and numerous others, proclaimed it to be grossly partial and inaccurate. Pope and Arbuth-

not ridiculed the egotistic style of Burnet, but Pope asserted that the humorous 'Memoirs of P. P., Clerk of this Parish,' were written during Burnet's lifetime, though not published before 1737. Hume and later historians continued the depreciatory attacks, and, indeed, they cannot yet be said to have ceased. Whoever writes of the period included in Burnet's History, or of its leading public characters, must consult that work; and it presents many points for assault on the part of those who differ from the theological and political views so broadly and complacently advanced by the author. Burnet was a strong partisan, somewhat credulous, and a minute, garrulous describer of events, great and small. But he was emphatically an honest, generous, and good-natured man. He appealed to the God of truth that he had on all occasions in his work told the truth, and, however mistaken he may be on some points, he is justly entitled to the praise of having been a faithful chronicler. That he is a lively and interesting one, has never been disputed. His book is one of the few histories of which the reader never tires. It is a gallery of pictures—some overshadowed, some too bright, but all lifelike. 'It seems,' as Horace Walpole says, 'as if he had just come from the king's closet, or from the apartments of the men whom he describes, and was telling his readers, in plain, honest terms, what he had seen and heard.' The diaries of Evelyn and Pepys may be considered as supplements to Burnet, completing part of the period over which he ranges.

Death and Character of Edward VI.—From the 'History of the Reformation.'

In the beginning of January this year [1553], he was seized with a deep cough, and all medicines that were used did rather increase than lessen it. He was so ill when the parliament met, that he was not able to go to Westminster, but ordered their first meeting and the sermon to be at Whitehall. In the time of his sickness, Bishop Ridley preached before him, and took occasion to run out much on works of charity, and the obligation that lay on men of high condition to be eminent in good works. This touched the king to the quick; so that, presently after the sermon, he sent for the bishop. And, after he had commanded him to sit down by him, and be covered, he resumed most of the heads of the sermon, and said he looked upon himself as chiefly touched by it. He desired him, as he had already given him the exhortation in general, so to direct him to do his duty in that particular. The bishop, astonished at this tenderness in so young a prince, burst forth in tears, expressing how much he was overjoyed to see such inclinations in him; but told him he must take time to think on it, and craved leave to consult with the lord-mayor and court of aldermen. So the king writ by him to them to consult speedily how the poor should be relieved. They considered there were three sorts of poor: such as were so by natural infirmity or folly, as impotent persons, and madmen or idiots; such as were so by accident, as sick or maimed persons; and such as, by their idleness, did cast themselves into poverty. So the king ordered the Greyfriars' church, near Newgate, with the revenues belonging to it, to be a house for orphans; St. Bartholomew's, near Smithfield, to be an hospital; and gave his own house of Bridewell to be a place of correction and work for such as were wilfully idle. He also confirmed and enlarged the grant for the hospital of St. Thomas in Southwark, which he had erected and endowed in August last. And when he set his hand to these foundations, which was not done before the 5th of June this year, he thanked God that had prolonged his life till he had finished that design. So he was the first

frunder of those houses, which, by many great additions since that time, have risen to be amongst the noblest in Europe. . . .

Death thus hastening on him, the Duke of Northumberland, who had done but half his work, except he had got the king's sisters in his hands, got the council to write to them in the king's name, inviting them to come and keep him company in his sickness. But as they were on the way, on the 6th of July, his spirits and body were so sunk, that he found death approaching; and so he composed himself to die in a most devout manner. His whole exercise was in short prayers and ejaculations. The last that he was heard to use was in these words: 'Lord God, deliver me out of this miserable and wretched life, and take me among thy chosen; howbeit, not my will, but thine be done; Lord, I commit my spirit to thee. O Lord, thou knowest how happy it were for me to be with thee; yet, for thy chosen's sake, send me life and health, that I may truly serve thee. O my Lord God, bless my people, and save thine inheritance. O Lord God, save thy chosen people of England; O Lord God, defend this realm from popery, and maintain thy true religion, that I and my people may praise thy holy name, for Jesus Christ his sake.' Seeing some about him, he seemed troubled that they were so near, and had heard him; but with a pleasant countenance, he said he had been praying to God. And soon after, the pangs of death coming upon him, he said to Sir Henry Sidney, who was holding him in his arms: 'I am faint; Lord, have mercy on me, and receive my spirit; and so he breathed out his innocent soul.

Thus died King Edward VI. that incomparable young prince. He was then in the sixteenth year of his age, and was counted the wonder of that time. He was not only learned in the tongues and other liberal sciences, but knew well the state of his kingdom. He kept a book, in which he writ the characters that were given him of all the chief men of the nation, all the judges, lord-lieutenants, and justices of the peace over England: in it he had marked down their way of living and their zeal for religion. He had studied the matter of the mint, with the exchange and value of money; so that he understood it well, as appears by his journal. He also understood fortification, and designed well. He knew all the harbours and ports both of his own dominions and of France and Scotland; and how much water they had, and what was the way of coming into them. He had acquired great knowledge of foreign affairs; so that he talked with the ambassadors about them in such a manner, that they filled all the world with the highest opinion of him that was possible; which appears in most of the histories of that age. He had great quickness of apprehension; and, being mistrustful of his memory, used to take notes of almost everything he heard; he writ these first in Greek characters, that those about him might not understand them; and afterwards writ them out in his journal. He was tender and compassionate in a high measure; so that he was much against taking away the lives of heretics; and therefore said to Crammer, when he persuaded him to sign the warrant for the burning of Joan of Kent, that he was not willing to do it, because he thought that was to send her quick to hell. He expressed great tenderness to the miseries of the poor in his sickness, as hath been already shewn. He took particular care of the suits of all poor persons; and gave Dr. Cox special charge to see that their petitions were speedily answered, and used oft to consult with him how to get their matters set forward. He was an exact keeper of his word; and therefore, as appears by his journal, was most careful to pay his debts, and to keep his credit, knowing that to be the chief nerve of government; since a prince that breaks his faith, and loses his credit, has thrown up that which he can never recover, and made himself liable to perpetual distrusts and extreme contempt.

Character of Archbishop Leighton—Account of his Death.—From Burnet's History of his Own Time.

He was the son of Dr. Leighton, who had in Archbishop Laud's time writ 'Zion's Plea against the Prelates,' for which he was condemned in the Star-chamber to have his ears cut and his nose slit. He was a man of a violent and ungoverned heat. He sent his eldest son Robert to be bred in Scotland, who was accounted a saint from his youth up. He had great quickness of parts, a lively apprehension, with a charming vivacity of thought and expression. He had the greatest command of the purest Latin that ever I knew in any man. He was a master both of Greek

and Hebrew, and of the whole compass of theological learning, chiefly in the study of the Scriptures. But that which excelled all the rest was, he was possessed with the highest and noblest sense of divine things that I ever saw in any man. He had no regard to his person, unless it was to mortify it by a constant low diet, that was like a perpetual fast. He had a contempt both of wealth and reputation. He seemed to have the lowest thoughts of himself possible, and to desire that all other persons should think as meanly of him as he did himself. He bore all sorts of ill-usage and reproach like a man that took pleasure in it. He had so subdued the natural heat of his temper, that in a great variety of accidents, and in a course of twenty-two years' intimate conversation with him, I never observed the least sign of passion but upon one single occasion. He brought himself into so composed a gravity, that I never saw him laugh, and but seldom smile. And he kept himself in such a constant recollection, that I do not remember that ever I heard him say one idle word. There was a visible tendency in all he said to raise his own mind, and those he conversed with, to serious reflections. He seemed to be in a perpetual meditation. And, though the whole course of his life was strict and ascetical, yet he had nothing of the sourness of temper that generally possesses men of that sort. He was the farthest from superstition, of censuring others, or of imposing his own methods on them, possible; so that he did not so much as recommend them to others. He said there was a diversity of tempers, and every man was to watch over his own, and to turn it in the best manner he could. His thoughts were lively, oft out of the way, and surprising, yet just and genuine. And he had laid together in his memory the greatest treasure of the best and wisest of all the ancient sayings of the heathens as well as Christians, that I have ever known any man master of; and he used them in the aptest manner possible. He had been bred up with the greatest aversion imaginable to the whole frame of the Church of England. From Scotland, his father sent him to travel. He spent some years in France, and spoke that language like one born there. He came afterwards and settled in Scotland, and had Presbyterian ordination; but he quickly broke through the prejudices of his education. His preaching had a sublimity both of thought and expression in it. The grace and gravity of his pronunciation was such, that few heard him without a very sensible emotion: I am sure I never did. His style was rather too fine; but there was a majesty and beauty in it that left so deep an impression, that I cannot yet forget the sermons I heard him preach thirty years ago. And yet with this he seemed to look on himself as so ordinary a preacher, that while he had a cure, he was ready to employ all others. And when he was a bishop, he chose to preach to small auditors, and would never give notice beforehand: he had, indeed, a very low voice, and so could not be heard by a great crowd.

Upon his coming to me [in London], I was amazed to see him, at above seventy, look so fresh and well, that age seemed as it were to stand still with him. His hair was still black, and all his motions were lively. He had the same quickness of thought and strength of memory, but, above all, the same heat and life of devotion, that I had ever seen in him. When I took notice to him upon my first seeing him how well he looked, he told me he was very near his end, for all that, and his work and journey both were now almost done. This at that time made no great impression on me. He was the next day taken with an oppression, and as it seemed with a cold and with stitches, which was indeed a pleurisy.

The next day Leighton sunk so that both speech and sense went away of a sudden: and he continued panting about twelve hours, and then died without pangs or convulsions. I was by him all the while. Thus I lost him who had been for so many years the chief guide of my whole life. He had lived ten years in Sussex, in great privacy, dividing his time wholly between study and retirement and the doing of good; for in the parish where he lived, and in the parishes round about, he was always employed in preaching and in reading prayers. He distributed all he had in charities, choosing rather to have it go through other people's hands than his own; for I was his almoner in London. He had gathered a well-chosen library of curious as well as useful books, which he left to the diocese of Dunblane for the use of the clergy there, that country being ill provided with books. He lamented oft to me the stupidity that he observed among the commons of England, who seemed to be much more insensible in the matters of religion than the commons of Scotland were. He retained still a peculiar inclination to Scotland; and if he had seen any prospect of doing good there, he would have gone and lived and died among them.

There were two remarkable circumstances in his death. He used often to say, that if he were to choose a place to die in, it should be an inn; it looking like a pilgrim's going home, to whom this world was all as an inn, and who was weary of the noise and confusion in it. He added, that the officious tenderness and care of friends was an entanglement to a dying man; and that the unconcerned attendance of those that could be procured in such a place would give less disturbance. And he obtained what he desired, for he died at the Bell Inn in Warwick Lane. Another circumstance was, that while he was bishop in Scotland, he took what his tenants were pleased to pay him. So that there was a great arrear due, which was raised slowly by one whom he left in trust with his affairs there. And the last payment that he could expect from thence was returned up to him about six weeks before his death. So that his provision and journey failed both at once.

Character of Charles II.—From the same.

Thus lived and died King Charles II. He was the greatest instance in history of the various revolutions of which any one man seemed capable. He was bred up the first twelve years of his life with the splendour that became the heir of so great a crown. After that, he passed through eighteen years of great inequalities; unhappy in the war, in the loss of his father, and of the crown of England. Scotland did not only receive him, though upon terms hard of digestion, but made an attempt upon England for him, though a feeble one. He lost the battle of Worcester with too much indifference. And then he shewed more care of his person than became one who had so much at stake. He wandered about England for ten weeks after that, hiding from place to place. But, under all the apprehensions he had then upon him, he shewed a temper so careless, and so much turned to levity, that he was then diverting himself with little household sports, in as unconcerned a manner as if he had made no loss, and had been in no danger at all. He got at last out of England. But he had been obliged to so many who had been faithful to him, and careful of him, that he seemed afterwards to resolve to make an equal return to them all; and finding it not easy to reward them all as they deserved, he forgot them all alike. Most princes seem to have this pretty deep in them, and to think that they ought never to remember past services, but that their acceptance of them is a full reward. He, of all in our age, exerted this piece of prerogative in the amplest manner; for he never seemed to charge his memory, or to trouble his thoughts, with the sense of any of the services that had been done him.

While he was abroad at Paris, Cologne, or Brussels, he never seemed to lay anything to heart. He pursued all his diversions and irregular pleasures in a free career, and seemed to be as serene under the loss of a crown as the greatest philosopher could have been. Nor did he willingly hearken to any of those projects with which he often complained that his chancellor persecuted him. That in which he seemed most concerned was, to find money for supporting his expense. And it was often said, that if Cromwell would have compounded the matter and have given him a good round pension that he might have been induced to resign his title to him. During his exile, he delivered himself so entirely to his pleasures, that he became incapable of application. He spent little of his time in reading or study, and yet less in thinking. And in the state his affairs were then in, he accustomed himself to say to every person, and upon all occasions, that which he thought would please most; so that words or promises went very easily from him. And he had so ill an opinion of mankind, that he thought the great art of living and governing was, to manage all things and all persons with a depth of craft and dissimulation. And in that few men in the world could put on the appearances of sincerity better than he could; under which so much artifice was usually hid, that in conclusion he could deceive none, for all were become mistrustful of him. He had great vices, but scarce any virtues to correct them. He had in him some vices that were less hurtful, which corrected his more hurtful ones. He was, during the active part of life, given up to sloth and lewdness to such a degree, that he hated business, and could not bear the engaging in anything that gave him much trouble, or put him under any constraint. And though he desired to become absolute, and to overturn both our religion and our laws, yet he would neither run the risk, nor give himself the trouble which so great a design required. He had an appearance of gentleness in his outward deportment; but he seemed to have no bowels nor tenderness in his nature, and in the

end of his life he became cruel. He was apt to forgive all crimes, even blood itself, yet he never forgave anything that was done against himself, after his first and general act of indemnity, which was to be reckoned as done rather upon maxims of state than inclinations of mercy. He delivered himself up to a most enormous course of vice, without any sort of restraint, even from the consideration of the nearest relations. The most studied extravagances that way seemed, to the very last, to be much delighted in and pursued by him. He had the art of making all people grow fond of him at first, by a softness in his whole way of conversation, as he was certainly the best bred man of the age. But when it appeared how little could be built on his promises, they were cured of the fondness that he was apt to raise in them. When he saw young men of quality, who had something more than ordinary in them, he drew them about him, and set himself to corrupt them both in religion and morality; in which he proved so unhappily successful, that he left England much changed at his death from what he had found it at his restoration. He loved to talk over all the stories of his life to every new man that came about him. His stay in Scotland, and the share he had in the war of Paris, in carrying messages from the one side to the other, were his common topics. He went over these in a very graceful manner, but so often and so copiously, that all those who had been long accustomed to them grew weary of them; and when he entered on those stories, they usually withdrew: so that he often began them in a full audience, and before he had done, there were not above four or five persons left about him: which drew a severe jest from Wilmot, Earl of Rochester. He said he wondered to see a man have so good a memory as to repeat the same story without losing the least circumstance, and yet not remember that he had told it to the same persons the very day before. This made him fond of strangers, for they hearkened to all his often-repeated stories, and went away as in a rapture at such an uncommon condescension in a king.

His person and temper, his vices as well as his fortunes, resemble the character that we have given us of Tiberius so much, that it were easy to draw the parallel between them. Tiberius's banishment, and his coming afterwards to reign, makes the comparison in that respect come pretty near. His hating of business, and his love of pleasures; his raising of favourites, and trusting them entirely; and his pulling them down, and hating them excessively; his art of covering deep designs, particularly of revenge, with an appearance of softness, brings them so near a likeness, that I did not wonder much to observe the resemblance of their faces and persons. At Rome, I saw one of the last statues made for Tiberius, after he had lost his teeth. But, bating the alteration which that made, it was so like King Charles, that Prince Borghese and Signior Dominico, to whom it belonged, did agree with me in thinking that it looked like a statue made for him.

Few things ever went near his heart. The Duke of Gloucester's death seemed to touch him much. But those who knew him best, thought it was because he had lost him by whom only he could have balanced the surviving brother, whom he hated, and yet embroiled all his affairs to preserve the succession to him.

His ill conduct in the first Dutch war, and those terrible calamities of the plague and fire of London, with that loss and reproach which he suffered by the insult at Chatham, made all people conclude there was a curse upon his government. His throwing the public hatred at that time upon Lord Clarendon was both unjust and ungrateful. And when his people had brought him out of all his difficulties upon his entering into the triple alliance, his selling that to France, and his entering on the second Dutch war with as little colour as he had for the first; his beginning it with the attempt on the Dutch Smyrna fleet, the shutting up the exchequer, and his declaration for toleration, which was a step for the introduction of popery, make such a chain of black actions, flowing from blacker designs, that it amazed those who had known all this to see with what impudent strains of flattery addresses were penned during his life, and yet more grossly after his death. His contributing so much to the raising the greatness of France, chiefly at sea, was such an error, that it could not flow from want of thought, or of true sense. Rouvigny told me he desired that all the methods the French took in the increase and conduct of their naval force might be sent him; and he said he seemed to study them with concern and zeal. He shewed what errors they committed, and how they ought to be corrected, as if he had been a viceroy to France, rather than a king that ought to have watched over and prevented the progress they made, as the greatest of all the mischiefs that could happen to him or to his people. They that judged the most favourably of this,

thought it was done out of revenge to the Dutch, that, with the assistance of so great a fleet as France could join to his own, he might be able to destroy them. But others put a worse construction on it; and thought, that seeing he could not quite master or deceive his subjects by his own strength and management, he was willing to help forward the greatness of the French at sea, that by their assistance he might more certainly subdue his own people; according to what was generally believed to have fallen from Lord Clifford, if the king must be in a dependence, it was better to pay it to a great and generous king, than to five hundred of his own insolent subjects.

No part of his character looked wicked, as well as meaner, than that he, all the while that he was professing to be of the Church of England, expressing both zeal and affection to it, was yet secretly reconciled to the Church of Rome; thus mocking God, and deceiving the world with so gross a pervarication. And his not having the honesty or courage to own it at the last; his not showing any sign of the least remorse for his ill-led life, or any tenderness either for his subjects in general, or for the queen and his servants; and his recommending only his mistresses and their children to his brother's care, would have been a strange conclusion to any other's life, but was well enough suited to all the other parts of his.

The Czar Peter in England in 1698.—From the same.

I mentioned, in the relation of the former year, the Czar's coming out of his own country; on which I will now enlarge. He came this winter over to England, and stayed some months among us. I waited often on him, and was ordered, both by the king and the archbishop and bishops, to attend upon him, and to offer him such informations of our religion and constitution as he was willing to receive. I had good interpreters, so I had much free discourse with him. He is a man of a very hot temper, soon inflamed, and very brutal in his passion. He raises his natural heat by drinking much brandy, which he rectifies himself with great application; he is subject to convulsive motions all over his body, and his head seems to be affected with these; he wants not capacity, and has a larger measure of knowledge than might be expected from his education, which was very indifferent; a want of judgment, with an instability of temper, appear in him too often and too evidently: he is mechanically turned, and seems designed by nature rather to be a ship-carpenter than a great prince. This was his chief study and exercise while he stayed here; he wrought much with his own hands, and made all about him work at the models of ships. He told me he designed a great fleet at Asoph, and with it to attack the Turkish empire; but he did not seem capable of conducting so great a design, though his conduct in his wars since this has discovered a greater genius in him than appeared at that time. He was desirous to understand our doctrine, but he did not seem disposed to mend matters in Moscow. He was indeed resolved to encourage learning, and to polish his people by sending some of them to travel in other countries, and to draw strangers to come and live among them. He seemed apprehensive still of his sister's intrigues. There was a mixture both of passion and severity in his temper. He is resolute, but understands little of war, and seemed not at all inquisitive that way. After I had seen him often, and had conversed much with him, I could not but adore the depth of the providence of God, that had raised up such a furious man to so absolute an authority over so great a part of the world.

David, considering the great things God had made for the use of man, broke out into the meditation: 'What is man that thou art so mindful of him?' But here there is an occasion for reversing these words, since man seems a very contemptible thing in the sight of God, while such a person as the Czar has such multitudinous power, as it were, under his feet, exposed to his restless jealousy and savage temper. He went from hence to the court of Vienna, where he purposed to have stayed some time; but he was called home, sooner than he had intended, upon a discovery or a suspicion of intrigues managed by his sister. The strangers, to whom he trusted most, were so true to him, that those designs were crushed before he could back. But on this occasion he let loose his fury on all whom he suspected. Some hundreds of them were hanged all round Moscow; and it was said that he cut off many heads with his own hand. And so far was he from relenting, or shewing any sort of tenderness, that he seemed delighted with it. How long he is to be the scourge of that nation, or of his neighbors, God only knows. [The Czar died in 1725.] So extraordinary an incident will, I hope, justify such a digression.

Character of William III.—From the same.

Thus lived and died William III. King of Great Britain, and Prince of Orange. He had a thin and weak body, was brown-haired, and of a clear and delicate constitution. He had a Roman eagle nose, bright and sparkling eyes, a large front, and a countenance composed to gravity and authority. All his senses were critical and exquisite. He was always asthmatical; and the dregs of the small-pox falling on his lungs, he had a constant deep cough. His behaviour was solemn and serious, seldom cheerful, and but with a few. He spoke little and very slowly, and most commonly with a disgusting dryness, which was his character at all times, except in a day of battle; for then he was all fire, though without passion; he was then everywhere, and looked to everything. He had no great advantage from his education. De Witt's discourses were of great use to him; and he, being apprehensive of the observation of those who were looking narrowly into everything he said or did, had brought himself under a habitual caution, that he could never shake off; though in another scene it proved as hurtful as it was then necessary to his affairs. He spoke Dutch, French, English, and German equally well; and he understood the Latin, Spanish, and Italian, so that he was well fitted to command armies composed of several nations. He had a memory that amazed all about him, for it never failed him. He was an exact observer of men and things. His strength lay rather in a true discerning and a sound judgment, than in imagination or invention. His designs were always great and good. But it was thought he trusted too much to that, and that he did not descend enough to the humours of his people to make himself and his notions more acceptable to them. This, in a government that has so much of freedom in it as ours, was more necessary than he was inclined to believe. His reservedness grew on him, so that it disgusted most of those that served him; but he had observed the errors of too much talking, more than those of too cold a silence. He did not like contradiction, nor to have his actions censured; but he loved to employ and favour those who had the arts of complacency, yet he did not love flatterers. His genius lay chiefly to war, in which his courage was more admired than his conduct. Great errors were often committed by him; but his heroic courage set things right, as it inflamed those who were about him. He was too lavish of money on some occasions, both in his buildings and to his favourites, but too sparing in rewarding services, or in encouraging those who brought intelligence. He was apt to take ill impressions of people, and these stuck long with him; but he never carried them to indecent revenges. He gave too much way to his own humour, almost in everything, not excepting that which related to his own health. He knew all foreign affairs well, and understood the state of every court in Europe very particularly. He instructed his own ministers himself, but he did not apply enough to affairs at home. He tried how he could govern us, by balancing the two parties one against another; but he came at last to be persuaded that the Tories were irreconcilable to him, and he was resolved to try and trust them no more. He believed the truth of the Christian religion very firmly, and he expressed a horror at atheism and blasphemy; and though there was much of both in his court, yet it was always denied to him and kept out of sight. He was most exemplarily decent and devout in the public exercises of the worship of God; only on week days he came too seldom to them. He was an attentive hearer of sermons, and was constant in his private prayers, and in reading the Scriptures; and when he spoke of religious matters, which he did not often, it was with a becoming gravity. He was much possessed with the belief of absolute decrees. He said to me he adhered to these, because he did not see how the belief of Providence could be maintained upon any other supposition. His indifference as to the forms of church-government, and his being jealous for toleration, together with his cold behaviour towards the clergy, gave them generally very ill impressions of him. In his deportment towards all about him, he seemed to make little distinction between the good and the bad, and those who served well, or those who served him ill. He loved the Dutch, and was much beloved among them; but the ill returns he met from the English nation, their jealousies of him, and their perverseness towards him, had too much soured his mind, and had in a great measure alienated him from them; which he did not take care enough to conceal, though he saw the ill effects this had upon his business. He grew, in his last years, too remiss and careless as to all affairs, till the treacheries of France awakened him, and the dreadful conjunction of the monarchies gave so loud an alarm to all Europe; for a watching over

that court, and a bestirring himself against their practices, was the prevailing passion of his whole life. Few men had the art of concealing and governing passion more than he had; yet few men had stronger passions, which were seldom felt but by inferior servants, to whom he usually made such recompenses for any sudden or incontinent vents he might give his anger, that they were glad at every time that it broke upon them. He was too easy to the faults of those about him, when they did not lie in his own way, or cross any of his designs; and he was so apt to think that his ministers might grow insolent, if they should find that they had much credit with him, that he seemed to have made it a maxim to let them often feel how little power they had even in small matters. His favourites had a more entire power, but he accustomed them only to inform him of things, but to be sparing in offering advice, except when it was asked. It was not easy to account for the reasons of the favour that he shewed, in the highest instances, to two persons beyond all others, the Earls of Portland and Albemarle, they being in all respects men not only of different, but of opposite characters. Secrecy and fidelity were the only qualities in which it could be said that they did in any sort agree. I have now run through the chief branches of his character. I had occasion to know him well, having observed him very carefully in a course of sixteen years. I had a large measure of his favour, and a free access to him all the while, though not at all times to the same degree. The freedom that I used with him was not always acceptable; but he saw that I served him faithfully; so after some intervals of coldness, he always returned to a good measure of confidence in me. I was, in many great instances, much obliged by him; but that was not my chief bias to him; I considered him as a person raised up by God to resist the power of France, and the progress of tyranny and persecution. The series of the five Princes of Orange that was now ended in him, was the noblest succession of heroes that we find in any history. And the thirty years, from the year 1672 to his death, in which he acted so great a part, carry in them so many amazing steps of a glorious and distinguishing Providence, that, in the words of David, he may be called 'The man of God's right hand, whom he made strong for himself.' After all the abatements that may be allowed for his errors and faults, he ought still to be reckoned among the greatest princes that our history, or indeed that any other, can afford. He died in a critical time for his own glory, since he had formed a great alliance, and had projected the whole scheme of the war; so that if it succeeds, a great part of the honour of it will be ascribed to him; and if otherwise, it will be said he was the soul of the alliance, that did both animate and knit it together, and that it was natural for that body to die and fall asunder, when he who gave it life was withdrawn. Upon his death, some moved for a magnificent funeral; but it seemed not decent to run into unnecessary expense, when we were entering upon a war that must be maintained at a vast charge. So a private funeral was resolved on. But for the honour of his memory, a noble monument and an equestrian statue were ordered. Some years must show whether these things were really intended, or if they were only spoke of to excuse the privacy of his funeral, which was scarce decent, so far was it from being magnificent.

COUNT GRAMMONT.

In 1713 appeared a semi-historical work, relating to the court of Charles II.—the '*Mémoires du Comte de Grammont*,' translated into English in 1714, and still a popular English work. The best edition is that of 1811, which has copious notes, some of which are said to have been contributed by Sir Walter Scott. The author, ANTHONY HAMILTON (1646-1720), was related by birth to the noble Scotch family of Hamilton, and to the Irish ducal family of Ormond. His sister married Count Grammont, who arrived in England from France in 1662, and was one of the most brilliant and accomplished adventurers at Whitehall, 'the court of Paphos.' In his old age it appears, the count dictated his memoirs to his brother-in-law, and the scandalous chronicle is allowed to be a truthful narrative. It exhibits the king and court in dishabille—and something more.

ARTHUR WILSON—SIR ANTHONY WELDON—SIR RICHARD BAKER.

Some inferior historians, annalists, and antiquaries may here be noticed. They may be considered as the pioneers or camp-attendants of the regular acknowledged historians.

ARTHUR WILSON (1596-1652) was secretary to Robert, Earl of Essex, the Parliamentary general in the Civil Wars; and afterwards became steward to the Earl of Warwick. He left in manuscript a work on 'The Life and Reign of King James I.' which was published in 1653. A comedy of his, entitled 'The Inconstant Lady,' was printed at Oxford, edited by Dr. Bliss, in 1814. Arthur Wilson's work on the reign of James I. is termed by Heylin 'a most famous pasquill.'

A more unfavourable picture of the same period is given in the 'Court and Character of King James, Written and Taken by Sir A. W. being an Eye and Ear Witness,' 1650. The writer, SIR ANTHONY WELDON, had been Clerk of the Kitchen to the king, and accompanied him to Scotland in 1617, but, writing a depreciatory account of Scotland, he was dismissed from office. He revenged himself by drawing up this sketch of the court and its monarch, in which a graphic, though overcharged description of James—his personal appearance, habits, oddities, &c.—is presented.

SIR RICHARD BAKER (1548-1645) was author of a 'Chronicle' long popular in England, particularly among country gentlemen. Addison makes it the favourite book of Sir Roger de Coverley. Baker was knighted by James I. in 1603, and in 1620 became high-sheriff for Oxfordshire, in which he possessed considerable property. Afterwards, having imprudently engaged for the payment of debts contracted by his wife's family, he became insolvent, and spent several years in the Fleet Prison, where he died in 1645. While in durance, he wrote 'Meditations and Disquisitions' on portions of Scripture, translated Balzac's 'Letters' and Malvezzi's 'Discourses on Tacitus,' and composed two pieces in defence of the theatre. His principal work, however, was that already referred to, entitled 'A Chronicle of the Kings of England, from the Time of the Romans' Government unto the Death of King James.' This work, which appeared in 1641, the author complacently declares to be 'collected with so great care and diligence, that if all other of our chronicles were lost, this only would be sufficient to inform posterity of all passages memorable or worthy to be known.' Notwithstanding such high pretensions, the 'Chronicle' was afterwards proved by Thomas Blount, in 'Animadversions' published in 1672, to contain many gross errors. The style of Baker, which is superior to his matter, is described in a letter written to him by his former college-friend, Sir Henry Wotton, as 'full of sweet raptures and of researching conceits; nothing borrowed, nothing vulgar, and yet all flowing from you, I know not how, with a certain equal facility.'

DUGDALE—ANTHONY A WOOD—ASHMOLE.

SIR WILLIAM DUGDALE (1605–1686) was highly distinguished for his knowledge of heraldry and antiquities. His work, entitled ‘The Baronage of England,’ is esteemed as without a rival in its own department; and his ‘Antiquities of Warwickshire Illustrated’ (1656) has been placed in the foremost rank of county histories. He published also a ‘History of St. Paul’s Cathedral,’ and three volumes of a great work, entitled ‘Monasticon Anglicanum’ (1655–1678), intended to embrace the history of the monastic and other religious foundations which existed in England before the Reformation. Besides several other publications, Dugdale left a large collection of manuscripts, which are now to be found in the Bodleian Library at Oxford and at the Heralds’ College.—ANTHONY A WOOD (1632–1695), a native of Oxford, was attached to similar pursuits. He published, in 1691, a well-known work, entitled ‘Athenæ Oxonienses,’ being an account of the lives and writings of almost all the eminent authors educated at Oxford, and many of those educated at the university of Cambridge. Wood appears to have been a diligent and careful collector, though frequently misled by narrow-minded prejudices and hastily formed opinions. He compiled also a work on the History and Antiquities of the University of Oxford, which was published only in Latin, the translation into that language being made by Dr. Fell, bishop of Oxford.—ELIAS ASHMOLE (1617–1692), a famous antiquary and virtuoso, was a friend of Sir William Dugdale, whose daughter he married. In the earlier part of his life he was addicted to astrology and alchemy, but afterwards devoted his attention more exclusively to antiquities, heraldry, and the collection of coins and other rarities. His most celebrated work, entitled ‘The Institution, Laws, and Ceremonies of the Most Noble Order of the Garter,’ was published in 1672. A collection of relics, books, and manuscripts, which he presented to the university of Oxford, constituted the foundation of the Ashmolean Museum.

AUBREY—RYMER.

JOHN AUBREY (1626–1700) studied at Oxford, and, while there, aided in the collection of materials for Dugdale’s ‘Monasticon Anglicanum;’ at a later period, he furnished valuable assistance to Anthony a Wood. His only published work is a collection of popular superstitions relative to dreams, portents, ghosts, witchcraft, &c., under the title of ‘Miscellanies.’ His manuscripts, of which many are preserved in the Ashmolean Museum and the library of the Royal Society, prove his researches to have been very extensive, and have furnished much useful information to later antiquaries. Aubrey has been too harshly censured by Gifford as a credulous fool; yet it must be admitted that his power of discrimination was small. His ‘Letters,’ consisting chiefly of biographical facts, communicated to Anthony a Wood, were published in three volumes in 1813.

THOMAS RYMER (*circa* 1638–1713), appointed royal historiographer in 1692, published the *Fœdera*, a most valuable collection of public treaties and compacts, filling fifteen folio volumes, to which ROBERT SANDERSON (1660–1741) made a continuation, extending the work to twenty volumes (1704–1735). Rymer began his career as a dramatist and critic, but nothing can be worse in taste or judgment than his remarks on Shakspeare and other poets. ‘I have thought,’ he says, ‘our poetry of the last age as rude as our architecture,’ and he speaks of ‘that “Paradise Lost” of Milton’s, which some are pleased to call a poem!’

THEOLOGICALS.

BISHOP ANDREWS.

In 1631, ‘by his majesty’s special commandment,’ were published ‘Ninety-six Sermons’ by DR. LANCELOT ANDREWS or ANDREWES (1555–1626), bishop of Winchester, and a privy-councillor—a prelate who had the singular good fortune to enjoy the favour of three successive sovereigns, and whose death was mourned by the youthful muse of Milton. Andrews was the most learned divine of his day, excepting Usher, and was styled ‘Stella Prædicatorum’—the star of preachers. When the Jesuit Bellarmine attacked King James’s treatise on the ‘Rights of Kings,’ the duty of defending the royal author devolved on Andrews, who acquitted himself so much to the satisfaction of James, that he appointed him to the see of Chichester, and made him his almoner. As a prelate, Andrews was in favour of the high-church doctrines and ceremonial, of which Laud became the representative, but he was more noted for his learning, his wit, charity, and munificence.* His sermons are deformed by pedantry and conceit, but display a lively fancy and power of ingenious exposition and illustration. In patristic theology, or knowledge of the early Fathers of the church, Andrews was unrivalled in his day. The following extracts shew his peculiar style:

Angels and Men.

1. What are angels? Surely they are spirits, immortal spirits. For their nature or substance, spirits; for their quality or property, glorious; for their place or abode, heavenly; for their duration or continuance, immortal.

And what is the seed of Abraham, but as Abraham himself? And what is Abra-

* Bacon quotes some of the lively sayings of Andrews, and Walker relates the following anecdote of the popular prelate. Dr. Neile, bishop of Durham, and Andrews were standing behind the king’s chair at dinner, when James suddenly turned to them and said: ‘My lords, cannot I take my subjects’ money when I want it, without all this formality in parliament?’ Neile replied: ‘God forbid, sir, but you should; you are the breath of our nostrils.’ The king then addressed Andrews: ‘Well, my lord, and what say you?’ ‘Sir,’ replied Andrews, ‘I have no skill to judge of parliamentary cases.’ The king answered: ‘No puts-off, my lord; answer me presently.’ ‘Then, sir,’ said he, ‘I think it lawful for you to take my brother Neile’s money, for he offers it.’

ham? Let him answer himself; I am dust and ashes. What is the seed of Abraham? Let one answer in the persons of all the rest; *dicens putredinis*, &c. saying to rottenness, thou art my mother, and to the worms, ye are my brethren. They are spirits; now what are we, what is the seed of Abraham? Flesh. And what is the very harvest of this seed of flesh? What but corruption, and rottenness, and worms. There is the substance of our bodies.

2. They glorious spirits; we vile bodies (bear with it, it is the Holy Ghost's own term, who shall change our vile bodies). And not only base and vile, but filthy and unclean; *ex immundo conceptum semine*, conceived of unclean seed: there is the moral. And the mould is no better, the womb wherein we were conceived, vile, base, filthy, and unclean. There is our quality.

3. They heavenly spirits, angels of heaven: that is, their place of abode is in heaven above, ours is here below in the dust; *inter pulices, et cucurculos, tinnas, araneas, et vermes*; our place is here among fleas and flies, moths, and spiders, and crawling worms. There is our place of dwelling.

4. They are immortal spirits; that is their durance. Our time is proclaimed in the prophet, flesh, all flesh is grass, and the glory of it as the flowers of the field (from April to June). The scythe cometh; nay, the wind but bloweth, and we are gone, withering sooner than the grass, which is short: nay, fading sooner than the flower of the grass, which is much shorter: nay, saith Job, rubbed in pieces more easily than any moth.

This we are to them if you lay us together; and if you weigh us upon the balance, we are altogether lighter than vanity itself; there is our weight. And if you value us, man is but a thing of nought: there is our worth. *Hoc in omnis homo*; this is Abraham, and this is Abraham's seed; and who would stand to compare these with angels? Verily, there is no comparison; they are incomparably far better than the best of us.

Do Good.

I see there is a strange hatred and a bitter gainsaying everywhere stirred up against unpraching prelates (as you term them) and pastors that feed themselves only: and they are well worthy. If I might see the same hatred begun among yourselves, I would think it sincere. But that I cannot see. For that which a slothful divine is in things spiritual, that is a rich man for himself and nobody else in things carnal: and they are not pointed at. Be sure you have your harvest, as well as ours, and that a great harvest. Lift up your eyes, and see the streets round about you; the harvest is verily great, and the labourers few. Let us pray (both) that the Lord would thrust out labourers into both these harvests: that the treasures of knowledge being opened, they may have the bread of eternal life; and the treasures of well-doing being opened, they may have the bread of this life; and so they may want neither.

ARCHBISHOP USHER.

JAMES USHER or USSHER, the celebrated archbishop of Armagh, was born in Dublin, January 4, 1580 (o.s.), son to one of the clerks in Chancery. He would have devoted himself to law, had not the death of his father, whose wishes pointed to that profession, allowed him to follow his own inclination for theology. He succeeded to his father's estate, but, wishing to devote himself uninterruptedly to study, gave it up to his brother, reserving for himself only a sufficiency for his maintenance at college and the purchase of books. In 1606 he visited England, and became intimate with Camden and Sir Robert Cotton, to the former of whom he communicated some valuable particulars about the ancient state of Ireland and the history of Dublin: these were afterwards inserted by Camden in his 'Britannia.' For thirteen years subsequently to 1607, Usher filled the chair of Divinity in the university of Dublin, in performing the

duties of which he confined his attention chiefly to the controversies between the Protestants and Catholics. At the convocation of the Irish clergy in 1615, when they determined to assert their independence as a national church, the articles drawn up on the occasion emanated chiefly from his pen; and by asserting in them the Calvinistic doctrines of election and reprobation in their broadest aspect, as well as by his advocacy of the rigorous observance of the Sabbath, and his known opinion that bishops were not a distinct order in the church, but only superior in degree to presbyters, he exposed himself to the charge of being a favourer of Puritanism. Having been accused as such to the king, he went over to England in 1619, and, in a conference with his majesty, so fully cleared himself, that he was ere long appointed to the see of Meath, and in 1624 to the archbishopric of Armagh.

During the political agitation of Charles's reign, Usher, in a treatise entitled 'The Power of the Prince, and Obedience of the Subject,' maintained the absolute unlawfulness of taking up arms against the king. The Irish rebellion, in 1641, drove him to England, where he settled at Oxford, then the residence of Charles. Subsequently, the Civil War caused him repeatedly to change his abode, which was finally the Countess of Peterborough's seat at Ryegate, where he died in 1656, at the age of seventy-five. Most of his writings relate to ecclesiastical history and antiquities, and were mainly intended to furnish arguments against the Catholics; but the production for which he is chiefly celebrated is a great chronological work, entitled 'Annals,' or 'Annals,' the first part of which was published in 1650, and the second in 1654. It is a chronological digest of universal history, from the creation of the world to the dispersion of the Jews in Vespasian's reign. The author intended to add a third part, but died before accomplishing his design. In this work, which was received with great applause by the learned throughout Europe, and has been several times reprinted on the continent, the author, by fixing the three epochs of the deluge, the departure of the Israelites from Egypt, and their return from Babylon, reconciled the chronologies of sacred and profane history; and down to the present time, his chronological system is that which is generally received. Usher conformed strictly to the Hebrew chronology in scriptural dates; the Septuagint version and the Samaritan Pentateuch differ greatly from it; and the most judicious inquirers into ancient history, according to Hallam, 'have of late been coming to the opinion, that, with certain exceptions, there are no means of establishing an entire accuracy in dates before the Olympiads.' A posthumous work, which Usher left unfinished, was printed in 1660, under the title of 'Chronologia Sacra'; it is considered a valuable production, as a guide to the study of sacred history, and as shewing the grounds and calculations of the principal epochs of the 'Annals.'

JOHN HALES.

JOHN HALES (1584-1656), surnamed 'the Ever-memorable,' is usually classed with Chillingworth, as a prominent defender of rational and tolerant principles in religion. He was highly distinguished for his knowledge of the Greek language, of which he was appointed professor at Oxford in 1612. Six years afterwards, he went to Holland as chaplain to Sir Dudley Carleton, ambassador at the Hague; and on this occasion he attended the meetings of the famous Synod of Dort, the proceedings of which are recorded in his published letters to Sir Dudley. Till this time, he held the Calvinistic opinions in which he had been educated; but the arguments of the Arminian champion Episcopius, urged before the synod, made him, according to his own expression, 'bid John Calvin good-night.' His letters from Dort are characterised by Lord Clarendon as 'the best memorial of the ignorance, and passion, and animosity, and injustice of that convention.' Although the eminent learning and abilities of Hales would certainly have led to high preferment in the church, he chose rather to live in studious retirement, and accordingly withdrew to Eton College, where he had a private fellowship under his friend Sir Henry Saville as provost. Of this, after the defeat of the royal party, he was deprived for refusing to take the 'engagement,' or oath of fidelity to the Commonwealth of England, as then established without a king or House of Lords. By cutting off the means of subsistence, his ejection reduced him to such straits, that at length he was under the necessity of selling the greater part of his library, on which he had expended £3500, for less than a third of that sum. This he did from a spirit of independence which refused to accept the pecuniary bounty liberally offered by his friends. Besides sermons and miscellanies—the former of which compose the chief portion of his works—he wrote a famous 'Tract concerning Schism and Schismatics,' (1638), in which the causes of religious disunion, and in particular the bad effects of episcopal ambition, are freely discussed.

This tract having come to the hands of Archbishop Laud, who was an old acquaintance of the author, Hales addressed a letter in defence of it to the primate, who, having invited him to a conference, was so well satisfied, that he forced, though not without difficulty, a prebendal stall of Windsor on the acceptance of the needy but contented scholar. The learning, abilities, and amiable disposition of John Hales are spoken of in the highest terms, not only by Clarendon, but by Bishop Pearson, Dr. Heylin, Andrew Marvel, and Bishop Stillingfleet. He is styled by Anthony à Wood 'a walking library;' and Pearson considered him to be 'a man of as great a sharpness, quickness, and subtilty of wit, as ever this or perhaps any nation bred. His industry did strive, if it were possible, to equal the largeness of his capacity, whereby he became as great a master of polite,

various, and universal learning, as ever yet conversed with books.* His extensive knowledge he cheerfully communicated to others; and his disposition being liberal, obliging, and charitable, made him, in religious matters, a determined foe to intolerance, and, in society, a highly agreeable companion. Lord Clarendon says that 'nothing troubled him more than the brawls which were grown from religion; and he therefore exceedingly detested the tyranny of the Church of Rome, more for their imposing uncharitably upon the consciences of other men, than for the errors in their own opinions.' Aubrey, who saw him at Eton after his sequestration, describes him as 'a pretty little man, sanguine, of a cheerful countenance, very gentle and courteous.'

The style of his sermons is clear, simple, and in general correct; and the subjects are frequently illustrated with quotations from the ancient philosophers and Christian Fathers.† The subjoined extracts are from a sermon, 'Of Inquiry and Private Judgment in Religion.'

Private Judgment in Religion.

It were a thing worth looking into, to know the reason why men are so generally willing, in point of religion, to cast themselves into other men's arms, and, leaving their own reason, rely so much upon another man's. Is it because it is modesty and humility to think another man's reason better than our own? Indeed, I know not how it comes to pass, we account it a vice, a part of envy, to think another man's goods, or another man's fortunes, to be better than our own; and yet we account it a singular virtue to esteem our reason and wit meaner than other men's. Let us not mistake ourselves; to condemn the advice and help of others, in love and admiration to our own conceits, to depress and disgrace other men's, this is the foul vice of pride; on the contrary, thankfully to entertain the advice of others, to give it its due, and ingenuously to prefer it before our own, if it deserve it, this is that gracious virtue of modesty: but altogether to mistrust and relinquish our own faculties, and commend ourselves to others, this is nothing but poverty of spirit and indiscretion. I will not forbear to open unto you what I conceive to be the causes of this so general an error amongst men. First, peradventure the dress of the Church of Rome are not yet sufficiently washed from the hearts of many men. We know it is the principal stay and supporter of that church, to suffer nothing to be inquired into which is once concluded by them. Look through Spain and Italy; they are not men, but brasts, and, Issachar-like, patiently couch down under every burden their superiors lay upon them. Secondly, a fault or two may be in our own ministry; thus, to advise men, as I have done, to search into the reasons and grounds of religion, opens a way to dispute and quarrel, and this might breed us some trouble and disquiet in our cures, more than we are willing to undergo; therefore, to purchase our own quiet, and to banish all contention, we are content to nourish this still humour in our hearers; as the Sybarites, to procure their ease, banished the smiths, because their trade was full of noise. In the meantime, we do not see that peace, which ariseth out of ignorance, is but a kind of sloth, or moral lethargy, seeming quiet because it hath no power to move. Again, maybe the portion of knowledge in the minister himself is not over-great; it may be, therefore, good

* Preface to *The Golden Remains of the Ever-memorable Mr. John Hales*, 1650.

† In the year 1763, an edition of his works was published by Lord Hailes, who took the unwarrantable liberty of modernising the language according to his own taste. This, we learn from Boswell, met the strong disapprobation of Dr. Johnson. 'An author's language, sir,' said he, 'is a characteristic part of his composition, and is also characteristic of the age in which he writes. Besides, sir, when the language is changed, we are not sure that the sense is the same. No, sir: I am sorry Lord Hailes has done this.'

policy for him to suppress all busy inquiry in his auditory, that so increase of knowledge in them might not at length discover some ignorance in him. Last of all, the fault may be in the people themselves, who, because they are loath to take pains—and search into the ground of knowledge is evermore painful—are well content to take their ease, to gild their vice with goodly names, and to call their sloth, modesty, and their neglect of inquiry, filial obedience. These reasons, beloved, or some of kin to these, may be the motives unto this easiness of the people, of entertaining their religion upon trust, and of the neglect of the inquiry into the grounds of it.

To return, therefore, and proceed in the refutation of this gross neglect in men of their own reason, and casting themselves upon other wits. Hath God given you eyes to see, and legs to support you, that so yourselves might lie still, or sleep, and require the use of other men's eyes and legs? That faculty of reason which is in every one of you, even in the meanest that hears me this day, next to the help of God, is your eyes to direct you, and your legs to support you, in your course of integrity and sanctity; you may no more refuse or neglect the use of it, and rest yourselves upon the use of other men's reason, than neglect your own, and call for the use of other men's eyes and legs. The man in the gospel, who had bought a farm, excuses himself from going to the marriage-supper, because himself would go and see it; but we have taken an easier course; we can buy our farm, and go to supper too, and that only by saving our pains to see it: we profess ourselves to have made a great purchase of heavenly doctrine, yet we refuse to see it and survey it ourselves, but trust to other men's eyes, and our surveyors: and wot you to what end? I know not, except it be that so we may with the better leisure go to the marriage-supper; that, with Haman, we may the more merrily go in to the banquet provided for us; that so we may the more freely betake ourselves to our pleasures, to our profits, to our trades, to our preferments and ambition. . . .

Would you see how ridiculously we abuse ourselves when we thus neglect our own knowledge, and securely hazard ourselves upon others' skill? Give me leave, then, to shew you a perfect pattern of it, and to report to you what I find in Seneca the philosopher, recorded of a gentleman in Rome, who, being purely ignorant, yet greatly desirous to seem learned, procured himself many servants, of which some he caused to study the poets, some the orators, some the historians, some the philosophers, and, in a strange kind of fancy, all their learning he verily thought to be his own, and persuaded himself that he knew all that his servants understood; yea, he grew to that height of madness in this kind, that, being weak in body and diseased in his feet, he provided himself of wrestlers and runners, and proclaimed games and races, and performed them by his servants; still applauding himself, as if himself had done them. Beloved, you are this man. When you neglect to try the spirits, to study the means of salvation yourselves, but content yourselves to take them upon trust, and repose yourselves altogether on the wit and knowledge of us that are your teachers, what is this in a manner but to account with yourselves, that our knowledge is yours, that you know all that we know, who are but your servants in Jesus Christ?

Reverence for Ancient Opinions.

Antiquity, what is it else—God only excepted—but man's authority born some ages before us? Now, for the truth of things, time makes no alteration; things are still the same they are, let the time be past, present, or to come. Those things which we reverence for antiquity, what were they at their first birth? Were they false?—time cannot make them true. Were they true?—Time cannot make them more true. The circumstance, therefore, of time, in respect of truth and error, is merely impertinent.

Prevalence of an Opinion no Argument for its Truth.

Universality is such a proof of truth as truth itself is ashamed of; for universality is nothing but a quainter and a trimmer name to signify the multitude. Now, human authority at the strongest is but weak, but the multitude is the weakest part of human authority: it is the great patron of error, most easily abused, and most hardly disabused. The beginning of error may be, and mostly is, from private persons; but the maintainer and continuer of error is the multitude.

WILLIAM CHILLINGWORTH.

WILLIAM CHILLINGWORTH (1602-1644), a famous polemic, was born at Oxford, and was distinguished as a student there. An early love of disputation, in which he possessed eminent skill, brought upon him such a habit of doubting, that his opinions became unsettled on all subjects. A Jesuit named Fisher converted him to the Roman faith—his chief argument being the necessity of an infallible living guide in matters of faith, to which character the Roman Catholic Church appeared to him to be best entitled. For some time after this, he studied at the Jesuits' College at Douay; but his friends induced him to return to Oxford, where, after additional study of the points of difference, he declared in favour of the Protestant faith. He was patronised by Laud. His change of creed drew him into several controversies, in which he employed the arguments that were afterwards methodically stated in his famous work, entitled 'The Religion of the Protestants a safe Way to Salvation,' published in 1637. This treatise, which has placed its author in the first rank of religious controversialists, is considered a model of perspicuous reasoning, and one of the ablest defences of the Protestant faith. The author maintains that the Scripture is the only rule to which appeal ought to be made in theological disputes; that no church is infallible; and that the Apostles' Creed embraces all the necessary points of faith. The Arminian opinions of Chillingworth brought upon him the charge of latitudinarianism; and his character for orthodoxy was still further shaken by his refusal to accept of preferment on condition of subscribing the thirty-nine articles. His scruples having, however, been overcome, he was promoted, in 1638, to the chancellorship of Salisbury.

During the Civil War, he zealously adhered to the royal party, and even acted as engineer at the siege of Gloucester in 1643. He died in the succeeding year. Lord Clarendon, who was one of his intimate friends, has drawn the following character of this eminent divine: 'He was a man of so great a subtilty of understanding, and so rare a temper in debate, that, as it was impossible to provoke him into any passion, so it was very difficult to keep a man's self from being a little discomposed by his sharpness and quickness of argument, and instances, in which he had a rare facility, and a great advantage over all the men I ever knew.' Writing to a Catholic, in allusion to the changes of his own faith, Chillingworth says: 'I know a man, that of a moderate Protestant turned a Papist, and the day that he did so, was convicted in conscience that his yesterday's opinion was an error. The same man afterwards, upon better consideration, became a doubting Papist, and of a doubting Papist a confirmed Protestant. And yet this man thinks himself no more to blame for all these changes, than a traveller who, using all diligence to find the right way to some remote city, did yet mistake it, and after find his error and amend it. Nay, he stands upon his justification so far, as to main-

tain that his alterations, not only to you, but also from you, by God's mercy, were the most satisfactory actions to himself that ever he did, and the greatest victories that ever he obtained over himself and his affections, in those things which in this world are most precious.' In the same liberal and independent spirit are the following passages, extracted from this great work :

Against the Employment of Force in Religion.

I have learned from the ancient Fathers of the church, that nothing is more against religion than to force religion ; and of St. Paul, the weapons of the Christian warfare are not carnal. And great reason ; for human violence may make men counterfeit, but cannot make them believe, and is therefore fit for nothing but to breed form without and atheism within. Besides, if this means of bringing men to embrace any religion were generally used—as, if it may be justly used in any place by those that have power, and think they have truth, certainly they cannot with reason deny but that it may be used in every place by those that have power as well as they, and think they have truth as well as they—what could follow but the maintenance, perhaps, of truth, but perhaps only the profession of it in one place, and the oppression of it in a hundred ? What will follow from it but the preservation, peradventure, of unity, but, peradventure, only of uniformity, in particular states and churches : but the immortalising the greater and more lamentable divisions of Christendom and the world ? And therefore, what can follow from it but, perhaps, in the judgment of carnal policy, the temporal benefit and tranquillity of temporal states and kingdoms, but the infinite prejudice, if not the desolation, of the kingdom of Christ . . . But they that know there is a King of kings and Lord of lords, by whose will and pleasure kings and kingdoms stand and fall, they know that to no king or state anything can be profitable which is unjust ; and that nothing can be more evidently unjust than to force weak men, by the profession of a religion which they believe not, to lose their own eternal happiness, out of a vain and needless fear lest they may possibly disturb their temporal quietness. There is no danger to any state from any man's opinion, unless it be such an opinion by which disobedience to authority, or impiety, is taught or licensed—which sort, I confess, may justly be punished as well as other faults—or unless this sanguinary doctrine be joined with it, that it is lawful for him by human violence to enforce others to it. Therefore, if Protestants did offer violence to other men's consciences, and compel them to embrace their reformation, I excuse them not.

Reason must be appealed to in Religious Discussions

But you that would not have men follow their reason, what would you have them follow ? their passions, or pluck out their eyes, and go blindfold ? No, you say ; you would have them follow authority. In God's name, let them ; we also would have them follow authority ; for it is upon the authority of universal tradition that we would have them believe Scripture. But then, as for the authority which you would have them follow, you will let them see reason why they should follow it. And is not this to go a little about—to leave reason for a short turn, and then to come to it again, and to do that which you condemn in others ? It being, indeed, a plain impossibility for any man to submit his reason but to reason ; for he that doth it to authority, must of necessity think himself to have greater reason to believe that authority.

A collection of nine sermons preached by Chillingworth before Charles I. has been frequently printed. From one of these we select the following animated expostulation with his noble hearers :

Against Duelling.

But how is this doctrine [of the forgiveness of injuries] received in the world ? What counsel would men, and those none of the worst sort, give thee in such a case ? How would the soberest, discreetest, well-bred Christian advise thee ? Why, thus :

If thy brother or thy neighbour have offered thee an injury, or an affront, forgive him? By no means; thou art utterly undone, and lost in reputation with the world, if thou dost forgive him. What is to be done, then? Why, let not thy heart take rest, let all other business and employment be laid aside, till thou hast his blood. How! A man's blood for an injurious, passionate speech—for a disdainful look? Nay, that is not all: that thou mayest gain among men the reputation of a discreet, well-temper'd murderer, be sure thou killest him not in passion, when thy blood is hot and boiling with the provocation; but proceed with as great temper and settledness of reason, with as much discretion and preparedness, as thou wouldst to the communion; after several days' respite, that it may appear it is thy reason guides thee, and not thy passion, invite him kindly and courteously into some retired place, and there let it be determined whether his blood or thine shall satisfy the injury.

O thou holy Christian religion! Whence is it that thy children have sucked this inhuman poisonous blood, these raging fiery spirits? For if we shall inquire of the heathen, they will say: 'They have not learned this from us;' or of the Mahometans, they will answer: 'We are not guilty of it.' Blessed God! that it should become a most sure settled course for a man to run into danger and disgrace with the world, if he shall dare to perform a commandment of Christ, which is as necessary for him to do, if he have any hopes of attaining heaven, as meat and drink is for the maintaining of life! That ever it should enter into Christian hearts to walk so curiously and exactly contrary unto the ways of God! That whereas he sees himself every day, and hour almost, contemned and despised by thee, who art his servant, his creature, upon whom he might, without all possible imputation of unrighteousness, pour down all the vials of his wrath and indignation; yet he, notwithstanding, is patient and long-suffering towards thee, hoping that his long-suffering may lead thee to repentance, and beseeching thee daily by his ministers to be reconciled unto him; and yet thou, on the other side, for a distempered passionate speech, or less, shouldst take upon thee to send thy neighbour's soul, or thine own, or likely both, clogged and oppressed with all your sins unrepented of—for how can repentance possibly consist with such a resolution?—before the tribunal-seat of God, to expect your final sentence; utterly depriving yourself of all the blessed means which God has contrived for thy salvation, and putting thyself in such an estate, that it shall not be in God's power almost to do thee any good. Pardon, I beseech you, my earnestness, almost intemperateness, seeing that it hath proceeded from so just, so warrantable a ground; and since it is in your power to give rules of honour and reputation to the whole kingdom, do not you teach others to be ashamed of this inseparable badge of your religion—charity and forgiving of offences: give men leave to be Christians without danger or dishonour; or, if religion will not work with you, yet let the laws of that state wherein you live, the earnest desires and care of your righteous prince, prevail with you.

DR. RALPH CUDWORTH.

DR. RALPH CUDWORTH (1617-1689) is celebrated as a very learned divine and philosopher. He studied at the university of Cambridge, where, during the thirty years succeeding 1645, he held the office of Regius Professor of Hebrew. His principal work, which is entitled 'The True Intellectual System of the Universe,' was published in 1678, and is designed as a refutation of the atheistical tenets which at that time were extensively held in England. It executes only a portion of his design—namely, the establishment of the following three propositions, which he regarded as the fundamentals or essentials of true religion: 'First, that all things in the world do not float without a head and governor; but that there is a God, an omnipotent understanding Being, presiding over all. Secondly, that this God being essentially good and just, there is something in its own nature immutably and eternally just and unjust; and not by arbitrary will,

law, and command only. And, lastly, that we are so far forth principals or masters of our own actions, as to be accountable to justice for them, or to make us guilty and blameworthy for what we do amiss, and to deserve punishment accordingly.' From this statement by Cudworth in his preface, the reader will observe that he maintained (in opposition to two of the leading doctrines of Hobbes), first, the existence of a natural and everlasting distinction between justice and injustice; and, secondly, the freedom of the human will. On the former point he differs from most subsequent opponents of Hobbesism, in ascribing our consciousness of the natural difference of right and wrong entirely to the reasoning faculties, and in no degree to sentiment or emotion. As, however, he confines his attention in the 'Intellectual System' to the first essential of true religion enumerated in the passage just quoted, ethical questions are in that work but incidentally and occasionally touched upon.

In combating the atheists, he displays a prodigious amount of erudition, and that rare degree of candour which prompts a controversialist to give a full statement of the opinions and arguments which he means to refute. This fairness brought upon him the reproach of insincerity; and by a contemporary Protestant theologian the epithets of Arian, Socinian, Deist, and even Atheist, were freely applied to him. 'He has raised,' says Dryden, 'such strong objections against the being of a God and Providence that many think he has not answered them'—'the common fate,' as Lord Shaftesbury remarks on this occasion, 'of those who dare to appear fair authors.' This clamour seems to have disheartened the philosopher, who refrained from publishing the other portions of his scheme. He left, however, several manuscript works, one of which, entitled 'A Treatise concerning Eternal and Immutable Morality,' but only introductory in its character, was published in 1781 by Dr. Chandler, bishop of Durham. His unprinted writings are now in the British Museum. Dugald Stewart observes, that 'the "Intellectual System" of Cudworth embraces a field much wider than his treatise of "Immutable Morality." The latter is particularly directed against the doctrines of Hobbes and of the Antinomians;* but the former aspires to tear up by the

* The Antinomians were a class of English sectaries conspicuous during the confusion of the Civil War in England. Their designation is a Greek compound, signifying 'enemies of the law,' it being their opinion that exhortations to morality were unnecessary, at once to the elect, whom the divine grace would of itself lead to the practice of piety and virtue, and to the non-elect, whose salvation and virtuous conduct were, by the very circumstances of non-election, rendered impossible. Some of the Antinomian doctors carried their views so far as to maintain, 'that as the elect cannot fall from grace, nor forfeit the divine favour, so it follows that the wicked actions they commit, and the violations of the divine law with which they are chargeable, are not really sinful, nor are to be considered as instances of their departing from the law of God; and that, consequently, they have no occasion either to confess their sins or to break them off by repentance.' Baxter and Tillotson were among the distinguished opponents of the tenets of this sect. (See Mosheim's *Evangelical History*, cent. xvii. chap. ii. sect. 28.) Cudworth, in his *Treatise con-*

roots all the principles, both physical and metaphysical, of the Epicurean philosophy. It is a work, certainly, which reflects much honour on the talents of the author, and still more on the boundless extent of his learning; but it is so ill suited to the taste of the present age, that, since the time of Mr Harris and Dr. Price, I scarcely recollect the slightest reference to it in the writings of our British metaphysicians. Of its faults—beside the general disposition of the author to discuss questions placed altogether beyond the reach of our faculties—the most prominent is the wild hypothesis of a *plastic nature*; or, in other words, “of a vital and spiritual, but unintelligent and necessary agent, created by the Deity for the execution of his purposes.” A Latin translation of this work was published by Mosheim at Jena in 1783. A few specimens of the original are subjoined:

God, though Incomprehensible, not Inconceivable.

It doth not at all follow, because God is incomprehensible to our finite and narrow understandings, that he is utterly inconceivable by them, so that they cannot frame any idea of him at all, and he may therefore be concluded to be a nonentity. For it is certain that we cannot comprehend ourselves, and that we have not such an adequate and comprehensive knowledge of the essence of any substantial thing as that we can perfectly master and conquer it. It was a truth, though abused by the sceptics, *akatalepton ti*, something incomprehensible in the essence of the lowest substances. For even body itself, which the atheists think themselves so well acquainted with, because they can feel it with their fingers, and which is the only substance that they acknowledge: either in themselves or in the universe, hath such puzzling difficulties and entanglements in the speculation of it, that they can never be able to extricate themselves from. We might instance, also, in some accidental things, as time and motion. Truth is bigger than our minds, and we are not the same with it, but have a lower participation only of the intellectual nature, and are rather apprehenders than comprehenders thereof. This is indeed one badge of our creaturely state, that we have not a perfectly comprehensive knowledge, or such as is adequate and commensurate to the essences of things; from whence we ought to be led to this acknowledgment, that there is another Perfect Mind or Understanding Being above us in the universe, from which our imperfect minds were derived, and upon which they depend. Wherefore, if we can have no idea or conception of anything whereof we have not a full and perfect comprehension, then can we not have an idea or conception of the nature of any substance. But though we do not comprehend all truth, as if our mind were above it, or master of it, and cannot penetrate into and look quite through the nature of everything, yet may rational souls frame certain ideas and conceptions of whatsoever is in the orb of being proportionate to their own nature, and sufficient for their purpose. And though we cannot fully comprehend the Deity, nor exhaust the infiniteness of its perfection, yet may we have an idea of a Being absolutely perfect; such a one as is *nostris modulis conformis*, agreeable and proportionate to our measure and scantling; as we may approach near to a mountain, and touch it with our hands, though we cannot encompass it all round, and enclasp it within our arms. Whatsoever is in its own nature absolutely unconceivable, is nothing; but not whatsoever is not fully comprehensible by our imperfect understandings.

It is true, indeed, that the Deity is more incomprehensible to us than anything

cerning Eternal and Immutabile MORN'g, clashes with the atheists of antiquity some of his contemporaries, who thought that God may command what is contrary to moral rules; that he has no inclination to the good of his creatures; that he may justly doom an innocent being to eternal torments; and that whatever God does will, for that reason is just, because he wills it. But according to Sir James Mackintosh, Cudworth names only one book, published at Franeker (a town in Holland) in which this monstrous opinion is supported.

else whatsoever, which proceeds from the fulness of its being and perfection, and from the transcendency of its brightness; but for the very same reason may it be said also in some sense that it is more knowable and conceivable than anything. As the sun, though by reason of its excessive splendour it dazzle our weak sight, yet is it, notwithstanding, far more visible also than any of the *nebulae stellae*—the small misty stars. Where there is more of light there is more visibility; so, where there is more of entity, reality, and perfection, there is more of conceptibility and cognoscibility; such a thing filling up the mind more, and acting more strongly upon it. Nevertheless, because our weak and imperfect minds are lost in the vast immensity and redundancy of the Deity, and overcome with its transcendent light and dazzling brightness, therefore hath it to us an appearance of darkness and incomprehensibility; as the unbounded expansion of light, in the clear transparent ether, hath to us the apparition of an azure obscurity; which yet is not an absolute thing in itself, but only relative to our sense, and a mere fancy in us.

The incomprehensibility of the Deity is so far from being an argument against the reality of its existence, as that it is most certain, on the contrary, that were there nothing incomprehensible to us, who are but contemptible pieces, and small atoms of the universe; were there no other being in the world but what our finite understandings could span or fathom, and encompass round about, look through and through, have a commanding view of, and perfectly conquer and subdue under them, then could there be nothing absolutely and infinitely perfect—that is, no God. . . .

And nature itself plainly intimates to us that there is some such absolutely perfect Being, which, though not inconceivable, yet is incomprehensible to our finite understandings, by certain passions, which it hath implanted in us, that otherwise would want an object to display themselves upon; namely, those of devout veneration, adoration, and admiration, together with a kind of ecstacy and pleasing horror; which, in the silent language of nature, seem to speak thus much to us, that there is some object in the world so much bigger and vaster than our mind and thoughts, that it is the very same to them that the ocean is to narrow vessels; so that, when they have taken into themselves as much as they can thereof by contemplation, and filled up all their capacity, there is still an immensity of it left without, which cannot enter in for want of room to receive it, and therefore must be apprehended after some other strange and more mysterious manner—namely, by their being plunged into it, and swallowed up or lost in it. To conclude, the Deity is indeed incomprehensible to our finite and imperfect understandings, but not inconceivable; and therefore there is no ground at all for this atheistic pretence to make it a nonentity.

Difficulty of Convincing Interested Unbelievers.

As for the last chapter, though it promise only a confutation of all the atheistic grounds, yet we do therein also demonstrate the absolute impossibility of all atheism, and the actual existence of a God. We say demonstrate, not *a priori*, which is impossible and contradictory, but, by necessary inference, from principles altogether undeniable. For we can by no means grant to the atheists that there is more than a probable persuasion or opinion to be had of the existence of a God, without any certain knowledge or science. Nevertheless, it will not follow from hence that whosoever shall read these demonstrations of ours, and understand all the words of them, must therefore of necessity be presently convinced, whether he will or no, and put out of all manner of doubt and hesitancy concerning the existence of a God. For we believe that to be true; which some have affirmed, that were there any interest of life, any concernment of appetite and passion, against the truth of geometrical theorems themselves, as of a triangle having three angles equal to two right, whereby men's judgments may be clouded and bribed, notwithstanding all the demonstrations of them, many would remain at least sceptical about them.

Creation.

Because it is undeniably certain, concerning ourselves and all imperfect beings, that none of these can create any new substance, men are apt to measure all things by their own scantling, and to suppose it universally impossible for any power whatever thus to create. But since it is certain that imperfect beings can themselves produce some things out of nothing pre-existing, as new cogitations, new local mo-

tion, and new modifications of things corporeal, it is surely reasonable to think that an absolutely perfect Being can do something more; that is, create new substances, or give them their whole being. And it may well be thought as easy for God, or an Omnipotent Being, to make a whole world, matter and all, as it is for us to create a thought or to move a finger, or for the sun to send out rays, or a candle, light; or, lastly, for an opaque body to produce an image of itself in a glass of water, or to project a shadow; all these imperfect things being but the energies, rays, images, or shadows of the Deity. For a substance to be made out of nothing by God, or a Being infinitely perfect, is not for it to be made out of nothing in the impossible sense, because it comes from Him who is all. Nor can it be said to be impossible for anything whatever to be made by that which hath not only infinitely greater perfection, but also infinite active power. It is indeed true that infinite power itself cannot do things in their own nature impossible; and, therefore, those who deny creation ought to prove that it is absolutely impossible for a substance, though not for an accident or modification to be brought from non-existence into being. But nothing is in itself impossible which does not imply contradiction; and though it be a contradiction to be and not to be at the same time, there is surely no contradiction in conceiving an imperfect being, which before was not, afterwards to be.

DR. RICHARD CUMBERLAND—ROBERT SANDERSON.

DR. RICHARD CUMBERLAND (1632-1718), another learned and amiable divine of the Church of England, was raised by King William to the see of Peterborough in 1691. He had published, in 1672, a Latin work, 'De Legibus Naturæ Disquisitio Philosophica,' &c.; or, 'A Philosophical Inquiry into the Laws of Nature; in which their form, order, promulgation, and obligation, are investigated from the nature of things; and in which, also, the philosophical principles of Hobbes, moral as well as civil, are considered and refuted.' This modest and erudite, but verbose production—of which two English translations have appeared—contains many sound, and at that time novel views on moral science, along with others of very doubtful soundness. The laws of nature he deduces from the results of human conduct, regarding that to be commanded by God which conduces to the happiness of man. He wrote also a learned 'Essay towards the Recovery of the Jewish Weights and Measures, comprehending their Monies' (1686), and a translation of Sanchoniatho's 'Phœnician History' (which was not published till 1720). In the performance of his episcopal duties he displayed a rare degree of activity, moderation, and benevolence. When expostulated with by his friends on account of the great labour which he underwent, he replied: 'I will do my duty as long as I can; a man had better wear out than rust out.' He lived, however, to the advanced age of eighty-six, in the enjoyment of such mental vigour that he successfully studied the Coptic language only three years before his death.

The Tabernacle and Temple of the Jews.

The fit measures of the tabernacle and temple, to the uses of the whole nation of the Jews, demonstrate God's early care to settle his people Israel, in the form of one entire national church, under Moses, Aaron, and the other priests, who were general officers for all Israel. The church in the wilderness, mentioned by St. Stephen (Acts vii. 34), was thus national, and is the first collective body of men called a church in the Scripture language, by a man full of the evangelical spirit.

Synagogues for particular neighborhoods' convenience, in the public exercise of

religion, were introduced long after, by the pious prudence of the national governors of the Jewish church and state, and accordingly were all subordinate to them. It is to be observed, also, that this limited place for public national worship was within their own nation, in the midst of their camp in the wilderness, in their own land in Canaan. No recourse from it to a foreign church by appeals, but all differences finally decided within their own nation, and therein: all, even Aaron, although the high-priest, and elder brother of Moses, yet was subject to Moses, who was king in Jerusalem. By these means, all schismatical setting up of one altar against another was prevented; national communion in solemn and decent piety, with perfect charity, was promoted; which being no shadows, but the most substantial concerns of religion, are to be preserved in the gospel times.

Hereby is more evidently proved the magnificence, symmetry, and beauty that was in the structure of the temple; and the liberal maintenance which God provided for the Levites his ministers. For if the cubit by me proposed determine the area both of the temple and of the priests' suburbs—as the Scripture sets them both out by cubits—they must be much longer; and if they were set out by so many shorter cubits—suppose cubits of eighteen inches—in such proportion as the squares of these different cubits bear to each other, by the nineteenth and twentieth proposition of Euclid's sixth book. But the square of these different cubits are in foot-measure, which is here more convenient, as 8, 82 to 2, 25; the bigger of which is near half as much more as the less. Therefore the areas of the temple, and of the priests' suburbs, are, according to my measure, near half as big again as they would be if determined by that shorter cubit.

Such greatness of the temple Solomon intimates to the king of Tyre to be requisite, as best suiting with the greatness of God (2 Chronicles, ii. 5). This reason, alleged by Solomon to a heathen, must be of moral or natural, and therefore perpetual force, continuing to evangelical times; and therefore intimating to us, that even now magnificent and stately buildings are useful means to signify what great and honourable thoughts we have of God, and design to promote in those that come to the places of his public worship. And from God's liberal provision of land in the Levites' suburbs, besides other advantages, we are taught by St. Paul, that even so those that preach the gospel should live of the gospel (1 Corinthians, ix. 14).

The fitness, safety, and honour of keeping to the use of such indifferent things as have been determined by law or custom, is clearly proved by the constancy of Israel's using those measures—although others might be assigned, as the Greek or Roman measures, to serve the same ends—from the time of Moses, and probably before, to the captivity and after. And this, notwithstanding they were used by the Egyptians and Canaanites, which altered not their nature in the least. And this instance proves undeniably that such indifferent practices, as the use of the measures, may be highly useful to the greatest moral duties, the public honour of God, and the preservation of justice among them.

ROBERT SANDERSON (1587–1663) was eight years Regius Professor of Divinity, with the canonry of Christ Church, Oxford, annexed. He was ejected by the Parliamentary visitors of 1643, but was restored after the Restoration, and made bishop of Lincoln. He was author of various works, one of which, 'Logica Artis Compendium' (1615), was often reprinted, and has been characterised by Sir William Hamilton as 'the excellent work of an accomplished logician.' The 'Sermons' of Sanderson are also admired for vigour and clearness of thought; and one of his theological treatises, 'Nine Cases of Conscience Resolved' (1663–1674), is a standard work.

JOHN GAUDEN—BENJAMIN WHICHCOTE.

JOHN GAUDEN (1605–1662), an English prelate, was born at Mayfield, in Essex. He was educated at St. John's College, Cambridge; and on the commencement of the Civil War, he complied with the

Presbyterian party. He received several church preferments, but abandoned the Parliament when it proceeded against monarchy. When the army resolved to impeach and try the king in 1648, he published 'A Religious and Loyal Protestation' against their purposes and proceedings. But his grand service to that party consisted in his writing 'Eikon Basilike; or the portraiture of his Most Sacred Majesty in his Solitude and Sufferings,' a work professing to emanate from the pen of Charles I. himself, and to contain the devout meditations of his latter days. There appears to have been an intention to publish this 'Portraiture' before the execution of the king, as an attempt to save his life by working on the feelings of the people; but either from the difficulty of getting it printed, or some other cause, it did not make its appearance till several days after his majesty's death. The sensation which it produced in his favour was extraordinary. 'It is not easy,' says Hume, 'to conceive the general compassion excited towards the king by the publishing, at so critical a juncture, a work so full of piety, meekness, and humanity. Many have not scrupled to ascribe to that book the subsequent restoration of the royal family. Milton compares its effects to those which were wrought on the tumultuous Romans by Anthony's reading to them the will of Cæsar.' So eagerly and universally was the book perused by the nation, that it passed through fifty editions in a single year. Milton, in his 'Eikonoclastes,' alludes to the doubts which prevailed as to the authorship of the work, but at this time the real history was unknown.

The first disclosure took place in 1691, when there appeared in an Amsterdam edition of Milton's 'Eikonoclastes,' a memorandum said to have been made by the Earl of Anglesey, in which that nobleman affirms he had been told by Charles II. and his brother that the 'Eikon Basilike' was the production of Gauden. This report was confirmed in the following year by a circumstantial narrative published by Gauden's former curate, Walker. Several writers then entered the field on both sides of the question; the principal defender of the king's claim being Wagstaffe, a nonjuring clergyman, who published an elaborate 'Vindication of King Charles the Martyr,' in 1693. For ten years subsequently, the literary war continued; but after this there ensued a long interval of repose. When Hume wrote his History, the evidence on the two sides appeared so equally balanced, that, 'with regard to the genuineness of that production, it is not easy,' says he, 'for a historian to fix any opinion which will be entirely to his own satisfaction.' In 1786, however, the scale of evidence was turned by the publication, in the third volume of the Clarendon State Papers, of some of Gauden's letters, the most important of which are six addressed by him to Lord Chancellor Clarendon after the Restoration. He there complains of the poverty of the see of Exeter, to which he had already been appointed, and urgently solicits a further reward for the important secret service which he had

performed to the royal cause. Some of these letters, containing *allusions* to the circumstance, had formerly been printed, though in a less authentic form; but now for the first time appeared one, dated the 13th of March 1661, in which he explicitly grounds his claim to additional remuneration, 'not on what was known to the world under my name, but what goes under the late blessed king's name, the *Eikon* or *Portraiture* of his Majesty in his Solitude and Sufferings. This book and figure,' he adds, 'was wholly and only my invention, making, and design; in order to vindicate the king's wisdom, honour, and piety.' Clarendon had before this learned the secret from his own intimate friend, Morley, bishop of Worcester, and had otherwise ample means of investigating its truth: and not only does he, in a letter to Gauden, fully acquiesce in the unpublishable statement, but, in his '*History of the Rebellion*,' written at the desire of Charles I. and avowedly intended as a vindication of the royal character and cause, he maintains the most rigid silence with respect to the '*Eikon Basilike*.' The troublesome solicitations of Gauden were so effectual as to lead to his promotion, in 1662, to the bishopric of Worcester; a dignity, however, which he did not long enjoy, for he died in the same year. The controversy as to the authorship of the '*Eikon Basilike*' is by some still decided in favour of the king. Such is the conclusion arrived at in a work, entitled '*Who wrote Eikon Basilike?*' published in 1831, by the late Dr. Wordsworth, Master of Trinity College, Cambridge; and Southey in the '*Quarterly Review*' ranged himself on the same side. But the arguments of Malcolm Laing, Mr. Todd, Sir James Mackintosh, and Mr. Halam, added to the internal evidence, fully support Gauden's claim (acquiesced in by his royalist contemporaries) to be considered the author. The style is much too measured and rhetorical for that of Charles, who was a careless, confused, and inexact writer.

Events of the Civil War.

The various successes of this unhappy war have at least afforded me variety of good meditations. Sometimes God was pleased to try me with victory, by worsting my enemies, that I might know how with moderation and thanks to own and see His power, who is only the true Lord of Hosts, able, when he pleases, to repress the confidence of those that fought against me with so great advantages for power and number.

From small beginnings on my part, he let me see that I was not wholly forsaken by my people's love or his protection. Other times God was pleased to exercise my patience, and teach me not to trust in the arm of flesh, but in the living God. My sins sometimes prevailed against the justice of my cause; and those that were with me wanted not matter and occasion for his just chastisement both of them and me. Nor were my enemies less punished by that prosperity, which hardened them to continue that injustice by open hostility, which was begun by most riotous and unpardonable tumults.

There is no doubt but personal and private sins may oftentimes overbalance the justice of public engagements; nor doth God account every gallant man, in the world's esteem, a fit instrument to assert in the way of war a righteous cause. The more men are prone to arrogate to their own skill, valour and strength, the less doth God ordinarily work by them for his own glory.

I am sure the event of success can never state the justice of any cause, nor the peace of men's consciences, nor the eternal fate of their souls.

Those with me had, I think, clearly and undoubtedly for their justification the Word of God and the laws of the land, together with their own oaths; all requiring obedience to my just commands; but to none other under heaven without me, or against me, in the point of raising arms.

Those on the other side are forced to fly to the shifts of some pretended fears, and wild fundamentals of state, as they call them, which actually overthrow the present fabric both of church and state; being such imaginary reasons for self-defense as are most impertinent for those men to allege, who, being my subjects, were manifestly the first assaulters of me and the laws, first by unsuppressed tumults, after by listed forces. The same allegations they use, will fit any faction that hath but power and confidence enough to second with the sword all their demands against the present laws and governors, which can never be such as some side or other will not find fault with, so as to urge what they call a reformation of them to a rebellion against them.

BENJAMIN WHICHECOTE, a divine of enlarged and liberal mind, who exercised considerable influence in his day, was a native of Shropshire, born in March, 1608-10. He was educated at Emmanuel College, Cambridge, where he became tutor. He was afterwards provost of King's College, and, according to Principal Tulloch, he was the teacher who, more than any other at Cambridge, 'impressed his own mode of thought both upon his colleagues in the university and the rising generation of students.' At the restoration of Charles II. Whichcote was removed from the provostship, but he retained a country rectory which he had received from his college, and in 1668 he was presented by Bishop Wilkins to the vicarage of St. Lawrence Jewry, London, which he held till his death in 1688. The works of Whichcote consist of four volumes of 'Discourses' and a series of 'Moral and Religious Aphorisms,' all published after his death, and which, it is said, give but an imperfect idea of the power and influence he possessed as a living teacher. The leading principle of all his thought was the use of reason in religion. 'To speak of natural light,' he says, 'of the use of reason in religion, is to do no disservice at all to grace; for God is acknowledged in both—in the former as laying the groundwork of His creation, in the latter as reviving and restoring it.'

THOMAS FULLER.

A distinguished place in the prose literature of this age is due to DR. THOMAS FULLER (1608-1661), author of various works in practical divinity and history. Fuller was the son of a clergyman of the same name settled at Aldwinckle, in Northamptonshire; he and Dryden were thus natives of the same place. A quick intellect and uncommon powers of memory made him a scholar almost in his boyhood; his studies at Queen's College, Cambridge, were attended with the highest triumphs of the university, and on entering life as a preacher in that city, he acquired the greatest popularity. He afterwards passed through a rapid succession of promotions, until he acquired the lectureship of the Savoy in London. In 1640, he published his 'History of the Holy War,' and in 1643 his 'Holy State.' On

the breaking out of the Civil War, Fuller attached himself to the king's party at Oxford, and he seems to have accompanied the army in active service for some years as chaplain to Lord Hopton. Even in these circumstances, his active mind busied itself in collecting materials for some of the works which he subsequently published. His company was at the same time much courted, on account of the extraordinary amount of intelligence which he had acquired, and a strain of lively humour which seems to have been quite irrepressible. The quaint and familiar nature of his mind disposed him to be less nice in the selection of materials, and also in their arrangement, than scholarly men generally are. He would sit patiently for hours listening to the prattle of old women, in order to obtain snatches of local history, traditionary anecdote, and proverbial wisdom; and these he has wrought up in his work entitled 'The Worthies of England,' which is a strange melange of topography, biography and popular antiquities.

When the heat of the war was past, Fuller returned to London, and Cromwell having given him special permission to preach, he became lecturer at St. Bride's Church. His 'Church History of Britain' was given to the world in 1656, in one volume folio. Afterwards, he devoted himself to the preparation of his 'Worthies,' which he did not complete till 1660, and which was not published till the year after his death. He had passed through various situations in the church, the last of which was that of chaplain to Charles II. It was thought that he would have been made a bishop, if he had not been prematurely cut off by fever, a year after the Restoration. Fuller possessed great conversational powers, was kind and amiable in all the domestic relations of life. He was twice married; on the second occasion, to a sister of Viscount Baltinglass. As proofs of his wonderful memory, it is stated that he could repeat five hundred unconnected words after twice hearing them, and recite the whole of the signs in the principal thoroughfare of London after once passing through it and back again. Such stories, however, must be received with considerable allowance for exaggeration. Besides the works named above, Fuller wrote: 'A Pisgah View of Palestine' (1650), 'The Profane State' (1648), 'Good Thoughts in Bad Times' (1645), 'Good Thoughts in Worse Times' (1649), and—the Restoration of Charles II. having come—'Mixed Contemplations in Better Times' (1660). His chief work, the 'Worthies,' is rather a collection of brief memoranda than a regular composition. While a modern reader smiles at the vast quantity of gossip which it contains, he must also be sensible that it has preserved much curious information, which would have otherwise been lost. The eminent men whose lives he records are arranged by Fuller according to their native counties, of which he mentions also the natural productions, manufactures, medicinal waters, herbs, wonders, buildings, local proverbs, sheriffs, and modern battles.

The style of all Fuller's works is extremely quaint and jocular; and in the power of drawing humorous comparisons, he is little, if at all, inferior to Butler himself. Fuller's 'Holy' and 'Profane States' contain admirably drawn characters, which are held forth as examples to be respectively imitated and avoided; such as the Good Father, the Good Soldier, the Good Master, and so on. In this and the other productions of Fuller there is a vast fund of sagacity and good sense; his conceits, as Charles Lamb says, are oftentimes 'deeply steeped in human feeling and passion.' Thus, he says: 'The Pyramids themselves, dotting with age, have forgotten the names of their founders;' and negroes he characterises as 'the image of God cut in ebony.' And as smelling 'a turf of fresh earth is wholesome for the body, no less are thoughts of mortality cordial to the soul.' Indeed, Fuller's observations and maxims are generally expressed in language so pithy, that a large collection of admirable and striking maxims might easily be extracted from his pages. We shall give samples of these, after presenting the character which he has beautifully drawn of

The Good Schoolmaster.

There is scarce any profession in the commonwealth more necessary, which is so slightly performed. The reasons whereof I conceive to be these: First, young scholars make this calling their refuge; yea, perchance, before they have taken any degree in the university, commence schoolmasters in the country, as if nothing else were required to set up this profession but only a rod and a ferule. Secondly, others who are able, use it only as a passage to better preferment, to patch the rents in their present fortune, till they can provide a new one, and betake themselves to some more gainful calling. Thirdly, they are disheartened from doing their best with the miserable reward which in some places they receive, being masters to their children and slaves to their parents. Fourthly, being grown rich, they grow negligent, and scorn to touch the school, but by the proxy of the usher. But see how well our schoolmaster behaves himself.

His genius inclines him with delight to his profession. Some men had as well be schoolboys as schoolmasters, to be tied to the school, as Cooper's Dictionary and Scapula's Lexicon are chained to the desk therein; and though great scholars, and skilful in other arts, are bunglers in this. But God, of his goodness, hath fitted several men for several callings, that the necessity of church and state, in all conditions, may be provided for. So that he who beholds the fabric thereof, may say, God hewed out the stone, and appointed it to lie in this very place, for it would fit none other so well, and here it doth most excellent. And thus God moulded some for a schoolmaster's life, undertaking it with desire and delight, and discharging it with dexterity and happy success.

He studieth his scholar's natures as carefully as they their books; and ranks their dispositions into several forms. And though it may seem difficult for him in a great school to descend to all particulars, yet experienced schoolmasters may quickly make a grammar of boys' natures, and reduce them all—saving some few exceptions—to these general rules:

1. Those that are ingenious and industrious. The conjunction of two such planets in a youth presage much good unto him. To such a lad a frown may be a whipping, and a whipping a death; yea, where their master whips them once, shame whips them all the week after. Such natures he useth with all gentleness.

2. Those that are ingenious and idle. These think with the hare in the fable, that running with snails—so they count the rest of their schoolfellows—they shall come soon enough to the post, though sleeping a good while before their starting. O! a good rod would finely take them napping!

3. Those that are dull and diligent. Wines, the stronger they be, the more lees

they have when they are new. Many boys are muddy-headed till they be clarified with age, and such afterwards prove the best. Bristol diamonds are both bright, and squared, and pointed by nature, and yet are soft and worthless; whereas orient ones in India are rough and rugged naturally. Hard, rugged, and dull natures of youth acquit themselves afterwards the jewels of the country, and therefore their dullness at first is to be borne with, if they be diligent. That schoolmaster deserves to be beaten himself who beats nature in a boy for a fault. And I question whether all the whipping in the world can make their parts which are naturally sluggish rise one minute before the hour nature hath appointed.

4 Those that are invincibly dull, and negligent also. Correction may reform the latter, not amend the former. All the whetting in the world can never set a razor's edge on that which hath no steel in it. Such boys he consigneth over to other professions. Shipwrights and boat-makers will choose those crooked pieces of timber which other carpenters refuse. Those may make excellent merchants and mechanics who will not serve for scholars.

He is able, diligent, and methodical in his teaching; not leading them rather in a circle than forwards. He minces his precepts for children to swallow, hanging clogs on the nimbleness of his own soul, that his scholars may go along with him.

He is and will be known to be an absolute monarch in his school. If cockering mothers proffer him money to purchase their sons an exemption from his rod—to live, as it were, in a peculiar, out of their master's jurisdiction—with disdain he refuseth it, and scorns the late custom in some places of commuting whipping into money, and ransoming boys from the rod at a set price. If he hath a stubborn youth, correction-proof, he debaseth not his authority by contending with him, but fairly, if he can, puts him away before his obstinacy hath infected others.

He is moderate in inflicting deserved correction. Many a schoolmaster better answereth the name *paidotribes* than *paidagogos*, rather tearing his scholars' flesh with whipping than giving them good education. No wonder if his scholars hate the Muses, being presented unto them in the shapes of fiends and furies. . . .

Such an Orbilius mars more scholars than he makes. Their tyranny hath caused many tongues to stammer which spake plain by nature, and whose stuttering at first was nothing else but fears quavering on their speech at their master's presence; and whose mauling them about their heads hath dulled those who in quickness exceeded their master.

He makes his school free to him who sues to him *in forma pauperis*. And surely learning is the greatest alms that can be given. But he is a beast who, because the poor scholar cannot pay him his wages, pays the scholar in his whipping; rather are diligent lads to be encouraged with all excitements to learning. This minds me of what I have heard concerning Mr. Bust, that worthy late schoolmaster of Eton, who would never suffer any wandering begging scholar—such as justly the statute hath ranked in the fore-front of rogues—to come into his school, but would thrust him out with earnestness—however privately charitable unto him—lest his schoolboys should be disheartened from their books, by seeing some scholars, after their studying in the university, preferred to beggary.

He spoils not a good school to make thereof a bad college, therein to teach his scholars logic. For, besides that logic may have an action of trespass against grammar for encroaching on her liberties, syllogisms are solecisms taught in the school, and oftentimes they are forced afterwards in the university to unlearn the fumbling skill they had before.

Out of his school he is no way pedantical in carriage or discourse; contenting himself to be rich in Latin, though he doth not jingle with it in every company wherein he comes.

To conclude, let this, amongst other motives, make schoolmasters careful in their place—that the eminence of their scholars have commended the memories of their schoolmasters to posterity, who, otherwise, in obscurity, had altogether been forgotten. Who had ever heard of R. Bond, in Lancashire, but for the breeding of learned Ascham, his scholar? or of Hartgrave, in Burnley School, in the same county, but because he was the first did teach worthy Dr. Whitaker? Nor do I honour the memory of Mulcaster for anything so much as his scholar, that gulf of learning, Bishop Andrews. This made the Athenians, the day before the great feast of Theseus, their founder, to sacrifice a ram to the memory of Conidas, his schoolmaster, that first instructed him.

Recreations

Recreation is a second creation, when weariness hath almost annihilated one's spirits. It is the breathing of the soul, which otherwise would be stifled with continual business.

Spill not the morning, the quintessence of the day, in recreations; for sleep itself is a recreation. Add not therefore sauce to sauce; and he cannot properly have any title to be refreshed who was not first faint. Pastime, like wine, is poison in the morning. It is then good husbandry to sow the seed, which hath lain fallow all night, with some serious work. Chide thyself, intrinche not on the Lord's day to use unlawful sports; this were to spare thine own flock, and to shear God's lamb.

Take heed of boisterous and over-violent exercises. Ringing oftentimes hath made good music on the bells, and put men's bodies out of tune, so that, by overheating themselves, they have rung their own passing-bell.

Books.

It is a vanity to persuade the world one hath much learning by getting a great library. As soon shall I believe every one is valiant that hath a well-furnished armoury. I guess good house-keeping by the smoking, not the number of the chimneys, as knowing that many of them—built merely for uniformity—are without chimneys, and more without fires.

Some books are only cursorily to be tasted of: namely, first, voluminous books, the task of a man's life to read them over; secondly, auxiliary books, only to be repaired to on occasions; thirdly, such as are mere pieces of formality, so that if you look on them you look through them, and he that peeps through the casement of the index, sees as much as if he were in the house. But the laziness of those cannot be excused who perfunctorily pass over authors of consequence, and only trade in their tables and contents. These, like city cheaters, having gotten the names of all country gentlemen, make silly people believe they have long lived in those places where they never were, and flourish with skill in those authors they never seriously studied.

Education confined too much to Language.

Our common education is not intended to render us good and wise, but learned: it hath not taught us to follow and embrace virtue and prudence, but hath imprinted in us their derivation and etymology; it hath chosen out for us not such books as contain the soundest and truest opinions, but those that speak the best Greek and Latin; and, by these rules, has instilled into our fancy the vainest humours of antiquity. But a good education alters the judgment and manners.

'Tis a silly conceit that men without languages are also without understanding. It's apparent in all ages, that some such have been even prodigies for ability; for it's not to be believed that Wisdom speaks to her disciples only in Latin, Greek, and Hebrew.

Rules for Improving the Memory.

First, soundly infix in thy mind what thou desirest to remember. What wonder is it if agitation of business jog that out of thy head which was there rather tacked than fastened? whereas those notions which get in by *violenta possessio*, will abide there till *ejectio Arma*, sickness, or extreme age, dispossess them. It is best knocking in the nail over-night, and clinching it the next morning.

Overburden not thy memory, to make so faithful a servant a slave. Remember Atlas was weary. Have as much reason as a camel, to rise when thou hast thy full load. Memory, like a purse, if it be over-full that it cannot shut, all will drop out of it: take heed of a gluttonous curiosity to feed on many things, lest the greediness of the appetite of thy memory spoil the digestion thereof. Beza's case was peculiar and memorable; being above fourscore years of age, he perfectly could say by heart any Greek chapter in St. Paul's epistles, or anything else which he had learnt long before, but forgot whatsoever was newly told him; his memory, like an inn, retailing old guests, but having no room to entertain new.

Spill not thy memory by thine own jealousy, nor make it bad by suspecting it. How canst thou find that true which thou wilt not trust? St. Augustine tells us of his friend Simplicius, who, being asked, could tell all Virgil's verses backward and

forward, and yet the same party vowed to God that he knew not that he could do it till they did try him. Sure, there is concealed strength in men's memories, which they take no notice of.

Marshal thy notions into a handsome method. One will carry twice more weight trussed and packed up in bundles, than when it lies untowardly. Lapping and hanging about his shoulders. Things orderly tardied up under heads are most portable.

Adventure not all thy learning in one bottom, but divide it betwixt thy memory and thy note-books. He that with Bias carries all his learning about him in his head, will utterly be beggared and bankrupt, if a violent disease, a merciless thief, should rob and strip him. I know some have a commonplace against commonplace-books, and yet, perchance, will privately make use of what they publicly declaim against. A commonplace-book contains many notions in garrison, whence the owner may draw out an army into the field on competent warning.

Terrors of a Guilty Conscience.

Fancy runs most furiously when a guilty conscience drives it. One that owed much money, and had many creditors, as he walked London streets in the evening, a tenter-hook caught his cloak: 'At whose suit?' said he, conceiving some ballist had arrested him. Thus guilty consciences are afraid where no fear is, and count every creature they meet a sergeant sent from God to punish them.

Marriage.

Deceive not thyself by over-expecting happiness in the married state. Look not therein for contentment greater than God will give, or a creature in this world can receive, namely, to be free from all inconveniences. Marriage is not like the hill Olympus, wholly clear, without clouds. Remember the nightingales, which sing only some months in the spring, but commonly are silent when they have hatched their eggs, as if their mirth were turned into care for their young ones.

Miscellaneous Aphorisms.

It is dangerous to gather flowers that grow on the banks of the pit of hell, for fear of falling in; yea, they which play with the devil's rattles will be brought by degrees to wield his sword; and from making of sport, they come to doing of mischief.

Heat gotten by degrees, with motion and exercise, is more natural, and stays longer by one, than what is gotten all at once by coming to the fire. Goods acquired by industry prove commonly more lasting than lands by descent.

The true church antiquary doth not so adore the ancients as to despise the moderns. Grant them but dwarfs, yet stand they on giants' shoulders, and may see the farther.

Light, Heaven's eldest daughter, is a principal beauty in a building, yet it shines not alike from all parts of heaven. An east window welcomes the beams of the sun before they are of a strength to do any harm, and is offensive to none but a slug-giard. In a west window, in summer time towards night, the sun grows low and over-familiar, with more light than delight.

A public office is a guest which receives the best usage from them who never invited it.

Scoff not at the natural defects of any, which are not in their power to amend. Oh! 'tis cruelty to beat a cripple with his own crutches.

Anger is one of the sinews of the soul: he that wants it hath a maimed mind.

Generally, nature hangs out a sign of simplicity in the face of a fool, and there is enough in his countenance for a hue and cry to take him on suspicion; or else it is stamped in the figure of his body; their heads sometimes so little, that there is no room for wit; sometimes so long, that there is no wit for so much room.

They that marry ancient people, merely in expectation to bury them, hang themselves in hope that one will come and cut the halter.

Learning hath gained most by those books by which the printers have lost.

Is there no way to bring home a wandering sheep but by worrying him to death?

Moderation is the silken string running through the pearl-chain of all virtues.

Let us be careful to provide rest for our souls, and our bodies will provide rest

for themselves. And let us not be herein like unto gentlewomen, who care not to keep the inside of the orange, but candy and preserve only the outside.

Tombs are the clothes of the dead. A grave is but a plain suit, and a rich monument is one embroidered.

The Good Yeoman.—From 'The Holy State.'

The good yeoman is a gentleman in ore, whom the next age may see refined, and is the wax capable of a genteel impression, when the prince shall stamp it. Wise Solon, who accounted Tellus the Athenian the most happy man, for living privately on his own lands, would surely have pronounced the English yeomanry 'a fortunate condition,' living in the temperate zone between greatness and want, an estate of people almost peculiar to England. France and Italy are like a die which hath no points between cinque and ace, nobility and peasantry. Their walls, though high, must needs be hollow, wanting filling-stones. Indeed, Germany hath her boors, like our yeomen; but by a tyrannical appropriation of nobility to some few ancient families, their yeomen are excluded from ever rising higher to clarify their bloods. In England, the temple of honour is bolted against none who have passed through the temple of virtue; nor is a capacity to be genteel denied to our yeoman who thus behaves himself. He wears russet clothes, but makes golden payment, having tin in his buttons and silver in his pocket. If he chance to appear in clothes above his rank, it is to grace some great men with his service, and then he blusheth at his own bravery. Otherwise, he is the surest landmark whence foreigners may take aim of the ancient English customs; the gentry more floating after foreign fashions. In his house he is bountiful both to strangers and poor people. Some hold, when hospitality died in England, she gave her last groan amongst the yeomen of Kent. And still, at our yeoman's table, you shall have as many joints as dishes; no meat disguised with strange sauces; no straggling joint of a sheep in the midst of a pasture of grass, best with salads on every side, but solid, substantial food. No servitors (more nimble with their hands than the guests with their teeth) take away meat before stomachs are taken away. Here you have that which in itself is good, made better by the store of it, and best by the welcome to it. He improveth his land to a doable value by his good husbandry. Some grounds that wept with water, or frowned with thorns, by draining the one and clearing the other, he makes both to laugh and sing with corn. By marl and limestones burned he bettereth his ground, and his industry worketh miracles, by turning stones into bread.

Of Fuller's style of narrative in his 'Worthies' we subjoin two short specimens:

Declension of Great Families.

It happened in the reign of King James, when Henry Earl of Huntingdon was Lieutenant of Leicestershire, that a labourer's son in that country was pressed into the wars—as I take it, to go over with Count Mansfield. The old man at Leicester requested his son might be discharged, as being the only staff of his age, who by his industry maintained him and his mother. The earl demanded his name, which the man for a long time was loath to tell—as suspecting it a fault for so poor a man to tell the truth; at last he told his name was Hastings. 'Cousin Hastings,' said the earl, 'we cannot all be top branches of the tree, though we all spring from the same root; your son, my kinsman, shall not be pressed.' So good was the meeting of modesty in a poor, with courtesy in an honourable person, and gentry I believe in both. And I have reason to believe, that some who justly own the surnames and blood of Bohuns, Mortimers, and Plantagenets—though ignorant of their own extraction—were hid in the heap of common people, where they find that under a thatched cottage which some of their ancestors could not enjoy in a leaded castle—contentment, with quiet and security.

Henry de Essex, Standard-bearer to Henry II.

It happened in the reign of this king there was a fierce battle fought in Flintshire, in Coleshall, between the English and Welsh, wherein this Henry de Essex *animus et signum simul abiecit*—betwixt traitor and coward, cast away both his courage and banner together, occasioning a great overthrow of English. But he that had the base-

ness to do, had the boldness to deny the doing of so foul a fact; until he was challenged in combat by Robert de Moinford, a knight, eye-witness thereof, and by him overcome in a duel. Whereupon his large inheritance was confiscated to the king, and he himself, partly thrust, partly going, into a convent, hid his head in a cowl; under which, betwixt shame and sanctity, he blushed out the remainder of his life.

The latter passage has elicited an admirable critical note from Charles Lamb, which is well worth transcription:

The fine imagination of Fuller has done what might have been pronounced impossible. It has given an interest and a holy character to coward infamy. Nothing can be more beautiful than the concluding account of the last days and expiatory retirement of poor Henry de Essex. The address with which the whole of this little story is told is most consummate: the charm of it seems to consist in a perpetual balance of antithesis not too violently opposed, and the consequent activity of mind in which the reader is kept: 'Betwixt traitor and coward' 'baseness to do, boldness to deny'—'partly thrust, partly going, into a convent'—'betwixt shame and sanctity.' The reader by this artifice is taken into a kind of partnership with the writer; his judgment is exercised in settling the preponderance; he feels as if he were consulted as to the issue. But the modern historian flings at once the dead-weight of his own judgment into the scale, and settles the matter.

We may add that the phrase, not noticed by Lamb, of 'hid his head in a cowl,' is also figuratively striking, and seems to have been remembered by Sheridan, who used a similar expression—'to hide his head in a coronet.'

JEREMY TAYLOR.

The English church at this time was honoured by the services of many able and profound theologians; men who had both studied and thought deeply, and possessed a vigorous and original character of intellect. The most eloquent and imaginative of all her divines was, however, JEREMY TAYLOR (1613–1667), who has been styled by some the 'Shakspeare,' and by others the 'Spenser,' of our theological literature. He seems to be closely allied, in the complexion of his taste and genius, to the poet of the 'Faery Queen.' He has not the unity and energy, or the profound mental philosophy, of the great dramatist; while he strongly resembles Spenser in his prolific fancy and diction, in a certain musical arrangement and sweetness of expression, in prolonged description, and in delicious musings and reveries, suggested by some favourite image or metaphor, on which he dwells with the fondness and enthusiasm of a young poet. In these passages, he is also apt to run into excess; epithet is heaped upon epithet, and figure upon figure; all the quaint conceits of his fancy and the curious stores of his learning are dragged in, till both precision and propriety are sometimes lost. He writes like an orator, and produces his effect by reiterated strokes and multiplied impressions. His picture of the Resurrection, in one of his sermons, is in the highest style of poetry, but generally he deals with the gentle and familiar; and his allusions to natural objects—as trees, birds, and flowers, the rising or setting sun, the charms of youthful innocence and beauty, and the helplessness of infancy and childhood—possess an almost angelic purity of feeling and delicacy of language. When presenting rules for morning medita-

tion and prayer, he stops to indulge his love of nature. 'Sometimes,' he says, 'be curious to see the preparation which the sun makes when he is coming forth from his chambers of the east.' He compares a young man to a dancing bubble, 'empty and gay, and shining like a dove's neck, or the image of a rainbow, which hath no substance, and whose very imagery and colours are fantastical.' The fulfilment of our duties he calls 'presenting a rosary or chaplet of good works to our Maker;' and he dresses even the grave with the flowers of fancy. This freshness of feeling and imagination remained with him till the last, amidst all the strife and violence of the Civil War—in which he was an anxious participator and sufferer—and the still more deadening effects of polemical controversy and systems of casuistry and metaphysics. The stormy vicissitudes of his life seem only to have taught him greater gentleness, resignation, toleration for human failings, and a more ardent love of humankind.

Jeremy Taylor was a native of Cambridge—baptized on the 15th of August 1613—and descended of gentle, and even heroic blood. He was the lineal representative of Dr. Rowland Taylor, who suffered martyrdom in the reign of Queen Mary; and his family had been one of some distinction in the county of Gloucester. The Taylors, however, had 'fallen into the portion of weeds and outworn faces,' to use an expression of their most illustrious member, and Jeremy's father followed the humble occupation of a barber in Cambridge. He put his son to college, as a sizar, in his thirteenth year, having himself previously taught him the rudiments of grammar and mathematics, and given him the advantages of the Free Grammar-school. In 1630, Jeremy Taylor took his degree of Bachelor of Arts in Caius College, and in 1634 having taken his degree of M.A. was ordained. He then removed to London, to deliver some lectures for a college friend in St. Paul's Cathedral. His eloquent discourses, aided by what a contemporary calls 'his florid and youthful beauty, and pleasant air,' entranced all hearers, and procured him the patronage of Archbishop Laud, the friend of learning, if not of liberty. By Laud's assistance, Taylor obtained a fellowship in All Souls College, Oxford, which he enjoyed but for two years, after which he was vicar of Uppingham, in Rutlandshire. In 1639, he married Phoebe Langdale, a female of whom we know nothing but her musical name, and that she bore three sons to her accomplished husband, and died three years after her marriage. The sons of Taylor also died before their father, clouding with melancholy and regret his late and troubled years.

The turmoil of the Civil War now agitated the country, and Jeremy Taylor embarked his fortunes in the fate of the royalists. By virtue of the king's mandate, he was made a doctor of divinity; and at the command of Charles, he wrote a defence of Episcopacy, to which he was by principle and profession strongly attached. In 1644, while accompanying the royal army as chaplain, Jeremy Taylor was taken

prisoner by the Parliamentary forces, in the battle fought before the castle of Cardigan, in Wales. He was soon released, but the tide of war had turned against the royalists, and in the wreck of the church, Taylor resolved to continue in Wales, and, in conjunction with two learned and ecclesiastical friends, to establish a school at Newton-hall, county of Caermarthen. He appears to have been twice imprisoned by the dominant party, but treated with no marked severity.

'In the great storm,' he says, 'which dashed the vessel of the church all in pieces, I had been cast on the coast of Wales, and, in a little boat, thought to have enjoyed that rest and quietness which in England, in a far greater, I could not hope for. Here I cast anchor, and thinking to ride safely, the storm followed me with so impetuous violence, that it broke a cable and I lost my anchor, and here again I was exposed to the mercy of the sea, and the gentleness of an element that could neither distinguish things nor persons: and, but that He that stilleth the raging of the sea, and the noise of his waves, and the madness of his people, had provided a plank for me, I had been lost to all the opportunities of content or study; but I know not whether I have been more preserved by the courtesies of my friends, or the gentleness and mercies of a noble enemy.'

This fine passage is in the dedication to Taylor's 'Liberty of Prophesying,' a discourse published in 1647, 'shewing the Unreasonableness of prescribing to other men's faith, and the Iniquity of persecuting Differing Opinions.' By 'prophesying,' he means preaching or expounding. The work has been justly described as 'perhaps, of all Taylor's writings, that which shews him furthest in advance of the age in which he lived, and of the ecclesiastical system in which he had been reared—as the first distinct and avowed defence of toleration which had been ventured on in England, perhaps in Christendom.' He builds the right of private judgment upon the difficulty of expounding Scripture—the insufficiency and uncertainty of tradition—the fallibility of councils, the pope, ecclesiastical writers, and the church as a body, as arbiters of controverted points—and the consequent necessity of letting every man choose his own guide or judge of the meaning of Scripture for himself; since, says he, 'any man may be better trusted for himself, than any man can be for another—for in this case his own interest is most concerned, and ability is not so necessary as honesty, which certainly every man will best preserve in his own case, and to himself—and if he does not, it's he that must smart for it; and it is not required of us not to be in error, but that we endeavour to avoid it.'

Milton, in his scheme of toleration, excludes all Roman Catholics—a trait of the persecuting character of his times; and Jeremy Taylor, to establish some standard of truth, and prevent anarchy, as he alleges, proposes the confession of the Apostles' Creed as the test of orthodoxy and the condition of union among Christians. The principles he advocates go to destroy this limitation, and are applicable

to universal toleration, which he dared hardly then avow, even if he had entertained such a desire or conviction. The style of his masterly 'Discourse' is more argumentive and less ornate than that of his sermons and devotional treatises; but his enlightened zeal often breaks forth in striking condemnation of those who are 'curiously busy about trifles and impertinences, while they reject those glorious precepts of Christianity and holy life which are the glories of our religion, and would enable us to gain a happy eternity.' He closes the work in the second edition with the following interesting and instructive apologue, which he had found, he says, in the Jews' books:

'When Abraham sat at his tent-door, according to his custom, waiting to entertain strangers, he espied an old man stopping and leaning on his staff, weary with age and travel, coming towards him, who was a hundred years of age. He received him kindly, washed his feet, provided supper, and caused him to sit down; but observing that the old man ate and prayed not, nor begged for a blessing on his meat, asked him why he did not worship the God of heaven. The old man told him that he worshipped the fire only, and acknowledged no other God; at which answer Abraham grew so zealously angry, that he thrust the old man out of his tent, and exposed him to all the evils of the night and an unguarded condition. When the old man was gone, God called to Abraham, and asked him where the stranger was. He replied: "I thrust him away because he did not worship thee." God answered him: "I have suffered him those hundred years, although he dishonoured me; and couldst thou not endure him one night, when he gave thee no trouble?" Upon this, with the story, Abraham fetched him back again, and gave him hospitable entertainment and wise instruction. *Go thou and do likewise*, and thy charity will be rewarded by the God of Abraham.'

In Wales, Jeremy Taylor was married to Mrs. Joanna Bridges, said to have been a natural daughter of Charles I. and mistress of an estate in the county of Caermarthen. He was thus relieved from the irksome duties of a school-master; but the fines and sequestrations imposed by the Parliamentary party on the property of the royalists, are supposed to have dilapidated his wife's fortune. It is known that he received a pension from the patriotic and excellent John Evelyn, and the literary labours of Taylor were never relaxed. Soon after the publication of the 'Liberty of Prophesying,' he wrote in his Welsh retreat an 'Apology for Authorised and Set Forms of Liturgy;' and in 1650, 'The Life of Christ, or the Great Exemplar,' a valuable and highly popular work. These were followed by his treatises of 'Holy Living' and 'Holy Dying,' 'Twenty-seven Sermons for the Summer Half-year,' and other minor productions. He wrote also an excellent little manual of devotion, entitled the 'Golden Grove,' so called after the mansion of his neighbor and patron the Earl of Carbery, in whose family he had spent many of his happiest leisure hours. In the preface to this work, Taylor had reflected on the ruling powers in church and state, for which he was, for a short time, committed to prison in Chepstow Castle. He next completed his 'Course of Sermons for the Year,' and published some controversial tracts on the doctrine of 'Original Sin,' respecting which his opinions were rather latitudinarian, inclining to the Pelagian heresy. He was attacked both by High Churchmen and Calvinists, but defended him-

self with warmth and spirit—the only instance in which his bland and benevolent disposition was betrayed into anything approaching to personal asperity. He went to London in 1657, and officiated in a private congregation of Episcopalians, till an offer was made him by the Earl of Conway to accompany him to Ireland, and act as lecturer in a church at Lisburn. Thither he accordingly repaired in 1658, fixing his residence at Portmure, on the banks of Lough Neagh, about eight miles from Lisburn. Two years appear to have been spent in this happy retirement, when, in 1660, Taylor made a visit to London, to publish his ‘*Ductor Dubitantium*, or the Rule of Conscience in all her General Measures,’ the most elaborate, but the least successful, of all his works. His journey, however, was made at an auspicious period. The Commonwealth was on the eve of dissolution in the weak hands of Richard Cromwell, and the hopes of the cavaliers were fanned by the artifice and ingenuity of Monk. Jeremy Taylor signed the declaration of the loyalists of London on the 24th of April; on the 29th of May, Charles II. entered London in triumphal procession to ascend the throne; and in August following, our author was appointed bishop of Down and Connor. The Restoration exalted many a worthless parasite, and disappointed many a deserving loyalist; let us be thankful that it was the cause of the mitre descending on the head of at least one pure and pious churchman! Taylor was afterwards made chancellor of the university of Dublin, and a member of the Irish privy-council. The see of Down was also annexed to his other bishopric, ‘on account of his virtue, wisdom, and industry.’ These well-bestowed honours he enjoyed only about six years. The duties of his episcopal function were discharged with zeal, mingled with charity, though he was denounced and persecuted by a body of fierce Presbyterians. The few sermons which we possess delivered by him in Ireland are truly apostolic, both in spirit and language. He died at Lisburn, of a fever, on the 13th of August 1667, in the fifty-fourth year of his age.

A finer pattern of a Christian divine never perhaps existed. His learning dignified the high station he at last attained; his gentleness and courtesy shed a grace over his whole conduct and demeanour; while his commanding genius and energy in the cause of truth and virtue, render him worthy of everlasting affection and veneration. We have alluded to the general character and style of Jeremy Taylor’s works. A late eminent scholar, Dr. Parr, has eulogised his controversial writings: ‘*Fraught as they are*,’ he says, ‘with guileless ardour, with peerless eloquence, and with the richest stores of knowledge—historical, classical, scholastic, and theological—they may be considered as irrefragable proofs of his pure, affectionate, and dutiful attachment to the reformed church of England.’ His *uncontroversial* writings, however, form the noblest monument to his memory. His peculiar tenets may be differently judged of by different sects. He was perhaps too prone to speculations in mat-

ters of doctrine, and he was certainly no blinded devoted adherent of the church. His mind loved to expatiate on the higher things of time, death and eternity, which concern men of all parties, and to draw from the divine revelation its hopes, terrors, and injunctions—in his hands, irresistible as the flaming sword—as a means of purifying the human mind, and fitting it for a more exalted destiny. ‘Theology is rather a divine life than a divine knowledge. In heaven, indeed, we shall first see, and then love; but here on earth, we must first love, and love will open our eyes as well as our hearts; and we shall then see, and perceive and understand.’*

The Age of Reason and Discretion.

We must not think that the life of a man begins when he can feed himself or walk alone, when he can fight or beget his like, for so he is contemporary with a camel or a cow; but he is first a man when he comes to a certain steady use of reason, according to his proportion: and when that is, all the world of men cannot tell precisely. Some are called *at age* at fourteen, some at one and twenty, some never; but all men late enough; for the life of a man comes upon him slowly and insensibly. But, as when the sun approaches towards the gates of the morning, he first opens a little eye of heaven, and sends away the spirits of darkness, and gives light to a cock, and calls up the lark to matins, and by and by gilds the fringes of a cloud, and peeps over the eastern hills, thrusting out his golden horns like those which decked the brows of Moses, when he was forced to wear a veil, because himself had seen the face of God; and still, while a man tells the story, the sun gets up higher, till he shews a fair face and a full light, and then he shines one whole day, under a cloud often, and sometimes weeping great and little showers, and sets quickly; so is a man's reason and his life. He first begins to perceive himself, to see or taste, making little reflections upon his actions of sense, and can discourse of flies and dogs, shells and play, horses and liberty: but when he is strong enough to enter into arts and little institutions, he is at first entertained with trifles and impertinent things, not because he needs them, but because his understanding is no bigger, and little images of things are laid before him, like a cock-boat to a whale, only to play withal: but, before a man comes to be wise, he is half dead with gout and consumptions, with catarrhs and aches, with sore eyes and a worn-out body. So that, if we must not reckon the life of a man but by the accounts of his reason, he is long before his soul be dressed; and he is not to be called a man without a wise and an adorned soul, a soul at least furnished with what is necessary towards his well-being.

And now let us consider what that thing is which we call years of discretion. The young man is passed his tutors, and arrived at the bondage of a caltiff spirit; he has run from discipline, and is let loose to passion. The man by his time hath wit enough to choose his vice, to act his lust, to court his mistress, to talk confidently, and ignorantly, and perpetually; to despise his betters, to deny nothing to his appetite, to do things that, when he is indeed a man, he must for ever be ashamed of: for this is all the discretion that most men shew in the first stage of their manhood; they can discern good from evil; and they prove their skill by leaving all that is good, and wallowing in the evils of folly and an unbridled appetite. And by this time the young man hath contracted vicious habits, and is a beast in manners, and therefore it will not be fitting to reckon the beginning of his life; he is a fool in his understanding, and that is a sad death.

The Pomp of Death.

Take away but the pomps of death, the disguises, and solemn bugbears, and the settings by candlelight, and proper and fantastic ceremonies, the minstrels, and the noise-makers, the women and the weepers, the swoonings and the shriekings, the

* *Via Intelligentia*, a sermon preached by Jeremy Taylor to the university of Dublin.

nurses and the physicians, the dark room and the ministers, the kindred and the watchmen, and then to die is easy, ready, and quitted from its troublesome circumstances. It is the same harmless thing that a poor shepherd suffered yesterday, or a maid-servant to-day; and at the same time in which you die, in that very night a thousand creatures die with you, some wise men and many fools; and the wisdom of the first will not quit him, and the folly of the latter does not make him unable to die.

Marriage.

They that enter into the state of marriage cast a die of the greatest contingency, and yet of the greatest interest in the world, next to the last throw for eternity. Life or death, felicity or a lasting sorrow, are in the power of marriage. A woman, indeed, ventures most, for she hath no sanctuary to retire to from an evil husband; she must dwell upon her sorrow, and hatch the eggs which her own folly or infelicity hath produced; and she is more under it, because her tormentor hath a warrant of prerogative, and the woman may complain to God, as subjects do of tyrant princes; but otherwise she hath no appeal in the causes of unkindness. And though the man can run from many hours of his sadness, yet he must return to it again; and when he sits among his neighbours, he remembers the objection that lies in his bosom, and he sighs deeply. The boys and the pedlars, and the fruiterers, shall tell of this man when he is carried to his grave, that he lived and died a poor wretched person.

The stags in the Greek epigram, whose knees were clogged with frozen snow upon the mountains, came down to the brooks of the valkys, hoping to thaw their joints with the waters of the stream; but there the frost overtook them, and bound them fast in ice, till the young herdsmen took them in their stranger snare. It is the unhappy chance of many men, finding many inconveniences upon the mountains of single life, they descend into the valleys of marriage to refresh their troubles; and there they enter into fetters, and are bound to sorrow by the chords of a man's or woman's perverseness. . . .

Man and wife are equally concerned to avoid all offences of each other in the beginning of their conversation; every little thing can blast an infant blossom; and the breath of the south can shake the little rings of the vine, when first they begin to curl like the locks of a new weaned boy: but when by age and consolidation they stiffen into the hardness of a stem, and have, by the warm embraces of the sun and the kisses of heaven, brought forth their clusters, they can endure the storms of the north, and the loud noises of a tempest, and yet never be broken: so are the early unions of an unfixed marriage; watchful and observant, jealous and busy, inquisitive and careful, and apt to take alarm at every unkind word. After the hearts of the man and the wife are endear'd and hardened by a mutual confidence and experience, longer than artifice and pretence can last, there are a great many remembrances, and some things present, that dash all little unkindnesses in pieces. . . .

There is nothing can please a man without love; and if a man be weary of the wise discourses of the apostles, and of the innocence of an even and a private fortune, or hates peace, or a fruitful year, he hath reaped thorns and thistles from the choicest flowers of Paradise; for nothing can sweeten felicity itself but love; but when a man dwells in love, then the breasts of his wife are pleasant as the droppings upon the Hill of Hermon; her eyes are fair as the light of heaven; she is a fountain sealed, and he can quench his thirst, and ease his cares, and lay his sorrows down upon her lap, and can retire home to his sanctuary and refectory, and his gardens of sweetness and chaste refreshments. No man can tell but he that loves his children, how many delicious accents make a man's heart dance in the pretty conversation of those dear pledges; their childishness, their stammering, their little angers, their innocence, their imperfections, their necessities, are so many little emanations of joy and comfort to him that delights in their persons and society. . . . It is fit that I should infuse a bunch of myrrh into the festival goblet, and, after the Egyptian manner, serve up a dead man's bones at a feast; I will only shew it, and take it away again; it will make the wine bitter, but wholesome. But those married pairs that live as remembering that they must part again, and give an account how they treat themselves and each other, shall, at that day of their death, be admitted to glorious espousals; and when they shall live again, be married to their Lord, and partake of his glories, with Abraham and Joseph, St. Peter and St. Paul, and all the

married saints. All those things that now please us shall pass from us, or we from them; but those things that concern the other life are permanent as the numbers of eternity. And although at the resurrection there shall be no relation of husband and wife, and no marriage shall be celebrated but the marriage of the Lamb, yet then shall be remembered how men and women passed through this state, which is a type of that; and from this sacramental union all holy pairs shall pass to the spiritual and eternal, where love shall be their portion, and joys shall crown their heads, and they shall lie in the bosom of Jesus, and in the heart of God, to eternal ages.

The Progress of Sin.

I have seen the little purls of a spring sweat through the bottom of a bank, and interpenetrate the stubborn pavement, till it hath made it fit for the impression of a child's foot; and it was despised, like the descending pearls of a misty morning, till it had opened its way and made a stream large enough to carry away the ruins of the undermined strand, and to invade the neighbouring gardens: but then the despoiled drops were grown into an artificial river, and an intolerable mischief. So are the first entrances of sin, stopped with the antidotes of a hearty prayer, and checked into sobriety by the eye of a reverend man, or the counsels of a single sermon: but when such beginnings are neglected, and our religion hath not in it so much philosophy as to think anything evil as long as we can endure it, they grow up to ulcers and pestilential evils; they destroy the soul by their abode, who at their first entry might have been killed with the pressure of a little finger.

He that hath passed many stages of a good life, to prevent his being tempted to a single sin, must be very careful that he never entertain his spirit with the remembrances of his past sin, nor amuse it with the fantastic apprehensions of the present. When the Israelites fancied the sapidness and relish of the flesh-pots, they longed to taste and to return.

So when a Libyan tiger, drawn from his wilder foraging, is shut up and taught to eat civil meat, and suffer the authority of a man, he sits down tamely in his prison, and pays to his keeper fear and reverence for his meat; but if he chance to come again and taste a draught of warm blood, he presently leaps into his natural cruelty. He scarce abstains from eating those hands that brought him discipline and food.

The Pannonian bears, when they have clasped a dart in the region of their liver, wheel themselves upon the wound, and with anger and malicious revenge strike the deadly barb deeper, and cannot be quit from that fatal steel, but, in flying, bear along that which themselves make the instrument of a more hasty death: so is every vicious person struck with a deadly wound, and his own hands force it into the entertainments of the heart; and because it is painful to draw it forth by a sharp and salutary repentance, he still rolls and turns upon his wound, and carries his death in his bowels, where it first entered by choice, and then dwelt by love, and at last shall finish the tragedy by divine judgments and an unalterable decree.

Sinful Pleasure.

Look upon pleasures not upon that side which is next the sun, or where they look beautifully, that is, as they come towards you to be enjoyed; for then they paint and smile, and dress themselves up in tinsel and glass gems and counterfeit imagery; but when thou hast rifled and discomposed them with enjoying their false beauties, and that they begin to go off, then behold them in their nakedness and weariness. See what a sigh and sorrow, what naked unhandsome proportions and a filthy carcase they discover; and the next time they counterfeit, remember what you have already discovered, and be no more abused.

The Skylark.

For so I have seen a lark rising from his bed of grass, and soaring upwards, singing as he rises, and hopes to get to heaven, and climb above the clouds; but the poor bird was beaten back with the loud sighings of an eastern wind, and his motion made irregular and inconstant, descending more at every breath of the tempest, than it could recover by the libration and frequent weighing of his wings; till the little creature was forced to sit down and pant, and stay till the storm was over; and

then it made a prosperous flight, and did rise and sing, as if it had learned music and motion from an angel, as he passed sometimes through the air, about his ministries here below.

Useful Studies.

Spend not your time in that which profits not : for your labour and your health, your time and your studies, are very valuable ; and it is a thousand pities to see a diligent and hopeful person spend himself in gathering cockle-shells and little pebbles, in telling sands upon the shores, and making garlands of useless daisies.* Study that which is profitable, that which will make you useful to churches and commonwealths, that which will make you desirable and wise. Only I shall add this to you, that in learning there are variety of things as well as in religion : there is mint and cummin, and there are the weighty things of the law ; so there are studies more and less useful, and everything that is useful will be required in its time : and I may in this also use the words of our blessed Saviour, 'These things ought you to look after, and not to leave the other unregarded.' But your great care is to be in the things of God and of religion, in holiness and true wisdom, remembering the saying of Origen, 'That the knowledge that arises from goodness is something that is more certain and more divine than all demonstration,' than all other learnings of the world.

Comforting the Afflicted

Certain it is, that as nothing can better do it, so there is nothing greater, for which God made our tongues, next to reciting his praises, than to minister comfort to a weary soul. And what greater measure can we have, than that we should bring joy to our brother, who with his dreary eyes looks to heaven and round about, and cannot find so much rest as to lay his eyelids close together—than that thy tongue should be tuned with heavenly accents, and make the weary soul to listen for light and ease ; and when he perceives that there is such a thing in the world, and in the order of things, as comfort and joy, to begin to break out from the prison of his sorrows as the door of sighs and tears, and by little and little melt into showers and refreshment. This is glory to thy voice, and employment fit for the brightest angel. But so have I seen the sun kiss the frozen earth, which was bound up with the images of death, and the colder breath of the north ; and then the waters break from their inclosures, and melt with joy, and run in useful channels ; and the flies do rise again from their little graves in walls, and dance a while in the air, to tell that there is joy within, and that the great mother of creatures will open the stock of her new refreshment, become useful to mankind, and sing praises to her Redeemer. So is the heart of a sorrowful man under the discourses of a wise comforter ; he breaks from the despairs of the grave, and the fetters and chains of sorrow ; he blesses God, and he blesses thee, and he feels his life returning ; for to be miserable is death, but nothing is life but to be comforted ; and God is pleased with no music from below so much as in the thanksgiving songs of relieved widows, of supported orphans, of rejoicing, and comforted, and thankful persons.

* Sir Isaac Newton, a little before he died, said : 'I don't know what I may seem to the world, but as to myself, I seem to have been only like a boy playing on the sea-shore, and diverting myself in now and then finding a smoother pebble or a prettier shell than ordinary, whilst the great ocean of Truth lay all undiscovered before me.'—*Spence's Anecdotes.*

Who reads
Incessantly, and to his reading brings not
A spirit and judgment equal or superior
(And what he brings what needs he elsewhere seek ?),
Uncertain and unsettled still remains:
Deep versed in books, and shallow in himself,
Crude or intoxicate, collecting toys
And trifles for choice matters, worth a sponge,
As children gathering pebbles on the shore.

Paradise Regained, Book iv.

Real and Apparent Happiness.

If we should look under the skirt of the prosperous and prevailing tyrant, we should find, even in the days of his joys, such allays and abatements of his pleasure, as may serve to represent him presently miserable, besides his final infelicities. For I have seen a young and healthful person warm and ruddy under a poor and a thin garment, when at the same time an old rich person hath been cold and paralytic under a load of sables and the skins of foxes. It is the body that makes the clothes warm, not the clothes the body; and the spirit of a man makes felicity and content, not any spoils of a rich fortune, wrapt about a sickly and an uneasy soul. Apollodorus was a traitor and a tyrant, and the world wondered to see a bad man have so good a fortune, but knew not that he nourished scorpions in his breast, and that his liver and his heart were eaten up with spectres and images of death; his thoughts were full of interruptions, his dreams of illusions: his fancy was abused with real troubles and fantastic images, imagining that he saw the Scythians slaying him alive, his daughters like pillars of fire, dancing round about a caldron in which himself was boiling, and that his heart accused itself to be the cause of all these evils.

Does he not drink more sweetly that takes his beverage in an earthen vessel, than he that looks and searches into his golden chalices, for fear of poison, and looks pale at every sudden noise, and sleeps in armour, and trusts nobody, and does not trust God for his safety?

Can a man bind a thought with chains, or carry imaginations in the palms of his hand? can the beauty of the peacock's train, or the ostrich plume, be delicious to the palate and the throat? does the hand intermingle with the joys of the heart? or darkness, that hides the naked, make him warm? does the body live, as does the spirit? or can the body of Christ be like to common food? Indeed, the sun shines upon the good and bad; and the vines give wine to the drunkard, as well as to the sober man; pirates have fair winds and a calm sea, at the same time when the just and peaceful merchantman hath them. But although the things of this world are common to good and bad, yet sacraments and spiritual joys, the food of the soul and the blessing of Christ, are the peculiar right of saints.

Adversity.

All is well as long as the sun shines, and the fair breath of heaven gently wafts us to our own purposes. But if you will try the excellency and feel the work of faith, place the man in a persecution: let him ride in a storm; let his bones be broken with sorrow, and his eyelids loosed with sickness; let his bread be dipped with tears, and all the daughters of music be brought low: let us come to sit upon the margin of our grave, and let a tyrant lean hard upon our fortunes, and dwell upon our wrong; let the storm arise, and the keels toss till the cordage crack, or that all our hopes lodge under us, and descend into the hollowness of sad misfortunes.

Miseries of Man's Life.

How few men in the world are prosperous! What an infinite number of slaves and beggars, of persecuted and oppressed people, fill all corners of the earth with groans, and heaven itself with weeping, prayers, and sad remembrances! How many provinces and kingdoms are afflicted by a violent war, or made desolate by popular diseases! Some whole countries are remarked with fatal evils or periodical sicknesses. Grand Cairo, in Egypt, feels the plague every three years returning like a quartan ague, and destroying many thousands of persons. All the inhabitants of Arabia the desert are in continual fear of being buried in huge heaps of sand, and therefore dwell in tents and ambulatory houses, or retire to unfruitful mountains, to prolong an uneasy and wilder life. And all the countries round about the Adriatic Sea feel such violent convulsions, by tempests and intolerable earthquakes, that sometimes whole cities find a tomb, and every man sinks with his own house, made ready to become his monument, and his bed is crushed into the disorders of a grave.

It were too sad if I should tell how many persons are afflicted with evil spirits, with spectres and visions of the night.

He that is no fool, but can consider wisely, if he be in love with this world, we need not despair but that a witty man might reconcile him with torture, and make

him think charitably of the rack, and be brought to dwell with vipers and dragons, and entertain his guests with the shrieks of mandrakes, cats, and screech-owls, with the filing of iron and the harshness of rending of silk, or to admire the harmony that is made by a herd of evening wolves, when they make their draught of blood in their midnight revels. The groans of a man in a fit of the stone are worse than all these; and the distractions of a troubled conscience are worse than those groans; and yet a merry careless sinner is worse than all that. But if we could, from one of the battlements of heaven, espy how many men and women at this time lie fainting and dying for want of bread; how many young men are hewn down by the sword of war; how many poor orphans are now weeping over the graves of their father, by whose life they were enabled to eat; if we could but hear how many mariners and passengers are at this present in a storm, and shriek out because their keel dashes against a rock or bulges under them; how many people there are who weep with want and are mad with oppression, or are desperate by a too quick sense of a constant infelicity; in all reason we should be glad to be out of the noise and the participation of so many evils. This is a place of sorrows and tears, of so great evils and a constant calamity; let us remove from hence at least in affections and preparation of mind.

A Calm Religious Life.

In all her [Lady Carbery's] religion, and in all her actions of relation towards God, she had a strange evenness and untroubled passage, sliding towards her ocean of God and of infinity with a certain and silent motion. So have I seen a river deep and smooth pushing with a still foot and a sober face, and paying to the Fiesque, the great exchequer of the sea, the prince of all watery bodies, a tribute large and full; and hard by it a little brook skipping and making a noise upon its unequal and neighbour bottom; and after all its talking and bragged motion, it paid to its common audit no more than the revenues of a little cloud or a contemptible vessel. So have I sometimes compared the issues of her religion to the solemnities and famed outside of another's piety.

On Death.

Nature calls us to meditate of death, by those things which are the instruments of acting it; and God by all the variety of his providence, makes us see death everywhere in all variety of circumstances, and dressed up for all the fancies and the expectation of every single person. Nature has given us one harvest every year, but death hath two; and the spring and the autumn send throngs of men and women to charnel-houses; and all the summer long, men are recovering from their evils of the spring, till the dog-days come, and then the Sirius star makes the summer deadly; and the fruits of autumn are laid up for all the year's provision, and the man that gathers them eats and surfeits, and dies and needs them not, and himself is laid up for eternity; and he that escapes till winter, only stays for another opportunity, which the distempers of that quarter minister to him with great variety. Thus death reigns in all the portions of our time. The autumn with its fruits provides disorders for us, and the winter's cold turns them into sharp diseases, and the spring brings flowers to strew our hearse, and the summer gives green turf and brambles to bind upon our graves. Calentures and surfeit, cold and agues, are the four quarters of the year; and you can go no whither but you tread upon a dead man's bones.

The fellow in Petronius, that escaped upon a broken table from the furcs of a shipwreck, as he was sunning himself upon the rocky shore, espied a man rolled upon his floating bed of waves, ballasted with sand in the folds of his garment, and carried by his civil enemy, the sea, towards the shore to find a grave. And it cast him into some sad thoughts; that peradventure this man's wife in some part of the continent, safe and warm, looks next month for the good man's return; or, it may be, his son knows nothing of the tempest; or his father thinks of that affectionate kiss which still is warm upon the good old man's cheek, ever since he took a kind farewell, and he weeps with joy to think how blessed he shall be when his beloved boy returns into the circle of his father's arms. These are the thoughts of mortals, this is the end and sum of all their designs: a dark night and an ill guide, a bolsterous sea and a broken cable, a hard rock and a rough wind, dashes in pieces the fortune of a whole family; and they that shall weep loudest for the accident are not

yet entered into the storm, and yet have suffered shipwreck. Then, looking upon the carcass, he knew it, and found it to be the master of the ship, who, the day before, cast up the accounts of his patrimony and his trade, and named the day when he thought to be at home. See how the man swims who was so angry two days since ! His passions are becalmed with the storm, his accounts cast up, his cares at an end, his voyage done, and his gains are the strange events of death, which, whether they be good or evil, the men that are alive seldom trouble themselves concerning the interest of the dead.

It is a mighty change that is made by the death of every person, and it is visible to us who are alive. Reckon but from the sprightfulness of youth, and the fair cheeks and full eyes of childhood ; from the vigorousness and strong flexure of the joints of five-and-twenty, to the hollowness and deadly paleness, to the loathsome-ness and horror of a three days' burial, and we shall perceive the distance to be very great and very strange. But so have I seen a rose newly springing from the cliffs of its hood, and, at first, it was fair as the morning, and full with the dew of heaven, as a lamb's fleece ; but when a ruder breath had forced open its virgin modesty, and dismantled its too youthful and unripe retirements it began to put on darkness, and to decline to softness and the symptoms of a sickly age ; it bowed the head, and broke its stalk ; and at night, having lost some of its leaves, and all its beauty, it fell into the portion of weeds and out-worn faces. The same is the portion of every man and every woman ; the heritage of worms and serpents, rottenness and cold dishonour, and our beauty so changed, that our acquaintance quickly knew us not ; and that change mingled with so much horror, or else meets so with our fears and weak discouragements, that they who, six hours ago, tended upon us either with charitable or ambitious services, cannot without some regret stay in the room alone where the body lies stripped of its life and honour. I have read of a fair young German gentleman, who, living, often refused to be pictured, but put off the importunity of his friends' desire by giving way, that after a few days' burial, they might send a painter to his vault, and, if they saw cause for it, draw the image of his death unto the life. They did so, and found his face half eaten, and his midriff and backbone full of serpents ; and so he stands pictured among his armed ancestors. So does the fairest beauty change ; and it will be as bad with you and me ; and then what servants shall we have to wait upon us in the grave ? what friends to visit us ? what officious people to cleanse away the moist and unwholesome cloud reflected upon our faces from the sides of the weeping vaults, which are the longest weepers for our funeral ?

The Day of Judgment.

Even you and I, and all the world, king and priests, nobles and learned, the crafty and the easy, the wise and the foolish, the rich and the poor, the prevailing tyrant and the oppressed party, shall all appear to receive their symbol ; and this is so far from abating anything of its terror and our dear concernment, that it much increases it. For although concerning precepts and discourses we are apt to neglect in particular what is recommended in general, and in incidences of mortality and sad events, the singularity of the chance heightens the apprehensions of the evil : yet it is so by accident, and only in regard of our imperfection ; it being an effect of self-love, or some little creeping envy, which adheres too often to the unfortunate and miserable ; or being apprehended to be in a rare case, and a singular unworthiness in him who is afflicted otherwise than is common to the sons of men, companions of his sin, and brethren of his nature, and partners of his usual accidents ; yet in final and extreme events, the multitude of sufferers does not lessen, but increase the sufferings ; and when the first day of judgment happened—that, I mean, of the universal deluge of water upon the old world—the calamity swelled like the flood, and every man saw his friend perish, and the neighbours of his dwelling, and the relatives of his house, and the sharers of his joys, and yesterday's bride, and the new-born heir, the priest of the family, and the honour of the kindred, all dying or dead, drenched in water and the divine vengeance ; and then they had no place to flee unto, no man cared for their souls ; they had none to go unto for counsel, no sanctuary high enough to keep them from the vengeance that rained down from heaven ; and so it shall be at the day of judgment, when that

world and this, and all that shall hereafter be born, shall pass through the same Red Sea, and be all baptised with the same fire, and be involved in the same cloud, in which shall be thunderings and terrors infinite. Every man's fear shall be increased by his neighbour's shrieks, and the amazement that all the world shall be in, shall unite us the sparks of a raging furnace into a globe of fire, and roll upon its own principle, and increase by direct appearances and intolerable reflections. He that stands in a churchyard in the time of a great plague, and hears the passing-bell perpetually tolling the sad stories of death, and sees crowds of infected bodies pressing to their graves, and others sick and tremulous, and death dressed up in all the images of sorrow round about him, is not supported in his spirit by the variety of his sorrow; and at doomsday, when the terrors are universal, besides that it is in itself so much greater, because it can affright the whole world, it is also made greater by communication and a sorrowful influence; grief being then strongly infectious, when there is no variety of state, but an entire kingdom of fear; and amazement is the king of all our passions, and all the world its subjects. And that shriek must needs be terrible, when millions of men and women, at the same instant, shall fearfully cry out, and the noise shall mingle with the trumpet of the archangel, with the thunders of the dying and groaning heavens, and the crack of the dissolving world, when the whole fabric of nature shall shake into dissolution and eternal ashes!

Consider what an infinite multitude of angels, and men, and women, shall then appear! It is a huge assembly when the men of one kingdom, the men of one age in a single province are gathered together into heaps and confusion of disorder; but then, all kingdoms of all ages, all the armies that ever mustered, all that world that Augustus Cæsar taxed, all those hundreds of millions that were slain in all the Roman wars, from Numa's time till Italy was broken into principalities and small exarchates: all these, and all that can come into numbers, and that did descend from the loins of Adam, shall at once be represented; to which account, if we add the armies of heaven, the nine orders of blessed spirits, and the infinite numbers in every order, we may suppose the numbers fit to express the majesty of that God, and the terror of that Judge, who is the Lord and Father of all that unimaginable multitude! . . . The majesty of the Judge, and the terrors of the judgment, shall be spoken aloud by the immediate forthcoming accidents, which shall be so great violences to the old constitutions of nature, that it shall break her very bones, and disorder her till she be destroyed. St. Jerome relates out of the Jews' books, that their doctors used to account fifteen days of prodigy immediately before Christ's coming, and to every day assign a wonder; any one of which, if we should chance to see in the days of our flesh, it would affright us into the like thoughts which the old world had, when they saw the countries round about them covered with water and the divine vengeance; or as these poor people near Adria and the Mediterranean Sea, when their houses and cities were entering into graves, and the bowels of the earth rent with convulsions and horrid tremblings. The sea, they say, shall rise fifteen cubits above the highest mountains, and thence descend into hollowness and a prodigious drought; and when they are reduced again to their usual proportions, then all the beasts and creeping things, the monsters and the usual inhabitants of the sea, shall be gathered together, and make fearful noises to distract mankind: the birds shall mourn and change their song into threnes and sad accents; rivers of fire shall rise from east to west, and the stars shall be rent into threads of light, and scatter like the beards of comets; then shall be fearful earthquakes, and the rocks shall rend in pieces, the trees shall distil blood, and the mountains and fairest structures shall return into their primitive dust; the wild beasts shall leave their dens, and shall come into the companies of men, so that you shall hardly tell how to call them, herds of men or congregations of beasts; then shall the graves open and give up their dead, and those which are alive in nature and dead in fear shall be forced from the rocks whither they went to hide them, and from caverns of the earth where they would fain have been concealed: because their retirements are dismantled, and their rocks are broken into wider ruptures, and admit a strange light into their secret bowels; and the men being forced abroad into the theatre of mighty horrors, shall run up and down distracted, and at their wits' end; and then some shall die, and some shall be changed; and by this time the elect shall be gathered together from the four quarters of the world, and Christ shall come along with them to judgment.

ARCHBISHOP LEIGHTON.

ROBERT LEIGHTON (1611-1684) was the son of a Scottish physician, Dr. Alexander Leighton, whose tyrannical and barbarous treatment by the Star-chamber of Charles I. forms a foul blot on the government of that monarch.* Robert Leighton was educated at the university of Edinburgh, and afterwards resided for some time at Douay, in France, where the acquaintance of some accomplished French students polished and liberalised his mind. In December 1641, he was ordained minister of Newbattle, near Edinburgh, and there he delivered the sermons composing his celebrated 'Commentary on the First Epistle of St. Peter.' His incumbency extended to February 1653, when he resigned his parish of Newbattle, and became Principal of the university of Edinburgh, which office he held till March 1663, when he was induced to separate himself from the Presbyterian Church, and accept preferment in the Church of England. He did this with reluctance, and chose at first the small and obscure diocese of Dunblane, where he officiated for about eight years. At Dunblane, Leighton's favourite walk is still pointed out, and it has been made the subject of an interesting little poetical work ('The Bishop's Walk,' by ORWELL, or the Rev. Walter C. Smith, Glasgow). Leighton left his library to Dunblane, and the greater part of it is still preserved.

In 1670, he was made Archbishop of Glasgow, having accepted that appointment on condition that he should be assisted in his efforts to carry out such conciliatory measures as might include the Presbyterians. The selfishness and brutality of Sharp and Lauderdale, and the resolute determination of the Presbyterians to consent to no compromise, frustrated the pious wishes and designs of the archbishop, and he tendered his resignation, which the king, after some delay, accepted. He afterwards lived in retirement with a sister at Broadhurst, in Sussex, but being suddenly summoned to London, he died there, after a few day's illness, June 25, 1684. None of Archbishop Leighton's writings were published during his lifetime. They consist of the 'Commentary on St. Peter,' 'Sermons,' preached at Newbattle; 'Lectures and Addresses,' delivered in Latin before the university of Edinburgh; and 'Spiritual Exercises, Letters, &c.' Various editions of the collected works have been published in England and America, the most complete being that edited by the Rev. W. West, Nairn (1869-70); Burnet has eulogised Leighton (to whom

* The elder Leighton wrote an intemperate polemical work, an *Appeal to the Parliament*; or *South Sea Regia. at the P. L. C. S. (S. S.)* for which he was, two years afterwards, sentenced to be publicly whipped at Westminster and set in the pillory, to have one side of his nose slit, one ear cut off, and one side of his cheek branded with a hot iron; to have the whole of this repeated the next week at Cheapside, with the addition of 'S. S.' (sower of sedition) branded on his cheek, a fine of £10,000 to be paid, and to suffer perpetual imprisonment in the Fleet! The fine probably could not be paid, but the rest of the sentence was put in force. After eleven years' confinement, the sufferer was liberated by the Long Parliament.

he was tenderly attached) as possessing 'the greatest elevation of soul, the largest compass of knowledge, the most mortified and most heavenly disposition that he ever saw in mortal.' Other eminent divines are no less laudatory; and Coleridge regarded Leighton as best deserving, among all our learned theologians, 'the title of a spiritual divine.' In the first chapter of his 'Commentary,' Leighton says:

As in religion, so in the course and practice of men's lives, the stream of sin runs from one age into another, and every age makes it greater, adding somewhat to what it receives, as rivers grow in their course by the accession of brooks that fall into them; and every man when he is born, falls like a drop into the main current of corruption, and so is carried down with it, and this by reason of its strength and his own nature, which willingly dissolves unto it, and runs along with it.' In this single period, Coleridge says, we have 'religion, the spirit: the philosophy, the soul; and poetry, the body and drapery, united; Plato glorified by St. Paul!'

Arise, Shine (Isaiah lx. 1)

The day of the Gospel is too precious that any of it should be spent in sleep, or idleness, or worthless business. Worthless business detains many of us. Arise, immortal soul, from molling in the dust, and working in the clay like Egyptian captives! Address yourselves to more noble work. There is a Redeemer come, who will pay your ransom, and rescue you from such vile service, for more excellent employment. It is strange how the souls of Christians can so much forget their first original from Heaven, and their new hopes of returning thither and the rich price of their redemption, and forgetting all these, dwell so low, and dote so much upon trifles. How is it that they hear not their well-beloved's voice: crying, *Arise, my love, my fair one, and come away!* Though the eyes of true believers are so enlightened that they shall not sleep unto death, yet their spirits are often seized with a kind of drowsiness and slumber, and sometimes even when they should be of most activity. The time of Christ's check to his three disciples made it very sharp, though the words are mild: *What! could you not watch with me one hour!* Shake off, believing souls, that heavy humour. Arise, and satiate the eye of faith with the contemplation of Christ's beauty, and follow after him till you attain the place of full enjoyment. And you others, who never yet saw him, arise and admire his matchless excellency. The things you esteem great appear so but through ignorance of his greatness. His brightness, if you saw it, would obscure to you the greatest splendour of the world, as all those stars that never go down upon us, yet are swallowed up in the surpassing light of the sun when it arises. *Arise from the dead, and he shall give you light. Arise and work while it is day, for the night cometh wherein no man can work,* says our Saviour himself. Happy are they who rise early in the morning of their youth; for the day of life is very short, and the art of Christianity long and difficult. Is it not a grievous thing that men never consider why they came into the world till they be upon the point of going out again, nor think how to live till they be summoned to die? But most of all unhappy he who never wakens out of that pleasing dream of false happiness till he fall into eternal misery. Arise, then, betimes, and prevent that sad awakening!

Idle Curiosity and Useless Contention.

Wise men observe that there is an inbred curiosity in men to know things to come rather than things present, and the affairs of others rather than their own. Yea, we spend much of our time and discourse inquiring *what of this man!* and *what of the other!* inquiring of matters private or public, of church or of state; as if, forsooth, all were equally capable to consider of all things; this were to level all men's understandings, which is as absurd and unreasonable as to level all men's estates. Much time is spent in doing evil, much in doing nothing, and almost all in doing nothing to the purpose. Some call this diversion, but we may truly call it distraction; for, certainly, when men are thus employed, they are not at home with themselves, but are like the fool whose eyes are in the corners of the earth.

It is true, a man may live in silence and solitude to little purpose, as Domitian, who shut himself up in his closet, and there caught flies. One may there be haunted with many noisome thoughts, and such had need to take the advice which was given to one of the ancients, who, being asked what he was doing, answered: 'I am conversing with myself,' it was replied to him: '*Vive sit cum bono viro*' (See it be with a good man). Such a man may be conversing with worse company than all the world, except he draw in what is better than himself and all the world, even God and his Spirit to converse with.

Some will say that although we be not concerned in the private affairs of others, or in matters of state, yet the affairs of the church are such as we ought not a little to concern ourselves in them. I shall only say that all truths are not alike clear, nor all duties alike weighty to all, and do not equally concern all persons. Christians may very well keep themselves within the compass of their own sphere. Many things about which men dispute very warmly are of remote relation and affinity to the great things of Christianity. Some truths are of so little evidence and importance, that he who errs in them charitably, meekly, and calmly, may be both a wiser man and a better Christian than he who is furiously, eternally, and uncharitably orthodox. If it be the mind of God that that order which from the primitive times has been in constant succession in this and other churches, do yet continue, what is that to thee or to me? If I had one of the loudest, as I have one of the lowest voices, yea, were it as loud as a trumpet, I would employ it to sound a retreat to all our unnatural and irreligious debates about religion, and to persuade men to follow the meek and lowly Jesus. There is great abatement of the inwards of religion when the debates about it pass to a scurrilous outside, and nothing is to be found within but a consuming fever of contention, which tendeth to utter ruin. If we have not charity towards our brethren, yet let us have some compassion towards our mother. But if this cannot be attained, I know nothing rather to be wished for, next to the silent shades of the grave, than a cottage in the wilderness. Ah, my beloved, the body of religion is torn, and the soul of it expires, while we are striving about the hem of its garment!

The Difficult Passages of Scripture.

Observe in general, how plain and easy, and how few are those things that are the rule of our life; no dark sentences to puzzle the understanding, nor large discourses and long periods to burden the memory. They are all plain: 'There is nothing wreathed nor distorted in them,' as Wisdom speaks of her instructions, Prov. viii. 8. And this gives check to a double folly amongst men, contrary the one to the other, but both agreeing in mistaking and wronging the word of God; the one is of those that despise the word, and that doctrine and preaching that is conformable to it, for its plainness and simplicity; the other of those that complain of its difficulty and darkness. As for the first, they certainly do not take the true end for which the word is designed, that it is the law of our life—and it is mainly requisite in laws, that they be both brief and clear—that it is our guide and light to happiness; and if that which ought to be our 'light, be darkness, how great will that darkness be!

It is true, but I am not now to insist on this point, that there are dark and deep passages in Scripture, for the exercise, yea, for the humbling, yea, for the amazing and astonishing of the sharpest-sighted readers. But this argues much the pride and vanity of men's minds, when they busy themselves only in those, and throw aside altogether the most necessary, which are therefore the easiest and plainest truths in it. As in nature, the commodities that are of greatest necessity, God hath made most common and easiest to be had; so, in religion, such instructions as these now in our hands are given us to live and walk by: and in the search of things that are more obscure, and less useful, men evidence that they had rather be learned than holy, and have still more mind to the 'tree of knowledge' than the 'tree of life.' And in hearing of the word, are not they who are any whit more knowing than ordinary, still gaping after new notions, after something to add to the stock of their speculative and discursive knowledge, loathing this daily manna, these profitable exhortations, and 'requiring meat for their lust?' There is an intemperance of the mind as well as of the mouth. You would think it, and, may be, not spare to call it a poor cold sermon that was made up of such plain precepts as these: 'Honour all men; love the brotherhood; fear God; honour the king;' and yet, this is the lan-

guage of God; it is his way, this foolish, despicable way by which he guides, and brings to heaven them that believe!

Again, we have others that are still complaining of the difficulty and darkness of the word of God and Divine truth; to say nothing of Rome's doctrine, who talks thus, in order to excuse her sacrilege of stealing away the word from the people of God (a senseless pretext though it were true; because the word is dark of itself, should it therefore be made darker, by locking it up in an unknown tongue?); but we speak of the common vulgar excuse, which the gross, ignorant profaneeness of many seek to shroud under, that they are not learned, and cannot reach the doctrine of the Scriptures. There are deep mysteries there indeed: but what say you to these things, such rules as these: 'Honour all men?' &c. Are such as these riddles, that you cannot know their meaning? Rather, do not all understand them, and all neglect them? Why s.t you not on to do these? and then you should understand more. 'A good understanding have all they that do his commandments,' says the Psalmist, *Psa. cxi. 10.* As one* said well; 'The best way to understand the mysteries and high discourse in the beginning of St. Paul's epistles, is, to begin at the practice of those rules and precepts that are in the latter end of them.' The way to attain to know more is to 'receive the truth in the love of it,' and to obey what you know. The truth is, such truths as these will leave you inexcusable, even the most ignorant of you. You cannot but know, you hear often, that you ought 'to love one another,' and 'to fear God,' &c. and yet you never apply yourselves in earnest to the practice of those things, as will appear to your own consciences, if they deal honestly with you in the particulars.

We subjoin a few more beautiful passages from Leighton's works:

The prophets had joy and comfort in the very hopes of the Redeemer to come, and in the belief of the things which any others had spoken, and which themselves spake concerning Him. And thus the true preachers of the gospel, though their ministerial gifts are for the use of others, yet that salvation which they preach they lay hold on and partake of themselves; as your boxes wherein perfumes are kept for garments and other uses are themselves perfumed by keeping them. . . . The sweet stream of their doctrine did, as a river, make its own banks fertile and pleasant as it ran by, and flowed still forward to after-ages, and by the confluence of more such prophecies, grew greater as it went, till it fell in with the main current of the gospel in the New Testament, both acted and preached by the Great Prophet himself whom they foretold to come, and recorded by his apostles and evangelists, and thus united into one river, clear as crystal. This doctrine of salvation in the Scriptures hath still refreshed the city of God, his church under the gospel, and still shall do so, till it empty itself into the ocean of eternity.

All the light of philosophy, natural and moral, is not sufficient, yea, the very knowledge of the law, severed from Christ, serves not so to enlighten and renew the soul as to free it from the darkness or ignorance here spoken of; for our apostle (Peter) writes to Jews who knew the law, and were instructed in it before their conversion, yet he calls those times when Christ was unknown to them, the 'times of their ignorance.' Though the stars shine never so bright, and the moon with them in its full, yet they do not altogether make it day; still it is night till the sun appear.

Every man walketh in a vain show. His walk is nothing but an on-going in continual vanity and misery, in which man is naturally and industriously involved, adding a new stock of vanity, of his own weaving, to what he has already within him, and vexation of spirit woven all along in with it. He 'walks in an image,' as the Hebrew word is; converses with things of no reality, and which have no solidity in them, and he himself has as little. He himself is a walking image in the midst of these images. They who are taken with the conceit of pictures and statues are an emblem of their own life, and of all other men's also. Life is generally nothing else to all men but a doting on images and pictures. Every man's fancy is to himself a gallery of pictures, and there he walks up and down, and considers not how vain these are, and how vain a thing he himself is.

* Cardinal Pole, as pointed out by Mr. West (*Leighton's Works*, vol. vi. p. 266). The saying is also quoted by Fuller.

He that looks on himself as a stranger, and is sensible of the darkness round about him in this wilderness, and also within him, will often put up that request with David, Psal. cxix. 19. 'I am a stranger on this earth; hide not thy commandments from me'—do not let me lose my way. And as we should use this argument to persuade God to look down upon us, so likewise to persuade ourselves to send up our hearts and desires to Him. What is the joy of our life, but the thoughts of that other life, our home, before us? And certainly he that lives much in these thoughts, set him where you will here, he is not much pleased or displeased; but if his father call him home, that word gives him his heart's desire.

DR. ISAAC BARROW.

ISAAC BARROW (1630–1677) was the son of a linen-draper of London. At school he was more remarkable for a love of athletic exercises than for application to his books. He studied for the Church, and was made a Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, in 1649. But perceiving, at the time of the Commonwealth, that the ascendancy of theological and political opinions different from his own gave him little chance of preferment, he turned his views to the medical profession, and engaged in the study of anatomy, botany, and chemistry. After some time, however, he resumed his theological pursuits, devoting also much attention to mathematics and astronomy. In 1655, having been disappointed in his hopes of obtaining the Greek professorship at Cambridge, he went abroad for four years, during which he visited France, Italy, Smyrna, Constantinople, Germany, and Holland. At the Turkish capital, where he spent twelve months, he studied with great delight the works of St. Chrysostom, which were composed in that city. Barrow returned to England in 1659, and in the following year obtained, without opposition, the professorship for which he had formerly been a candidate; to which appointment was added, in 1662, that of professor of geometry in Gresham College, London. Both these he resigned in 1663, on becoming Lucasian professor of mathematics in Cambridge University. After filling the last of these offices with great ability for six years, towards the end of which he published a valuable and profound work on Optics, he resolved to devote himself more exclusively to theology, and in 1669 resigned his chair to Newton. He was subsequently appointed one of the royal chaplains; and in 1672 was nominated to the mastership of Trinity College by the king, who observed on the occasion, that 'he had bestowed it on the best scholar in England.' To complete his honours, he was, in 1675, chosen vice-chancellor of the university; but this final appointment he survived only two years, having been cut off by fever in the forty-seventh year of his age. Barrow was distinguished by scrupulous integrity of character, by great candour, modesty, disinterestedness, and serenity of temper. His manners and external aspect were more those of a student than of a man of the world; and he took no pains to improve his looks by attention to dress. On one occasion, when he preached before a London audience who did not know him, his appearance on mounting the pulpit made so unfavourable an impression,

that nearly the whole congregation immediately left the church. He was never married.

Of his powers and attainments as a mathematician—in which capacity he is accounted inferior to Sir Isaac Newton alone—Barrow has left evidence in a variety of treatises, nearly all of which are in Latin. It is however, by his theological works that he is more generally known to the public. These, consisting of sermons—expositions of the Creed, the Lord's Prayer, the Decalogue, and the Doctrine of the Sacraments—and treatises on the Pope's Supremacy and the Unity of the Church—were published in three folio volumes a few years after his death. His sermons continue in high estimation for depth and copiousness of thought, and nervous though unpolished eloquence. 'As a writer,' says Duguid Stewart, 'he is equally distinguished by the redundancy of his matter, and by the pregnant brevity of his expression; but what more peculiarly characterises his manner, is a certain air of powerful and of conscious facility in the execution of whatever he undertakes. Whether the subject be mathematical, metaphysical, or theological, he seems always to bring to it a mind which feels itself superior to the occasion; and which, in contending with the greatest difficulties, "puts forth but half its strength."'" He composed with such care, that in general it was not till he had transcribed his sermons three or four times that their language satisfied him. The length of his discourses was excessive, seldom occupying less than an hour and a half in the delivery. It is recorded, that having occasion to preach a charity sermon before the lord mayor and aldermen of London, he spoke for three hours and a half; and that when asked, on coming down from the pulpit, whether he was not tired, he replied: 'Yes, indeed, I began to be weary with standing so long.' An excellent edition of Barrow's Theological Works, in nine volumes, edited by the Rev. A. Napier, with a Memoir by Dr. Whewell of Trinity College, proceeded from the Cambridge University press in 1859.

The Excellency of the Christian Religion.

Another peculiar excellency of our religion is, that it prescribes an accurate rule of life, most agreeable to reason and to our nature, most conducive to our welfare and content, tending to procure each man's private good, and to promote the public benefit of all, by the strict observance whereof we bring our human nature to a resemblance of the divine; and we shall also thereby obtain God's favour, oblige and benefit men, and procure to ourselves the conveniences of a sober life, and the pleasure of a good conscience. For if we examine the precepts which respect our duty to God, what can be more just, pleasant, or beneficial to us, than are those duties of piety which our religion enjoins? What is more fit and reasonable than that we should most highly esteem and honour him, who is most excellent? that we should bear the sincerest affection for him who is perfect goodness himself, and most beneficial to us? that we should have the most awful dread of him, that is infinitely powerful, holy, and just? that we should be very grateful to him, from whom we received our being, with all the comforts and conveniences of it? that we should entirely trust and hope in him, who can and will do whatever we may in reason expect from his goodness, nor can he ever fail to perform his promises? that we should render all due obedience to him, whose children, servants, and subjects

we are? Can there be a higher privilege than to have liberty of access to him, who will favourably hear, and is fully able to supply our wants? Can we desire to receive benefits on easier terms than the asking for them? Can a more gentle satisfaction for our offences be required than confessing of them, repentance, and strong resolutions to amend them? The practice of such a piety, of a service so reasonable, cannot but be of vast advantage to us, as it procures peace of conscience, a comfortable hope, a freedom from all terrors and scruples of mind, from all tormenting cares and anxieties.

And if we consider the precepts by which our religion regulates our carriage and behaviour towards our neighbours and brethren, what can be imagined so good and useful as those which the gospel affords? It enjoins us sincerely and tenderly to love one another; earnestly to desire and delight in each other's good; heartily to sympathise with all the evils and sorrows of our brethren, readily affording them all the help and comfort we are able; willingly to part with our substance, ease, and pleasure, for their benefit and relief; not confining this our charity to particular friends and relations, but, in conformity to the boundless goodness of Almighty God, extending it to all. It requires us mutually to bear with one another's infirmities, mildly to resent and freely remit all injuries; retaining no grudge, nor executing no revenge, but requiting our enemies with good wishes and good deeds. It commands us to be quiet in our stations, diligent in our callings, true in our words, upright in our dealings, observant of our relations, obedient and respectful to our superiors, meek and gentle to our inferiors, modest and lowly, ingenuous and condescending in our conversation, candid in our censures, and innocent, inoffensive, and obliging in our behaviour towards all persons. It enjoins us to root out of our hearts all envy and malice, all pride and haughtiness; to restrain our tongues from all slander, detraction, reviling, bitter and harsh language; not to injure, hurt, or needlessly trouble our neighbour. It engages us to prefer the public good before our own opinion, humour, advantage, or convenience. And would men observe and practise what this excellent doctrine teaches, how sociable, secure, and pleasant a life we might lead! what a paradise would this world then become, in comparison to what it now is!

If we further survey the laws and directions of our religion, with regard to the management of our souls and bodies, we shall also find that nothing could be devised more worthy of us, more agreeable to reason, or more productive of our welfare. It obliges us to preserve unto our reason its natural prerogative and due empire; not to suffer the brutish part to usurp and domineer over us; not to be enslaved to bodily temper, or deluded by vain fancy, to commit that which is unworthy of, or mischievous to us. It enjoins us to have sober and moderate thoughts concerning ourselves, suitable to our total dependence on God, to our natural meanness, weakness, and sinful inclinations; and that we should not be puffed up with self-conceit, or vain confidence, in our wealth, honour, and prosperity. It directs us to compose our minds into a calm, serene, and cheerful state; that we should not easily be moved with anger, distracted with care or trouble, or disturbed with any accident; but that we should learn to be content in every condition, and patiently bear all events that may happen to us. It commands us to restrain our appetites, to be temperate in our enjoyments; to abstain from all irregular pleasures which may corrupt our minds, impair our health, lessen our estate, stain our good name, or prejudice our repose. It doth not prohibit us the use of any creature that is innocent, convenient, or delightful; but indulgeth us a prudent and sober use of them, so as we are thankful to God, whose goodness bestows them. It orders us to sequester our minds from the fading glories, unstable possessions, and vanishing delights of this world; things which are unworthy the attention and affection of an immortal spirit; and that we should fix our thoughts, desires, and endeavours on heavenly and spiritual objects, which are infinitely pure, stable, and durable; not to love the world and the things therein, but to cast all our care on God's providence; not to trust in uncertain riches, but to have our treasure, our heart, hope, and conversation in heaven. And as our religion delivers a most excellent and perfect rule of life, so it chiefly requires from us a rational and spiritual service. The ritual observances are in number few, in nature easy to perform, also very reasonable, decent, and useful; apt to instruct us in, and excite us to the practice of our duty. And our religion hath this further peculiar advantage, that it sets before us a living copy of good practice. Example yields the most compendious instruction,

the most efficacious incitement to action; and never was there any example so perfect in itself, so fit for our imitation, as that of our blessed Saviour; intended by him to conduct us through all the parts of duty, especially in those most high and difficult ones, that of charity, self-denial, humility, and patience. His practice was suited to all degrees and capacities of men, and to temper, that persons of all callings might easily follow him in the paths of righteousness, in the performance of all substantial duties towards God and man. It is also an example attended with the greatest obligations and inducements to follow it, whether we consider the great excellency and dignity of the person (who was the most holy Son of God), or our manifold relations to him, being our lord and master, our best friend and most gracious Redeemer; or the inestimable benefits we have received from him, even redemption from extreme misery, and being put into a capacity of the most perfect happiness; all which are so many potent arguments engaging us to imitate him.

Again, our religion doth not only fully acquaint us with our duty, but, which is another peculiar virtue thereof, it builds the same on the most solid foundation. Indeed, ancient philosophers have highly commended virtue, and earnestly recommended the practice of it; but the grounds on which they laid its praise, and the arguments used to enforce its practice, were very weak; also the principles from whence it was deduced, and the ends they proposed, were poor and mean, if compared with ours. But the Christian doctrine recommends goodness to us, not only as agreeable to man's imperfect and fallible reason, but as conformable to the perfect goodness, infallible wisdom, and most holy will of God; and which is enjoined us, by this unquestionable authority, as our indispensable duty, and the only way to happiness. The principles from whence it directs our actions are love, reverence, and gratitude to God, good-will to men, and a due regard to our own welfare. The ends which it prescribes are God's honour and the salvation of men; it excites us to the practice of virtue, by reminding us that we shall thereby resemble the supreme goodness, express our gratitude to our great benefactor, discharge our duty to our almighty lord and king; that we shall thereby avoid the wrath and displeasure of God, and certainly obtain his favour, mercy, and every blessing necessary for us; that we shall escape not only the terrors of conscience here, but future endless misery and torment; that we shall procure not only present comfort and peace of mind, but acquire crowns of everlasting glory and bliss. These are the firmest grounds on which virtue can subsist, and the most effectual motives to the embracing of it.

Another peculiar advantage of Christianity, and which no other law or doctrine could ever pretend to, is, that as it clearly teaches and strongly persuades us to so excellent a way of life, so it sufficiently enables us to practise it; without which, such is the frailty of our nature, that all instruction, exhortation, and encouragement would little avail. The Christian law is no dead letter, but hath a quickening spirit attending it. It sounds the ear and strikes the heart of him who sincerely embraces it. To all good men it is a sure guide, and safety from all evil. . . .

The last advantage I shall mention, peculiar to the Christian doctrine, is the style and manner of its speech, which is properly accommodated to the capacity of all persons, and worthy the majesty and sincerity of divine truth. It expresseth itself plainly and simply, without any affectation or artifice, ostentation of wit or eloquence. It speaks with an imperious awful confidence, in the strain of a king; its words carrying with them authority and power divine, commanding attention, assent, and obedience; as this you are to believe, this you are to do, on pain of our high displeasure, and at your utmost peril, for even your life and salvation depend thereon. Such is the style and tenor of the Scripture, such as plainly becomes the sovereign Lord of all to use, when he is pleased to proclaim his mind and will to us his creatures.

As God is in himself invisible, and that we could not bear the lustre and glory of his immediate presence, if ever he would convincingly signify his will and pleasure to us, it must be by effects of his incommunicable power, by works extraordinary and supernatural; and innumerable such hath God afforded in favour and countenance of our religion; as his clearly predicting the future revelation of this doctrine, by express voices and manifest apparitions from heaven; by frequently suspending the course of natural causes; by remarkable instances of providence; by internal attestations on the minds and consciences of men; by such wonderful means doth God demonstrate that the Christian religion came from him; an advantage peculiar to it, and such as no other institution, except that of the Jews, which was a praise to it,

could ever reasonably pretend to. I hope these considerations will be sufficient to vindicate our religion from all aspersions cast on it by inconsiderate, vain, and dissolute persons, as also to confirm us in the esteem, and excite us to the practice thereof.

And if men of wit would lay aside their prejudices, reason would compel them to confess, that the heavenly doctrines and laws of Christ, established by innumerable miracles, his completely holy and pure life, his meekness, charity, and entire submission to the will of God, in his death, and his wonderful resurrection from the state of the dead, are most unquestionable evidences of the divinity of his person, of the truth of his gospel, and of the obligation that lies upon us thankfully to accept him for our Redeemer and Saviour, on the gracious terms he has proposed. To love God with all our souls, who is the maker of our beings, and to love our neighbours as ourselves, who bear his image, as they are the sum and substance of the Christian religion, so are they duties fitted to our nature, and most agreeable to our reason. And, therefore, as the obtaining the love, favour, and kindness of God should be the chief and ruling principle in our hearts, the first thing in our consideration, as what ought to govern all the purposes and actions of our lives; so we cannot possibly have more powerful motives to goodness, righteousness, justice, equity, meekness, humility, temperance, and charity, or greater dissuaves and discouragement from all kind of sin, than what the Holy Scriptures afford us. If we will fear and reverence God, love our enemies who despitefully use us, and do good in all our capacities, we are promised that our reward shall be very great; that we shall be the children of the Most High, that we shall be inhabitants of the everlasting kingdom of heaven, where there is laid up for us a crown of righteousness of life, and glory.

What is Wit?

First, it may be demanded what the thing is we speak of, or what this facetiousness doth import? To which question I might reply as Democritus did to him that asked the definition of a man: 'Tis that which we all see and know.' Any one better apprehends what it is by acquaintance than I can inform him by description. It is indeed a thing so versatile and multiform, appearing in so many shapes, so many postures, so many garbs, so variously apprehended by several eyes and judgments, that it seemeth no less hard to settle a clear and certain notion thereof, than to make a portrait of Proteus, or to define the figure of the fleeting air. Sometimes it lieth in pet allusion to a known story, or in seasonable application of a trivial saying, or in forging an apposite tale: sometimes it playeth in words and phrases, taking advantage from the ambiguity of their sense, or the affinity of their sound. Sometimes it is wrapped in a dross of humorous expression: sometimes it lurketh under an odd similitude: sometimes it is lodged in a sly question, in a smart answer, in a quirkish reason, in a shrewd intimation, in cunningly diverting or cleverly retorting an objection: sometimes it is couched in a bold scheme of speech, in a tart irony, in a lusty hyperbole, in a startling metaphor, in a plausible reconciling of contradictions, or in acute nonsense: sometimes a scenical representation of persons or things, a counterfeited speech, a mimical look or gesture passeth for it: sometimes an affected simplicity, sometimes a presumptuous bluntness, giveth it being: sometimes it riseth only from a lucky hitting upon what 'is strange; sometimes from a crafty wresting obvious matter to the purpose; often it consists in one knows not what, and springeth up one can hardly tell how. Its ways are unaccountable and inexplicable, being answerable to the numberless roivings of fancy and windings of language. It is, in short, a manner of speaking out of the simple and plain way—such as reason teacheth and proveth things by—which by a pretty surprising uncountness in conceit or expression doth affect and amuse the fancy, stirring in it some wonder, and breeding some delight therein. It raiseth admiration, as signifying a nimble eagacity of apprehension, a special felicity of invention, a vivacity of spirit and reach of wit more than vulgar. It seemeth to argue a rare quickness of parts, that one can fetch in remote conceits applicable; a notable skill, that he can dexterously accommodate them to the purpose before him; together with a lively briskness of humour, not apt to dump those sportful flashes of imagination. Whence in Aristotle such persons are termed *epidæscioi*, dexterous men; and *eutropoi*, men of facile or versatile manners, who can easily turn themselves to all things, or turn all things to themselves. It also procureth delight, by gratifying curiosity with its rareness or semblance of

difficulty; as monsters, not for their beauty, but their rarity; as juggling tricks, not for their use, but their abstruseness, are beheld with pleasure, by diverting the mind from its road of serious thoughts; by instilling gaiety and aliveness of spirit; by provoking to such dispositions of spirit in way of emulation or complaisance; and by seasoning matters, otherwise distasteful or insipid, with an unusual and thence grateful tang.

Wise Selection of Pleasures.

Wisdom is exceedingly pleasant and peaceable; in general, by disposing us to acquire and to enjoy all the good delight and happiness we are capable of; and by freeing us from all the inconveniences, mischiefs, and infelicities our condition is subject to. For whatever good from clear understanding, deliberate advice, sagacious foresight, stable resolution, dexterous address, right intention, and orderly proceeding, doth naturally result, wisdom confers: whatever evil blind ignorance, false presumption, unwary credulity, precipitate rashness, unsteady purpose, ill contrivance, backwardness, inability, unwieldiness and confusion of thought beget, wisdom prevents. From a thousand snares and treacherous allurements, from innumerable rocks and dangerous surprises, from exceedingly many needless incumbrances and vexatious toils of fruitless endeavours, she redeems and secures us.

Wisdom instructs us to examine, compare, and rightly to value the objects that court our affections and challenge our care: and thereby regulates our passions and moderates our endeavours, which begets a pleasant serenity and peaceable tranquillity of mind. For when, being deluded with false shows, and relying upon ill-grounded presumptions, we highly esteem, passionately affect, and eagerly pursue things of little worth in themselves or concernment to us; as we unbandomeely prostitute our affections, and prodigally mispend our time, and vainly lose our labour, so the event not answering our expectation, our minds thereby are confounded, disturbed, and distempered. But when, guided by right reason, we conceive great esteem of, and zealously are enamoured with, and vigorously strive to attain, things of excellent worth and weighty consequence, the conscience of having well placed our affections and well employed our pains, and the experience of fruits corresponding to our hopes, ravishes our minds with unexpressible content. And so it is: present appearance and vulgar conceit ordinarily impose upon our fancies, disguising things with a deceitful varnish, and representing those that are vilest with the greatest advantage; whilst the noblest objects, being of a more subtle and spiritual nature, like fairest jewels inclosed in a homely box, avoid the notice of gross sense, and pass undiscerned by us. But the light of wisdom, as it unmasks specious imposture, and bereaves it of its false colours, so it penetrates into the retirements of true excellency, and reveals its genuine lustre.

Grief Controlled by Wisdom.

Wisdom makes all the troubles, griefs, and pains incident to life, whether casual adversities or natural afflictions, easy and supportable, by rightly valuing the importance and moderating the influence of them. It suffers not busy fancy to alter the nature, amplify the degree, or extend the duration of them, by representing them more sad, heavy, and remediless than they truly are. It allows them no force beyond what naturally and necessarily they have, nor contributes nourishment to their increase. It keeps them at a due distance, not permitting them to encroach upon the soul, or to propagate their influence beyond their proper sphere.

Honour to God.

God is honoured by a willing and careful practice of all piety and virtue for conscience sake, or an avowed obedience to his holy will. This is the most natural expression of our reverence towards him, and the most effectual way of promoting the same in others. A subject cannot better demonstrate the reverence he bears towards his prince, than by, with a cheerful diligence, observing his laws; for by so doing, he declares that he acknowledgeth the authority and revereth the majesty which enacted them; that he approves the wisdom which devised them, and the goodness which designed them for public benefit; that he dreads his prince's power, which can maintain them, and his justice which will vindicate them; that he relies upon his fidelity in making good what of protection or of recompense he

propounds to the observers of them. No less pregnant a significance of our reverence towards God do we yield in our gladly and strictly obeying his laws, thereby evidencing our submission to God's sovereign authority, our esteem of his wisdom and goodness, our awful regard to his power and justice, our confidence in him, and dependence upon his word. The goodness to the sight, the pleasantness to the taste, which is ever perceptible in those fruits which genuine piety beareth, the beauty men see in a calm mind and a sober conversation, the sweetness they taste from works of justice and charity, will certainly produce veneration to the doctrine that teacheth such things, and to the authority which enjoins them. We shall especially honour God by discharging faithfully those offices which God hath intrusted us with; by improving diligently those talents which God hath committed to us; by using carefully those means and opportunities which God hath vouchsafed us of doing him service and promoting his glory. Thus, he to whom God hath given wealth, if he expend it, not to the nourishment of pride and luxury, not only to the gratifying his own pleasures, or humour, but to the furtherance of God's honour, or to the succour of his indigent neighbour, in any pious or charitable way, he doth thereby in a special manner honour God. He also on whom God hath bestowed wit and parts, if he employ them not so much in contriving projects to advance his own petty interests, or in procuring vain applause to himself, as in advantageously setting forth God's praise, handsomely recommending goodness, dexterously engaging men in ways of virtue, he doth thereby remarkably honour God. He likewise that hath honour conferred upon him, if he subordinate it to God's honour, if he use his own credit as an instrument of bringing credit to goodness, thereby adorning and illustrating piety, he by so doing doth eminently practice this duty.

The Goodness of God.

Wherever we direct our eyes, whether we reflect them inward upon ourselves, we behold his goodness to occupy and penetrate the very root and centre of our beings; or extend them abroad towards the things about us, we may perceive ourselves inclosed wholly, and surrounded with his benefits. At home, we find a comely body framed by his curious artifice, various organs fitly proportioned, situated and tempered for strength, ornament, and motion, actuated by a gentle heat, and invigorated with lively spirits, disposed to health, and qualified for a long endurance; subservient to a soul endued with divers senses, faculties, and powers, apt to inquire after, pursue, and perceive various delights and contents. Or when we contemplate the wonderful works of nature, and, walking about at our leisure, gaze upon this ample theatre of the world, considering the stately beauty, constant order, and sumptuous furniture thereof, the glorious splendour and uniform motion of the heavens, the pleasant fertility of the earth, the curious figure and fragrant sweetness of plants, the exquisite frame of animals, and all other amazing miracles of nature, wherein the glorious attributes of God—especially his transcendent goodness—are most conspicuously displayed—so that by them not only large acknowledgments, but even congratulatory hymns, as it were, of praise, have been extorted from the mouths of Aristotle, Pliny, Galen, and such-like men, never suspected guilty of an excessive devotion—then should our hearts be affected with thankful sense, and our lips break forth into his praise.

Concord and Discord.

How good and pleasant a thing it is, as David saith, for brethren—and so we are all at least by nature—to live together in unity. How that, as Solomon saith, better is a dry morsel, and quietness therewith, than a house full of sacrifices, with strife. How delicious that conversation is which is accompanied with mutual confidence, freedom, courtesy, and complaisance! how calm the mind, how composed the affections, how serene the countenance, how melodious the voice, how sweet the sleep, how contentful the whole life is of him that neither deviseth mischief against others, nor suspects any to be contrived against himself! And contrariwise, how ungrateful and loathsome a thing it is to abide in a state of enmity, wrath, dissension: having the thoughts distracted with solicitous care, anxious suspicion, envious regret; the heart boiling with choler, the face overclouded with discontent, the tongue jarring and out of tune, the ears filled with discordant noises of contradiction, clamour, and reproach; the whole frame of body and soul distempered and disturbed with the

worst of passions! How much more comfortable it is to walk in smooth and even paths, than to wander in rugged ways overgrown with briars, obstructed with rubs, and beset with snarls; to sail steadily in a quiet, than to be tossed in a tempestuous sea; to behold the lovely face of heaven smiling with a cheerful serenity, than to see it frowning with clouds, or raging with storms; to hear harmonious consents, than dissonant janglings; to see objects correspondent in graceful symmetry, than lying disorderly in confused heaps; to be in health, and have the natural humours consent in moderate temper, than—as it happens in diseases—agitated with tumultuous commotions; how all senses and faculties of man unanimously rejoice in those emblems of peace, order, harmony, and proportion. Yea, how nature universally delights in a quiet stability or undisturbed progress of motion; the beauty, strength, and vigor of everything requires a concurrence of force, co-operation, and contribution of help; all things thrive and flourish by communicating reciprocal aid; and the world subsists by a friendly conspiracy of its parts; and especially that political society of men chiefly aims at peace as its end, depends on it as its cause, relies on it for its support. How much a peaceful state resembles heaven, into which neither complaint, pain, nor clamour do ever enter; but blessed souls converse together in perfect love, and in perpetual concord; and how a condition of enmity represents the state of hell, that black and dismal region of dark hatred, fiery wrath, and horrible tumult. How like a paradise the world would be, flourishing in joy and rest, if men would cheerfully conspire in affection, and helpfully contribute to each other's content: and how like a savage wilderness now it is, when, like wild beasts, they vex and persecute, worry and devour each other. How not only philosophy hath placed the supreme pitch of happiness in a calmness of mind and tranquility of life, void of care and trouble, of irregular passions and perturbations; but that Holy Scripture itself, in that one term of peace, most usually comprehends all joy and content, all felicity and prosperity: so that the heavenly consort of angels, when they agree most highly to bless, and to wish the greatest happiness to mankind, could not better express their sense than by saying: 'Be on earth peace, and good-will among men.'

Almighty God, the most good and beneficent Maker, gracious Lord, and merciful Preserver of all things, infuse into their hearts those heavenly graces of meekness, patience, and benignity: grant us and his whole church, and all his creation, to serve him quietly here, and a blissful rest to praise and magnify him for ever.

Industry.

By industry we understand a serious and steady application of mind, joined with a vigorous exercise of our active faculties, in prosecution of any reasonable, honest, useful design, in order to the accomplishment or attainment of some considerable good; as, for instance, a merchant is industrious who continueth intent and active in driving on his trade for acquiring wealth; a soldier is industrious who is watchful for occasion, and earnest in action towards obtaining the victory; and a scholar is industrious who doth assiduously bend his mind to study for getting knowledge.

Such, in general, I conceive to be the nature of industry, to the practice whereof the following considerations may induce:

1. We may consider that industry doth befit the constitution and frame of our nature, all the faculties of our soul and organs of our body being adapted in a congruity and tendency thereto: our hands are suited for work, our feet for travel, our senses to watch for occasion of pursuing good and eschewing evil, our reason to plot and contrive ways of employing the other parts and powers; all these, I say, are formed for action, and that not in a loose and gadding way, or in a slack and remiss degree, but in regard to determinate ends, with vigour requisite to attain them: and especially our appetites do prompt to industry, as inclining to things not attainable without it; according to that aphorism of the wise man: 'The desire of the slothful killeth him, for his hands refused to labour;' that is, he is apt to desire things which he cannot attain without pains; and not enduring them, he for want thereof doth feel a deadly smart and anguish; whereof, in not being industrious, we defeat the intent of our Maker, we pervert his work and gifts, we forfeit the use and benefit of our faculties, we are bad husbands of nature's stock.

2. In consequence hereto, industry doth preserve and perfect our nature, keeping it in good tune and temper, improving and advancing it towards its best state. The

labour of our mind in attentive meditation and study doth render it capable and patient of thinking upon any object and occasion, doth polish and refine it by use, doth enlarge it by accession of habits, doth quicken and rease our spirits, dilating and diffusing them into their proper channels. The very labour of our body doth keep the organs of action sound and clean, dissolving fogs and superfluous humours, opening passages, distributing nourishment, exciting vital heat; barring the use of it, no good constitution of soul or body can subsist; but a foul rust, a dull numbness, a rusty listlessness, a heavy unwieldiness, must seize on us: our spirits will be stifled and choked, our hearts will grow faint and languid; our parts will flag and decay; the vigour of our mind, and the health of our body, will be much impaired.

It is with us as with other things in nature, which by motion are preserved in their native purity and perfection, in their sweetness, in their lustre; rest corrupting, debasing, and defiling them. If the water runneth, it holdeth clear, sweet, and fresh; but stagnation turneth it into a noisome puddle: if the air be fanned by winds, it is pure and wholesome; but from being shut up it groweth thick and putrid: if metals be employed, they abide smooth and splendid; but lay them up, and they soon contract rust: if the earth be belaboured with culture, it yieldeth corn; but lying neglected, it will be overgrown with brakes and thistles; and the better its soil is, the ranker weeds it will produce: all nature is upheld in its being, order, and state by constant agitation: every creature is incessantly employed in action conformable to its designed end and use; in like manner, the preservation and improvement of our faculties depend on their constant exercise.

DR. ROBERT SOUTH.

DR. ROBERT SOUTH (1638-1716), reputed as the *wittiest* of English divines, and a man of powerful though somewhat irregular talents, was the son of a London merchant, and born at Hackney. Having passed through a brilliant career of scholarship at Oxford, he was elected public orator of the university in 1660, and soon afterwards became chaplain to Lord Chancellor Clarendon. He held several valuable livings in the church, including the rectory of Islip, in Oxfordshire, where, it is recorded to his honour, he gave his curate the then unprecedented salary of a hundred pounds, and spent the remainder of his income in educating poor children, and improving the church and parsonage-house. South was the most enthusiastic of the ultra-royal divines of the English Church at that period, and of course a zealous advocate of passive obedience and the divine right of sovereigns. In a sermon preached in Westminster Abbey in 1676, on the 'Peculiar Care and Concern of Providence for the Protection and Defence of Kings,' he ascribes the 'absolute subjection' which men yield to royalty to 'a secret work of the divine power, investing sovereign princes with certain marks and rays of that divine image which overawes and controls the spirits of men, they know not how or why. And yet they feel themselves actually wrought upon and kept under by them, and that very frequently against their will. And this is that property which in kings we call majesty.'

Of the old royalists, he says: 'I look upon the old Church of England royalists—which I take to be only another name for a man who prefers his conscience before his interest—to be the best Christians and the most meritorious subjects in the world; as having passed all those terrible tests and trials which conquering domineering and malice could put them to, and carried their credit and their consciences

clear and triumphant through and above them all, constantly firm and immovable by all that they felt, either from their professed enemies, or their false friends.' And in a sermon preached before Charles II. he speaks of his majesty's father as 'a blessed saint, the justness of whose government left his subjects at a loss for an occasion to rebel; a father to his country, if but for this only, that he was the father of such a son!' During the encroachments on the church in the reign of James II. the loyalty of South caused him to remain quiet, 'and to use no other weapons but prayers and tears for the recovery of his sovereign from the wicked and unadvised counsels wherewith he was entangled.' But when the church was attacked by persons uninvested with 'marks and rays of the divine image,' he spared neither argument nor invective. The following sample of his declamation will illustrate this remark:

May the great, the just, and the eternal God judge between the Church of England and those men who have charged it with popery; who have called the nearest and truest copy of primitive Christianity, superstition; and the most detestable instances of schism and sacrilege, reformation; and, in a word, done all that they could, both from the pulpit and press, to divide, shake, and confound the purest and most apostolically reformed church in the Christian world; and all this, by the venomous gibberish of a few paltry phrases instilled into the minds of the furious, whimsical, ungoverned multitude, who have ears to hear, without either heads or hearts to understand.

For I tell you again, that it was the treacherous cant and misapplication of those words—popery, superstition, reformation, tender conscience, persecution, moderation, and the like, as they have been used by a pack of designing hypocrites—who believed not one word of what they said, and laughed within themselves at those who did—that put this poor church into such a flame heretofore, as burnt it down to the ground, and will infallibly do the same to it again. If the providence of God and the prudence of man does not timely interpose between her and the villainous arts of such incendiaries.

Against the Puritans, Independents, and Presbyterians, South was in the habit of pouring forth unbounded ridicule. He resolutely opposed even the slightest concessions to them on the part of the church, with the view of effecting an accommodation. His disposition was that of a persecutor, and made him utterly hostile to the Toleration Act, a measure of which he declares one consequence to be 'certain, obvious, and undeniable; and that is, the vast increase of sects and heresies among us, which, where all restraint is taken off, must of necessity grow to the highest pitch that the devil himself can raise such a Babel to; so that there shall not be one bold ringleading knave or fool who shall have the confidence to set up a new sect, but shall find proselytes enough to wear his name, and list themselves under his banner; of which the Quakers are a demonstration past dispute. And then, what a vast party of this poor deluded people must of necessity be drawn after these impostors!'

In 1693, South published 'Animadversions' on Sherlock's 'Vindication of the Doctrine of the Trinity.' The violence and personality displayed by both parties on this occasion gave just offense to the friends of religion and the church; and at length, after the contro-

versy had raged for some time, the king was induced by the bishops to put an end to it, by ordaining 'that all preachers should carefully avoid all new terms, and confine themselves to such ways of explanation as have been commonly used in the church.'

Notwithstanding his intolerant and fiery temper, South was fully conscious of the nature of that Christian spirit in which a clergyman, above all others, ought to abound. The third of the following passages in his Sermons is but another proof of the trite observation, that men are too frequently unable to reduce to practice the virtuous principles which they really and honestly hold.

The Will for the Deed.

The third instance in which men used to plead the will instead of the deed, shall be in duties of cost and expense.

Let a business of expensive charity be proposed; and then, as I shewed before, that, in matters of labour, the lazy person could find no hands wherewith to work; so neither, in this case, can the religious miser find any hands wherewith to give. It is wonderful to consider how a command or call to be liberal, either upon a civil or religious account, all of a sudden impoverishes the rich, breaks the merchant, shuts up every private man's exchequer, and makes those men in a minute have nothing who, at the very same instant, want nothing to spend. So that, instead of relieving the poor, such a command strangely increases their number, and transforms rich men into beggars presently. For, let the danger of their prince and country knock at their purses, and call upon them to contribute against a public enemy or calamity, then immediately they have nothing, and their riches upon such occasions—as Solomon expresses it—never fail to make themselves wings, and fly away. . . .

To descend to matters of daily and common occurrence; what is more usual in conversation than for men to express their unwillingness to do a thing by saying they cannot do it; and for a covetous man, being asked a little money in private charity, to answer that he has none? Which, as it is, if true, a sufficient answer to God and man; so, if false, it is intolerable hypocrisy towards both.

But do men in good earnest think that God will be put off so? or can they imagine that the law of God will be baffled with a lie clothed in a scoff?

For such pretences are no better, as appears from that notable account given us by the apostle of this windy, insignificant charity of the will, and of the worthlessness of it, not enlivened by deeds (James, ii. 15, 16): 'If a brother or sister be naked, and destitute of daily food, and one of you say unto them, Depart in peace, be ye warmed and filled; notwithstanding ye give them not those things which are needful to the body: what doth it profit?' Profit, does he say? Why, it profits just as much as fair words command the market, as good wishes buy food and raiment, and pass for current payment in the shops. Come to an old rich professing vulpony, and tell him that there is a church to be built, beautified, or endowed in such a place, and that he cannot lay out his money more to God's honour, the public good, and the comfort of his own conscience, than to bestow it liberally upon such an occasion; and, in answer to this, it is ten to one but you shall be told, 'how much God is for the inward, spiritual worship of the heart; and that the Almighty neither dwells nor delights in temples made with hands, but hears and accepts the prayers of his people in dens and caves, barns and stables: and in the lowly, homeliest and meanest cottages, as well as in the stateliest and most magnificent churches.' Thus, I say, you are like to be answered. In reply to which, I would have all such sly sanctified cheats—who are so often harping on this string—to know, once for all, that God, who accepts the prayers of his people in dens and caves, barns and stables, when, by his afflicting providence, he has driven them from the appointed places of his solemn worship, so that they cannot have the use of them, will not for all this endure to be served or prayed to by them in such places, nor accept of their barn-worship, nor their hog-sty worship; no, nor yet their parlour or their chamber worship, where he has given them both wealth and power to build churches. For he that commands us to *worship him in the spirit*, commands us also

to honour him with our substance. And never pretend that thou hast a heart to pray while thou hast no heart to give, since he that serves Mammon with his estate cannot possibly serve God with his heart. For as in the heathen worship of God, a sacrifice without a heart was accounted ominous, so, in the Christian worship of him, a heart without a sacrifice is worthless and impertinent.

And thus much for men's pretences of the will when they are called upon to give upon a religious account; according to which, a man may be well enough said—as the common word is—to be all heart, and yet the arrantest miser in the world.

But come we now to this rich old pretender to godliness in another case, and tell him that there is such a one, a man of good family, good education, and who has lost all his estate for the king, now ready to rot in prison for debt; come, what will you give towards his release? Why, then answers the will instead of the deed as much the reader speaker of the two. 'The truth is, I always had a respect for such men; I love them with all my heart; and it is a thousand pities that any that had served the king so faithfully should be in such want.' So say I too, and the more shame is it for the whole nation that they should be so. But still, what will you give? Why, then, answers the man of mouth-charity again, and tells you that: you could not come in a worse time; that nowadays money is very scarce with him, and that therefore he can give nothing; but he will be sure to pray for the poor gentleman.

Ah, thou hypocrite! when thy brother has lost all that ever he had, and lies languishing, and even gasping under the utmost extremities of poverty and distress, dost thou think thus to lick him up again only with thy tongue? Just like that old formal hocus who denied a beggar a farthing, and put him off with his blessing.

Ill-natured and Good-natured Men.

A stanch resolved temper of mind, not suffering a man to sneak, fawn, cringe, and accommodate himself to all humours, though never so absurd and unreasonable, is commonly branded with, and exposed under the character of pride, morosity, and ill-nature: an ugly word, which you may from time to time observe many honest, worthy, inoffensive persons, and that of all sorts, ranks, and professions, strangely and unaccountably worried and run down by. And therefore I think I cannot do truth, justice, and common honesty better service, than by ripping up so malicious a cheat, to vindicate such as have suffered by it.

Certain it is that, amongst all the contrivances of malice, there is not a surer engine to pull men down in the good opinion of the world, and that in spite of the greatest worth and innocence, than this imputation of ill-nature; an engine which serves the ends and does the work of pique and envy both effectually and safely. Forasmuch as it is a loose and general charge upon a man, without alleging any particular reason for it from his life or actions; and consequently does the more mischief, because, as a word of course, it passes currently, and is seldom looked into or examined. And, therefore, as there is no way to prove a paradox or false proposition but to take it for granted, so, such as would stab any man's good name with the accusation of ill-nature, do very rarely descend to proofs or particulars. It is sufficient for their purpose that the word sounds odiously, and is believed easily; and that is enough to do any one's business with the generality of men, who seldom have so much judgment or charity as to hear the cause before they pronounce sentence.

But that we may proceed with greater truth, equity, and candour in this case, we will endeavor to find out the right sense and meaning of this terrible confounding word, ill-nature, by coming to particulars.

And here, first, is the person charged with it false or cruel, ungrateful or revengeful? Is he shrewd and unjust in his dealings with others? does he regard no promises, and pay no debts? does he profess love, kindness, and respect to those whom underhand, he does all the mischief to that possibly he can? Is he unkind, rude, or niggardly to his friends? Has he shut up his heart and his hand towards the poor, and has no bowels of compassion for such as are in want and misery? Is he insensible of kindness done him, and withal careless and backward to acknowledge or requite them? or, lastly, is he bitter and implacable in the prosecution of such as have wronged or abused him?

No; generally none of these ill things—which one would wonder at—are ever meant, or so much as thought of, in the charge of ill-nature; but, for the most part,

the clean contrary qualities are readily acknowledged. Ay, but where and what kind of thing, then, is this strange occult quality, called ill-nature, which makes such a thundering noise against such as have the ill-luck to be taxed with it?

Why, the best account that I, or any one else, can give of it, is this: that there are many men in the world who, without the least arrogance or self-conceit, have yet so just a value both for themselves and others, as to scorn to flatter, and glow, to fall down and worship, to lick the spittle and kiss the feet of any proud, swelling, overgrown, domineering buff whatsoever. And such persons generally think it enough for them to shew their superiors respect without adoration, and civility without servitude.

Again, there are some who have a certain ill-natured stiffness (foreooth) in their tongue, so as not to be able to applaud and keep pace with this or that self-admiring vainglorious Thraso, while he is pluming and praising himself, and telling fulsome stories in his own commendation for three or four hours by the clock, and at the same time reviling and throwing dirt upon all mankind besides.

There is also a sort of odd ill-natured men, whom neither hopes nor fears, frowns nor favours, can prevail upon to have any of the cast, beggary, forlorn misces or kinawomen of any lord or grandee, spiritual or temporal, trump'd upon them.

To which we may add another sort of obstinate ill-natured persons, who are not to be brought by any one's guilt or greatness to speak or write, or to swear or lie, as they are bidden, or to give up their own consciences in a compliment to those who have none themselves. . . .

And thus having given you some tolerable account of what the world calls ill-nature, and that both towards superiors and towards equals and inferiors—as it is easy and natural to know one contrary by the other—we may from hence take a true measure of what the world is observed to mean by the contrary character of good-nature, as it is generally bestowed.

And first, when great ones vouchsafe this endearing eulogy to those below them, a good-natured man generally denotes some slavish, glaving, flattering parasite, or hanger-on; one who is a mere tool or instrument; a fellow fit to be sent upon any malicious errand; a setter, or informer, made to creep into all companies; a wretch employed under a pretence of friendship or acquaintance, to fetch and carry, and to come to men's tables to play the Judas there; and, in a word, to do all those mean, vile, and degenerate offices which men of greatness and malice use to engage men of baseness and treachery in.

But then, on the other hand, when this word passes between equals, commonly by a good-natured man is meant either some easy, soft-headed piece of simplicity, who suffers himself to be led by the nose, and wiped of his conveniences by a company of sharpening, worthless sycophants, who will be sure to despise, laugh and droll at him, as a weak empty fellow, for all his ill-placed coat and kindness. And the truth is, if such vermin do not find him empty, it is odds but in a little time they will make him so. And this is one branch of that which some call good-nature—and good-nature let it be—indeed so good, that according to the wise Italian proverb, it is even good for nothing.

Or, in the next place, by a good-natured man is usually meant neither more nor less than a good-fellow, a painful, able, and laborious soaker. But he who owes all his good-nature to the pot and pipe, to the jollity and compliances of merry company, may possibly go to bed with a wonderful stock of good-nature overnight, but then he will sleep it all away again before the morning.

The Pleasures of Amusement and Industry Compared

Nor is that man less deceived that thinks to maintain a constant tenure of pleasure by a continual pursuit of sports and recreations. The most voluptuous and loose person breathing, were he but tied to follow his hawks and his hounds, his dice and his courtships every day, would find it the greatest torment and calamity that could befall him; he would fly to the mines and galleys for his recreation, and to the spade and the mattock for a diversion from the misery of a continual uninterrupted pleasure. But, on the contrary, the providence of God has so order'd the course of things, that there is no action, the usefulness of which has made it the matter of duty and of a profession, but a man may bear the continual pursuit of it without loathing and satiety. The same shop and trade that employs a man in his youth,

employs him also in his age. Every morning he rises fresh to his hammer and anvil ; he passes the day singing ; custom has naturalised his labour to him ; his shop is his element, and he cannot with any enjoyment of himself live out of it.

Religion not Hostile to Pleasure.

That pleasure is man's chiefest good—because, indeed, it is the perception of good that is properly pleasure—is an assertion most certainly true, though, under the common acceptance of it, not only false, but odious. For, according to this, pleasure and sensuality pass for terms equivalent ; and therefore he that takes it in this sense, alters the subject of the discourse. Sensuality is indeed a part, or rather one kind of pleasure, such a one as it is. For pleasure, in general, is the consequent apprehension of a suitable object suitably applied to a rightly disposed faculty ; and so must be conversant both about the faculties of the body and of the soul respectively, as being the result of the fructions belonging to both.

Now, amongst those many arguments used to press upon men the exercise of religion, I know none that are like to be so successful as those that answer and remove the prejudices that generally possess and bar up the hearts of men against it : amongst which there is none so prevalent in truth, though so little owned in pretence, as that it is an enemy to men's pleasures, that it bereaves them of all the sweets of converse, dooms them to an absurd and perpetual melancholy, designing to make the world nothing else but a great monastery ; with which notion of religion, nature and reason seem to have great cause to be dissatisfied. For since God never created any faculty, either in soul or body, but withal prepared for it a suitable object, and that in order to its gratification, can we think that religion was designed only for a contradiction to nature, and with the greatest and most irrational tyranny in the world, to tantalise and tie men up from enjoyment, in the midst of all the opportunities of enjoyment ? to place men with the furious affections of hunger and thirst in the very bosom of plenty, and then to tell them that the envy of Providence has sealed up everything that is suitable under the character of unlawful ? For certainly, first to frame appetites fit to receive pleasure, and then to interdict them with a ' touch not, taste not, ' can be nothing else than only to give them occasion to devour and prey upon themselves, and so to keep men under the perpetual torment of an unsatisfied desire ; a thing hugely contrary to the natural felicity of the creature, and consequently to the wisdom and goodness of the great Creator.

He, therefore, that would persuade men to religion both with art and efficacy, must found the persuasion of it upon this, that it interferes not with any rational pleasure, that it bids nobody quit the enjoyment of any one thing that his reason can prove to him ought to be enjoyed. 'Tis confessed, when, through the cross circumstances of a man's temper or condition, the enjoyment of a pleasure would certainly expose him to a greater inconvenience, then religion bids him quit it ; that is, it bids him prefer the endurance of a lesser evil before a greater, and nature itself does so. Religion, therefore, intrenches upon none of our privileges, invades none of our pleasures ; it may, indeed, sometimes command us to change, but never totally to abjure them.

Ingratitude an Incurable Vice.

As a man tolerably discreet ought by no means to attempt the making of such a one his friend, so neither is he, in the next place, to presume to think that he shall be able so much as to alter or mellorate the humour of an ungrateful person by any acts of kindness, though never so frequent, never so obliging.

Philosophy will teach the learned, and experience may teach all, that it is a thing hardly feasible. For, love such a one, and he shall despise you. Commend him, and, as occasion serves, he shall revile you. Give him, and he shall but laugh at your easiness. Save his life ; but, when you have done, look to your own.

The greatest favours to such a one are but the motion of a ship upon the waves ; they leave no trace, no sign behind them ; they neither soften nor win upon him ; they neither melt nor endear him, but leave him as hard, as rugged, and as unconcerned as ever. All kindnesses descend upon such a temper as showers of rain or rivers of fresh water falling into the main sea ; the sea swallows them all, but is not at all changed or sweetened by them. I may truly say of the mind of an ungrateful person that it is kinde's proof. It is impenetrable, unconquerable ; unconquerable

by that which conquers all things else, even by love itself. Flints may be melted—we see it daily—but an ungrateful heart cannot; no, not by the strongest and the noblest flame. After all your attempts, all your experiments, for anything that man can do, he that is ungrateful will be ungrateful still. And the reason is manifest; for you may remember that I told you that ingratitude sprang from a principle of ill-nature: which being a thing founded in such a certain constitution of blood and spirit, as, being born with : man into the world, and upon that account called nature, shall prevent all remedies that can be applied by education, and leaves such a bias upon the mind, as is beforehand with all instruction.

So that you shall seldom or never meet with an ungrateful person but, if you look backward, and trace him up to his original, you will find that he was born so; and if you could look forward enough, it is a thousand to one but you will find that he also dies so; for you shall never light upon an ill-natured man who was not also an ill-natured child, and gave several testimonies of his being so to discerning persons, long before the use of his reason.

The thread that nature spins is seldom broken off by anything but death. I do not by this limit the operation of God's grace, for that may do wonders: but humanly speaking, and according to the method of the world, and the little correctives supplied by art and discipline, it seldom falls but an ill principle has its course, and nature makes good its blow.

These extracts shew the racy, idiomatic style of South, and his homely, masculine vigour of thought, but little tinctured with pious earnestness. We subjoin one passage, fanciful in conception, but rising almost into the region of poetry.

Man Before the Fall.

The noblest faculty of man, the understanding, was before the Fall sublime, clear, and aspiring; and, as it were the soul's upper region, lofty and serene, free from the vapours and disturbances of the inferior affections. It was the leading, controlling faculty; all the passions wore the colours of reason; it did not so much persuade as command; it was not consul, but dictator. Discourse was then almost as quick as intuition; it was nimble in proposing, firm in concluding; it could sooner determine than now it can dispute. Like the sun, it had both light and agility; it knew no rest but in motion; no quiet but in activity. It did not so properly apprehend as irradiate the object; not so much find as make things intelligible. It did arbitrate upon the several reports of sense, and all the varieties of imagination; not like a drowsy judge, but also directing their verdict. In sum, it was vegete, quick, and lively; open as the day, untainted as the morning, full of the innocence and sprightliness of youth; it gave the soul a bright and a full view into all things, and was not only a window, but was itself the prospect.

Study was not then a duty, night watchings were needless; the light of reason wanted not the assistance of a candle. This is the doom of fallen man, to labour in the fire, to seek truth *in profundo*, to exhaust his time and impair his health, and perhaps to spin out his days and himself into a pitiful and controverted conclusion. There was then no poring, no struggling with memory, no straining for invention. His faculties were quick and expedit; they answered without knocking, they were ready upon the first summons, there was freedom and firmness in all their operations. I confess 'tis difficult for us, who date our ignorance from our first being, and were still bred up with the same infirmities about us with which we were born, to raise our thoughts and imaginations to those intellectual perfections that attended our nature in the time of innocence; as it is for a peasant bred up in the obscurities of a cottage, to fancy in his mind the unseen splendours of a court. But by rating positives by their privatives, and other arts of reason, by which discourse supplies the want of the reports of sense, we may collect the excellency of the understanding then by the glorious remainders of it now, and guess at the stateliness of the building by the magnificence of its ruins. All those arts, varieties, and inventions, which vulgar minds gaze at, the ingenious pursue, and all admire, are but the relics of an intellect defaced by sin and time. We admire it now, only as antiquaries do a piece of old coin, for the stamp it once bore, and not for those vanishing lineaments and

disappearing drafts that remain upon it at present. And certainly that must needs have been very glorious the decays of which are so admirable. He that is comely when old and decrepit, surely was very beautiful when he was young. An Aristotle was but the rubbish of an Adam, and Athens but the rudiment of Paradise.

DR. WILLIAM SHERLOCK.

DR. WILLIAM SHERLOCK, dean of St. Paul's (1641-1707), was a divine of considerable reputation in his own times, chiefly as a writer against dissent and infidelity. His 'Vindication of the Doctrine of the Trinity,' 1691, led to a controversy with South, who had more wit though less Christian moderation than his opponent. Sherlock was for some time a nonjuror, but he at length took the oath of allegiance to William III.; and in 1691 was made dean of St. Paul's. His 'Practical Discourse Concerning Death,' which appeared in 1689, is one of the most popular theological works in the language. He also wrote discourses on a 'Future Judgment' (1692) and on the 'Divine Providence' (1694), in which he brought forward 'with irrefragable force,' says Southey, 'the natural arguments for the immortality of the soul and a future state.'

Life not too Short.

Such a long life (as that of the antediluvians) is not reconcilable with the present state of the world. What the state of the world was before the Flood, in what manner they lived, and how they employed their time, we cannot tell, for Moses has given no account of it; but taking the world as it is, and as we find it, I dare undertake to convince those men who are most apt to complain of the shortness of life, that it would not be for the general happiness of mankind to have it much longer: for, 1st, The world is at present very unequally divided; some have a large share and portion of it, others have nothing but what they can earn by very hard labour, or extort from other men's charity by their restless importunities, or gain by more ungodly arts. Now, though the rich and prosperous, who have the world at command, and live in ease and pleasure, would be very well contented to spend some hundred years in this world, yet I should think fifty or threescore years abundantly enough for slaves and beggars; enough to spend in hunger and want, in a jail and a prison. And those who are so foolish as not to think thus enough, owe a great deal to the wisdom and goodness of God that he does. So that the greatest part of mankind have great reason to be contented with the shortness of life, because they have no temptation to wish it longer.

2dly, The present state of this world requires a more quick succession. The world is pretty well peopled, and is divided amongst its present inhabitants; and but very few, in comparison, as I observed before, have any considerable share in the division. Now, let us but suppose that all our ancestors, who lived a hundred or two hundred years ago, were alive still, and possessed their old estates and honours, what had become of this present generation of men, who have now taken their places, and make a great show and bustle in the world as they did? And if you look back three, or four, or five hundred years, the case is still so much the worse; the world would be over-peopled; and where there is one poor miserable man now, there must have been five hundred; or the world must have been common, and all men reduced to the same level; which, I believe, the rich and happy people, who are fond of long life, would not like very well. This would utterly undo our young prodigal heirs, were their hopes of succession three or four hundred years off, who, as short as life is now, think their fathers make very little haste to their graves. This would spoil their trade of spending their estates before they have them, and make them live a dull sober life, whether they would or no; and such a life, I know, they don't think worth having. And therefore, I hope at least they will not make the shortness of their fathers' lives an argument against providence; and yet such kind of sparks as these are commonly the wits that set up for atheism, and,

when it is put into their heads, quarrel with everything which they fondly conceive will weaken the belief of a God and a providence, and, among other things, with the shortness of life; which they have little reason to do, when they so often outlive their estates.

3dly, The world is very bad as it is; so bad, that good men scarce know how to spend fifty or threescore years in it; but consider how bad it would probably be, were the life of a man extended to six seven, or eight hundred years. If so near a prospect of the other world as forty or fifty years cannot restrain men from the greatest villainies, what would they do if they could as reasonably suppose death to be three or four hundred years off? If men make such improvements in wickedness in twenty or thirty years, what would they do in hundreds? And what a blessed place then would this world be to live in! Was so in the old world, when the life of men was drawn out to so great a length, the wickedness of mankind grew so insufferable, that it repented God he had made man; and he resolved to destroy that whole generation, excepting Noah and his family. And the most probable account that can be given how they came to grow so universally wicked, is the long and prosperous lives of such wicked men, who by degrees corrupted others, and they others, till there was but one righteous family left, and no other remedy left but to destroy them all; leaving only that righteous family as the seed and future hopes of the new world.

And when God had determined in himself, and promised to Noah never to destroy the world again by such a universal destruction, till the last and final judgment, it was necessary by degrees to shorten the lives of men, which was the most effectual means to make them more governable, and to remove bad examples out of the world, which would hinder the spreading of the infection, and people and reform the world again by new examples of piety and virtue. For when there are such quick successions of men, there are few ages but have some great and brave examples, which give a new and better spirit to the world.

Advantages of our Ignorance of the Time of Death

For a conclusion of this argument, I shall briefly vindicate the wisdom and goodness of God in concealing from us the time of our death. This we are very apt to complain of, that our lives are so very uncertain, that we know not to-day but that we may die to-morrow; and we would be mighty glad to meet with any one who would certainly inform us in this matter how long we are to live. But if we think a little better of it, we shall be of another mind.

For 1st, Though I presume many of you would be glad to know that you shall certainly live twenty, or thirty, or forty years longer, yet would it be any comfort to know that you must die to-morrow, or some few months, or a year or two hence? which may be your case for aught you know; and this, I believe, you are not very desirous to know; for how would this chill your blood and spirits? How would it overcast all the pleasures and comforts of life! You would spend your days like men under the sentence of death, while the execution is suspended.

Did all men who must die young certainly know it, it would destroy the industry and improvements of half mankind, which would half destroy the world, or be an insupportable mischief to human societies; for what man who knows that he must die at twenty, or five-and-twenty, a little sooner or later, would trouble himself with inglorious or painful arts, or concern himself any more with this world than just to live so long in it? And yet how necessary is the service of such men in the world? What great things do they many times do! and what great improvements do they make! How pleasant and diverting is their conversation, while it is innocent! How do they enjoy themselves, and give life and spirit to the graver age? How thin would our schools, our shops, our universities, and all places of education be, did they know how little time many of them were to live in the world! For would such men concern themselves to learn the arts of living, who must die as soon as they have learnt them? Would any father be at a great expense in educating his child, only that he might die with a little Latin and Greek, logic and philosophy? No; half the world must be divided into cloisters and nunneries, and nurseries for the grave.

Well, you'll say, suppose that; and is not this an advantage above all the inconveniences you can think of, to secure the salvation of so many thousands who are

now eternally ruined by youthful lusts and vanities, but would spend their days in piety and devotion, and make the next world their only care, if they knew how little while they were to live here?

Right: I grant this might be a good way to correct the heat and extravagances of youth, and so it would be to shew them heaven and hell; but God does not think fit to do either, because it offers too much force and violence to men's minds; it is no trial of their virtue, of their reverence for God, of their conquests and victory over this world by the power of faith, but makes religion a matter of necessity, not of choice: now, God will force and drive no man to heaven; the gospel dispensation is the trial and discipline of ingenuous spirits; and if the certain hopes and fears of another world, and the uncertainty of our living here, will not conquer these flattering temptations, and make men seriously religious, as those who must certainly die, and go into another world, and they know not how soon, God will not try whether the certain knowledge of the time of their death will make them religious. That they may die young, and that thousands do so, is reason enough to engage young men to expect death, and prepare for it; if they will venture, they must take their chance, and not say they had no warning of dying young, if they eternally miscarry by their wilful delays.

And besides this, God expects our youthful service and obedience, though we were to live on till old age; that we may die young, is not the proper, much less the only reason, why we should 'remember our Creator in the days of our youth,' but because God has a right to our youthful strength and vigour; and if this will not oblige us to an early piety, we must not expect that God will set death in our view, to fright and terrify us: as if the only design God had in requiring our obedience was, not that we might live like reasonable creatures, to the glory of their Maker and Redeemer, but that we might repent of our sins time enough to escape hell. God is so merciful as to accept of returning prodigals, but does not think fit to encourage us in sin, by giving us notice when we shall die, and when it is time to think of repentance.

2dly, Though I don't not but that it would be a great pleasure to you to know that you should live till old age, yet consider a little with yourselves, and then tell me whether you yourself can judge it wise and fitting for God to let you know this?

I observed to you before what danger there is in flattering ourselves with the hopes of long life; that it is apt to make us too fond of this world, when we expect to live so long in it; that it weakens the hopes and fears of the next world, by removing it at too great a distance from us; that it encourages men to live in sin because they have time enough before them to indulge their lusts, and to repent of their sins, and make their peace with God before they die; and if the uncertain hopes of this undoes so many men, what would the certain knowledge of it do? Those who are too wise and considerate to be imposed on by such uncertain hopes, might be conquered by the certain knowledge of a long life.

DR. JOHN PEARSON.

Dr. Wilkins was succeeded in the see of Chester by another very learned and estimable divine, DR. JOHN PEARSON (1618-1686), who had previously filled a divinity chair at Cambridge, and been Master of Trinity College in that university. He published, in 1659, 'An Exposition of the Creed,' which has always been esteemed as a standard work in English divinity, remarkable equally for argument, methodical arrangement, and clearness and beauty of style. Bentley said Pearson's 'very dress was gold'—an extravagant compliment; but almost every critical writer has borne testimony to the high merits of Bishop Pearson's 'Exposition.'

The Resurrection.

Beside the principles of which we consist, and the actions which flow from us, the consideration of the things without us, and the natural course of variations in the creature, will render the resurrection yet more highly probable. Every space of

twenty-four hours teacheth thus much, in which there is always a revolution amounting to a resurrection. The day dies into a night, and is buried in silence and in darkness, in the next morning it appeareth again and reviveth, opening the grave of darkness, rising from the dead of night: this is a diurnal resurrection. As the day dies into night, so doth the summer into winter: the sap is said to descend into the root, and there it lies buried in the ground; the earth is covered with snow, or crusted with frost, and becomes a general sepulchre; when the spring appeareth, all begin to rise; the plants and flowers peep out of their graves, revive and grow, and flourish: this is the annual resurrection. The corn by which we live, and for want of which we perish with famine, is, notwithstanding, cast upon the earth, and buried in the ground, with a design that it may corrupt, and being corrupted, may revive and multiply: our bodies are fed by this constant experiment, and we continue this present life by succession of resurrections. Thus all things are repaired by corrupting, are preserved by perishing, and revive by dying; and can we think that man, the lord of all these things, which thus die and revive for him, should be detained in death as never to live again? Is it imaginable that God should thus restore all things to man, and not restore man to himself? If there were no other consideration, but of the principles of human nature, of the liberty and remunerability of human actions, and of the natural revolutions and resurrections of other creatures, it were abundantly sufficient to render the resurrection of our bodies highly probable.

We must not rest in this school of nature, nor settle our persuasions upon likelihoods; but as we passed from an apparent possibility into a high presumption and probability, so must we pass from thence unto a full assurance of an infallible certainty. And of this, indeed, we cannot be assured but by the revelation of the will of God; upon his power we must conclude that we may, from his will that we shall, rise from the dead. Now, the power of God is known unto all men, and therefore all men may infer from thence a possibility; but the will of God is not revealed unto all men, and therefore all have not an infallible certainty of the resurrection.

ARCHBISHOP TILLOTSON.

JOHN TILLOTSON ('630-1694) was the son of a clothier at Sowerby, near Halifax, and was brought up to the Calvinistic faith of the Puritans. While studying at Cambridge, his early notions were considerably modified by the perusal of Chillingworth's 'Religion of the Protestants'; and at the passing of the Act of Uniformity in 1662, they had become so nearly allied to those of the Church of England, that he submitted to the law without hesitation, and accepted a curacy. He very quickly became noted as a preacher, and began to rise in the church. It was as lecturer in St. Lawrence Church, Jewry, in the city of London, that his sermons first attracted general attention. The importance which he thus acquired he endeavoured to employ in favour of his old associates, the Nonconformists, whom he was anxious to bring, like himself, within the pale of the establishment; but his efforts, though mainly, perhaps, prompted by benevolent feeling, led to nothing but disappointment. Meanwhile, Tillotson had married Miss French, a niece of Oliver Cromwell, by which alliance he became connected with the celebrated Dr. Wilkins, the second husband of his wife's mother. This led to his being intrusted with the publication of the works of that prelate after his decease.

The moderate principles of Tillotson as a churchman, and his admirable character, raised him, after the Revolution, to the archbishopric of Canterbury, in which situation he exerted himself to remove the abuses that had crept into the church, and, in particular,

manifested a strong desire to abolish non-residence among the clergy. These proceedings, and the liberality of some of his views, excited much enmity against him, and subjected him to considerable annoyance. He died about three years after being raised to the primacy, leaving his Sermons as the sole property with which he was able to endow his widow. On account of his great celebrity as a divine, they were purchased by a bookseller for no less than two thousand five hundred guineas; and though now little read, they long continued the most popular of English sermons. The style of Tillotson is frequently careless and languid, his sentences tedious and unmusical, and his metaphors deficient in dignity; yet there is so much warmth and earnestness in his manner, such purity and clearness of expression, so entire a freedom from the appearance of affectation and art, and so strong an infusion of excellent sense and amiable feeling, that, in spite of all defects, these Sermons must ever be valued by the admirers of practical religion and sound philosophy. Many passages might be quoted, in which important truths and admonitions are conveyed with admirable force and precision.

Advantages of Truth and Sincerity.

Truth and reality have all the advantages of appearance, and many more. If the show of anything be good for anything, I am sure sincerity is better; for why does any man dissemble, or seem to be that which he is not, but because he thinks it good to have such a quality as he pretends to? for to counterfeit and dissemble, is to put on the appearance of some real excellency. Now, the best way in the world for a man to seem to be anything, is really to be what he would seem to be. Besides that it is many times as troublesome to make good the pretence of a good quality, as to have it; and if a man have it not, it is ten to one but he is discovered to want it, and then all his pains and labour to seem to have it are lost. There is something unnatural in painting, which a skilful eye will easily discern from native beauty and complexion.

It is hard to personate and act a part long; for where truth is not at the bottom, nature will always be endeavouring to return, and will peep out and betray herself one time or other. Therefore, if any man think it convenient to seem good, let him be so indeed, and then his goodness will appear to everybody's satisfaction; so that, upon all accounts, sincerity is true wisdom. Particularly as to the affairs of this world, integrity hath many advantages over all the fine and artificial ways of dissimulation and deceit; it is much the plainer and easier, much the safer and more secure way of dealing in the world; it has less of trouble and difficulty, of entanglement and perplexity, of danger and hazard in it; it is the shortest and nearest way to our end, carrying us thither in a straight line, and will hold out and last longest. The arts of deceit and cunning do continually grow weaker, and less effectual and serviceable to them that use them; whereas integrity gains strength by use; and the more and longer any man practiseth it, the greater service it does him, by confirming his reputation, and encouraging those with whom he hath to do to repose the greatest trust and confidence in him, which is an unspeakable advantage in the business and affairs of life.

Truth is always consistent with itself, and needs nothing to help it out; it is always near at hand, and sits upon our lips, and is ready to drop out before we are aware; whereas a lie is troublesome, and sets a man's invention upon the rack, and one trick needs a great many more to make it good. It is like building upon a false foundation, which continually stands in need of props to shore it up, and proves at last more chargeable than to have raised a substantial building at first upon a true and solid foundation; for sincerity is firm and substantial, and there is nothing hollow or unsound in it, and because it is plain and open, fears no discovery; of which the crafty man is always in danger; and when he thinks he walks in the dark, all his

pretences are so transparent, that he that runs may read them. He is the last man that finds himself to be foisted out; and whilst he takes it for granted that he makes fools of other, he renders himself ridiculous.

Add to all this, that sincerity is the most compendious wisdom, and an excellent instrument for the speedy despatch of business; it creates confidence in those we have to deal with, saves the labour of many inquiries, and brings things to an issue in few words; it is like travelling in a plain, beaten road, which commonly brings a man sooner to his journey's end than by-ways, in which men often lose themselves. In a word, whatsoever convenience may be thought to be in falsehood and dissimulation, it is soon over; but the inconvenience of it is perpetual, because it brings a man under an everlasting jealousy and suspicion, so that he is not believed when he speaks truth, nor trusted perhaps when he means honestly. When a man has once forfeited the reputation of his integrity, he is set fast, and nothing will then serve his turn, neither truth nor falsehood.

And I have often thought that God hath, in his great wisdom, hid from men of false and dishonest minds the wonderful advantages of truth and integrity to the prosperity even of our worldly affairs. These men are so blinded by their covetousness and ambition, that they cannot look beyond a present advantage, nor forbear to seize upon it, though by ways never so indirect; they cannot see so far as to the remote consequences of a steady integrity, and the vast benefit and advantages which it will bring a man at last. Were but this sort of men wise and clear-sighted enough to discern this, they would be honest out of very knavery, not out of any love to honesty and virtue, but with a crafty design to promote and advance more effectually their own interests; and therefore the justice of the divine providence hath hid this truest point of wisdom from their eyes, that bad men might not be upon equal terms with the just and upright, and serve their own wicked designs by honest and lawful means.

Indeed, if a man were only to deal in the world for a day, and should never have occasion to converse more with mankind, never more need their good opinion or good word, it were then no great matter—speaking as to the concerns of this world—if a man spend his reputation all at once, and ventured it at one throw; but if he be to continue in the world, and would have the advantage of conversation whilst he is in it, let him make use of truth and sincerity in all his words and actions; for nothing but this will last and hold out to the end: all other arts will fail, but truth and integrity will carry a man through, and bear him out to the last.

Virtue and Vice Declared by the General Vote of Mankind.

God hath shewn us what is good by the general vote and consent of mankind. Not that all mankind do agree concerning virtue and vice; but that as to the greater duties of piety, justice, mercy, and the like, the exceptions are but few in comparison, and not enough to infringe a general consent. And of this I shall offer to you this threefold evidence:

1. That these virtues are generally praised and held in esteem by mankind, and the contrary vices generally reprov'd and evil spoken of. Now, to praise anything, is to give testimony to the goodness of it; and to censure anything, is to declare that we believe it to be evil. And if we consult the history of all ages, we shall find that the things which are generally praised in the lives of men, and recommended to the imitation of posterity, are piety and devotion, gratitude and justice, humanity and charity; and that the contrary to these are marked with ignominy and reproach: the former are commended even in enemies, and the latter are branded even by those who had a kindness for the persons that were guilty of them; so constant hath mankind always been in the commendation of virtue and the censure of vice. Nay, we find not only those who are virtuous themselves giving their testimony and applause to virtue, but even those who are vicious; not out of love to goodness, but from the conviction of their own minds, and from a secret reverence they bear to the common consent and opinion of mankind. And this is a great testimony, because it is the testimony of an enemy, extorted by the mere light and force of truth.

And, on the contrary, nothing is more ordinary than for vice to reprove sin, and to hear men condemn the like or the same things in others which they allow in themselves. And this is a clear evidence that vice is generally condemned by man-

kind, that many men condemn it in themselves; and those who are so kind as to spare themselves, are very quick-sighted to spy a fault in anybody else, and will censure a bad action done by another, with as much freedom and impartiality as the most virtuous man in the world.

And to this consent of mankind about virtue and vice the Scripture frequently appeals. As when it commands us to 'provide things honest in the sight of all men; and by well-doing to put to silence the ignorance of foolish men;' intimating that there are some things so confessedly good, and owned to be such by so general a vote of mankind, that the worst of men have not the face to open their mouths against them. And it is made the character of a virtuous action if it be lovely and commendable, and of good report: Phillip, iv. 8, 'Whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report; if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, think on these things;' intimating to us, that mankind do generally concur in the praise and commendation of what is virtuous.

2. Men do generally glory and stand upon their innocency when they do virtuously, but are ashamed and out of countenance when they do the contrary. Now, glory and shame are nothing else but an appeal to the judgment of others concerning the good or evil of our actions. There are, indeed, some such monsters as are impudent in their impleties, but these are but few in comparison. Generally, mankind is modest: the greatest part of those who do evil are apt to blush at their own faults, and to confess them in their countenance, which is an acknowledgment that they are not only guilty to themselves that they have done amiss, but that they are apprehensive that others think so; for guilt is a passion respecting ourselves, but shame regards others. Now, it is a sign of shame that men love to conceal their faults from others, and commit them secretly in the dark, and without witnesses, and are afraid even of a child or a fool; or if they be discovered in them, they are solicitous to excuse and extenuate them, and ready to lay the fault upon anybody else, or to transfer their guilt, or as much of it as they can, upon others. All which are certain tokens that men are not only naturally guilty to themselves when they commit a fault, but that they are sensible also what opinions others have of these things.

And, on the contrary, men are apt to stand upon their justification, and to glory when they have done well. The conscience of a man's own virtue and integrity lifts up his head, and gives him confidence before others, because he is satisfied they have a good opinion of his actions. What a good face does a man naturally set upon a good deed! And how does he sneak when he hath done wickedly, being sensible that he is condemned by others, as well as by himself! No man is afraid of being upbraided for having dealt honestly or kindly with others, nor does he account it any calumny or reproach to have it reported of him that he is a sober and chaste man. No man blusheth when he meets a man with whom he hath kept his word and discharged his trust; but every man is apt to do so when he meets one with whom he has dealt dishonestly, or who knows some notorious crime by him.

3. Vice is generally forbidden and punished by human laws; but against the contrary virtues there never was any law. Some vices are so manifestly evil in themselves, or so mischievous to human society, that the laws of most nations have taken care to discountenance them by severe penalties. Scarce any nation was ever so barbarous as not to maintain and vindicate the honour of their gods and religion by public laws. Murder and adultery, rebellion and sedition, perjury and breach of trust, fraud and oppression, are vices severely prohibited by the laws of most nations—a clear indication what opinion the generality of mankind and the wisdom of nations have always had of these things.

But now, against the contrary virtues there never was any law. No man was ever impeached for 'living soberly, righteously, and godly in this present world'—a plain acknowledgment that mankind always thought them good, and never were sensible of the inconvenience of them; for had they been so, they would have provided against them by laws. This St. Paul takes notice of as a great commendation of the Christian virtues: 'The fruit of the Spirit is love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, kindness, fidelity, meekness, temperance; against such there is no law;' the greatest evidence that could be given that these things are unquestionably good in the esteem of mankind, 'against such there is no law.' As if he had said: 'Turn over the law of Moses, search those of Athens and Sparta, and the twelve tables of the Romans, and those innumerable laws that have been added since, and you shall not

in any of them find any of those virtues that I have mentioned condemned and forbidden—a clear evidence that mankind never took any exception against them, but are generally agreed about the goodness of them.

Evidence of a Creator in the Structure of the World.

How often might a man, after he hath jumbled a set of letters in a bag, fling them out upon the ground before they would fall into an exact poem, yea, or so much as make a good discourse in prose! And may not a little book be as easily made by chance, as this great volume of the world? How long might a man be in sprinkling colours upon a canvas with a careless hand, before they could happen to make the exact picture of a man? And is a man easier made by chance than his picture? How long might twenty thousand blind men, which should be sent out from the several remote parts of England, wander up and down before they would all meet upon Salisbury plains, and fall into rank and file in the exact order of an army? And yet this is much more easy to be managed, than how the innumerable blind parts of matter should rendezvous themselves into a world.

Sin and Holiness.

A state of sin and holiness are not like two ways that are just parted by a line, so as a man may step out of the one full into the other; but they are like two ways that lead to very distant places, and consequently are at a good distance from one another; and the further a man hath travelled in the one, the further he is from the other; so that it requires time and pains to pass from one to the other.

Resolution Necessary in forsaking Vice.

He that is deeply engaged in vice, is like a man laid fast in a bog, who, by a faint and lazy struggling to get out, does but spend his strength to no purpose, and sinks himself the deeper into it: the only way is, by a resolute and vigorous effort to spring out, if possible, at once. When men are sorely urged and pressed, they find a power in themselves which they thought they had not: like a coward driven up to a wall, who, in the extremity of distress and despair, will fight terribly, and perform wonders; or like a man lame of the gout, who, being assaulted by a present and terrible danger, forgets his disease, and will find his legs rather than lose his life.

The Moral Feelings Instinctive.

God hath discovered our duties to us by a kind of natural instinct, by which I mean a secret impression upon the minds of men, whereby they are naturally carried to approve some things as good and fit, and to dislike other things, as having a native evil and deformity in them. And this I call a natural instinct, because it does not seem to proceed so much from the exercise of our reason, as from a natural propensity and inclination, like those instincts which are in brute creatures, of natural affection and care toward their young ones. And that these inclinations are precedent to all reason and discourse about them, evidently appears by this, that they do put forth themselves every whit as vigorously in young persons as in those of riper reason; in the rude and ignorant sort of people, as in those who are more polished and refined. For we see plainly that the young and ignorant have as strong impressions of piety and devotion, as true a sense of gratitude, and justice, and pity, as the wiser and more knowing part of mankind. A plain indication that the reason of mankind is prevented* by a kind of natural instinct and anticipation concerning the good or evil, the comeliness or deformity, of these things. And though this do not equally extend to all the instances of our duty, yet as to the great lines and essential parts of it, mankind hardly need to consult any other oracle than the mere propensities and inclinations of their nature; as, whether we ought to reverence the divine nature, to be grateful to those who have conferred benefits upon us, to speak the truth, to be faithful to our promise, to restore that which is committed to us in trust, to pity and relieve those that are in misery, and in all things to do to others as we would have them do to us.

* The word 'prevented' is here used in the obsolete sense of 'anticipated'.—Ed.

Spiritual Pride

Nothing is more common, and more to be pitied, than to see with what a confident contempt and scornful pity some ill-instructed and ignorant people will lament the blindness and ignorance of those who have a thousand times more true knowledge and skill than themselves, not only in all other things, but even in the practice as well as knowledge of the Christian religion; believing those who do not relish their affected phrases and uncouth forms of speech to be ignorant of the mystery of the gospel, and utter strangers to the life and power of godliness.

END OF VOLUME II.

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